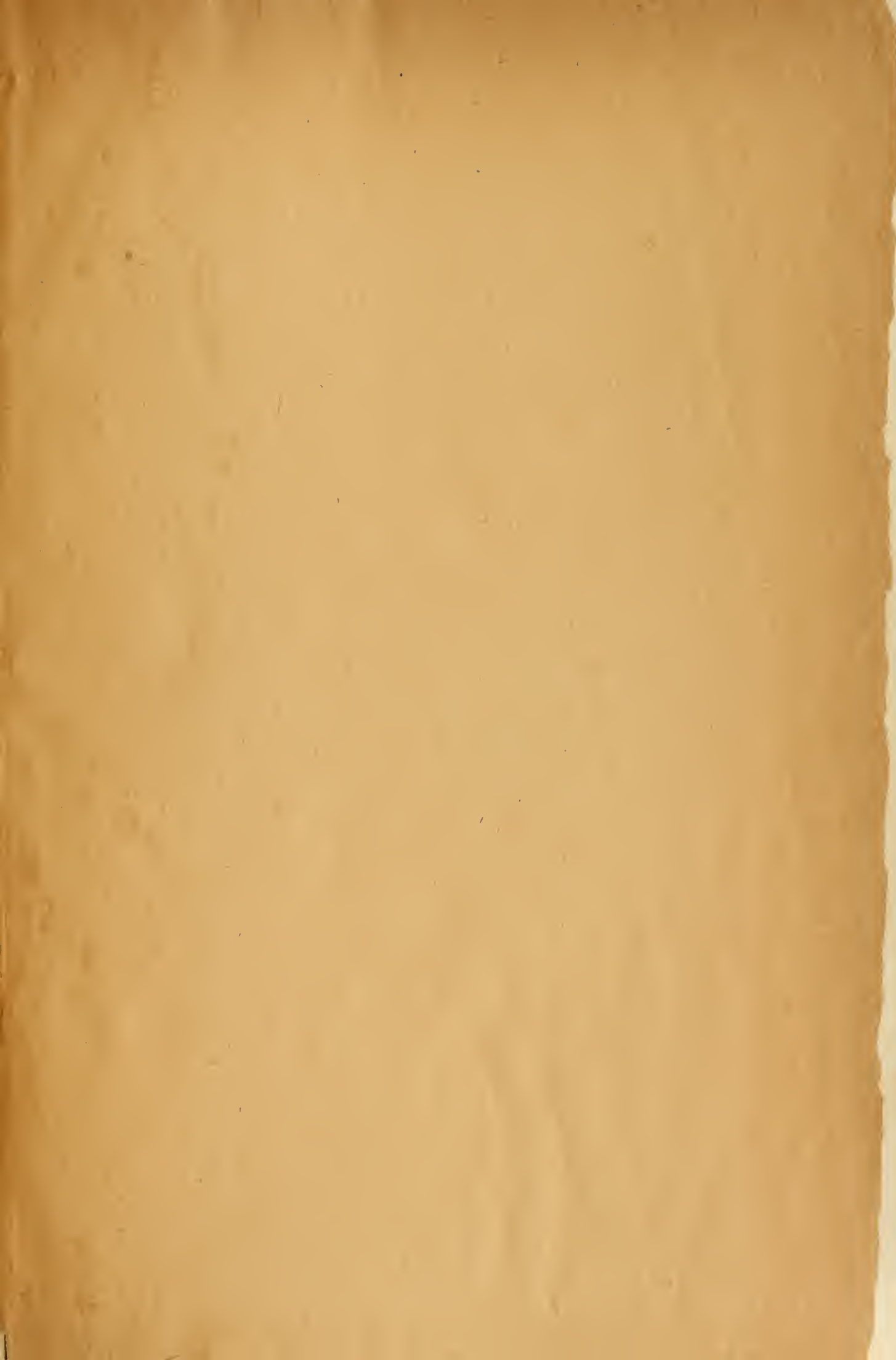




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KIDNAPPING BEN JOHNSON BECAME A SLAVE HIMSELF.—Page 10.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII

JULY, 1900

NO. 1



THE SLAVE-TRADE IN AMERICA

FIRST PAPER—THE GATHERING OF THE
SLAVES

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

THE chief source of supply for the devouring slave-market of the West throughout the whole history of the trade, and practically the only source during the years when the trade was legal, was found along the Atlantic coast of Africa, between Cape Verd, at the north, and Benguela, or Cape St. Martha, at the south. The sea here scoops into the land in such a fashion that school-children who compare this coast-line with that of Brazil, often speak of the protruding point of the South American continent having been broken out of the hollow in the African coast. It is a most remarkable coast in its physical aspects, for although two great rivers and a host of smaller streams come down to the sea within its limits, and its contour, as a whole, is that of a mighty gulf, there is neither bay nor inlet throughout its whole extent that forms a good harbor for shipping. And the off-shore islands, too, are few in number and small in extent. The land at the beach is almost everywhere low, even though hills and mountains may be seen, flooded with a dreamy

haze, in the distance. The rivers that come to the sea, even in the greatest volume, spread out and divide up before they reach the surf. Their waters wind about through uncounted channels in the low delta lands—lands that are covered with masses of mangrove and palm trees, and haunted by poisonous and vicious reptiles. The yellowish sand of the sea and the black washings of the uplands mingle to form low, tawny beaches and dunes, where the river currents are beaten back by the ever-present and ever-treacherous surf of the sea. Goree and Gambia, Sierra Leone and Liberia, the Bight of Benin and the Bight of Biafra, Bonny and Calabar, Anamaboe and Ambriz, the Congo and St. Paul de Loango, are all familiar names to the student of slave-coast literature.

It was a savage coast at best. What it was, in the days before the white man came, has been told very well in the older books of travel—a region thickly populated wherever the streams afforded convenient means of communication with the interior. The vegetable products that

grew spontaneously supported incredible numbers of animals, and on vegetables and animals alike the swarming human inhabitants fed.

Here, as elsewhere in the primitive life of man, the strong dominated the weak—there were tribes that were superior, mentally and physically, to their neighbors, and in every tribe there were men who arose above the masses; while among these stalwarts there was a chief who was in every case a real hero to his people. The sons of the chiefs or kings did, indeed, inherit the commanding positions of their fathers, but only when it was shown in them that the blood had not degenerated. In some tribes there was no inheritance of the chief's office.

It was a superstitious as well as a savage people. They believed in the existence of invisible supernatural beings of various kinds; but because of the destructive influence of the unexplainable phenomena of nature about them, they regarded nearly all of these spirits as having malevolent minds. From the lightning's stroke to the insidious spread of a tumor, no ill of life occurred that was not the work of a malignant spirit.

In a way not hard to understand, they connected the spirits with the evil beings of the earth—with the poisonous serpents, the fierce robber birds, the ravenous beasts, and with those human individuals in whom cunning and stealth took the place of courage and physical prowess. Even the rocks, when of unusual form, and especially when of terrifying aspect, were regarded as the abiding places of evil spirits and not unfrequently as their visible bodies.

Their theology did, indeed, include good spirits. The joys of life were the work of these, but it was fully believed that the work of the devils on the human race was much more effective than that of the good spirits. Their faith in a future existence was unquestioning. They never attacked—indeed they did not even ostracize one another for differences in what we may call their religious beliefs.

Because of their superstitious fears, they devised amulets and charms. They had no horseshoes, or rabbit's feet mounted in gold; but they made curious mixtures composed of bits of snakes, the teeth of vicious

animals, and herbs known to affect the human system in various ways. And these amulets were used not only to bring good luck to the owners, but distress to the owners' enemies. Naturally, out of the faith in the baleful influences of fetiches grew the belief that the ills they suffered were generally due to the machinations of personal enemies. The instinct of self-defence, as well as an eager desire for revenge, arose at every thought of the kind, and because of the insidious character of the evil supposed to be wrought by such witchcraft the whole community usually sided with the victim of the witch. The unfortunate who was accused of invoking the evil unseen powers had no chance for mercy, and but scant chance for life. He was compelled, for instance, to dip his hand in boiling oil, or to swallow a poisonous medicine, or pass through some other test of the kind. If the accused escaped injury in the ordeal, he was freed from suspicion. If not, he was tied to a tree where the vultures would eat him while yet he was alive. Worse yet, it was a common practice to sacrifice innocent people to appease the wrath of an angry spirit.

That the blacks were warlike scarce need be said, and many of them ate human flesh; but when they were first visited by the whites they had so few causes for quarrels, and these causes were so easily allayed, that war meant only an occasional skirmish, or at the very worst a raid wherein some strong chief got victims to sacrifice to his gods and make a feast for his followers.

To these primitive black people came the civilized white man. The blacks had worked iron ore into knives and spear-heads. The whites had worked it into guns. The blacks had made dugouts—canoes—from the trunks of trees; the whites had made ships that could cross the ocean. The blacks fermented certain vegetable juices into intoxicating drinks; the whites had learned to distil a fermented "mash" into "hard liquor"—into rum. The manifest superiority of the white products made the blacks receive them with eager joy.

Now one very important custom of civilized life was indigenous in Africa. They understood the advantages of exchanges—of trade; and to trade the white man had



Dragon by Walter Appleton Clark.

Bringing one that was bound and gagged.—Page 10.

come. It was a grewsome traffic that followed—the most grewsome in the history of the world—for the white men came seeking slaves, and the blacks had them to sell.

It is a right curious inquiry, when we come to consider how the African chiefs happened to have slaves for sale. At least it seems curious to us now, for we learn that the presence of slaves in a tribe indicated some degree of mercy in the minds of the slave-owners. Instead of killing everybody, old and young, when attacking an enemy, these slave-owners had saved some alive. Then, too, those savages had a modification of our own notions of the way to treat a criminal. They condemned him to work as a penalty, but having no idea of a prison, they made him a slave. Thus when a man interfered with a neighbor's wives and was detected, he was forced to become the slave of the offended husband.

More remarkable still was another source of slave-owning among the Africans. So jealous were they of their right to worship their gods when, where, and how they pleased, that for a man to desecrate or remove a neighbor's fetich, or even to touch it, was an offence for which the penalty was often slavery. War, crime, and superstition supplied the great men of the tribes with servants, and these he would sell on occasion. That he might also sell wives and children scarcely need be said, though sons were rarely sold save in time of famine, even in the mild slave-holding days before the white man came—days when slaves were on the whole treated as members of the slave-holder's family. In connection with these facts we must remember that the Africans, having food and raiment, were therewith content. They did not try to accumulate fortunes, and so had no need for many workmen. Slaves were few in number on this coast before the white man came.

As to the history of the trade that grew up with the advent of the white man we have sufficient records, and this paper is to tell how that trade was conducted on the coast, with some added facts relating to the effects of the trade on both blacks and whites. But it should be premised here that the stories illustrative of the traffic are drawn from English as well as

American sources, because an adequate account could not be written from our records only.

The story of the first American voyage to Africa, of which we have a definite record, tells us somewhat of the methods employed in obtaining slave-cargoes. A Boston ship, commanded by one Captain Smith, went away to Madeira with salt-fish and staves. Sailing thence, with the proceeds of her sale, she "touched on the coast of Guinea" for slaves. She found some London slave-vessels already there, with their captains very much disgruntled because trade was dull. There were very few slaves for sale, that is, and to liven matters a little, the Yankees and the Londoners united, and "on pretence of some quarrel with the natives landed a 'murderer'—the expressive name of a small cannon—attacked a negro village on Sunday, killed many of the inhabitants, and made a few prisoners, two of whom fell to the share of the Boston ship."

That was in 1645—just twenty-six years after the Dutchman landed the slaves in Virginia, as recorded by John Rolfe, the first American squaw man. False pretence, outrage, and the slaughter of innocents characterized the first-recorded gathering of slaves in which an American ship had part. They "killed many of the inhabitants," and got two slaves for their share of the plunder.

That Captain Smith's act was not according to the ordinary usages of the trade may be inferred from what happened when he returned to Boston. A quarrel with the ship's owners over the proceeds of the voyage resulted in a lawsuit. The story of the voyage was told in court, and although it was not a criminal trial, one of the magistrates "charged the master with a three-fold offence, murder, man-stealing, and sabbath breaking." The captain escaped punishment on these charges, on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction over crimes committed in Africa (a decision that was typical of what was to come) but the two slaves were returned home.

Viewed fairly, and by the light of the age, the gathering of slaves on the coast of Africa, previous to 1750, was conducted with as great a regard for honesty as was any other trade with uncivilized people.



Dragon by Walter Appleton Clark.

After a Raid.

In a vessel so small and ill-shaped that a sailor of these days would hesitate about shipping in her for a coasting voyage, the old slaver embarked a cargo of rum, and headed away for the African coast. After seven or nine, maybe eleven, weeks he arrived at Bonny or Anamaboe, or Old Calabar. The next step was to invite the chiefs and headmen on board to get drunk, free of charge, and receive presents of various kinds. Thereafter the slave-ship swung at anchor between the mangrove-covered banks of the sluggish stream, or the dead-water lagoon, waiting for the natives to grow thirsty, and bring slaves to exchange for more rum. That sounds brutal, now, but it was entirely in accord with the civilization of the time.

To hasten trade the enterprising organized expeditions where captains or mates rowed away up stream, or along the coast, to tempt the owners of slaves with the smell of a bottle of rum, or the view of a pot-metal musket.

From the moment the slaver cast anchor the worry of her captain began. He was anxious to buy. He was troubled lest his crew get sick. As time went on and slaves were obtained there was a constant fear lest they get sick or escape their irons and capture the ship. The days lengthened into weeks, and these into six or eight months, very often, before even the moderate cargo of a hundred or so could be obtained. Captains were, in those days, slow to resort to other means for hastening trade than the offer of a fair measure of rum.

On searching among the old slaver records that remain to us we find a very good portrayal of the usual course of trade on the slave coast during the first hundred years or so after the American colonies entered it. Certain bills of lading, sailing permits, and letters relating to the trade, from Newport, R. I., are of especial interest.

Thus, a bill of lading, dated "June ye 19, 1754," may be quoted as follows:

"Shipped by the Grace of God, in good Order and well conditioned by William Johnson & Co., owners of the Schooner Sierra Leone, whereof is master under God for this present voyage, David Lindsay, & now riding at Anchor in Harbour of Newport, & by God's grace bound for the

Coast of Africa: To Say: Thirty-four hogsheads, Tenn Tierces, Eight barrels & six half barrels Rum, one barrel sugar, sixty musketts, six half barrels Powder, one box beads, Three boxes Snuff, Two barrels Tallow, Twenty-one barrels Beef, Pork & Mutton, 14 cwt. 1 qr. 22 lbs. bread, one barrel mackerel, six shirts, five Jacketts, one piece blue Calico, one piece Chex, one mill, shackles, hand cuffs &c."

That was the complete outfit for the slaver schooner Sierra Leone. Another slaver cargo is described in a private letter of the ship's captain as follows:

"I'm all Loaded & Ready to sail, wanting nothing but hands. Have on bord 140 hhds. Rum for owners, 100 lbs. Provisions, 12 Thousands lbs. bread, six 4-pounders, 4 swevls & 4 cowhorns, small arms, &c." The cowhorns were guns with a stock that curved like a cow's horn.

The size of neither ship is given, but the custom-house register of the Sanderson, a ship Lindsay commanded before he got the schooner, shows that she was "a square-stern'd vessel of the burthen of about Forty tons."

The usual size of the American slavers was then from forty to sixty tons. They were of about the size of the blunt, one-masted, sailing lighters, employed in carrying cargo about New York Harbor.

Having in mind some description of the cargo and the vessels employed, we may turn now to a letter, written by Captain Lindsay when he was in the Sanderson. It is dated, "Anamaboe 28th Feby 1753," and runs as follows:

"Gentlemen, this third of mine to you and now I am to Lett you know my proceed'gs sense my last, Dated 3d Jany, & I have Gott 13 or 14 hhds. of rum yet Left a board & God noes when I shall Get clear of it. Ye Traid is so dull it is actuly a noof to make a man Creasey. . . . Heare Lyes Captain hamlet, James Jepson, Carpenter, Butler & Lindsay. Gardner is dun. firgurson is Gon to Leward. All these is rum ships."

So runs the letter to the end, concluding with, "N.B. on the whole I never had so much trouble in all my voiges. . . ."

Captain George Scott, another Newport slaver, adds to the picture in a letter dated "June ye 13, 1740"—a letter, by

the way, which Lindsay carried home for him. It contains these statements :

"Meeting with this opportunity I was very glad to acquaint you of our miserable voyage. We left Anamaboe ye 8th of May, with most of our people and slaves sick. We have lost 29 slaves. Our purchase was 129. . . . We have one-third of dry cargo left and two hhgs. rum. . . . I have repented a hundred times ye bying of them dry goods. Had we laid out two thousand pound in rum, bread and flour, it would purchased more in value than all our dry goods."

In a previous letter, written while on the coast, Scott goes more into detail regarding this "miserable voyage," for he says :

"I being not very well, kept my chief mate aboard, and sent ye second mate in ye Long boat to Leward a trading. He had not been gone above four days before he hired a canoue, sends her up with his gold taken to me for goods, without any orders from me ; i sent ye canoue immediately back without goods : going down they overset the canoue, the blacks came off from ye shore and took them up, put them in irons : the blacks were ye [long] boat lay detained ye Mate ashore, in which time a man slave he had bought gott out ye boat with two ounces of gold and has gott clean off. I was obliged to go down with ye sloop and pay thirty-two pounds in ye best of goods before they would let ye Mate come off. Upon the hole I've lost nigh three hundred pounds with that trip."

The fact is the student of slaver history is not unlikely to feel a degree of sympathy for the old-time slaver captains, and that it is an inclination which should not be restrained if a right understanding of the merits of the trade is wanted.

But while these slavers fretted and fumed over their delays and losses a great change was impending in the dickering traffic on the coast—a change not only in the methods of trade, but in the character of the average trader as well. We read that in 1740 Newport, R. I., made boast of owning one hundred and twenty slave-ships, each fitted to carry from sixty to one hundred and fifty slaves. "Ten years later the number had greatly augmented." There were perhaps one hundred and seventy slavers owned there, and they

were able to carry more than 20,000 slaves to market every year.

Liverpool entered the slave-trade with one sloop that carried fifteen slaves to market for her first cargo. That was about the year 1730. In 1752 Liverpool had eighty-seven ships in the trade, and their average capacity was above two hundred slaves each. Indeed the Liverpool slaver, Fortune, Captain Green, carried three hundred and forty-three in a noted voyage as early as 1746.

The cause of the rapid increase in the number and capacity of the slavers during the middle years of the eighteenth century is not far to seek. The planters of the West Indies had found it more profitable to work slaves to death, while yet in the prime of life, than to support them in an idle old age. The loss of hands could be readily replaced by importations from Africa, and there was nothing in the civilization of that age to make the planters consider any other question in the matter than that of making profits.

The prices of slaves rose steadily under this increasing demand. Captain Lindsay, in the voyage that was "a noof to make a man Creasey," sold his prime slaves for £35 each. Twenty-five years later the price received averaged £70, and the Liverpool ship Enterprise, belonging to T. Leyland & Co., in a voyage made about the first of the present century, cleared £24,430 8s. 11d. on a cargo of three hundred and ninety-two slaves, or more than £62 per head, old and young all counted in.

The result was an activity, well called "feverish," in the market on the African coast. The price of a slave there, according to a Newport record dated 1762, was one hundred and ten gallons of rum. An old commercial history of Liverpool records that in 1786 the average cost of delivering a slave in the West Indies was £27 5s. 10d., of which perhaps £22 was the price paid for the slave. With the first jumps in the price came a change in the methods of obtaining cargoes. The dribbling supply that had worried Captain Lindsay, who was satisfied with a cargo of but fifty-six, was wholly inadequate to the growing demand.

The first change in the trade was relatively a mild one. Slavers had never

been very scrupulous about the title which a seller claimed when a slave was offered, but there are cases on record where slavers refused to buy when it was learned that men offered as slaves were really free and had been kidnapped. When the demand became eager, after 1750, the captains let it be known that every soul offered, if physically sound, would be taken and no questions asked. Slaves, too, had been purchased almost exclusively of chiefs and headmen, and it had been a daylight trade. Now anybody might bring a slave at any time of the night and get a good price for him.

Straightway the people of the coast who, in the ordinary course of their lives, would never have owned a slave, began bringing slaves to the ships. Two or three would paddle off in a canoe at night bringing one that was bound and gagged. The unfortunate one was at once purchased without question.

This is to say that while a captain, here and there, had made a practice of doing business in this way from the earliest days of the trade, the purchase of those who were manifestly kidnapped became the regular custom of the trade. Alexander Falconbridge, a noted surgeon of the slave-trade in the latter part of the eighteenth century, testified before a committee of the British Parliament that the majority of the slaves whom he questioned, in the course of his life on the coast, had been kidnapped. He gave many instances of which he had personal knowledge, by way of illustration. A woman was invited by a neighbor to come in for a visit one evening. As soon as she entered the hut two men in waiting bound her and carried her on board ship. A father and his son, while planting yams, were seized by men who came from the brush. A man from the interior, having brought some product to the beach for sale, was asked to visit the ship lying off shore and get a free drink of rum. He went, but when there found that his guide had sold him, and stay he must.

James Town, a ship carpenter, in the Parliamentary inquiry, testified that he saw a dealer sell a slave on board a ship, in the Gallinas, but when this fellow paddled to the beach with his goods, four men came from the brush, seized him,

robbed him of his goods and then carried him, in his own canoe, to the slave ship, where they sold him to the captain, who had seen the whole doings.

While the British slaver Briton was lying in the Benin River, a native chief, known as Captain Lemma, came on board to get the usual presents. A few minutes later a canoe with three negroes was seen crossing the river, and the chief sent his followers to bring it to the ship. The three proved to be members of another tribe than the chief's, and they were at once offered for sale. Two were purchased, but the third, an elderly man, was refused as unsalable. At that the old man was taken over the rail and there his head was cut off.

Off Piccaninni Sestus, on the Windward coast, in 1769, Mr. William Dove saw a noted slaver, named Ben Johnson, bring off a girl he had stolen. Just as Johnson was leaving the ship on one side, two very excited men came to the other to inquire about the girl. On learning her fate they went in chase of Johnson, captured him and bringing him to the ship offered him for sale.

"You won't buy me, whom you know to be a great trading man, will you, captain?" said Johnson in remonstrance.

"If they will sell you I will buy you, be you what you may," replied the captain, and the kidnapping Ben Johnson became a slave himself. This story is especially interesting because of the picture it gives of the workings of the captain's mind. He would not kidnap a negro himself, but he would buy of anyone under any circumstances.

A man named Marsh, who was in charge of a shore station established for buying slaves at Cape Coast Castle, in those days, is on record as saying: "I do not mind how they get them, for I buy them fairly." It is a queer exhibition of conscientious scruples, though one, perhaps, not now wholly unknown. But the slavers rapidly outgrew such squeamishness. They outgrew it simply because the increased numbers obtained by such methods were still inadequate for the demand. Moreover with the increase in the number in an average cargo came a special need for haste in procuring them. Captain Lindsay might keep forty negroes "in

helth and fatt" under the deck of the Sanderson, while gathering fifteen or twenty more by the slow old process, but when Captain Billy Boates, of Liverpool, a noted slaver, who was "born a beggar to die a lord," had two hundred and fifty on board the ship Knight, in which he won fame, he could not wait long for the remaining hundred, because those already on board would die.

The trade, in its usual course, had been an exchange of a fair measure of goods for individuals legally held as slaves. It descended to where, in the usual course, a majority of every cargo purchased consisted of freemen kidnapped as individuals. The next step down involved a resort to land piracy—to raids made by the coast tribes with the deliberate purpose of gathering slaves, by force of arms, among the tribes living inland.

It is likely that the practice of inciting these raids began as early as 1757—perhaps earlier, in a desultory way. At any rate, in a letter already quoted, "six 4-pounders, four swevles, and four cow-horns" were among the goods carried out for trade. But it is certain that raiding was not then the usual course of trade.

Mr. John Bowman, who was employed at the slave coast just previous to 1776, testified before the Committee of Parliament that he had had charge of an agency established on the Scassus River for supplying the warlike natives with arms for raids, and that he accompanied the raiders on one expedition. Coming to the agency, the chief obtained a supply of guns and ammunition. Then the trumpets were sounded, a band of men was collected, the arms were distributed and the start was made immediately. Late in the afternoon the band camped near a branch of the Scassus and waited until midnight. Then, leaving Bowman, whose heart had failed him, they crept away through the forest. A half hour later shouts and screams were heard and the forest was lighted up by the flames of burning huts. A half hour later still the band returned bringing thirty men, women, and children. A small village had been attacked when all its people were asleep. Some were killed, some escaped to the brush, and the number stated had been captured alive and unhurt. These were bound se-

curely, and when day came they were carried down to the agency.

This is one of the mildest stories of a raid known to the history of the trade.

There are now extant enough descriptions of these piratical raids to fill a very large volume, but the details are so atrocious and revolting that it must be said here only that every torture that cannibals could invent, from the mockery of mercy and love to the infliction of the most prolonged and excruciating physical pain, was the fate of those who resisted and of those who were either too old or too young for sale. As for the remainder they were carried down to the sea and sold. And as time passed the passion for blood grew on the raiders until it was greater than their greed. They tortured to death many whom they might have sold. Before the end of the eighteenth century these raids, called wars by those who owned the slave-ships, were the chief source of supply for the coast market. There were many little tribes and settlements on the rivers in these days wherein the natives were chiefly devoted to agriculture, and these were the prey of the coast pirates until the rivers were swept clean of all peace-loving inhabitants, and the whole population surviving was turned into ravaging pirate bands.

Said an eloquent coast chief when the English began to negotiate with him for the abolition of the slave-traffic:

"I and my army are ready, at all times, to fight the enemies of England, and do anything the English may ask of me, except to give up the slave-trade. No other trade is known to my people. It is the source of their glory and wealth. Their songs celebrate their victories, and the mother lulls the child to sleep with notes of triumph over an enemy reduced to slavery."

But the worst effect of the growing profits in the slave-trade is yet to be told. "Treat men as pawns and nine-pins and you shall suffer as well as they." It is chiefly because of the effect of the trade on those engaged in it, directly and indirectly, that their history is of present interest.

From furnishing arms to raiders and otherwise inciting them to the work, the white slavers quickly descended far enough to take part in the bloody deeds. Even

Angle-Saxon slavers—members of the only race that in these days does really understand the meaning of the words Justice and Liberty—were found ready to pose as peacemakers for the purpose of betraying one band of negroes into the hands of another, and of themselves beginning the bloody slaughter that followed.

The Calaba (or Kalaba) River empties into the Bight of Biafra—right at the angle formed by the coast lines of the huge gulf already mentioned. It is a stream about three miles wide, with from three to five fathoms of water. The banks are low and covered with mangrove brush and palm-trees. Numerous lagoons are found on both sides of the stream, and the apparent banks are but a succession of islands.

On one of these islands was a settlement known as Old Calabar, or the Old Town. On another was a settlement called New Town. The people of the two settlements were of one blood, but they hated each other intensely because of the rivalry growing out of the slave-trade. Yet, so nearly balanced were they in forces that only by kidnapping and an occasional murder of an individual or two could one inflict injury on the other. However, as time went on the New Town people became somewhat the stronger, through favor of the slave captains, and then came the crowning infamy of the trade in that age.

It was in the year 1767. The ships Indian Queen, Duke of York, Nancy and Concord, of Bristol; the Edgar, of Liverpool; and the Canterbury, of London, were lying in the river between the two towns. Trade was dull, and the captains of these ships got together to devise a plan to liven it by taking advantage of the jealousy between the two towns, and the somewhat superior force of New Town. After brief consultation it was agreed that they should, on the pretence of making peace between the two towns, invite the Old Town people to come unarmed to the ships for a palaver. Accordingly messages were sent to the chief, Ephraim Robin John, his brother, Amboe, and some other headmen, requesting all the men of the town to come to the ships on a certain day, and promising unlimited free rum to mellow the hearts of the obdurate before the peace

terms were arranged. The captains, of course, pledged their honor to protect the Old Town people from all danger during the palaver, and a safe return ashore.

Knowing their inferiority in fighting force, the Old Calabar people very gladly accepted the offer of these ship-captains to arrange for peace, and the appointed day came on with much jubilation in Old Calabar. For some reason not given Chief Ephraim did not go off to the banquet, but he sent one of his wives as a present to the Chief of New Town; and three of his brothers, of whom Amboe was the oldest, went in one canoe along with twenty-seven other men; while nine other canoes, none of which was smaller than this, followed.

The first ship visited was the Indian Queen, where a seemingly hearty welcome was extended. From the Indian Queen the leading canoe was sent to the Edgar and thence to the Duke of York, an abundance of rum being supplied at each ship. Some of the canoes followed the leader, and others distributed themselves among the other ships, where the greater number of their crews went on board and were received with lavish presents of rum.

The effect of the liquor was soon apparent in the sleepy actions of the drinkers, and the moment for the final stroke of the conspiracy was at hand. While Amboe Robin John and his two brothers were sitting in the cabin of the Duke of York her officers and crew suddenly dropped the rum-cups, and taking up muskets, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes, that had been placed ready for the occasion, they attacked the unsuspecting and unarmed negroes.

A wild dash for life was made. The three brothers strove to get out of the cabin-windows, but were hauled in and ironed. On deck the negroes who strove to resist were cut down, and those who fled for the rail were tripped or slashed or stabbed or shot, as the case might be. Even the canoes alongside were fired on and sunk with all who happened to be in them, when some were drowned, some were dragged on board and a few went swimming for the shore.

The noise of the conflict on the Duke of York was a signal to the other ships, on the majority of which the natives were attacked in like manner. And then came the inhabitants of the New Town, for the



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

A wild dash for life was made.—Page 12.

slaver captains had arranged that they should hide in the mangroves along shore, until the attack was made, when they were to come out with canoes and pick up the Old Town people who might be swimming for the shore. And these being mad with their thirst for blood, killed more than they took out of the water for slaves. In all more than three hundred of the Old Town people were killed or enslaved in the course of this raid planned by the white men.

But the end of the story is not yet told. Having killed or captured the last man in the water, the New Town people paddled to the ships to receive their reward for their share in the onslaught. This reward was collected, of course, in the shape of a liberal price for each captured Old Town man, with free drinks added, although of the drinks they were naturally a little shy under the circumstances. But at the side of the Duke of York, one other reward was wanted—the head of their chief enemy among the captured Old Town people—the head of Amboe Robin John. But knowing that the captain of the Duke of York cared nothing for their thirst for blood—knowing that he had joined in the raid solely for the profit there was in it, the chief of New Town, who was known as Willy Honesty, said :

“ Captain, if you will give me that man, to cut his head off, I will give you the best man in my canoe, and you shall be slaved first ship.”

At that Amboe, who could speak English, bowed his head and putting his hands together in the attitude of prayer, begged the captain of the ship to retain him on board. But the captain forced him—forced his guest who had come on board under a solemn promise of protection—over the rail, where his head was struck off, and his body thrown to the sharks.

As a result of their treachery and murder, the slaver captains received from twenty-five to thirty slaves each, of whom a third, perhaps, were captured in the water, and had to be purchased of the New Town people.

There is an interest in this story beyond that excited by the facts of the massacre. The two brothers of Amboe Robin John were sold in the West Indies, but they managed to escape to Virginia, and thence

to Bristol, “where the captain who had brought them, fearing he had done wrong, meditated carrying them back.” But before he could sail with them, a shipper in the oil, ivory, and gold-dust trade, who had heard the story of the massacre, took them before a court on a writ of *habeas corpus*, when they were declared free and were sent home to Old Calabar. Through this means Clarkson, the famous abolitionist, got the authenticated story, and used it with tremendous effect in his crusade against the trade. It was not in the Anglo-Saxon heart to approve such doings, even in the eighteenth century.

But if we rightly view the facts, still greater degradation than this was known among the slaver captains, for they enticed the free mulatto girls of the coast to go on board the ships, and then carried them away and sold them, although unmistakably assured that their own flesh and blood was to be born into the life on the sugar plantations of the West Indies.

How the degradation of the slaver's deck was contagious ; how it spread to the owners of the ships ; how these owners, while posing as Christians, became, through inciting such acts, worse than the captains who participated actively in the infamies ; how communities and nations were thus made rotten, until at last the greatest slave nation of them all regained health by the most frightful of modern wars, can only be suggested here.

After the end of the eighteenth century the only notable change in the methods of gathering slaves for market was in the establishing of barracoons—that is, what a cowboy might call corrals, in which to herd the slaves while awaiting shipment. The trade having been outlawed, cruisers were stationed on the African coast to stop the work of the slavers. The slave ships then had need of such quick despatch as had never been dreamed of before. They came to the coast, usually disguised as honest traders, and watching for a day when the coast was clear, they got their slaves quickly on board and sailed away. To enable a ship to load quickly, depots were established, at convenient points, where pens were built by setting tree-trunks into the ground to make a high fence. In these the slaves were held by

the hundred—sometimes more than a thousand were imprisoned in one pen—to await the arrival of a ship.

Captain Richard Drake, an English slaver whose diary was printed in New York about forty years ago, under the title of “Revelations of a Slave Smuggler,” describes incidentally two of the most noted of these slave-stations, that of Don Pedro Blanco, on the Gallinas River, and that of Da Souza, at Whydah. “Gallinas,” he says, “was a depot and market for slaves brought from all streams that penetrated the Guinea Coast, as well as territory farther south. The river was full of small islands; and on several of these, near the sea, as well as on the banks, were located factories, barracoons, dwelling-houses and store-houses. The success of Blanco had attracted a dozen other traders, and the Don was a prince among them. In African fashion he supported a harem, and quite a retinue of house servants, guards, etc., besides clerks and overseers of his barracoons.”

Of the other trader he says :

“Da Souza, or Cha-Chu, as everybody calls him, is apparently a reckless voluptuary, but the shrewdest slave-trader on the African coast. Whydah was built by his enterprise, and he lives the life of a prince. His mansion here is like a palace. . . . This morning Cha-Chu met me and proposed to supply me with a wife. ‘You shall have French, Spanish, Greek, Circassian, English, Dutch, Italian, Asiatic, African or American,’ he said, laughing.”

The kidnapping and the raiding were increased, although the market price of slaves fell as low as from \$12 to \$20 a

head. The raids were extended hundreds of miles inland, according to Canot, another noted slaver. In the atrocities of the raids there could be no change for the worse, because the human mind could conceive no form of torture or degradation below that already existing. There was a greater volume of suffering; there could be no worse degree of it.

The history of the slave-trade is in one respect unique. In all other industries there was a steady amelioration of the people engaged in them as civilization grew brighter. The cat was abolished as a lawful instrument of discipline among seamen, for instance, and impressment was abandoned. Even in the killing of cattle humane methods came to be adopted. But the handling of slaves, from the beginning of the trade to its end, was like a portrayal of the myth of the bottomless pit.

And yet, black as was the panorama of the trade as described in history, there was one dash of warm color in it to relieve the aching heart of the spectator. Says Charles W. Thomas, U. S. N., “chaplain to the African squadron in 1855,” in a work relating to coast usages :

“In time of famine men who have no slaves to dispose of, or not enough to meet the demand, pawn themselves . . . for food. . . . A degree of admirable self-immolation is sometimes shown in such cases of family distress by a member coming forward and offering himself to the highest bidder, willing to go anywhere or to be anything so that he may relieve his father and mother or other dear relatives from distress.”



THE COLLIGO CLUB THEATRICALS

By Charles Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD GILES



PROBABLY the last thing that would have occurred to the minds of the undergraduate members of the Colligo Club in getting up their annual June theatricals for Graduates' Night would have been the idea that their entertainment that night was to have a direct influence upon the great financial fight then going on in the Congress of the United States, or that the fate of an important party measure was to depend upon the question whether a certain member of the Class of '74 and of their Club had or had not been a good amateur actor when in college.

Fantastic Fortune, however, was about to decree that this one, rather mediocre, performance of the famous old University Club should become a historical event in the College annals, and should outshine in importance many nights, otherwise far more noteworthy.

It all came about in this way. It was certainly extremely awkward for the party that Congressman Tredmore should have died at a time when the majority in the Eighteenth District was so small, and doubly awkward that he should have died in the middle of the debate on the great party measure, the passage of which was so urgently demanded by party necessities, and when the House of Representatives was so split up about the question into factions and independent voters, that the loss of one stanch party vote might endanger the measure.

Governor Clinton, recognizing the danger of the situation, had issued a precept for a special election to be held on May 29th. His own party had nominated an excellent man named Holdredge. H. T. Allanson was the equally excellent candidate of the other side. Each party had put forth unusual efforts to win. In the few days allowed for the campaign, innumerable speakers of national renown had been poured in from other States. Rallies were

held morning, noon, afternoon, and night. The voters ploughed their way through the masses of political pamphlets. They worked, ate, took their pleasure, and slept, in an atmosphere foggy with political speech.

On the morning after election day, when the last town at the extreme end of the district was heard from, the Associated Press stated the result as, Holdredge, 16,812; Allanson, 16,757; and after the recount the result remained practically the same.

Clinton and his party leaders were exultant. The other side accepted the defeat with ill-concealed discontent and bitterness; but the matter appeared to be definitely settled.

Unfortunately for Holdredge, however, up over the mountains, in the extreme northern tip of the thin and lengthy district, far away from railroad communication, at the end of a twenty-mile stage-route, was the little logging town of Monnot. Still more unfortunately for him, the town clerk of Monnot was an extremely irritable and somewhat forgetful personage. And it was owing to these qualities in the town clerk's character that a political question, which seemed finally at rest, burst open again like a volcano, producing an eruption in both parties such as had rarely been seen in the political field in that State.

At the close of the polls on election day the vote of the town of Monnot had stood, Holdredge, 231; Allanson, 154; giving a majority of 77 votes for the former.

Now the statute provided that within three weeks after such election day the Secretary of State should lay before the Governor the copies of the records of the votes cast at the election, duly transmitted to him sealed by the various town clerks with their seals unbroken; and that the Governor should thereupon open and examine them and determine from them what

persons appeared to be elected to the several offices ; and should thereupon issue certificates of election or commissions to the persons so found to be elected.

Now it happened that the election day had come at a very inconvenient time in the daily life of the town clerk of Monnot, when he was busily engaged surveying some lumber regions miles away up in the mountains. With very ill-grace he came back from the woods to attend to his official duties, and his temper had not been improved by the defeat of his party's candidate. So having what he considered more important business in the woods, he returned thither without mailing his copy of the town's vote within the ten days after election, as directed by the statute. His

plan of action, however, was not accepted with equanimity by Holdredge's party committee chairman, nor by the Secretary of State ; and he received sharp epistles from them both, instructing him to forward the delinquent return at once. The wording of these epistles increased the bad temper of the town clerk of Monnot ; and he said to himself that he would worry these importunate officials a little. The statute said that the Secretary of State must within three weeks lay the returns before the Governor. The playful town clerk waited. And his eyes gleamed with ill-natured satisfaction at the admonitory letters and telegrams which the Secretary of State and the chairman kept despatching. But unluckily, having waited until the very last



At this point Baylor executed a war-dance on the sidewalk.—Page 20.

possible day before the expiration of the three weeks, he found to his consternation that he had overstepped himself by delaying until the post-master had sealed up the post-bag. There was nothing to be done but to give the envelope containing the return to the driver of the stage, with careful instructions to mail it in the railroad post-office at the end of the route.

The town clerk of Monnot, though omnipotent in his local sphere, was not, however, omniscient; and he could not, and did not foresee that a sudden wash-out on the stage road would overturn the old rickety coach and send the driver flying twenty feet through the air, to land on a bed of crumpled rocks with a broken head. Nor could he foresee that the official return of Monnot in the Eighteenth District would lie all rumpled and begrimed in the pocket of a much torn coat for four days, undiscovered.

But after delivering his official note to the stage driver, the town clerk disappeared into the depth of the woods on his business again.

So it happened that the last day of the three weeks arrived and no return from the town of Monnot had appeared on the desk of the Secretary of State. The politicians became wildly excited, and a vigorous search-party was sent after it. No trace of it or of the town clerk could be found on that day. Therefore when, in accordance with the statute, the Secretary of State had laid those returns which he had received before the Governor, that official discovered that a very alarming state of affairs existed; for the footing of the returns sent in showed that Holdredge had 16,581 votes and Allanson 16,603, and that on the face of these returns, without the vote of the town of Monnot, Allanson was elected.

Governor Clinton at once decided upon his course of action. He would wait until the record of Monnot's vote turned up,

regardless of technical requirements of the statute.

When the Governor's decision was announced Allanson's upholders arose in their wrath. They quoted the statutes; they howled of illegality; they demanded the Governor's signature to Allanson's commission at once; they talked of application to the courts to force the Chief Magistrate to obey the plain, written law of the State. Then, after four days, someone chanced to examine the pockets of the dilapidated and still unconscious stage-driver, found the missing document, and mailed it to the State House. It was only laid before the Governor on the morning of the twenty-fourth of June, five days too late according to the statute. The Governor broke the seals, once more added up the votes cast at the Congressional election, and this time found that Holdredge had 16,812 and Allanson 16,757 votes, and that Holdredge was elected. With-



Talbot examined the Governor keenly.—Page 22.

out further ado he ordered the Secretary of State to summon Holdredge and to have his commission engrossed.

Late in the afternoon of this twenty-fourth of June Clinton sat in the private office of his special personal attorney, James Torrens Cronald, of the firm of Cronald & Salisbury.

"Cronald," he said, "this Holdredge matter has become pretty serious. I hear that the other side are going to try and get out an injunction against my signing Holdredge's commission and also a writ of mandamus to make me issue a commission to Allanson. Can they do it?"

"They can and they cannot," answered Cronald; "physically, yes; legally, no. I haven't any doubt that if they go to the right judge—if they should go to Judge Foltner or Judge Hagan, either of those would give them an injunction. As a matter of law, however, I don't believe that in this State the court would hold



"That is Governor Clinton on the stage," cried Baylor.—Page 26.

that the Governor was subject to the control of the court on a question like this."

"You think Hagan or Foltner would grant an injunction?"

"Well, you know what our elective judges are. This would not be the first time that a judge's political beliefs may influence his decision."

"What would you advise my doing?" said Clinton.

"If you want to know what my real advice is, I can give it to you very briefly," replied Cronald. "Is the Holdredge commission all made out?"

"Yes," said the Governor, "it is lying in the vault of the Secretary of State."

"Then I advise you to go back to the State House as quick as you can and sign

it," answered Cronald, with emphasis.

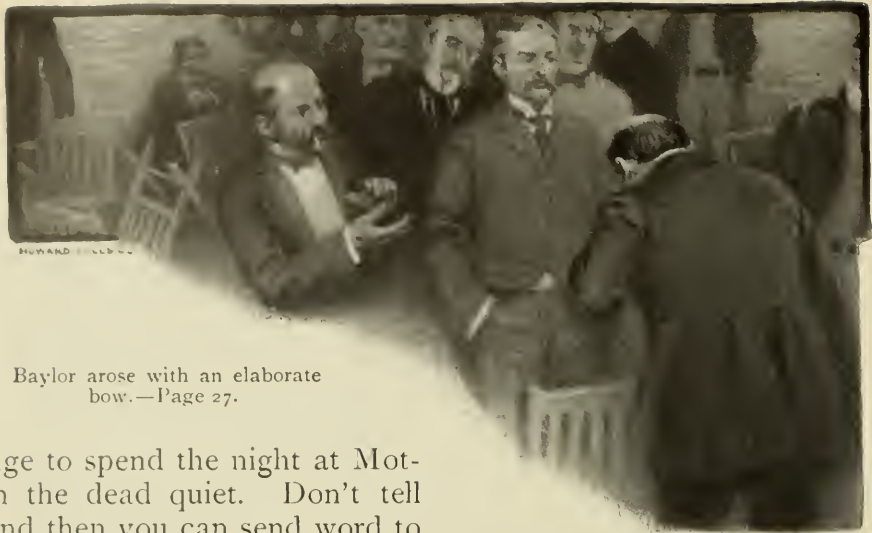
"Get ahead of the other fellows and let them howl afterwards all they want. They can't do anything then."

"I'd do that," said Clinton, "but the vaults are closed for to-day and can't be opened until to-morrow."

"Then my next advice to you is to keep well out of the way until morning, so that they can't serve any possible papers on you. Where are you going to-night?"

"I was thinking of going down to the Colligo Club theatricals. It is '74's fifteenth reunion, you know. Aren't you going down?"

"I wasn't," said Cronald, "but I guess I'll drop along with you and see you through this scrape. I tell you what we'll do.



Baylor arose with an elaborate bow.—Page 27.

We'll arrange to spend the night at Motley Inn, on the dead quiet. Don't tell anyone; and then you can send word to your private secretary to bring the commission and Holdredge himself down there the first thing in the morning; and we'll fix the business before the other side know where either you or they themselves are 'at.' They're not likely to get to work as quick as all that."

But Cronald underestimated the rapid energy of the other side. At about the time when the Governor and Cronald were dashing down to the little university town on the National Limited train, a group of men were sitting in the stuffy headquarters of Allanson's party committee, waiting with nervous impatience. At last they heard heavy, hurrying steps on the stairs and a man ran into the room waving a piece of paper. "I've got it," he cried in an exultant tone, "the old fool of a judge wobbled around in his mind for some time, but finally granted it. Hagan knows which side his judicial bread is buttered on. Now who knows where we can find Clinton and serve it on him? We've got to move sharp or he'll play some d——d trick on us yet." He threw the paper on a table; and Allanson rose, walked over with several others and read the injunction through with curiosity.

"The thing to do," he said at last, "is to have a dozen copies made. Get the most trustworthy deputy sheriffs you can, and send each off with a copy to any place where the Governor is likely to be found."

"I suggest," said Houghton, the chairman, "the most likely place is down at his college. He's a pretty faithful attendant at all celebrations, and the Colligo Club theatricals come to-night."

"That's it, of course," replied Allanson, "we'll catch him there all right. You get Joe Kennedy, he's the sharpest and sandiest deputy, and send him right down on the next train. We mustn't lose a moment."

"Well, if this isn't Bobby Clinton! How goes it, my bully rook?"

"Bill Baylor! You old fool, when did you strike these regions? By Jove, it's good to look at your ugly face again."

"Hi, Doc, Doc Raleigh. You there, with whiskers. First in war, first in peace, first in the——" at this point Baylor executed a war-dance on the sidewalk.

It was in this informal manner that the Governor of a State, the President of a Western Trust Company, and the house surgeon of St. Mark's Hospital met at the entrance to the old college club-house on the eve of the fifteenth anniversary of the graduation of their class. The streets leading from the station were crowded with old "boys" coming back from all over the country. To Clinton this meeting on the steps was the first touch of the joys of reunion. Though he had not seen Baylor since they had graduated, he had recognized him at once, a little stouter perhaps, a few more lines on his face, a little less hair on his head—but the same old, careless, jovial, inconsequential Baylor.

"You know Cronald of '67, don't you, Bill?" said the Governor, "Cronald, the bald gentleman with the aimless look on my right is old Bill Baylor of '74."

As they entered the club-house a number of men standing round in groups

greeted them with "Hullo, Governor," "Hullo, Bob," "Ah there, Guv."

"Why, you cuss," shouted Baylor, drawing off and then punching Clinton violently, "I'd forgotten you were a Governor of this unfortunate State, and twice elected, I believe. Well, well, well! How did the sad event happen? Heavens, how somebody must have deceived them about you! How did you work it? Do you remember that night at Wally Toynbee's?"

"Shut up, Bill, don't undeceive my constituents. It's hard enough on my reputation anyway to be seen with you. Luckily most of these men won't remember you."

"Ah, won't they. You wait and see. '74 this way. This way '74," shouted Baylor. Instantly, here and there, men began to disengage themselves from the crowd in the club-room and in the hall leading to the theatre, and to hasten toward the spot whence came the old familiar cry. And when they reached it, Baylor was seized upon, and pushed, and hurtled, this way and that, by his enthusiastic classmates.

Meanwhile, Governor Clinton passed into the club-room, nodding pleasantly as he went by, to hundreds of the younger men, who accosted him with all the joy of old acquaintance; though probably few really knew him personally. For the Governor's strong allegiance to his college, shown in his constant attendance at all his college contests on field and river, had long since won their hearts. And at the beginning of a game the loud ripple of applause starting at the entrance and running along the benches was an invariable warning of his approach. His acquaintance with all the prominent athletes, and his ready counsel and suggestions to the college debaters, as the classes rolled on, gave everyone, both graduates and undergraduates, a sense of personal ownership in him; so that all were in the habit of referring to him amongst themselves as "Bob Clinton," dropping the formal "Governor" for the more intimate appellation.

As he strolled through the crowd of undergraduates the Governor caught sight of Harland, the President of the Club, and Oswald, the captain of the ball-nine.

"Hullo, boys," he said, "what's going on to-night in the way of a show?"

Harland laughed, "Why, you're going to be part of the show yourself, Governor."

"What do you mean?" asked Clinton.

"Gorham Talbot's going to give his great imitations. He's easily queen at that kind of business, and he's got a corker on you, Governor," said Oswald. "Haven't you heard of it?"

"Heard of it, no. Going to take me off, is he? That will be great. I've seen many times, though, when I wish he could have taken my place in earnest," Clinton said, with a laugh.

"I guess he didn't know you were coming to-night," said Harland. "It will be a good joke on him, but he's a corker at it. You've seen his Henry Irving, haven't you? And his Professor Matt? And his Prexy's perfect."

"He'll have a hard test to-night, if he's going to take me off," said Clinton. "The '74 men here to-night know me pretty fairly well. I know something about the business, personally, too. It's not easy. I used to try a few imitations myself, back in '74."

"What's that?" shouted the jolly, gurgling voice of Baylor. "Are you telling the fellows about your rotten attempts in our theatricals, Bob? You can't work off any false ideas of your powers here to-night when I'm on the ground."

"Oswald, Harland," said the Governor gravely, "let me introduce to you Mr. William Baylor, the one absolutely useless, the one absolutely ignorant, and the one absolutely idiotic member of the class of '74."

"Add, Bob," said Baylor, "the one member of that renowned class who saw through you and all your grand and noble ideas; and the one man who could keep you from getting upon your pedestal for the delighted gaze of the fawning populace. What's he been telling about, boys? About his trials to act. Why, he attempted to give an imitation of Fechter at his initiation; and they said the price of eggs was nearly doubled the next day owing to exhaustion of the supply. They'd have tarred and feathered him if they hadn't been afraid that the feathers would have caused his ambition to fly and soar still higher."

"My dear Baylor," replied Clinton, "I

regret to see these signs of a decay of your vital powers. Loss of memory is a very bad sign in one so young. You apparently forget my imitation of Dr. Corday and then that of Dean Thaxter. You apparently don't remember that it was so perfect that it deceived the Dean's own nephew."

"Deceived nothing. He was a junior and you were a senior, and he was trying to swipe you. You couldn't deceive anyone by your acting."

"You're unjust, Bill. I could almost repeat them now."

"No one will give you the chance, so you needn't worry," replied Baylor. "Bob, you need taking down; I see that. Your official eminence has really inflated you unbearably. I guess '74 will have to attend to your case. Act, deceive, humph!" He gave a loud and very forced laugh. "Boys," he said, turning to Oswald and Harland, "don't let the Governor impose on you. I know him. I've known him for twenty years—more than that. I knew him at Copley School. He thought there that he was an orator; and I hear he's retained that belief, and been trying to impress the same on the unlucky people of this State ever since. But he can't play off any acting games on his old classmate."

"Hullo, there's Gorham Talbot now," interrupted Oswald. "Talbot," he called. A tall fellow came up, looked suddenly at the Governor, and flushed uncomfortably. "You know Governor Clinton, of course, Gorham," Oswald said.

"How are you, Talbot?" said the Governor, shaking his hand vigorously. "I hear you occasionally step into my shoes. I wish we could arrange somehow a fair exchange so that I could get into yours."

He examined the fellow with some curiosity and considerable amusement. Talbot was just about the Governor's height, a little slighter, but with the same clear brown complexion, the same long distinguished nose, the same dark hair, though worn in a different fashion, and a very flexible mouth.

"Well, I'd willingly let you take my place to-night," said Talbot, laughing a little uneasily.

"Well, we wouldn't willingly, would we? By gracious, there's Jack Bensley! Heigh, Jack."

"What's that? Why Bill, old man.

This is great, isn't it? Hullo, Governor." A tall man with a pointed beard rushed up and slapped Clinton and Baylor on the back. Meanwhile, the three undergraduates stood in the background; and Talbot examined the Governor keenly, nodding to himself every now and then as Clinton made characteristic gestures.

"That's Judge Bensley," whispered Oswald to Harland. "Beastly dignified on the bench, they say. Regular pivot for the universe. Look at him now."

Clinton shook hands again with Talbot as he left. "Don't worry about me, Talbot," he said. "Put it on good and thick. '74 knows how I look to '74. Let them see how I look to '89. Don't mind me. The better you can take me off, the better I'll like it; and, I tell you, old '74 will be hard to suit unless you do your very best. Here's this man Baylor, he's a scoffer. He doesn't know good acting when he sees it. I wish I had your chance, I'd show him a thing or two."

Cronald came up to Clinton as they walked along and said, in an undertone, "I've told the doorkeeper not to let anyone in who wanted to see you, without informing you. We might as well be prepared, although I think there is hardly any possibility of their trying to serve any injunction on you down here."

Clinton nodded and his face became serious, as the thought of his outside official life broke in upon the collegiate gayety.

Then the sound of a lively brassy march rang out from the theatre, and the crowd of men began to move in that direction. By the time the Governor and his friends reached it, the large hall where the performances were given was choked with a motley mass of men, undergraduates with colored tennis caps, and seniors in silk hats; men, young and old, in white flannels; men, young and old, in evening dress; rowing men in their blazers, dignified graduates in slouch hats and loose coats, still more dignified graduates in their shirt sleeves; old men with pipes, young men with cigars, some with cigarettes, some with beer mugs; white-haired and white-whiskered men with collars and ties of the vintage of '45 and '52 jostling callow youths in the most correct and fashionable costume; all mingling in the delighted fellowship. Loud cries and greet-

ings thrown quite across the width of the hall; groups of men calling out rhythmically the number of their class in wild appeal to their mates; the crash of chairs once neatly in line but now thrown down whenever comrade found comrade; cries of "down in front" from small bands of six or seven men in the rear of the room to the solid mass of graduates for whom the first rows were reserved; "Hy there, Tom," "Good enough for you Fatty," "This way '87," "Oh Ned—oh Ned—oh Ned"; it was through all this conglomeration of sound and much more that the leader of the orchestra was trying to summon his musical band to beat its way. Suddenly louder confusion than ever arose in the rear of the hall; the crowd began to sway, and a mass of men in the form of a regular foot-ball wedge tore their way violently through the hall; and engulfing the Governor in the moving body, whirled him away up to the front.

"'74 is feeling pretty good to-night," the undergraduates said. "Tom Holthrop's dinner was evidently a success," murmured a '75 man, sarcastically, as he looked at the unruly and boyish mass of men who had long ago been supposed to have reached the age of discretion.

"Seventy-four, seventy-four, rah rah, rah rah," the swinging metrical cry rang out to attract any scattered members of the class.

Then a loud sh-h-h-h spread over the hall, for the curtain was rising and the time-honored half circle of negro minstrels was disclosed.

The Governor looked at his programme. It was headed:

"WELL! WELL! WELL!"

'89 will present, for a run of one consecutive night, The Colossal, cranium cracking, concatenation of Matchlessly muddled, misery making minstrels, to be followed by a

drama entitled

"HELP! HELP!" or "THE WORST YET," a piece deserving a loud tumult of silence and ten days."

At the foot of the long sheet of paper were various jests at the personalities of some of the well-known graduates and undergraduates; and Clinton was amused to see how many of the good, ancient jibes of his college days were still flourishing, either in their original form or adapted to the tastes of the rising generation. It began with an announcement:

"Carriages may be ordered at any time or even later." Then followed, "By special request A-T. H-w-rd, '82, has kindly consented not to sing 'An Old Irish Gentleman' after the performance."

"The management regrets that it has been obliged to refuse the proffered services of D-l-r-r, '88, owing to the weakness of the stage timbers."

Suddenly his glance lighted on the following: "Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the officers of the Club and of the police department, Cl-nt-n, '74, has insisted upon making one of his gubernatorial speeches here to-night. Extra fire escapes have been provided, and it is hoped that no one will be injured in the rush for the door when he begins. The Governor will be assisted by G-rh-m T-lb-t, '90. We remind the Governor that the Club is long-suffering, but all will be forgiven if he will recognize as applicable to his own case the words of his noted celebration speech, 'If you make a blunder, don't be afraid to acknowledge it.'"

Clinton laughed out loud and pointed it out to Baylor, who gave a yell of appreciation; and all of '74 began to throw jests at the Governor.

"Mr. Johnson," queried one of the end-men on the stage, "why is '74 like the safety-valve on a steam-engine?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Well, Jacob, why *is* '74 like the safety-valve of a steam-engine," monotonously droned the interlocutor.

"Because it has a Governor," was the insipid reply, followed by a burst of cheers from the audience and high rebel yells from his classmates, which caused one man to say, audibly, "That Governor seems to cause '74 to blow off a good deal of steam." So the performance went on from bad jokes and wretchedly sung ditties to worse jokes and worse vocalization, until "Imitations of famous personages, by Monsieur Gorham de Talbot" was announced from the stage; and Talbot came on, wonderfully disguised, to represent Professor Matt.

As he proceeded to reproduce one of Matt's unique lectures, it was certainly a marvel that he should be able so completely to assume the dumpy, shapeless form, the highly pitched, staccato tones, and the singular contortions of the noted

professor whom all the students liked, but at whose foibles and peculiarities they constantly thrust.

"Now that's what I call a real mimic. He's a genius," said Baylor, when Talbot had finished. "To think, Clinton, that you ever had the gall to call your mumbling and writhings imitations."

After a few minutes Talbot returned from the wings ; and at once '74, followed by the entire audience, set up a mighty cheer. Everyone near the Governor turned round and strained to get a look at him, in order to make sure that he was really in his seat. He was still there, with eyes fixed on the figure on the stage in great and surprised amusement, as he took in every detail of his double. For there certainly was another Governor Clinton, fully as complete and perfect as the real one, dressed in the same long, dark gray cutaway and light gray, striped trousers, which Clinton invariably wore everywhere, the same red necktie peculiar to him, walking with the same swinging stride, carrying his head with the chin well lifted. It was curious to see how, by lining his eyebrows upward, and drawing a few faint lines across the forehead and down from the corner of the eye, Talbot had caught the Governor's peculiar facial expression ; and Talbot's mobile mouth well served him in reproducing the compressed, drawn mouth of the Governor's, the least movement of the muscles of which quickly changed the look of his face from one of sternness to one of amusement. Talbot's hair, ordinarily parted in the centre, was now parted far down on the right-hand side with the long locks brushed smoothly back across and over the top of the head and down the other side.

He began in his natural voice. "I will give you an imitation of the kind of speech and of the kind of speaker which is let loose at the devoted heads of the inhabitants of this State every year. This is the gubernatorial speech, especially invented and patented by a member of the Class of '74"—cheers for the class here interrupted him—"for use at various kinds of celebrations. It is known as the patent, adjustable speech ; and can be employed equally well at town anniversary celebrations, cattle-shows, fairs, Grand Army camp-fires, opening of sub-

urban clubs or chambers of commerce, and dinners."

Then he quickly changed into his *rôle* and, standing rather unnecessarily erect with one hand behind him, he continued with Clinton's exact manner and voice. At the first word he uttered, Clinton gave a gasp ; and a curious double feeling came over him, simultaneously, both that he did not talk in that way, and yet that those certainly were his own quick, clear cut, ringing, emphatic tones thrown back at him as if from an echoing wall.

"Fellow citizens, ladies and gentlemen : I thank you for this magnificent reception which you have tendered me. Still I love to think that your applause is not meant for me, but for the State which I represent. I bring to you to-day the greetings of our dear old mother Commonwealth, God bless her." (Here Talbot changed back into his natural voice. "This flattering allusion to the female sex always pleases the ladies and the invocation of a blessing shows the speaker to be a truly pious man.") "When I look about on these happy homes, these cheerful faces, these prosperous streets, I realize more than ever what a glorious thing it is to live." (Talbot, aside : "This remark is not wholly novel but always goes.") "And yet it seems to me that never had this been so impressed upon me as to-day when I came to your beautiful town with its magnificent situation, its busy factories and workshops humming merrily, its surrounding of verdant fields and forests" (Talbot, aside : "Notice this description. It fits so exactly any town that the citizens cannot help being pleased"), "and what is it that has brought this about ? It is the hard trials which your ancestors have undergone here, nay I may say my ancestors ; for I love to think that I too am in some part a fellow-townsmen of yours. My mother's uncle's wife once had a cousin who boarded in this very town. But, as I was saying, what is it that has ennobled this town, this State, this country, that makes us proud that we can come and live in this beautiful town with its churches, its schoolhouses, its splendid situation, its tree-shaded trees ? It is commerce and manufacturing, and more than this, it is agriculture." (Talbot, aside : "If I'm in a seaport town I say, It is

manufacturing and agriculture and more than this, it is commerce. And so in a mechanical town I say—And more than this, it is manufacturing.”)

“What is so noble as commerce and agriculture and manufacturing? Except the professional arts. That is the thing which makes your town what it is, which makes you and me what we are.”

“And in closing I can only say that I thank you for the honor you have bestowed upon me, in extending to me the invitation to this great celebration. And I hope as many of you will come up and shake hands with me as are able.”

He finished, and a roaring tempest of shouts, laughter, and jeers swept the old hall; while Clinton was vigorously punched from all sides, and showered with good-naturedly uncomplimentary remarks. He was himself even more delighted with the remarkable mimicry that even his classmates. “It is wonderful,” he said. “How does he do it? Why, he can’t have seen me very often.”

The first part ended and a rush began from the audience for beer-mugs in the outer hall. In the confusion caused by this and by the general removal of coats, and lighting of pipes by the most of those who remained, an undergraduate came up to Clinton and said: “Excuse me, Governor, but there is a man at the door who says he must see you at once on official business.” Clinton hesitated; then leaned over and consulted with Cronald, who nodded knowingly. Was it possible that it could be the expected injunction? If so, the other side had been more energetic than they had foreseen. But nothing else was likely to follow him all the way down from the Capitol. The question now apparently was, how, with any dignity, he could escape the service.

“I positively cannot see anyone now,” he said.

The undergraduate replied, nervously: “But the man says he must see you on official business, and he will wait at the door until you can see him.”

“Then tell him to wait,” Clinton said. He consulted again with Cronald, “or—stop—on the whole you can let him come in at the end of this intermission; not till then, remember, and I’ll see him.”

He turned to Baylor, “Bill, he said,

“keep my seat for me. I want to go behind the scenes and have a talk with Talbot.” He rose, and, forcing his way through a lane of applauding men, disappeared behind the stage-door.

Just as the lights were turned down at the end of the intermission he reappeared, and pushed back to his seat between Cronald and Baylor. The curtain went up for the second part and Talbot came out again on the stage.

“I have been requested to present another sample of our distinguished Governor’s oratory,” he began, “and I will endeavor to do so.”

“Isn’t that a perfect imitation of me,” said the Governor on the floor, half aloud, in a voice which was almost the exact repetition in accent, though slightly different in quality. Something in its tone, however, made Baylor give a sudden start, look closely at his companion, then at the Governor on the stage, then back at the Governor sitting beside him. He appeared for an instant puzzled. Cronald was leaning forward with very intent air, as if the movements of the stage-Governor were of the utmost importance to him. Baylor examined him also and nodded complacently to himself. Then, after listening a moment to what was going on upon the stage, he suddenly exclaimed aloud, with a positive voice, “Well, old Clinton is a sharp one, but I’m too many for him. He thinks he can fool us. But he can’t. That’s Clinton up there on the stage, fellows. It isn’t Talbot at all. I’ll bet a hat. That’s his game. He left us in the intermission and he thinks he can work us.”

“Shut up, you fool,” muttered Cronald as he pulled Baylor back into his seat. But it was too late. A disturbance behind him caused him to look round and he recognized Kennedy, the deputy sheriff, coming up the aisle with one of the club members. He gave a groan and could only hope that Baylor’s exclamation had not been overheard. Kennedy approached the Governor next to Baylor respectfully and said, with deference, “Excuse me, Governor, but I am required to hand you this paper.”

Baylor’s neighbor assumed an air of surprise, and, hesitating, said, inquiringly, “Well, my friend?”

Kennedy looked confused at the reception, "Why, Governor, you know me, of course; Joe Kennedy, the deputy sheriff. I don't like to do it, you know——"

"Oh, yes—of course—oh, yes, I see. Well, hand me the paper," was the somewhat slow and undecided response.

Before anything further could be done, Baylor took a hand in the game.

"Here, you," said he to Kennedy, "do you really want to see the Governor?" Kennedy nodded.

"Well," replied Baylor with a tone of exultant positiveness. "Don't you get fooled. This gentleman here isn't the Governor. There's the real article up there," and he pointed to the stage.

A shout of laughter went up from those sitting all around. "That's right," he continued, "I know what I'm talking about." Cronald gave another groan. "For heaven's sake, why can't he shut up," he muttered.

Then Kennedy looked up at the stage for the first time, saw the Governor there, and gave a convulsive start. He looked back at the man by his side, and saw the Governor there. Then he put his hands to his eyes with a weary and desperate gesture and shook his head doubtfully. "You've got me, gentlemen," he said with emphasis.

At this point the man in the chair next to Baylor spoke up again after a long hesitation, and there was a change in the tones of his voice.

"I'm sorry to say, Mr. Kennedy, this gentleman is quite right. This little deception was only intended for my college friends. That gentleman on the stage there, he is the real Governor."

Everyone near by had been listening to the curious colloquy; and at this extraordinary statement a shout of incredulity and amazement arose. Cronald sat awaiting the outcome in a despairing mood.

"Don't you hear, sir, what the gentleman says?" cried Baylor. "That is Governor Clinton on the stage. He tried to play a trick on us, but I saw through it from the beginning. I discovered him up there because I suspected he was going to try and make us think he could act. He's up there all right." Baylor's remarks were now being addressed to the crowd in general. "He's trying to imitate him-

self; that's all there is to it." Cronald sought in vain to prevent Baylor's disclosure; but Baylor was too full of delight at his own detective powers and too insistent upon convincing the still suspicious Kennedy. Meanwhile there was absolute stillness in the dimly lighted hall and on the stage. Men saw that something of moment was about to take place. But no one could form any idea as to what it was.

Baylor's companion, the Governor on the floor, again spoke up very politely to Kennedy; and all around now noticed the difference in his voice. "Of course, sir," he said, "I am perfectly willing to take that paper, although I know nothing of its contents; but if it is a State matter, all I could do would be to go up on the stage and hand it to Governor Clinton. As a college man acting here to-night, I shouldn't want to meddle with official documents." Kennedy looked still more dazed. "You see I only meant to imitate the Governor for the benefit of the boys here, but when State business turns up, why it's getting too serious for me to play the part any longer." As he said this the speaker's voice had altered entirely from Clinton's well-known tones; and now all were convinced that the two Governors had exchanged places, for it was manifestly the voice of Talbot, through the make-up of Clinton, that came from the man on the floor.

Then the figure on the stage, for the first time since the interruption, spoke; and everyone recognized that it must be Clinton himself who was speaking.

"There seems to be a little confusion here," he said, "perhaps natural. But it must not delay State business. Kennedy, my good friend, come up here and deliver whatever you've got for me."

Kennedy hesitated no longer. His face brightened up and, advancing to the footlights, he handed the paper over the stage to the Governor with an air of great relief. The latter took the paper and opened it. His face became serious. "Brethren of the Colligo Club, I am sorry to disturb the performance, but this is an important matter; I must leave you."

He turned and went into the wings. A hum of voices arose all over the hall as the audience discussed the extraordinary change of parts that had taken place.

Kennedy watched the Governor disappear ; then, escorted by an undergraduate, he also left the club-house. The lights were turned down ; and the entertainment went on. Baylor kept chuckling to himself ; and Cronald sat motionless, feeling greatly irritated that Talbot and Baylor should have spoiled a neatly concocted plan. However, there was no help for it. The Governor had been served with the injunction and the settling of the Holdredge-Allanson contest must now await the courts. But as time was essential now, the party's whole plan in Washington might be ruined, all through a good-natured blunderer like Baylor, all through a man who had only chanced this way once in fifteen years. It was certainly exasperating. He knew too that the Governor must be extremely chagrined.

The performance was over, and with a great noise the audience broke up into enthusiastic groups of old "chums." As '74 began to disintegrate, Baylor's companion gave him a startling slap on the back.

"Well Bill," he said, "do you say now that I can't act?"

Baylor's head shot round as if struck by a fierce blow. Then he gave a gasp. That was certainly Clinton's voice. And yet it couldn't be ; for it was Talbot who sat by him. Clinton had left the hall half an hour before. He looked at the man at his side, who was leaning back in his chair shaking with laughter. Cronald was sitting staring blankly. Raleigh's fat face beamed with enjoyment of the situation.

"'Can't act,' can't I?" repeated the Governor, "'Never could deceive anyone,' 'couldn't fool old '74,' couldn't I?" he continued. "How about that, Bill? Do you still think I am Talbot? Who do you now think that was, up on the stage?"

Baylor sat down in his chair and shook his head helplessly.

Then Governor Clinton, looking down at him with a crushingly superior smile, rose and joined a crowd of men who came up to find out the solution of the mystery.

"It's perfectly simple," said the Governor, "I knew that that man was here and would try to deliver that paper to me. It happened that I was not particularly anxious to receive what I suppose that paper contained. I recalled our talk

in the reading-room before the show began. It occurred to me that here was a chance to prove whether I was a good actor or not. I talked the matter over with Cronald here and decided to go behind the scenes and get Talbot to allow me to go on the stage in his place and to give in person an imitation of myself. I felt confident that I could do that, at least. But when I saw Talbot, he suggested a better plan to me. He foresaw that you men, and wise old Bill Baylor, might suspect something of the kind, and so I concluded that instead of imitating myself, which was an easy task, I would come back to my seat and give an imitation of Talbot imitating me, which would be a good deal more difficult. When I returned, however, the whole thing seemed undignified. I was about to take the paper out of Kennedy's hands when Old Bill here rose with his air of a discoverer and in his superior way announced that he at any rate had discovered the deception (though really no deception existed). He thereby played right into my hands. That decided me. I thought that if I had deceived him, I might others. At any rate the temptation to lead him still farther astray was too great. Talbot on the stage was quick to catch on to the situation. And I must say he carried it out to perfection."

"By Jove, so did you, Governor," broke in Cronald, "I certainly thought myself that this was Talbot sitting beside us."

"Do you mean to say, Bob," stammered Baylor, who had not yet recovered his equilibrium, "that that wasn't you up there on the stage?"

"That's what I mean to say."

"Was that Talbot, and were you sitting right beside me all the time?" Baylor persisted.

The Governor nodded. "Poor Old Bill, how badly he feels to find himself not infallible" he replied.

Baylor arose with an elaborate bow, "Clinton," he said, "I present to you my very best compliments. I am glad, however, to find that none of my statements have really been disproved. All that you have done is to show me that, although you were a cursed poor actor when you were in college, a long training in politics can do marvels in imparting to a man the

powers of deception. You are an actor, sir, now. You are an actor of the first water. And speaking of water reminds me, gentlemen, that the drinks are distinctly on me."

The group moved away. "It was splendidly done, Governor. It was a stroke worthy of your genius," whispered Cronald. "But there'll be some hard things said about it on the other side when the truth leaks out. There are one or two of Allanson's friends here to-night, who, I think, have suspicions as to the contents of that paper."

"All right," replied Clinton, "but it's too late for them to do anything now. I hope my friend Gorham Talbot is enjoying the perusal of that interesting sheet. Meanwhile, Cronald, the best thing for you and me to do is to escape quietly over to Motley Inn and avoid this crowd. The whole thing might possibly leak outside to-night, and I want to be well away from here if it does. Order a carriage."

The next morning the two men sat peacefully at their breakfast alone at the little secluded inn six miles out from the university town.

"You didn't open or read that paper last night, did you?" said Cronald.

"No."

"And you don't really know what was in it?"

"No," said Clinton, "I may have my suspicions."

"Then legally and in fact you've never had service of any injunction. This is the best game I've played in, for years," and Cronald lit his cigar, chuckling.

"I'm afraid it was a little tricky of me," Clinton replied, "I would not have done it if I didn't think that the whole business on their side is the sharpest kind of politics. Their whole position turns on the pettiest technicality. It's simply a case of which one of us had the instrument with the best-tempered edge."

"There'll be no good temper about them when they hear the truth, will there?" said Cronald.

At half-past-nine on the first morning train the Governor's private secretary arrived, bearing the precious commission in his valise. With him came the successful candidate, Henry V. Holdredge.

The Governor signed the commission and handed it to him. "Holdredge," he said, "have you a son in college?"

"I have," answered the Congressman, grasping tightly his credential.

"Well," said Clinton, "the best advice I can give you is to see that your son learns how to act. It may help him some day, as a knowledge of acting has already helped his father."

Holdredge not unnaturally looked mystified.

"By the way, Porter," said the Governor, "have you the morning paper?"

He opened it. In two-inch black letters on the front page were these headlines: "Injunction Granted"—"Latest Developments in Holdredge - Allanson Fight"—"Judge Hagan Checkmates the Governor."

"We give Hagan a return check, it seems," the Governor cheerfully said.

That night the new Congressman was travelling toward Washington; and he arrived in time to take part in the end of the debate and to affect very materially the vote.

Allanson's managers were exasperated beyond measure when they discovered how they had been deceived, and they instigated a contest over Holdredge's seat in the House, but to no avail.

Judge Hagan was never quite clear in his mind as to whether, as a strict matter of law, Robert Clinton had not been in clear contempt of his court in the matter of the injunction; but he never decided to have the Governor brought before him to answer to the charge.

The outside public looked on the matter as a huge joke; for it had long ago decided that, in all fairness and equity, Holdredge was entitled to the election, regardless of any legal technicalities.

Joe Kennedy, the deputy sheriff, in all his later life never served another writ without requiring the most exact identification of the defendant.

On the night of the twenty-fifth of June Governor Clinton attended his class-dinner; and as he sat in a subordinate position, well away from the head of the table, at what they called "The Bad End," he was called upon to respond to the toast of "The Actor of the Class, or My Double and How I Outdid Him."



Sugar-Maple Blossom.



TREES

By Frank French

ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY THE AUTHOR

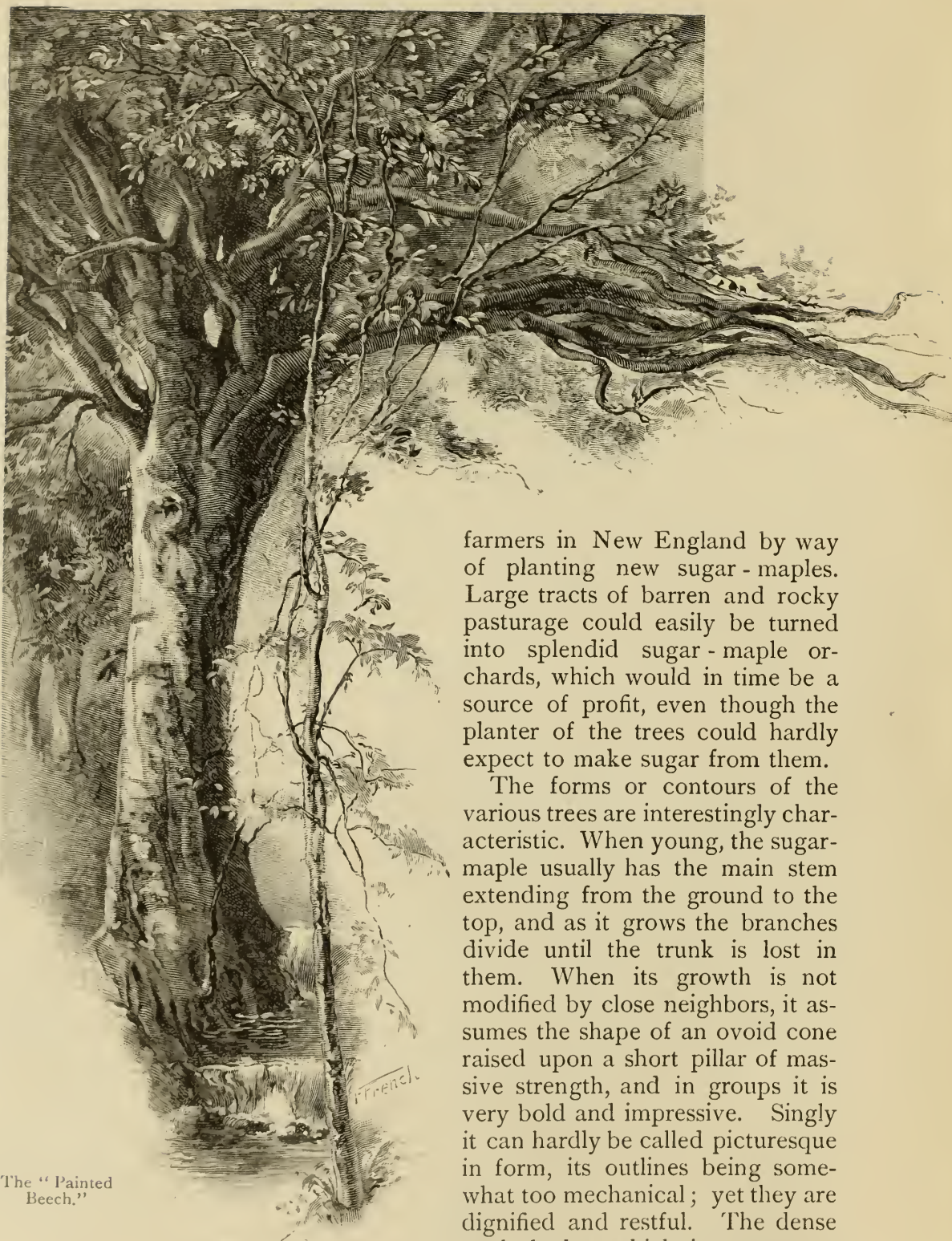
I FANCY that nearly everyone has the memory of some tree with which he was familiar in youth, enshrined in his heart. Dear to my memory are many such early companions. To me they were interesting, though neither cut-leaved nor weeping importations from foreign arboretum, but just common New Hampshire trees, sprung from the hard granite soil, moistened by melting ice and snow and woodland spring. Buffeted by savage northwest gales in winter and fierce thunder and hailstorms in summer, trampled and browsed upon in infancy by cattie in the pasture, the tragedy of their lives was enacted and the survival of the fittest illustrated.

We country boys could tell their names at a glance without the aid of any botany book, and knew the quality of their fruit, the fragrance and flavor of their leaves and bark, the properties of their wood, especially whether the last was tough or brittle, easy or hard to chop and split into firewood.

To native New Englanders there is no tree around which cluster more fond memories than the sugar-maple. When they see her shading the occupants of the benches in the city parks, as graciously

as she shelters the lambs which gather at her foot in the New Hampshire pasture, she reminds them of "sapping time," and awakens visions of the old moss-grown sap-house around whose sunny clearing the snow melted early. The opening in the forest was fringed above by delicate budding branches against a hazy spring sky, the little brook ran beneath the softening snow-drifts which remained, or sang in the shadowy glade where the liverwort and trailing arbutus grew. Chipmunks frisked about the wood-pile, while the bluebird uttered such cheery notes that the hard work of carrying brimming pails of sap was forgotten, and the whole thing seemed a frolic. Every spring when the maples blossom in the park, these memories come back.

Mr. Burroughs speaks of "motherly old apple-trees, which have seen trouble." This description seems to me to apply more truthfully to the sugar-maple. It is true that apple-trees are too often neglected, yet it is no uncommon thing to see the horizontal branches of an old tree resting serenely upon props, and its decaying trunk bound about by iron bands to make its declining days as comfortable



The "Painted
Beech."

farmers in New England by way of planting new sugar-maples. Large tracts of barren and rocky pasturage could easily be turned into splendid sugar-maple orchards, which would in time be a source of profit, even though the planter of the trees could hardly expect to make sugar from them.

The forms or contours of the various trees are interestingly characteristic. When young, the sugar-maple usually has the main stem extending from the ground to the top, and as it grows the branches divide until the trunk is lost in them. When its growth is not modified by close neighbors, it assumes the shape of an ovoid cone raised upon a short pillar of massive strength, and in groups it is very bold and impressive. Singly it can hardly be called picturesque in form, its outlines being somewhat too mechanical; yet they are dignified and restful. The dense cool shadow which it casts upon

and fruitful as possible. But the old sugar-maple has truly seen trouble, for the iron has literally entered her soul, springtime after springtime. While her life-blood is dripping into the bucket from the auger-holes in her trunk, she hangs out her delicate fringes of bloom, and does the best she can with the sap which is left to make foliage and new wood.

the ground makes it an unrivalled shade-tree. It carries a wealth of rich foliage which assumes an olive tint at maturity. The general mass of foliage is broken up into minor masses which, when illuminated by the sun, stand out in angular prominence against the clearly marked interspaces of shade.

These minor masses of foliage show a marked resemblance to the shape of the

Unfortunately, little is done by the

leaves, which are composed of straight lines, angles, and curves, so contrasted as to produce an impression of great vigor, individuality, and beauty. The leaves are usually three-lobed, sometimes five, dark green above, paler beneath.

The dark gray bark is very firm and hard, divided by quite widely separated longitudinal cracks, which are not generally very deep; while the young twigs are whitish brown. The flowers appear with the leaves in early spring, and form a dainty yellow bell-shaped inflorescence, that hang in groups upon long pedicels which converge in gracefully curving lines to the point upon the twig from which they are suspended. Dangling in the breeze against the sky, with the sunlight upon them, they produce a charmingly

light, delicate, fringe-like appearance. The male and female blossoms are found on the same tree. The fruit or key is two-seeded with two wings, which form nearly a right angle, and fall soon after maturity.

Among the more common varieties of the maple family in cultivation, besides the sugar-maple, are the red, the white, and the Norway maple. The fruits of the different kinds vary greatly in size, and in the shape and angle of the wings, and these characteristics are often sufficient for identification. The wood of the maple is fine and moderately hard, of a light color and, when polished, of a satiny texture. The beautiful formation of the fibre called "Bird's-eye Maple" is not always present, and can only be detected on exploration of the trunk.



Sugar-Maple on the Home Farm at Loudon, N. H.

Along the moist and fertile river intervals of New England, especially along the valley of the Connecticut, the American Elm majestically raises her lofty trunk and wide-spreading branches.

It is easy to recall many New England villages where ancient elms stand in double ranks along the main street, their shadows falling on gray shingled roofs and across white-painted fronts, melting into grassy lawns and trailing across the dusty yellow roadway, investing the very air with a sense of peace and serenity. The long drooping branchlets of the elm give a thin feathery edge to the foliage, and the shadows that fall upon the ground are soft and undefined at the edges.

When it grows under such conditions as to produce its most luxuriant and symmetrical development, it justifies in its form the appellation of "feather-duster elm." On the other hand, when the conditions are more stern and sustenance has to be wrested from an unwilling soil, giant roots develop, spreading out like great buttresses from the base of the trunk, duplicating, in a measure, the spread of the branches which adverse conditions have restricted. To this form of the elm has been appropriately applied the more poetic title of "hour-glass elm."

The wood of the elm is extremely tough, as the fibres are so crossed and interwoven and it is very difficult to split. It has been, therefore, found of great value for the hubs of wagon-wheels and other uses where toughness is the principal requisite. The fruit and blossoms are inconspicuous, the male and female blossoms appearing on separate specimens; and the

leaves are small, ovate, rather rough and veiny, the curve of the sides differing just enough to produce a most artistic and graceful form.

It is from the elm that the gorgeous golden and black oriole loves to hang its wonderful cylindrical pouch, returning year after year to nest in the same tree, at the very tip of a long slender branch far from the reach of curious or mischievous small boys.

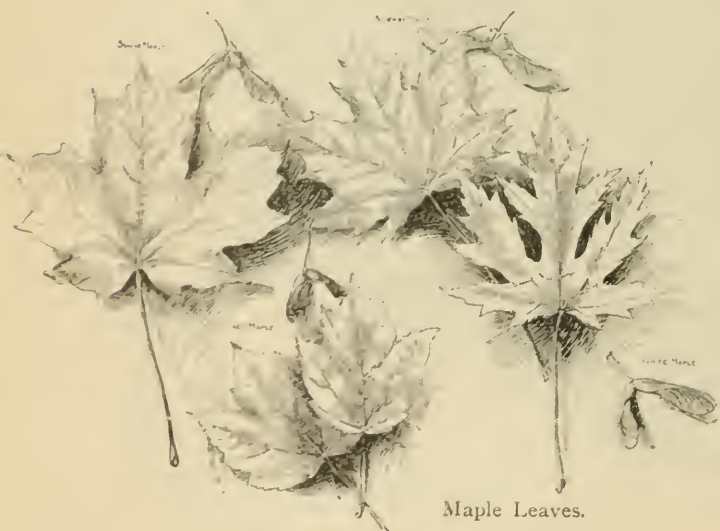
Trees resemble men in some particulars. When they grow out in the open, they are more individual in type, more rugged and angular, more independent, throwing their roots and branches wide. In the forest crowd each looks more like his neighbor, conforming more to one prevailing type in appearance—the bark is smoother, the roots and branches occupy less space, so as not to interfere one with another. They lose much of their individuality while adopting these conventionalities, just as men do under the conditions which obtain in crowded centres of life. They become, in fact, city trees.

The hard, smooth, spotted, whitish-gray bark of the "Painted Beech," its clean-cut and nicely moulded form, its silky leafage and well-groomed appearance give it a decided air of high-born gentility, either while extending its lithe graceful arms in a clearing, or mounting, slender, pale, and tall, among forest companions; and whether it be that this tree conveys some intimate sense of human relationship, or that the expanse of the smooth bark is a temptation to the possessor of a pocket-knife, I do not know, but it is common for romantic youths and maidens to carve their names upon it.

There are few things more enjoyable than to lie upon one's back beneath a beech-tree and look up at the quivering translucent canopy of leaves, lined by delicate branches and etched by clean-cut lines of ribs and midrib against the blue sky.

Autumn transfigures the foliage of the beech into a lustrous mass of pale yellow. Its matchless beauty, however, does not depend upon fine vestments, and in its winter nudity it is equally attractive.

German scientists have made experiments regarding the destruction of forest-trees by lightning and find that the beech





Old Elm at Hatfield, Mass.

is seldom struck, while the oak attracts the lightning more than any other tree. This phenomenon is explained by the fact that the beech is richer in oils than other trees and is rendered a poorer conductor by these fatty properties.

The wood of the beech is very heavy, a cubic foot of the green wood weighing sixty pounds, while white pine weighs but 34.62 to the cubic foot. This fact has protected it in regions remote from the railroad, as it will not float down the river to the saw-mill.

The blossom is a dainty little tassel of pale green, and the fruit a little triangular nut, sweet and edible, with a thin brown shell which is easily cut away with a pen-knife.

A fine oak is truly a noble creature, inspiring the beholder with wonder at the massive architecture of its trunk and the strength of its roots, which anchor it to the earth and enable it to defy the winds. The great strength of the wood enables it to send massive branches of tremendous weight horizontally from the trunk to a great distance. At forty years of age the oak is but a child and has done little more than fasten its roots securely in the earth. It stands among trees as the type of strength and endurance, and has probably been more often referred to in song and story than any other tree. The leaf forms vary greatly in the different species, but are usually boldly lobed. The bright green color, with the upper surface pol-



Chestnuts in Blossom.

ished so that they reflect the blue of the sky, gives a cool effect to the mass. They are also rather thick and opaque, intercepting the light. The bark of the trunk is dark brownish gray.

A single oak of good size is said to lift one hundred and twenty-three tons of water during the months it is in leaf. This moisture is evaporated and rises to form rain-clouds. All the trees are busy doing the same thing, and the rank ferns and mosses and deep mould of the forest depths, acting as reservoirs for the rain which falls upon them, in their turn feed the springs and brooks. From this estimate of the labor of a single oak, we can gain some idea of the immense force

which the forests exert in equalizing the evaporation and precipitation and preventing periods of inundation and drought.

The wood of the oak is remarkable for its strength and toughness. When "quarter-sawed," as the lumbermen say, or sawed at a certain angle with the medullary rays, or silver grain, and polished, it is unrivalled in richness and beauty.

Everyone knows the chestnut, even if he be not familiar with the noble tree which bears it. At maturity the tree reaches a great size. The wood is more brittle than that of the oak, and its branches more often break down. The bark is coarse and rough, the leaves long and pointed, growing in groups which

spread out from a centre. The blossoms grow in clusters of catkins of pale yellow and do not appear till the forests are in full leaf. These catkins, attached to the extreme ends of the branches, come out in great rolling billowy masses against the background of green. They are soon replaced by rusty masses of burrs, that make the tree very conspicuous during the entire summer. But it is not till the first frosts of autumn have opened the burrs and allowed the rich brown nuts to come rattling and thumping down, that we fully appreciate this tree. Give me an open fire in a country-house, a friend of my youth, a basket of chestnuts, and a pitcher of cider, and the toast shall be "The Chestnut Tree! May her shadow never grow less."

If we would look for another example of the sweet, homely, domestic, and annually recurring offices of trees, we need but recall a New England orchard bursting into masses of bloom in May, and dropping green, golden, crimson, russet, and maroon tinted apples from August to October. Fruit fit for the Gods!

The *coniferæ*, or evergreen-trees, form the largest order of trees and shrubs in our cold temperate region. They are easily recognized by their needle-shaped leaves and woody cones. We have learned from the oak the important function of the leaves in raising moisture from the earth and giving it up to the clouds. All the trees also exert a great sanitary



An Oak.

influence upon the atmosphere by taking up carbonic-acid gas and separating it into carbon and oxygen. Nearly all of the oxygen is set free in the atmosphere while the carbon is retained as food by the tree. Ever-green forests have a special



sanitary value which has been everywhere recognized since the days of the old Romans. Scientific men tell us that the antiseptic element of pine-forests is the result of the atmospheric oxidation of turpentine, which is the peculiar product of the *coniferae*.

When the pine grows in the open country its trunk divides; when it grows on the border of wind-swept lakes its tortured limbs remind one of the grotesque trees in Japanese pictures; but when it stands in close rank in the virgin forest it sends a mighty shaft straight up toward the zenith a hundred and fifty feet. These forest pines are so valuable for lumber that the original growth has almost entirely disappeared, not only from the Mid-



dle States but from the "deer-haunted forests of Maine."

The millions of needles of a coniferous forest so completely baffle and bar the wind that while the blizzard rages without, in its depths it is always warm and still, except for the sighing of the wind in the top-most branches. It was among the pines that we used to go to get an accurate measurement of the snowfall, for there were no drifts there. It is a curious



Pines.

fact that when a pine-forest is cut down in New England, white birches often come up, shutting out all other

species. These trees are small and of little value, and were not found in the original growth which must have covered the soil for centuries.

Within recent years many new demands upon our forests have sprung up. Wood-pulp making has become an enormous industry, and the small spruces which escape the rip-saw are ground up by the

pulp-mill, while those that escape the paper-maker are destroyed by the chemical manufacturer. In the eastern part of the country we now have more cleared land than can be profitably tilled, and forest destruction already shows baneful results in the wasting of water, the cheapest motive power the world will ever know. Where this power was once ample to turn the millions of spindles in Fall River, Lowell, and Manchester, it has now become so variable that steam has had to be substituted, making every yard of muslin, of print cloth and gingham more expensive to manufacture.

In the West are vast arid plains which are subjected to periods of inundation and drought, where the soil is rich and deep, that only need the planting of forests to temper the winds and equalize the rainfall to excel any agricultural land on the globe.

New York and other States are waking up to the necessity of forest preservation, and the experiments in reforesting denuded lands in the Adirondack region, and in the proper taking off of the mature crop, leaving a sufficient number of young trees protected from the wind by belts and masses of thick woods, will be an object-lesson to the nation. All public movements in the interest of tree culture and preservation, among them the institution of Arbor Day in our schools, will show to the world that we are advancing in the arts of peace.

Trees have another important function in the contribution they make to the world's beauty. The power to gain pleas-



Blossoms of Norway Maple.

ure and instruction from the common and familiar is no mean talent, and in the æsthetic study of forestry there is a wide and fruitful field for cultivation. One should begin, as in other fields of art, with the study of form. Blossoms and leaves, twigs and branches, individual specimens, groups and masses furnish rich material. In single specimens we see illustrated delicacy, grace, elegance, dignity, savage strength. In groups we have harmonious and contrasting lines, forms and masses. The skyline also challenges attention as in architecture.

The study of color in arboriculture is most interesting. For a brief space in early spring when the tender young leaves are unfolding from the bud and the blossoms are on the trees, we have delicately contrasting hues. Note the delicate rose and gray of the oaks, the crimson, the yellow and fresh green of the maples, the silver gray tones of the willows, the sombre vesture of the pines. After the first advent of spring until the fulness of summer, the color of the forest is least interesting, owing to the uniformity of the greenness.

Later the colors ripen in the leaves. Individual species assume characteristic tinges of gray, olive, violet, or citrine, which modify the general greenness and give variety. With the coming of the early frosts of autumn, we have a brief carnival of color—vivid contrasts, crimson, green, orange, yellow, blood-red,



Beech Blossoms.

like the flamboyant colors of a modern Turkish carpet.

The advancing frosts gray these garish colors, and old gold, maroon, citrine, and brown again bring harmony. Finally winter scatters the leaves to "the hollows of the groves" and the snow covers them, and, save the conifers, the trees stand bare, their sculpture and anatomy revealed. Even then we find already formed in the axils of the fallen leaves the blossoms and leaf-buds of another season's growth. The method of branching may then be studied most advantageously.

In the creative work of arboriculture, as in other forms of art, Nature is the best teacher. In your walks abroad you will see many pleasing groups of contrasting and harmonious forms and colors which will suggest possibilities in the decoration of your own grounds and enable

you to transform commonplace material into a beautiful picture which will live and vary with the changing seasons.

Weary men often turn to country life in quest of peace and tranquillity. Abstractly the lap of Nature seems an attractive resting-place, but no healthy man of active mind, who has lived in a town, can content himself eight months of the year in a rural environment if he have no darling hobby to ride over the meadows and through the glades.

To such I would suggest the study and practice of arboriculture as a pursuit from which the purest delights of a country life may be extracted. If he have æsthetic tastes, he can find no more captivating field. If he demand a subject broad enough to embrace the future well-being of his country and race, whose principles he may illustrate and proclaim, let him plant trees on barren ground.



Blossoms and Fruit of the Red Maple.



Ladysmith.

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH

By Richard Harding Davis

TO anyone who has seen Ladysmith, the wonder grows, not only that it was ever relieved, but that it was ever defended. Indeed, had the advice of General Sir George White been followed in the first place, the town would have been abandoned to the Boers. For a garrison at Ladysmith is in a strategic position not unlike that of a bear in a bear-pit at which the boys around the top of the pit are throwing shells instead of buns.

Now that the cards have been played everyone can see that the natural defence of Natal is at the Tugela River, on the very hills from which the Boers repulsed General Buller at Colenso, at Spion Kop, and at Vaal Krantz.

The fact that the town of Ladysmith lay outside this marvellous breastwork of hills and ridges should have been treated as one of the misfortunes of war, and for the greater good of the greater number the town should have been sacrificed to the enemy, and all the residents and the garrison drawn twelve miles back inside

the great complex mass of hills which guard the twisted course of the Tugela.

Ladysmith might have been burned, a few stores would have been looted, but corrugated iron, which is the chief architectural feature of Ladysmith, is cheap, and the shop-owners could not have lost much more by Boer looting than they did by Boer shells. That would have been the apparent loss; the gain would have been in the releasing of 13,000 troops for service on the Tugela and the freeing of Buller's column of 25,000 men to go where they were needed for the more direct prosecution of the war. Hundreds of lives would have been saved, hundreds of wounded and sick would not have filled the hospitals, and 13,000 men would not have been reduced to skeletons, and need not have been laid by in idleness until they had recovered strength and health. On the other hand, the history of the British army would have lost a glorious page which has been added by the defenders of Ladysmith, and the record of

the stubborn, desperate fighting of the column coming to the rescue. For no matter who in authority may be criticised for the handling of that column it did what it was ordered to do as well as it could have been done. That what it was ordered to do was not always what a more quick-thinking, imaginative, and brilliant leader might have deemed best does not reflect on the officers and men "who went and did" as they were commanded.

The chief difficulties which confronted both General Buller and General White were those of geography.

To protect Ladysmith it was necessary to fortify and guard a circle fully fourteen miles in circumference, and with a force so small that at one time only three hundred and fifty men were available to hold each mile of the ring. Had the Boers frequently attacked, instead of resting content with bombarding, the town would undoubtedly have fallen, for the positions were so widely separated that reinforcing one from another was a matter of the greatest difficulty, and could only have been accomplished after a most dangerous lapse of time.

General Buller for his part was confronted by probably the worst country for attack and the most admirable for defence in South Africa, or in any other continent. The fact that he was two months and fifteen days in advancing twelve miles, or from December 15th to February 28th in progressing from Colenso to Ladysmith, is the best description of the country that anyone could give.

There must have been some most powerful influence against that of General White, and some excellent reasons for the holding of Ladysmith, to overcome the obvious objections to its defence. This influence was probably that which was brought to bear by the Natal Government, and the reason it urged for holding Ladysmith was that were it deserted, the disloyal Dutch in the Colony would look upon such an act as a sign of British weakness and would be encouraged to join or to secretly assist the enemy. At least such a withdrawal would threaten the safety of the Colony by fomenting disaffection and suggesting a loss of British prestige.

So it may have been for "moral effect"

that Ladysmith was defended, and in the end the plucky, undaunted conduct of the besieged garrison was no doubt of excellent moral effect, but if the English had abandoned Ladysmith and held the hills about Colenso instead of allowing the Boers to hold them, Buller's repulse there would not have taken place; and the moral effect of that upon the disloyal Dutch was most unfortunate.

In the *Ladysmith Lyre* and in the *Bomb-shell Poems*, written and printed during the siege, one obtains some very interesting side-lights on the state of mind of those who were then languishing in the "Doomed City," as was its premature epitaph.

It seems that two weeks was the limit originally set by the English for the duration of the siege, but even before that time had passed, and when the Boer guns began to increase upon the surrounding hills, a neutral camp was established four miles from Ladysmith, where the sick and wounded and non-combatants, both women and children, might withdraw and be free from shell fire. General Joubert himself selected the location of this camp and received General White's promise that there would be no communication between it and the city except once each day, when the provision train went out with rations under the protection of the Red Cross flag. Of the two places, in spite of the shell fire, the town would seem to have been much more desirable, for the camp was a literal camp under canvas, out on the flat windy plain, where many hundreds of colonials and natives of India were huddled together without comfort, work, or source of amusement. To the men at least, the neutral camp must have been a place of torment at the time, and it remains a lasting reproach, ready at the hand of any enemy forever after. Indeed, so deeply did the men who remained in Ladysmith make those who had left it for the camp feel their inferiority that after the siege an official utterance had to clear the air in their behalf, and remind the more valiant who had refused to take refuge in the camp, that those who had done so had been ordered there for the good of the community. But in spite of this, for years to come in Ladysmith the easiest brick to throw at a citizen will be the fact that during the siege he lived with the women and the children in the neutral camp. Those



The Balloon at Ladysmith.

men who remained in the town formed a Home Guard, and the women did their part in helping to nurse the wounded. At first, before they became accustomed to the shells, large bomb-proofs were built, cellars were dug, and holes of different degrees of depth and darkness were tunnelled in the banks of the river and in the gardens of the houses. Some of these were reserved for the women and others for the men, and in them the unhappy inhabitants would sit as long as the firing continued, playing cards by the light of a candle, or reading or sleeping.

Life in Ladysmith was a little worse than being confined in a jail, for a jail has at least the advantage of being a compara-

tively safe and secluded habitation. The smoke of "Long Tom" on Bulwana, which was the gun of the greatest terror to the inhabitants, could be seen for twenty-five seconds before the shell struck in the town, and, in order to warn people of its coming, sentinels were constantly on watch to look for the smoke and to give the alarm. At one hotel the signal was the ringing of a bell, the Indian coolies used an iron bar swung from a rope which they beat with another iron bar, and the different regiments enjoyed the services of their buglers. So that the instant a white puff of smoke and a hot flash of fire appeared on Bulwana, there would be a thrilling toot on the bugles, a chorus of



Tugela River.

Buller's advance at the battle of Colenso was made across the open plain where, in the picture, the tents are shown.

gongs, bells, and tin pans, and the sound of many scampering footsteps. It was like a village of prairie dogs diving into their underground homes. But the familiarity soon bred indifference, and after a few weeks only a small number of the people sought refuge under the iron roofs and sand-bags, but walked the streets as freely as though the shells weighing a hundred pounds were as innocent of harm as the dropping of the gentle dew from heaven.

Indeed, the shells were not the chief danger that walked abroad in the streets of Ladysmith; lack of food and exercise, bad water, and life underground soon bred fever, and its victims outnumbered those of Long Tom nearly ten to one. By this time the military authorities had complete control of all food, and distributed it impartially. They "commandeered" the hens, who, so it is said, refused to lay eggs as soon as they found they were worth six shillings apiece, and ordered all bread-stuffs to be sold at public auction. They seized cows and all kinds of eatables, for which they paid a fair price and which were reserved for the good of all. The whole town, without distinction, was on fixed rations, which the people drew each day at appointed places. The women and children say that the thing they most missed was not the heavy food, but milk for their tea; the men, without one dissenting voice, tell me that the loss of tobacco was their greatest hardship. Dur-

ing our war with Spain, I suggested that our commissariat officers made a mistake before Santiago in classing tobacco with "luxuries" and "officers' supplies," and in not hurrying it to the front with the bacon and coffee, and I was severely criticised for this and asked if I wanted people to believe that our soldiers were so effeminate as to be unhappy without such luxuries as cigarettes and eau de cologne.

As an answer, it is interesting to read in the official list of the prices brought at auction in Ladysmith, that while a tin of milk sold for \$2.50, a quarter of a tin of tobacco brought \$15.

Ears of corn sold for seventy-five cents apiece, a six-cent box of cigarettes for \$6.25, and a dozen matches for seventy-five cents.

In time 2,000 horses were killed and served out instead of beef; and starch, with bluing in it, originally intended for washing clothes, and bran were made into a bread. Canary-seed was beaten up into meal, and the violet powder, which some women put on their fair faces, was made into the most delicate of rice-cakes. These deprivations, which seemed tragedies at the time, now form the humors of the siege. They are the facts which the besieged first tell you—they are the incidents to which they will always refer. They will never sit down to a good dinner when a stranger is pres-

ent but that they will say, "This is a little better than corn-starch and horse-meat, isn't it?" They were saying it a day after the siege was raised—they will still be saying it to their grandchildren. These are the humors of the siege, because the siege has been lifted; the real tragedies of the siege are as real tragedies to-day as they were when the bodies of Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, Lieutenant Egerton of the Powerful, the Earl of Ava, and George W. Steevens were carried each under the Union Jack to the little cemetery by the Klip River. I speak only of these out of the many tragedies, because, perhaps, they were to the public who knew them by their deeds, as well as to the friends who loved them for themselves, the men who will be missed the most and for the longest time. They were all young, able, and brave. Dick-Cunyngham gained the Victoria Cross in Afghanistan and survived his wound at Elangslaate only to be killed at last while riding out at the head of his regiment, by a chance, spent bullet, fired by an unseen enemy, and while he himself was unseen by the hand that fired it. Egerton, whose navy guns saved the day at Lombards

Kop, was struck by a shell that entered the embrasure of his own parapet and tore away both his legs. Yet so great was the courage of the young man that when his gunners raised him in their arms he looked down grimly and said, "They've done for my cricket, haven't they?" An hour later, so the officers tell me who were in the hospital when he was carried there, he was still cheerful, and smoking a cigar, and apologizing for the trouble he was giving to the jackies who carried him. An hour later he died.

Lord Ava had already seen war as a soldier in South Africa, though it is not at the mess-table of one regiment alone that he will be missed, but in widely separated parts of the world. He had been with his father in Canada, India, and Europe, and he was as well known in New York and Ottawa as in London and Paris. His was a particularly gay, lovable, manly nature, and he was brave to the edge of recklessness, always volunteering for those actions in which his own regiment was not engaged. When he died of the wounds he received at the Battle of Caesar's Camp, his body was followed to the grave by Tommies, officers, and civilians, each of



An Army in Being.

Buller's column after the Battle of Colenso at Frere. (From a photograph copyrighted by B. W. Caney.)



Spion Kop.

Scene of General Buller's Repulse at Spion Kop.

whom mourned him as a personal friend. His father gave the city of Ava and all of Upper Burmah to the British Empire; his son gave it his life. And in return the empire gives him six feet of earth by the muddy waters of the Klip River. It was a fine end, but it is hard to see the meaning of it.

The death of George W. Steevens was as hard and as difficult a problem. He had but only begun a career of brilliant and helpful work. It was work peculiarly his own. He borrowed no one's point of view, but by a marvellous instinct and intuition picked out in all he saw the essential, the dramatic, the human, and the humorous, and expressed it so that others saw it for themselves. His last letter shows how the siege filled him with boredom and *ennui*. In one of them he says: "Come quickly to our relief or we die—not of shells, but of dulness." I do not know that I can make it clear, but it seems in some way to add to the pathos of his end that it should have come to the man who went to Khartoum with Kitchener, to Calcutta with Curzon, and to Rennes with Dreyfus when he was longing to be up and doing—when all of those fine instincts and possibilities of perception and powers of expression were in rebellion at

being kept idle, and were starving for the action, and incident, and color of which his hand was the master.

The Battle of Colenso could be heard across the hills beyond Ladysmith, and promised that relief was imminent. For was not Buller coming at last, and were not those his guns forcing back the Boers? Throughout the long hot day of December 3d, the imprisoned people listened with awe and hope to the rolling thunder of the great cannon. They surely proclaimed the end. In a week, in a day Buller would be across the Tugela, the Boers would abandon Bulwana, at any moment might they not see Buller's cavalry galloping across the plain? The people climbed up to the top of Convent Hill for the first view of them. But instead came a story of dismay, the story of Buller's repulse, and then silence, weeks of silence, until it seemed as if the world was going on without thought of them, and they sank back like shipwrecked sailors who watch the parting sail disappearing below the horizon. But they were not in despair; at least, the garrison was not. It was too busy guarding the long line of defences to give way to any such weakness or to abuse its countrymen. Of



Long Tom.

Bulwana Mountain, Showing the Position of "Long Tom."

course, the civilians were indignant, or some of them were. They whined about their lost property, they vowed if they ever got out that they would be jolly well paid for their lost property—they had no doubt but that the Boers had stolen all their chickens and desecrated their farm-houses, of one-storied brick with a tin roof, by turning them into hospitals for the wounded farmers. Someone must pay the colonial for such outrages, and for their chickens too—the British Government must not think she can turn one of her colonies into a battle-ground and march her troops across it, unless she expects to pay for those chickens. They are an unselfish, loyal people, the Natal colonials. But they are very independent, and for fear you may not notice it by their manner—they tell you so. "We colonials," they say, "we are independent." They are so independent that they charged the Tommies who had come seven thousand miles to fight for them, and who were protecting their dusty, corrugated-zinc town with their lives, a shilling each for slices of bread and molasses.

Ladysmith was not entirely cut off from the world; kaffir boys would for \$100 carry messages through to Chieveley, and the heliograph, after losing its way and

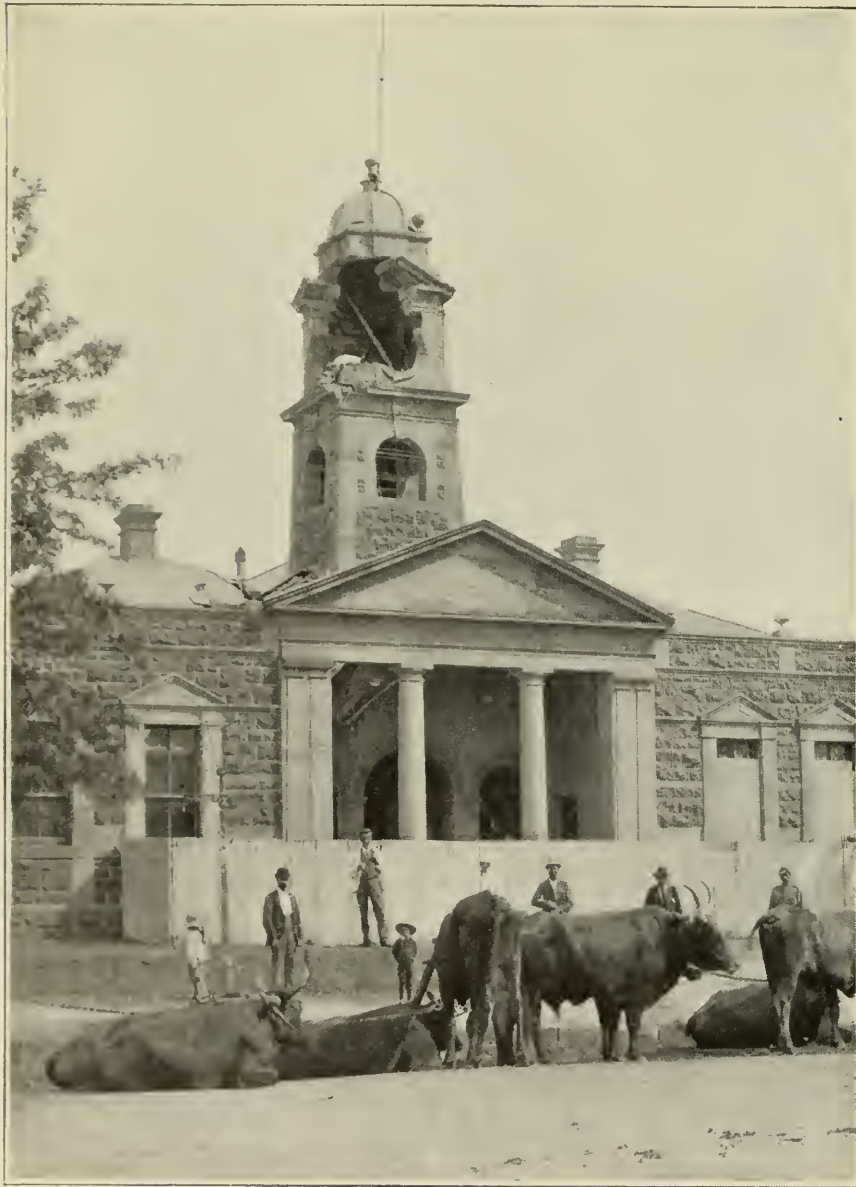
tapping many Boer wires, and being most scandalously insulted by the Boer mirrors for doing so, finally established communication with Ladysmith and talked to it whenever the sun shone by day, and by night with locomotive head-lights and search-lights. The officer who finally called up Ladysmith, is young Captain Cayser, and the story of his efforts to communicate with the besieged garrison is a most creditable and curious one. For many days he trudged up one high hill after another and flashed his mirror, but without response, except from the Boers in between. And they, when he thought he had "got" Ladysmith on the 'phone, would shock and undeceive him by some such pleasantry as "How do you like our pom-poms?" or "Go to hell." Not discouraged, Captain Cayser continued to climb many hills, until at last the mirror of Ladysmith winked back at him. "Who are you?" Cayser asked. "I am Walker of the Devons," came back the answer. But Captain Cayser had grown suspicious, and in order to make quite sure who it was with whom he was talking he flashed back, "Find Captain Brooks of the Gordons and ask him the name of Captain Cayser's country-place in Scotland." A hurried search

was made for Brooks of the Gordons, and the answer came back: "We are acquainted with the name of your home in Perthshire." "Then use it for the code word," Cayser commanded, and for

lently into a besieged city to find out where he lived has certainly a humorous side.

Two months and two weeks had passed since the siege was declared before Gen-

eral Buller raised the hopes of the Ladysmith garrison by again resuming his attack. This attack continued for six weeks, the last two weeks being days and nights of unceasing battle. There was hardly an hour during his advance that it was not announced in Ladysmith that General Buller was "coming in." When he was at Spion Kop and his guns seemed almost within range of the city, everyone was rejoicing that the end had come. The troops of the garrison fought with fresh courage, people accepted their biscuit and a half per day with a better grace, feeling that starvation was to last but a few hours longer. And from the hill-tops came the camp rumors of clouds of dust raised by approaching cavalry, of British hel-



Shattered Tower of the Court House at Ladysmith.

the remainder of the siege the name of Cayser's country home was used to send every cipher message that passed out of Ladysmith over the heads of the Boers. It is further related that when the signal officers found Brooks of the Gordons and said, "Captain Cayser has just heliographed in to ask you to tell him the name of his country house," that officer remarked, "Well, I always thought Cayser was an ass, but I didn't think he'd forget the name of his own home." The picture of a gentleman heliographing vio-

lently into a besieged city to find out where he lived has certainly a humorous side. Two months and two weeks had passed since the siege was declared before General Buller raised the hopes of the Ladysmith garrison by again resuming his attack. This attack continued for six weeks, the last two weeks being days and nights of unceasing battle. There was hardly an hour during his advance that it was not announced in Ladysmith that General Buller was "coming in." When he was at Spion Kop and his guns seemed almost within range of the city, everyone was rejoicing that the end had come. The troops of the garrison fought with fresh courage, people accepted their biscuit and a half per day with a better grace, feeling that starvation was to last but a few hours longer. And from the hill-tops came the camp rumors of clouds of dust raised by approaching cavalry, of British hel-

hours within forty feet of each other each behind a rock and each waiting for the other to show even a foot or a finger, it is almost certain that the garrison would not have had the physical strength to resist, and Ladysmith would have fallen.

In the meanwhile Buller's men were fighting desperately. They had abandoned their tents and were living in the open, sleeping among the rocks and the high grass, on some days drenched for hours by heavy tropical showers and sleeping all night in uniforms as wet as sea-weed. Buller fared no better than his men, and slept under the stars, sick officers lay under bushes, and the staff carried on the work of the army under wagons through which the rain poured upon their books and papers. To the man who read of Buller's slow advance in the daily despatches, who measured the distance between Colenso and Ladysmith on the map and found them only twelve miles apart, the delay of the column seemed incomprehensible.

"Twelve miles," he exclaimed: "they've been six weeks going twelve miles. Why, our troops in the Civil War used to march forty miles in one day." It is useless, unless one has seen the country through which Buller was forced to pass, to attempt to understand the task which lay before him. A general in his report who emphasizes difficulties is classed with the



With Buller's Column.

Defense of the bridge across Grobler's Kloof River.

workman who makes his bad tools an excuse for bad work, and the public at home grow impatient. And, in consequence, much that might have been said in explanation was left unreported, and the people in Ladysmith who blamed the column and those outside of Ladysmith who could not comprehend its tardy progress would have been more tolerant could they have seen the mountains, hills, and ridges which nature had placed at the disposal of the Boers. Bloch, the authority on modern war, believes that with the new weapons a force entrenched and on the defensive is to the attacking force in the proportion of eight men to one, so if this be correct the Boers outnumbered the English in that proportion, and the 25,000 of the latter were opposed to a position equal to 200,000 men on an open plain. As a matter of fact the English outnumbered the Boers on different days from two to one up to four to one.

Their chief difficulty was in the country, and also in the fact that General Buller was too slow in following up an advantage. After he had taken a position he would reinforce it so leisurely that he allowed the Boers ample time in which to fortify and enfilade him from another. Also, he had suffered so heavily at Colenso in casualties that he was sensitive of losing more men, and in order to save life attacked with forces so insufficient in numbers that many men were sacrificed for that



reason. This was notably the case at the fight at Railway Hill, when the Inniskillings and a few Dublins and Connaughts were sent to take a position by frontal attack and lost six hundred; a few days later the same position was attacked on the flank with nine regiments, and as a result the Boers abandoned it, and although there were nearly 8,000 more men engaged the loss was only two hundred. Buller's continuous battles demonstrated one thing very clearly, which is that a fortified position may be shelled for half a day with the best gunners without the enemy being driven so far from it that he cannot return in time to meet a charge of infantry. The time which elapses between that moment when the artillery ceases firing in order to allow the infantry to mount the crest was always sufficiently long to allow the Boers to re-occupy the trenches.

Before the Battle of Pieter's Hill, the West Yorks asked the artillery to continue to play upon the crest they were to storm up to the very last moment. The artillery obliged them in this so enthusiastically that several of the West Yorks were wounded; but still many of the Boers were found in the trenches, and had to be taken by the bayonet.

The Battle of Pieter's Hill ended with the English on the crests, and the Boers firing upon them from unknown positions. This continued until late into the night. The next morning the Boers were silent, and only the great mountain of Bulwana lay, like an iron curtain, between us and Ladysmith. The question was whether the Boers would make a last stand there or abandon the siege. If they had decided upon the former, it meant three weeks more of fighting. If they had drawn off, the road to Ladysmith lay open.

On the day after the Battle of Pieter's Hill, which was fought on Majuba Day, Lord Dundonald settled this question by riding into Ladysmith at sundown, with two hundred men. That was on the 28th of February. It was not the way General Buller had planned that the relief should take place, and as Dundonald's orders were only to reconnoitre and avoid an action, his entering the town in advance of the commanding general was a breach of etiquette, though nothing worse. The question of etiquette did not weigh heavily with the besieged garrison, and they were glad to see anyone come in, with or without orders, and some of them gave the troopers from the great world



"Tommies" Seeking Shelter from "Long Tom" at Ladysmith.

outside of Ladysmith's "death line" a generous and hearty welcome. Others, so officers tell me, who were in the different camps, looked down upon the figures galloping across the plain in the twilight, and continued making tea. Inside the town there was much cheering, singing of the national anthem, and a speech by Sir George White, who rode down to greet the arriving troopers, and who, as he met them, raised his helmet and ordered three cheers for the Queen. The men having come in and demonstrated that the way was open, rode forth again, and the relief of Ladysmith had taken place. But it is not the people cheering in the dark streets, nor General White breaking down in his speech of welcome, which gives the note to the way the people of Ladysmith received their freedom. It is rather the fact that as the two hundred battle-stained and earth-stained troopers galloped forward, racing to be the first, and rising in their stirrups to cheer, that the men in the hospital camps said, "Well, they're come at last, have they?" and continued fussing over their fourth of a ration of tea. That gives the real picture of how Ladysmith came into her inheritance, and of how she received her rescuers.

An entombed miner cannot be expected to be as demonstrative over his relief as are the men who come to his rescue. He has been living on the ends of candles, and drinking the black water in the crevices of the coal. He is starved, choked with fire-damp, bruised in body, living with his mouth to some fissure for a whiff of free air. The men coming to his release are the picked men of the mine, vigorous, eager, filled with the strength of their purpose, working in desperate half-hour shifts, hacking, crushing, pulling down, cheered as they descend by the crowd at the pit's mouth, cheered again and cared for as they are drawn up in the basket exhausted and breathless. They are inspired by the fact that they are fighting and racing with death, but the man lying imprisoned under the timbers hears the blows of their picks dully, he has ceased to feel or to care. And at last when the pick's point breaks through the wall of his tomb, it is not the man lying exhausted at the bottom of the shaft

who rejoices, but the men who have saved him who shout and cheer.

On the morning after Dundonald had ridden in and out of Ladysmith, two other correspondents and myself started to relieve it on our own account. We did not know the way to Ladysmith, and we did not then know whether or not the Boers still occupied Bulwana Mountain. But by following the railroad track, we were sure of a reliable guide, and we argued that the chances of the Boers having raised the siege were so good that it was worth risking their not having done so, and being taken prisoner.

We carried all the tobacco we could pack in our saddle-bags, and enough food for one day. My chief regret was that my government, with true republican simplicity, had given me a passport, type-written on a modest sheet of note-paper and wofully lacking in impressive seals and coats-of-arms. I fancied it would look to Boer eyes like one I might have forged for myself in the writing-room of the hotel at Cape Town.

We had ridden up Pieter's Hill and scrambled down on its other side before we learned that Dundonald had raised the siege himself. We learned this from long trains of artillery and regiments of infantry which already were moving forward over the great plain which lies between Pieter's and Bulwana. We learned it also from the silence of conscious, dutiful correspondents, who came galloping back as we galloped forward, and who made wide detours at sight of us, or who, when we hailed them, lashed their ponies over the red rocks and pretended not to hear. They were unselfishly turning their backs on Ladysmith in order to send the first news to the paper of the fact that the "Doomed City" was relieved. This would enable one paper to say that it had the news "on the street" five minutes earlier than its hated rivals. We found that the rivalry of our respective papers bored us exceedingly. We condemned it as being childish and weak of them. London, New York, Chicago, were only names, they were places thousands of leagues away: Ladysmith was just across that mountain. If our horses held out at the pace, we would be—after Dundonald—the first men in. We im-

agined that we would see hysterical women and starving men. They would wring our hands, and say, "God bless you," and we would halt our steaming horses in the Market-place, and distribute the news of the outside world, and tobacco. There would be shattered houses, roofless homes, deep pits in the roadways where the shells had burst and buried themselves. We would see the entombed miner at the moment of his deliverance, we would be among the first from the outer world to break the spell of its silence; the first to receive the brunt of the imprisoned people's gratitude and rejoicings.

Indeed, it was clearly our duty to the papers that employed us that we should not send them news, but that we should be the first to enter Ladysmith. We were surely the best judges of what was best to do. How like them to try to dictate to us from London and New York, when we were on the spot. It was absurd. We shouted this to each other as we raced in and out of the long confused column, lashing viciously with our whips. We stumbled around pieces of artillery, slid in between dripping water-carts, dodged the horns of weary oxen, scattered companies of straggling Tommies, and ducked under protruding tent-poles on the baggage wagons and at last came out together again in advance of the dusty column.

"Besides, we don't know where the press censor is, do we?" No, of course we had no idea where the press censor was, and unless *he* said that Ladysmith was relieved, the fact that 25,000 other soldiers said so counted for idle gossip. Our papers could not expect us to go riding over mountains the day Ladysmith was relieved hunting for a press censor. "That press censor," gasped Hartland, "never—is—where he—ought to be." The words were bumped out of him as he was shot up and down in the saddle. That was it. It was the press censor's fault. Our consciences were clear now. If our papers worried themselves or us because they did not receive the great news until everyone else knew of it, it was all because of that press censor. We smiled again and spurred the horses forward. We abused the press censor roundly—we were extremely

indignant with him. It was so like him to go off and lose himself on the day Ladysmith was relieved. "Confound him," we muttered, and grinned guiltily. We felt as we used to feel when we were playing truant from school.

We were nearing Pieter's Station now, and were half way to Ladysmith. But the van of the army was still about us. Was it possible that it stretched already into the beleaguered city? Were we after all to be cheated of the first and freshest impressions? The tall lancers turned at the sound of the horses' hoofs and started, infantry officers on foot smiled up at us sadly, they were dirty and dusty and sweating, they carried rifles and cross belts like the Tommies, and they knew that we outsiders who were not under orders would see the chosen city before them. Some of them shouted to us, but we only nodded and galloped on. We wanted to get rid of them all, but they were interminable. When we thought we had shaken them off, and that we were at last in advance, we would come upon a group of them resting on the same ground their shells had torn up during the battle the day before.

We passed Boer laagers marked by empty cans and broken saddles and black cold camp-fires. At Pieter's Station the blood was still fresh on the grass where two hours before some of the South African Light Horse had been wounded and their horses stampeded.

The Boers were still on Bulwana then? Perhaps, after all, we had better turn back and try to find that press censor. But we rode on and saw Pieter's Station, as we passed it, and as an absurd relic of bygone days when bridges were intact and trains ran on schedule time. One door seen over the shoulder as we galloped past read "Station Master's Office—Private," and in contempt of that stern injunction, which would make even the first-class passenger hesitate, one of our shells had knocked away the half of the door and made its privacy a mockery. We had only to follow the track now and we would arrive in time—unless the Boers were still on Bulwana. We had shaken off the army, and we were two miles in front of it, when six men came galloping toward us in an unfamiliar uniform.

They passed us far to the right regardless of the trail, and galloping through the high grass. We pulled up when we saw them, for they had green facings to their gray uniforms, and no one with Buller's column wore green facings.

We gave a yell in chorus. "Are you from Ladysmith?" we shouted. The men, before they answered, wheeled and cheered, and came toward us laughing and jubilant. "We're the first men out," cried the officer, and we rode in among them shaking hands and offering our good wishes. "We're glad to see you," we said. "We're glad to see *you*," they said. It was not an original greeting, but it seemed sufficient to all of us. "Are the Boers on Bulwana?" we asked. "No, they've trekked off up Dundee way. They took Long Tom down yesterday. You can go right in."

We parted at the word and started to go right in. We found the culverts along the railroad cut away and the bridges down, and that galloping ponies over the roadbed of a railroad is a difficult feat at the best, even when the road is in working order.

Some men, cleanly dressed and rather pale looking, met us and said: "Good-morning." "Are you from Ladysmith?" we called. "No, we're from the neutral camp," they answered. We were the first men from outside they had seen in four months, and that was the extent of their interest or information. They had put on their best clothes, and were walking along the track to Colenso to catch a train south to Durban or to Maritzburg, to any place out of the neutral camp. They might have been somnambulists for all they saw of us, or of the Boer trenches and the battle-field before them. But we found them of greatest interest, especially their clean clothes. Our column had not seen clean linen for six weeks, and the sight of these civilians in white duck and straw hats, and carrying walking-sticks, coming toward us over the railroad ties, made one think it was Sunday at home, and these were excursionists to the suburbs.

We came under the shadow of Bulwana with a certain sense of awe at its mere name. Even though abandoned it seemed to possess the terrors of a fortress, de-

serted, but still grim and menacing. Its base was an eruption of trenches, a ploughed field in which each furrow ran at a tangent. Below these trenches swept the Klip River, a swift khaki-colored stream, which at the base of Bulwana was thrown sharply from its course by hundreds of fat sacks of earth, packed tightly and built up solidly into a mammoth dam. Work on this dam had been given up at an instant's warning. Thousands of the empty sacks lay on the bank in carefully arranged heaps. Others, already half filled, were standing in rows along the track, and the spades which had been used to fill them still stuck upright in the earth. The place looked as though the noonday whistle had just sounded, and the workmen had betaken themselves and their dinner-pails to the shade of the nearest trees.

We had been riding through a roofless tunnel with the mountain and the great dam on one side, and the high wall of the railway cutting on the other, but now just ahead of us lay the open country, and the exit of the tunnel barricaded by twisted rails and heaped-up ties and bags of earth. It was our last obstacle, for as we rode around it into the river-bushes we came out into the plain and left Bulwana behind us. For eight miles it had shut out the sight of our goal, but now, directly in front of us, was spread a great city of dirty tents and grass huts and Red Cross flags—the neutral camp—and beyond that, four miles away, shimmering and twinkling sleepily in the sun, the white walls and zinc roofs of Ladysmith.

We gave a gasp of recognition and galloped into and through the neutral camp. Natives of India in great turbans, Indian women, in gay shawls and nose-rings, and black kaffirs in discarded khaki looked up at us dully from the earth floors of their huts, and when we shouted "Which way?" and "Where is the bridge?" only stared, or pointed vaguely, still staring.

After all, we thought, they are poor creatures, incapable of emotion. Perhaps they do not know how glad we are that they have been rescued. They do not understand that we want to shake hands with everybody and offer our congratula-

tions. Wait until we meet our own people, we said, they will understand! It was such a pleasant prospect that we whipped the unhappy ponies into greater bursts of speed, not because they needed it, but because we were too excited and impatient to sit motionless. For the last two hours they had known that something extraordinary was going forward, else why had they been led across open trellis-work bridges, and jumped down ravines, and kept at a gallop, while the rest of the army was crawling on at a walk? They, who at other times had to be beaten out of a walk, now scorned to trot; a gallop had become their natural gait.

In our haste we lost our way among innumerable little trees; we disagreed as to which one of the many cross-trails led home to the bridge. We slipped out of our stirrups to drag the ponies over one steep place, and to haul them up another, and at last the right road lay before us, and a hundred yards ahead a short iron bridge and a Gordon Highlander waited to welcome us, to receive our first greetings and an assorted collection of cigarettes. Hartland was riding a thoroughbred polo pony and passed the gallant defender of Ladysmith without a kind look or word, but Blackwood and I galloped up more decorously, smiling at him with good-will. The soldier, who had not seen a friend from the outside world in four months, leaped in front of us and presented a heavy gun and a burnished bayonet.

"Halt, there," he cried. "Where's your pass?"

Of course it showed excellent discipline—we admired it immensely. We even overlooked the fact that he should think Boer spies would enter the town by way of the main bridge and at a gallop. We liked his vigilance, we admired his discipline, but in spite of that his reception chilled us. We had brought several things with us that we thought they might possibly want in Ladysmith, but we had entirely forgotten a pass. Indeed I do not believe one of the 25,000 men who had been fighting for six weeks to relieve Ladysmith had supplied themselves with one. The night before, when the Ladysmith sentries had tried to halt Dundon-

ald's troopers in the same way and demanded a pass from them, there was not one in the squadron.

We crossed the bridge soberly and entered Ladysmith at a walk. Even the ponies looked disconcerted and crestfallen. After the high grass and the mountains of red rock, where there was not even a tent to remind one of a roof-tree, the stone cottages and shop windows and chapels and well-ordered hedges of the main street of Ladysmith made it seem a wealthy and attractive suburb. When we entered, a Sabbath-like calm hung upon the town; officers in the smartest khaki and glistening Stowassers observed us askance, little girls in white pinafores passed us with eyes cast down, a man on a bicycle looked up, and then, in terror lest we might speak to him, glued his eyes to the wheel and "scorched" rapidly. We trotted forward and halted at each street crossing, looking to the right and left in the hope that someone might nod to us. From the opposite end of the town General Buller and his staff came toward us slowly—the house-tops did not seem to sway—it was not "roses, roses all the way." The German army marching into Paris received as hearty a welcome. "Why didn't you people cheer General Buller when he came in?" we asked later. "Oh, was that General Buller?" they inquired, "We didn't recognize him." "But you knew he was a general officer, you knew he was the first of the relieving column?" "Ye-es, but we didn't know who he was."

I decided that the bare fact of the relief of Ladysmith was all I would be able to wire to my neglected paper, and with remorse started to find the Ladysmith censor. Two officers, with whom I ventured to break the hush that hung upon the town by asking my way, said they were going in the direction of the censor. We rode for some distance in guarded silence. Finally one of them, with an inward struggle, brought himself to ask, "Are you from the outside?"

I was forced to admit that I was. I felt we had taken an unwarrantable liberty in intruding on a besieged garrison. I wanted to say that I had lost my way and had ridden into the town by mistake and begged to be allowed to withdraw

with apologies. The other officer woke up suddenly and handed me a printed list of the prices which had been paid during the siege for food and tobacco.

	£.	s.	d.
14 lbs. Oatmeal	2	19	6
Condensed Milk, per tin	0	10	0
1 lb. Beef Fat	0	11	0
1 lb. Tin Coffee	0	17	0
2 lb. Tin Tongue	1	6	0
1 Sucking Pig	1	17	0
Eggs, per dozen	2	8	0
Fowls, each	0	18	6
4 Small Cucumbers	0	15	6
Green Mealies, each	0	3	8
Small plate Grapes	1	5	0
1 Small plate Apples	0	12	6
1 Plate Tomatoes	0	18	0
1 Vegetable Marrow	1	8	0
1 Plate Eschalots	0	11	0
1 Plate Potatoes	0	19	0
3 Small bunches Carrots	0	9	0
1 Glass Jelly	0	18	0
1 lb. Bottle Jam	1	11	0
1 lb. Tin Marmalade	1	1	0
1 dozen Matches	0	13	6
1 pkt. Cigarettes	1	5	0
50 Cigars	9	5	0
$\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. Cake "Fair Maid" Tobacco	2	5	0
$\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. Cake "Fair Maid"	3	5	0
1 lb. Sailors Tobacco	2	3	0
$\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tin "Capstan" Navy Cut Tobacco	3	0	0

Fac-simile of Scale of Highest Prices Paid at Public Auction in Ladysmith.

He seemed to offer it as being in some way an official apology for his starved appearance. The price of cigars struck me as specially pathetic, and I commented on it. The first officer gazed mournfully at the blazing sunshine before him; "I have not smoked a cigar in two months," he said. My surging sympathy, and my terror at again offending the haughty garrison, combated so fiercely that it was only with a great effort that I produced a handful. "Will you have these?" I say. The other officer started in his saddle so violently that I thought his horse had stumbled, but he also kept his eyes straight in front. "Thank you, I will take one if I may—just one," said the first officer. "Are you sure I am not robbing you?" They each took one, but they refused to put the rest of the cigars in their pockets. As the printed list stated that a dozen

matches sold for \$1.75, I handed them a box of matches. Then a beautiful thing happened. They lit the cigars and at the first taste of the smoke—and they were not good cigars—an almost human expression of peace and good-will and utter abandonment of joy spread over their yellow skins and cracked lips and fever-lit eyes. The first man dropped his reins and put his hands on his hips and threw back his head and shoulders and closed his eyelids. I felt that I had intruded at a moment which should have been left sacred.

Another boy officer in stainless khaki and beautifully turned out, polished and burnished and varnished, but with the same yellow skin and sharpened cheekbones and protruding teeth, a skeleton on horse-back, rode slowly toward us down the hill. As he reached us he glanced up and then swayed in his saddle, gazing at my companions fearfully. "Good God," he cried. His brother officers seemed to understand, but made no answer, except to jerk their heads toward me. They were too occupied to speak. I handed the skeleton a cigar, and he took it in great embarrassment, laughing and stammering and blushing. Then I began to understand; I began to appreciate the heroic self-sacrifice of the first two, who when they had been given the chance had refused to fill their pockets. I knew then that it was an effort worthy of the V. C.

The censor was at his post, and a few minutes later a signal officer on Convent Hill heliographed my cable to Bulwana, where, six hours after the Boers had abandoned it Buller's own helios had begun to dance, and they speeded the cable on its long journey to the newspaper office on the Thames Embankment. When one descended to the streets again—there are only two streets which run the full length of the town—and looked for signs of the siege, one found them not in the shattered houses, of which there seemed surprisingly few, but in the starved and fever-shaken look of the people. The town itself did not arouse one's sympathies. It straggles for a mile on either side of a wide dusty street. It consists of stone and corrugated-zinc shops of one story, a bare parade ground, a court-house with a shattered bell-tower, and houses, also of one story

and balanced by broad verandas, set back in gardens yellow with dust. It is an unlovely, unhomelike place, set when it rains in a swamp of mud, and when the sun shines smothered in a plague of dust. The dust is so deep that a wind is not needed to raise a cloud, a team of oxen can do that, a column of marching men. When several teams of oxen are kicking up the dust at the same time, it is not safe to ride faster than a walk for fear of bumping into some unseen obstacle. For a whole morning at a time, when the wind sweeps down the street, Ladysmith's main avenue is a choking yellow fog, through which you can see but twenty feet about you. And when the dust is settled, all that you see is so practical, hard, and ugly that one almost wishes for the curtain of dust to rise again and hide it. On one side of the main street the shops run almost continually, so that it is possible to walk for over half a mile under the shelter of their iron awnings, and this was the promenade and meeting-place of the besieged people. Here the Tommies on leave from the camps walked and talked—here the Indian coolies sat crouched on their haunches—here the civilian colonials met to gossip and to abuse the relieving column and the British Parliament. For Tommy and the civilian, but for the excitement of the shells, it must have been a terrible and awful experience. The town offered them no relief, no green and pleasant spot of retreat, nothing that was fresh, pretty, or restful. Its muddy Klip River ran between high bare banks, tunnelled with caves and bomb-proofs. Its streets offered mud or driving dust, its shops were barred and shuttered, public-houses showed mockingly unpolished bars and rows of emptied bottles, the plain outside was within the zone of fire, the encircling mountains suggested only comrades killed or comrades killing, or the stronghold of the enemy.

That first day in Ladysmith gave us a faint experience as to what the siege meant. The correspondents had disposed of all their tobacco, and within an hour saw starvation staring them in the face, and raced through the town to rob fellow-correspondents who had just arrived. Within an hour the new-comers in their turn had distributed all they owned, and

came tearing back to beg one of their own cigarettes. We tried to buy grass for our ponies, and were met with pitying contempt; we tried to buy food for ourselves, and were met with open scorn. I went to the only hotel which was open in the place, and offered large sums for a cup of tea.

"Put up your money," said the Scotchman in charge, sharply. "What's the good of your money? Can your horse eat money? can you eat money? Very well, then, put it away." The arrangements at this hotel were that each lodger drew his own rations from the military, and the hotel people cooked and served them. It was an interminable time before the food arrived, and on the second day my rations were four biscuits and an ounce of tea. The other lodgers proudly boasted of having lived on but one and a quarter biscuit a day, so the arrivals from the outside could not complain. On the third day some condensed milk arrived, and one man succeeded in obtaining a can of it. We watched it trickle out into his watery tea as though it were molten gold. A ration of "bully" beef, which was too tough to eat, was served to everyone, but sugar and soft bread were considered the greatest luxuries, and the most to be desired. The fortunate ones who got these used to convey them to the table in their hands, and, when they had finished, carried away the little brown paper cones which held the brown sugar, and the broken crusts of bread. In the lack of vegetables we drank the vinegar out of the cruets. On the fifth day they brought in some flour and served out the first soft bread the soldiers had eaten in three months. The biscuit which is given the English soldier as a substitute for bread does not compare with the hard-tack served to our army. I found it exceedingly like dog-biscuit. On the fourth day a civilian appeared with a bottle of whiskey. He danced into the hotel with this, and all the other civilians who had lodged there during the siege charged upon him, and exhibited the first signs of enthusiasm they had shown. The man who had brought in the bottle was most generous, and gave us all a drink, but before he tasted his own he said, apologetically: "I am going to drink this to

my mother. I promised my mother that if Ladysmith was relieved and we were all alive, I'd drink my first drink of whiskey to her. So you'll excuse me, please, gentlemen, if I don't drink this to the Queen." We were naturally shocked at his disloyalty, but as he had been so generous some of us forgave him. A week later, when the real food did begin to come in, many of the officers and men who were just out of hospital, recovering from enteric fever, ate so much and so hurriedly that I was told of as many as sixty who died from indigestion.

The great dramatic moment after the raising of the siege was the entrance into Ladysmith of the relieving column. It was a magnificent, manly, and moving spectacle. Sometimes it is difficult to cheer the result of a battle, for the victory that crowns the battle has carried with it death to many men, and worse to the women, whom it has sought out and struck through the heart as far away as Pretoria and London. As one of our navy commanders said when he sank the Spanish battle-ship, "Don't cheer, boys, they are drowning." But one can cheer without hesitation the rescue of men, women, and children from starvation and fever and death, and still have a cheer left for those who risked their lives to save them.

The arrival of the great column was the beginning of a love-feast of good feeling and thanksgiving which was celebrated in the main street of Ladysmith, and continued uproariously and gloriously for three hours. Nothing was lacking but the feast.

At the start it moved haltingly, the townspeople lacking the initiative, and for ten minutes the column marched past in as respectful a silence as would have greeted a funeral. General Buller alone received a welcoming cheer. The rest of the men, "lance, foot, and dragoon," passed between the lines of the garrison and the townspeople to no other accompaniment than the music of the Gordons' bagpipes and the whirr of the American biograph. This was not due so much to lack of feeling as to bad stage-management. Sir George White, who was to review the march past, sat his horse just in front of the shattered court-house, and directly oppo-

site to the bagpipes. The result was that the eyes of the advancing Tommies were either so fascinated by the shell holes in the tower of the court-house which caused them to look up over General White's head, or their ears were so charmed by the bagpipes that they turned their eyes to the left to look at the Highlanders and so passed General White without seeing him. The bagpipes had also a very demoralizing effect upon the horses, so that at the very moment when the officers should have seen General White and given him a sweeping salute, they were so occupied in controlling their startled steeds that they also passed him by without being aware of his presence.

It was Colonel Donald, the Irish colonel of the Irish Fusileers, who was the first to set matters right and to break the polite calm. He saw General White just as he had ridden past him and he saw his mistake at the same instant, and whirled about so suddenly that his horse drove back his own men. His enthusiasm made up for the apathy of the hundreds who had preceded him; his face shone with generous, excited hero-worship. He did not pause to salute. It was as though he thought such a perfunctory tribute from himself alone was inadequate for such an occasion and for such a man as General White.

So he stood up in his stirrups and waved his helmet and called upon his regiment. "Three cheers for General Sir George White!" he shouted, "Hip, hip, hip!" in a brogue as rich as his good-will was generous. And his regiment answered to his call as it had done on many less agreeable moments, and the love-feast began.

You must imagine what followed. You must imagine the dry, burning heat, the fine, yellow dust, the white glare of the sunshine, and in the heat and glare and dust the great interminable column of men in ragged khaki crowding down the main street, 22,000 strong, cheering and shouting, with the sweat running off their red faces and cutting little rivulets in the dust that caked their cheeks. Some of them were so glad that, though in the heaviest marching order, they leaped up and down and stepped out of line to dance to the music of the bagpipes. For hours they crowded past, laughing, joking, and cheering or staring ahead of them with

lips wide apart, panting in the heat and choking with the dust, but always ready to turn again and wave their helmets at the general.

Every component part of an army is being unrolled before us: the rumbling cannon, like great insects, caked with mud, the drivers saluting with their whips reversed; the lancers with naked spear-points from which the pennons had long since been plucked away; the Indian collies, veterans of many hill-fights in Malakand, guarding the ammunition train and surveying their joyous comrades with unmoved, unelated, almost scornful eyes; the infantry, burdened with musket, pack, ammunition pouches, pots, pans, and precious faggots of kindling wood, but without colonels, commanded by captains, some of them with only five of the twenty-four officers with whom they had started toward Colenso. There were all the other arms of the service and the guns of the sister service on marvellously improvised gun-carriages, drawn by great oxen and surrounded by the "handy men" of the navy no longer in "blue jackets," but in khaki and broad-brimmed, ragged straw hats. There were the ambulances and stretchers of the medical corps, than which there is none better, and even the "body snatchers," the stretcher-bearers, whom the men who had come in from the outside cheered mightily, much to the surprise of the garrison who imagined we were mocking the unkempt, disreputable-looking ununiformed mob. But we knew the mob had followed close on the heels of the firing-line and had caught the wounded Tommy, even as he fell. No men of Buller's column were so greatly ridiculed as were the unhappy refugee stretcher-bearers, and none were more genuinely admired. Each of them had made the red cross on his arm a red badge of courage and honor.

It was a pitiful contrast which the two forces presented. The men of the garrison were in clean khaki, pipe-clayed and brushed and polished, but their tunics hung on them as loosely as the flag around its pole, the skin on their cheek-bones was as tight and as yellow as the belly of a drum, their teeth protruded through parched, cracked lips, and hunger, fever, and suffering stared from out their eyes.

They were so ill and so feeble that the mere exercise of standing was too severe for their endurance, and many of them collapsed, falling back to the sidewalk, rising to salute only the first troop of each succeeding regiment. This done they would again sink back and each would sit leaning his head against his musket, or with his forehead resting heavily on his folded arms. In comparison the relieving column looked like giants as they came in with a swinging swagger, their uniforms blackened with mud and sweat and blood-stains, their faces brilliantly crimsoned and blistered and tanned by the dust and sun. They made a picture of strength and health and aggressiveness. Perhaps the contrast was strongest when the battalion of the Devons that had been on foreign service passed the "reserve" battalion which had come from England. The men of the two battalions had parted five years before in India, and they met again in Ladysmith with the men of one battalion lining the streets sick, hungry, and yellow, and the others who had been fighting six weeks to reach it marching toward them robust, red-faced, and cheering mightily. As they met they gave a shout of recognition and the men broke ranks and ran forward calling each other by name, embracing, shaking hands, and punching each other in the back and shoulders. It was a sight that very few men watched unmoved. Indeed the whole three hours was one of the most "brutal assaults upon the feelings" that it has been my lot to endure. One felt he had been entirely lifted out of the politics of the war, and the questions of the rights and wrongs of the Boers and Uitlanders disappeared before a simple proposition of brave men saluting brave men.

There was a fitting sequel to the day. After the 22,000 Tommies had paid their tribute of admiration to General White, that Colonel Newcome of to-day, who when his officers blundered had dared to say, "I alone am to blame," the residents of Ladysmith saluted him in their turn and paid him their own tribute of honor and gratitude. They surrounded him and placed him in a landau and as the day ended General White was drawn through the streets of the city he had defended by the bare hands of the people he had saved.

HARVARD COLLEGE FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO

By George F. Hoar



DO not think Harvard College had changed very much when I entered it on my sixteenth birthday in the year 1842, in manners, character of students or teachers, or the course of instruction, for nearly a century. There were some elementary lectures and recitations in astronomy and mechanics. There was a short course of lectures on chemistry, accompanied by a few experiments. But the students had no opportunity for laboratory work. There was a delightful course of instruction from Dr. Walker in ethics and metaphysics. The college had rejected the old Calvinistic creed of New England and substituted in its stead the strict Unitarianism of Dr. Ware and Andrews Norton—a creed in its substance hardly more tolerant or liberal than that which it had supplanted. There was also some instruction in modern languages—German, French, and Italian—all of very slight value. But the substance of the instruction consisted in learning to translate rather easy Latin and Greek, writing Latin, and courses in algebra and geometry not very far advanced.

The conditions of admission were quite easy. They were such as a boy of fourteen of good capacity, who could read and write the English language and had gone through some simple book of arithmetic, could easily master in two years. There were three or four schools where the boys were pretty well trained, so that they could translate Cicero and Virgil, Nepos and Sallust and Cæsar, and Xenophon and Homer. The Boston Latin School, the Roxbury Latin School, Phillips Exeter Academy, Phillips Academy at Andover, and Mrs. Ripley's School at Waltham were the best schools for this purpose. The boys from the Boston Latin School generally took their places at the head of the class when they entered. Next came the best scholars from the other schools I

have named. But the bulk of the pupils were very poorly fitted.

There was, as it seems to me in looking back, little instruction of much value. The good scholars and the bad went to the recitation together. The good ones lost the hour, and the poor scholars got the benefit of hearing the good ones recite. Their mistakes were corrected by the professor. They handed in written exercises in Latin and Greek which were examined by the instructor and returned with their faults corrected. There were, during the last three years, declamations once a month, where the boy recited some piece of prose or poetry in the presence of the class, but got very little instruction or criticism from the professor. Then, in the last three years, English themes were required. The subjects were given out by Professor Channing himself, a most accomplished and admirable scholar in his line. He seemed to choose his subjects with a view of taxing the ingenuity of the boy to find anything to say about them, instead of taking something which the boy knew about so that the pupil could devote himself to the improvement of his English style in expressing his thought. Channing was an admirable critic. His published lectures on rhetoric and oratory, now almost forgotten, remind one of Matthew Arnold in their delicate and discriminating touch. He had a face and figure something like that of Punch in the frontispiece of that publication. His method was to take the themes which the boys handed in one week, look them over himself, then, a week after, meet the class, call the boys in succession to sit down in a chair by the side of his table, read out passages from the theme, and ridicule them before the others. It was a terrible ordeal for a bashful and awkward boy. Those of a more robust nature, or whose performance had nothing ridiculous in it, profited by the discipline. But it cer-

tainly took all the starch and courage out of me. I never sat down to write my theme without fancying that grinning and scornful countenance looking at my work. So I used to write as few sentences as I thought would answer, so that I should not be punished for failure to bring in any theme at all, and never attempted to do my best.

But the faculty themselves were certainly an assemblage of very strong men. Making all allowance for the point of view, and that I was then a youth looking at my elders who had become famous, and that I am now looking as an old man at young men, and without expressing an opinion as to the superiority in the particular function of instructing youth, there can be no comparison between the college administrators of fifty years ago and those of to-day. It was then the policy of the college to call into its service great men who had achieved eminent distinction in the world without. It has more lately been its policy to select for its service promising youth, in the hope that they will become great. Perhaps the last method is the best where it succeeds. But the effect of failure is most mischievous. Indeed it seems that they have gone back to the old way. I have just seen that President Eliot says in his annual report for 1896-97 that Professor Lane was "the last surviving example of a kind of appointment now no longer made; an appointment to a full professorship of a young man who had passed through no probation as a teacher either at Harvard or elsewhere." Presidents Quincy, Everett, Walker, and Sparks administered in succession the office of President during my connection with the Academic Department and the Law School, although Dr. Walker's inauguration was not until later. Each of them in his own way was among the great men of his time. Quincy had been an eminent statesman, a famous orator, and a most successful mayor of Boston. Edward Everett had been in his early youth one of the most famous pulpit orators of the country, afterward a distinguished Member of Congress, Governor of the Commonwealth, Minister to England, and Senator of the United States. He was a consummate orator, on whose lips thousands and thousands of his countrymen

had hung entranced. He was, what is less generally remembered now, perhaps the ablest and most accomplished diplomatist ever in the public service of the United States. Jared Sparks was a profound student of history, somewhat dull as a narrator, but of admirable and unerring historic judgment. I suppose he would be placed by all our writers of history with great unanimity at the head of American historic investigators. James Walker was a great preacher and a profound thinker. In the judgment of his hearers, young and old, he was deemed nearly or quite the foremost of American preachers.

Among their associates in the faculty were Felton, professor of Greek, afterward President; Henry W. Longfellow, Dr. Charles Beck, and Benjamin Peirce, who dwelt without a companion in the lofty domain of the higher mathematics.

A primacy of glorious light is thine.

Dr. Charles Beck was a German by birth and the only Latin scholar in the country of his time who had the advantage of possessing a profound German classical scholarship. All these men were great men in their way, and famous throughout the world.

A like policy prevailed in those days in the choice of instructors in the Law School. Judge Story, the senior professor, died just before I was graduated from the College. His fame as a jurist was known throughout Europe. He was undoubtedly the most learned judge in the United States. Chief Justice Marshall and Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, doubtless excelled him in intellectual vigor. Chancellor Kent rivalled him as a writer upon law. But he had no other rival among judges or commentators in this country—few anywhere. He was, at the time of his death, the most famous teacher of law in the civilized world. His associate professor, Greenleaf, was an admirable lawyer who, before he went to Harvard, had a great practice in Maine, and made some famous arguments in the Supreme Court of the United States. Judge Story was succeeded by Chief Justice Joel Parker, of New Hampshire, a very eminent jurist, who was saturated with the old learning

of special pleading and real property. He would have been a fit associate for Coke or Saunders, and would have held his own anywhere with either.

There was nothing in the teaching of Latin or Greek to inspire the student with any love of Greek or Latin literature. The professor never pointed out its beauties or illustrated the text in any way. The students, in succession, were called upon to construe a few lines, reading one or two Greek words and then giving their English equivalents. The time of the good scholar was, as I have said before, very largely wasted. There were four or five persons in my class who became afterward eminent classical scholars. I do not believe that when we were graduated there were more than four men in the class who could write a decent Latin sentence without the laborious use of grammar and dictionary. I doubt whether there were more than one, certainly there were not more than three, who could do the same thing in Greek. I do not suppose there was a man in the class who could speak either language with ease.

Yet, somehow, the graduates of Harvard got a good intellectual training from the University. The rough country-boy, if he had it in him, came out at the end of his senior year, a gentleman in behavior and in character. He was able to take hold of life with great vigor. The average age of graduation, I suppose, was twenty. Not more than three years were spent in studying a profession. In some few cases, the youth got a little money after leaving college by teaching for a year. But the men from Harvard College and Harvard Law School were apt to take quite rapidly the high places of the professions. That was true then much more than it is now.

There were a great many persons who were graduated before my time, or shortly afterward, whose great place in the public life of the Commonwealth and of the country was assured before they were thirty years old. Edward Everett was called to the pulpit of Brattle Street Church at the age of nineteen. He succeeded in that pulpit Joseph Stevens Buckminster, who was himself settled over that important parish at the age of twenty-one, and was a great pulpit orator. Edward Everett preached a sermon when he was

twenty-four years old, before a large audience in the Representatives Chamber at Washington, which was heard with breathless silence. Rufus King said it was the best sermon he ever heard, and Harrison Gray Otis was affected to tears. Benjamin R. Curtis was admitted to the bar in Boston when he was twenty-two years old, and shortly after was retained in a very important case. It is said that an old deputy-sheriff, who had just heard Curtis's opening argument, was met in the street and asked if anything was going on in court. "Going on?" was the reply. "There's a young chap named Curtis up there has just opened a case so all hell can't close it." I suppose Edward Everett Hale and James Freeman Clarke were almost as famous in the pulpit before they were thirty years old as they ever were afterward. I might extend the catalogue indefinitely. Where is there to be found to-day at the New England bar or in the New England pulpit a man under thirty of whom it can be said that his place among the great men of his profession is assured? It will not do to say in answer to this that it takes a greater man in this generation to fill a great place than it took in other days. That is not true. The men of those generations have left their work behind them. It does not suffer by comparison with that of their successors. There was something in the college training of that day, imperfect as were its instruments, and slender as were its resources, from which greater intellectual strength in the pupil was begotten than there is in the college training of the present generation. I will not undertake to account for it. But I think it was due in large part to the personal quality of the instructors. A boy who contemplated with a near and intimate knowledge the great manhood of Josiah Quincy; who listened to the eloquence of James Walker, or heard his expositions of the great systems of ethics or metaphysics; or who sat at the feet of Judge Story, as he poured forth the lessons of jurisprudence in a clear and inexhaustible stream, caught an inspiration which transfigured his very soul.

Josiah Quincy, "old Quin" as we loved to call him, was a very simple and a very high character. He was born in Boston February 4, 1772, just before the Revolu-

tionary War. It was said, I have no doubt truly, that the nurse who attended his mother at his birth went from that house to the wife of Copley, the painter, when her famous son, Lord Lyndhurst, was born. Copley was a Tory, though a patriot and an ardent lover of his country. His departure from Boston made Lord Lyndhurst an Englishman. Quincy entered public life early. He was a candidate for Congress in the last century before he was twenty-five years old. I heard him say once that the Democrats called for a cradle to rock the Federal candidate. He was a good type of the old Massachusetts Federalist—brave, manly, sincere, of a broad and courageous statesmanship, but distrustful of the people and not understanding their temper. He made some very powerful speeches in the House of Representatives, attacking the greed and office-seeking of that time. His eloquence was something of the style of the famous Irish orators. One of his passages describing the office-seekers tumbling over one another like pigs to a trough will be long remembered. He hated Jefferson and moved his impeachment in the House of Representatives—a motion for which he got no vote but his own. He retired disgusted from national public life, became Mayor of Boston, an office which he filled with great distinction, and then was called to the Presidency of Harvard, mainly because of his great business capacity. The finances of the University were then in a sad condition. He put them on an excellent footing. He was very fond of the boys and they of him, although he was somewhat rough and hasty in his manner. While I was in college (although I happened to be at home that day and did not see the affair), some of the boys got into serious rows in Boston one Saturday. They had undertaken to wear the Oxford cap and gown. They were much ridiculed by the populace in Boston, and a good many fights were the consequence. They were driven from the streets, and in the afternoon a lot of roughs took hold of a long rope, as if they belonged to an engine company, ran out to Cambridge across the bridge, and proposed to attack the college buildings. Old Quin gathered the students together at the gate and told the boys to keep within the yard and

not to attack anybody unless they were attacked, but to permit none of those men to come within the gate. The old fellow was ready to head the students and a great fight was expected. But the police gathered, and finally the Boston roughs were persuaded to depart in peace.

The old gentleman's heart always warmed to the son of an old Federalist. I had to visit his study a good many times, I regret to say, to receive some well-deserved admonitions. But the interview always ended in an inquiry after my father and some jolly or at least kindly utterance about myself. One of my classmates gave an account in rhyme of one of these interviews which I wish I could repeat. I can only remember two lines:

Quin deigned a grin, perforce,
And Hoar a roar, of course.

He died in 1864 at the age of ninety-two, preserving to the last his mental vigor and his ardent interest in public affairs. During the darkest period of the war he never lost his hope or faith. He fell on the ice and broke his hip a little while before his death. He was treated by the somewhat savage method of the surgery of that day. Dr. George E. Ellis, from whom I had the story, went to see him one day at his house on Park Street and found the old man lying on his bed with a weight hanging from his foot, which projected over the bed, to keep the bones in their place and the muscles from contracting. He said to Mr. Quincy's daughter, "You have been shut up here a long time. Now go and take a walk round the Common and let me stay with your father." Miss Quincy went out and the old man kept Dr. Ellis so full of interest by his cheerful and lively talk that he never once thought to ask him how he was getting along. When Miss Quincy returned, he took his leave and had got downstairs when the omission occurred to him. He went back to the chamber and said to Mr. Quincy, "I forgot to ask you how your leg is." The old fellow brought his hand down with a slap upon the limb and said, "Damn the leg. I want to see this business settled."

When Felton was inaugurated as President, Governor Banks in performing his

part of the ceremony, that of presenting the charter and the keys to the new officer, alluded in his somewhat grandiloquent way to four of Felton's predecessors, Everett, Sparks, Walker, and Quincy, who were upon the stage. Speaking of Quincy he said, "He would be reckoned among honorable men, though their number were reduced to that of the mouths of the Nile or the gates of Thebes."

Felton, the Greek professor, was the heartiest and jolliest of men. He was certainly one of the best examples of a fully rounded scholarship which this country or perhaps any country ever produced. He gave before the Lowell Institute a course of lectures on Greece, Ancient and Modern, into which is compressed learning enough to fill a large encyclopædia. He also published two or three Greek plays and the Iliad of Homer with excellent notes of his own. These editions were extensively used as text-books in this country and abroad.

Professor Felton was a very impulsive man, though of great dignity and propriety in his general bearing. He had some theories of his own as to the matter of pure and correct English, and was very much disgusted if anybody transgressed them. His brother, John Felton, of the class of 1847, afterward the foremost lawyer on the Pacific Coast, was altogether the best and most brilliant scholar in his class. He was reported to the faculty just before his graduation for the offence of swearing in the college yard, an offence which commonly was punished by what was called a public admonition. This involved a considerable loss of rank and a letter to the parent or guardian of the offender. The faculty, in consideration of John Felton's excellent scholarship, instead of the ordinary punishment directed that Professor Felton should admonish his brother of his fault in private. The professor was some eighteen or twenty years the elder and was respected by his brother rather as a father than as a brother. He sent for John to his study and told him the nature of the complaint, and proceeded, "I cannot express to you how mortified I am that my brother, in whose character and scholarship I had taken so much pride, who stood so high in his class, should have been reported to the faculty for this

vulgar and wicked offence." John said, with much contrition, "I am exceedingly sorry. It was under circumstances of great provocation. I have never been guilty of such a thing before. I never in my life have been addicted to profanity." "Damnation! John," interposed the professor, "how often have I told you the word is profaneness and not profanity?" It is needless to say that the sermon ended at that point.

But the most interesting single figure in the Harvard faculty in my day was James Walker. He was a man of quiet dignity and of modest bearing. He appeared rather awkward when he walked, as if there were some want of strength in the feet or ankles. He heard the classes in my time in Jouffroy and Cousin and in Butler's Analogy. His method was to require the boy to get into his mind some account of a system or special course of reasoning of the author and to state it at considerable length in his own language. I think all that I got out of college that was of much use to me came from this training in James Walker's recitation-room, except that I think I got some capacity for cross-examining witnesses, which was very useful to me afterward, from reading Plato's dialogues and getting familiar with Socrates's method of reducing a sophist *ad absurdum*. But the pulpit of the college chapel was Dr. Walker's throne. He used to preach four Sundays in each of the two terms. He had a beautiful head, a deep but clear voice, a deliberate manner and a power of emphasizing his weighty thoughts which I have never known surpassed by any orator. He had a small and beautiful hand of which it was said, though such a thing is hard to believe of him, he was somewhat vain. His only gesture, and that very infrequent, was to bring the back of his hand down upon the cushion of the pulpit before him. The ticking of the clock in the college chapel was inaudible when the chapel was empty. But it ticked out clear and loud upon the strained ears of the auditors who were waiting in the pauses of his sentences. I can remember now his sermons. They are admirable to read, although, like other eloquence, their life and spirit are lost without the effect of speech. There was one on the text, "Thou shalt say no," which no hearer, I venture to say,

ever forgot to the day of his death. There was another on the control of the thoughts, from the text, "Leading into captivity every thought." This made a deep impression on the students. I seem to hear the tones of his voice now. The doctor described, with a terrific effect, the thinking over in imagination of the scenes of vice by the youth who seemed to the world outside to fall suddenly from virtue. He said there was no such thing as a sudden fall from virtue. The scene had been enacted in thought and the man had become rotten before the time of the outward act.

"Sometimes the novice in crime thinks himself ready to act when he is not ; as appears from his hesitancy and reluctance when the moment for action arrives. If, however, this unexpected recoil of his nature does not induce him to change his purpose altogether, he knows but too well how to supply the defect in his training for sin. If we could look into his heart, we should find him at his accursed rehearsals again. A few more lessons, and the blush and the shudder will pass away, never to return."

This is tame enough in the recital. But I dare say there are old men who will read these pages to whom it will bring back the never-forgotten scenes of more than fifty years ago. The doctor had a gift of sententious speech, not only in his written discourses, but in his ordinary conversation and his instruction from the professor's chair. He was speaking one day of Combe and of some disrespectful thing he had said about the English metaphysicians. "What does Mr. Combe mean?" said the doctor. "I am no apologist for the English metaphysicians. They have made their mistakes. They have their shortcomings. But they are surely entitled to the common privilege of Englishmen—to be judged by their peers." He was speaking one day of some rulers who had tried to check the rising tide of some reform by persecuting its leaders. "Fools!" said the doctor. "They thought if they could but wring the neck of the crowing cock it would never be day." I may, perhaps, be pardoned for putting on record one of the doctor's sentences relating to my father, who by a powerful speech in the Massachusetts House of Representa-

tives had caused that body to reconsider and to defeat a measure which it had passed taking from the corporation of the College the choice of their associates and vesting that power in the Legislature. This was a very dangerous proposition. The corporation were Whigs and were Unitarians. They were very unpopular with the body of the people for both reasons. One of the corporation had just voted for the Fugitive Slave Law. This plan for reorganizing the College was advocated by Henry Wilson, by Governor Boutwell, by Erastus Hopkins and most of the leaders of both parties in the House of Representatives. The proposition was probably unconstitutional. But there was a strong argument to the effect that the College was a creature of the State, and that the principle of Dartmouth College *vs.* Woodward did not apply. It was a political measure and the Supreme Court of the United States was then Democratic. So it was of immense importance to the College to defeat the bill in the Legislature. Mr. Samuel Hoar made a powerful speech which changed the mind of the body and defeated the bill. Dr. Walker said of this speech, "Other men have served the college ; Samuel Hoar saved it."

One of the delightful characters and humorists connected with Harvard was Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, tutor in Greek. He was a native of Thessaly, born near Mount Pelion, and educated in the convent of the Greek Church on Mount Sinai. It is said, although such instances are rare, that he was of the purest Greek blood. At any rate, his face and head were of the Greek type. He was a man of wonderful learning—I dare say the best Greek scholar of his generation, whether in Europe or America. He was a very simple-hearted person in dealing with ordinary affairs. But his conversation and his instruction in the class-room were full of wit and sense. He used to tell a story, whether of his father or his grandfather I am not sure, that one night very late he was sitting in his warehouse alone when two men entered and told him they were come to kill him. He asked them why they wished to kill him, and they told him, that they had been hired by an enemy of his, whom they named.

"Well," said the old man, "what are you to be paid?" They told him the sum. He said, "I will give you twice as much to kill him." Accordingly they accepted the offer and went away leaving the old fellow alive, kept their bargain with him and killed his enemy.

Sophocles had a great love of little children and a curious love of chickens, which he treated as pets. He liked to tame them and to play with them, squatting down on the ground among them, as if he were a rooster himself. It is said that during his last sickness, the doctor directed that he should have chicken-broth. He indignantly rejected it, and declared he would not eat a creature that he loved.

In what I have said of the greatness of the old College professors I do not wish to be understood to disparage or undervalue their successors of the present day. I have no doubt that some of them are the equals of their predecessors in intellectual ability and far their superiors in learning, as must be the case from the advantages of modern instrumentalities. But they have grown to what they are now in the college itself. They came to their offices in early youth, instead of being called from a great place in the world outside, which had been gained already. The recent system is the best one if no mistakes be made in choosing the instructor. But the consequences of mistakes are very serious.

In what I have said about Professor Channing I describe him and his method of instruction as they seemed to me at the time. It is quite possible I may be wrong. I am sure that many better scholars and many youths who were his pupils and who were much better in every way than I was at that time of my life, will dissent from my opinion and be shocked at what I say. So it is quite likely that I am in fault and not he. I have lately read again his book on rhetoric and oratory since what I said above was dictated. I wish to reaffirm my high opinion of the book. For fresh, racy, and correct style, for clear perception and exquisite literary taste, it is one of the best books on the subject, as it is one of the best books on any subject ever written by an American. His mistake was, in large measure, the prevalent mistake of the college in his time—the

use of ridicule instead of sympathy as a means of correcting the faults incident to youth. It was the fault of the college, both of instructors and of the students. Dr. Walker, in one of his public addresses, speaks with commendation of "the storm of merciless ridicule" which overwhelms young men who are addicted to certain errors which he is criticising.

The Latin professor was Charles Beck, Ph.D. He was a native of Heidelberg. He had been compelled to leave Prussia because of his love of liberty. He had studied theology, and had published a treatise on gymnastics, in which he was accomplished. We read with him Terence and Plautus, the "Medea" of Seneca, Horace, Brutus, and probably some other Latin prose, which I have forgotten. He was a very learned Latin scholar. I do not know whether he cared anything about poetry or eloquence or the philosophy of the Roman authors or no. Certainly he did nothing to indicate to us that he had any such interest, or to stimulate any such interest in his pupils. He was strict to harshness in dealing with his class. The only evidence of enthusiasm I ever witnessed in Dr. Beck was this: He brought into the classroom one day an old fat German with very dirty hands and a dirty shirt. He had a low forehead and a large head, with coarse curling hair, which looked as if it had not felt a comb or brush for a quarter of a century. We looked with amazement at this figure. He went out before the recitation was over. Dr. Beck said to us: "This is Dr. —, gentlemen. He is a most admirable scholar." (This was the doctor's pronunciation of the *r*.) "He has wead Cicewo thwough every year for nearly fifty years for the sake of settling some important questions. He has discovered that while *necesse est* may be used indifferently either with the accusative and infinitive, or with *ut* with the subjunctive, *necesse erat* can only be used before *ut* with the subjunctive. I should think to have made that discovevewy well worth living for."

I suppose we all thought that Dr. Beck was a man of harsh and cold nature. But I got acquainted with him later in life and found him one of the most genial and kind-hearted of men. He was a member of the Legislature. He was a Free Soiler

and an Abolitionist, liberally contributing to the Sanitary Commission, and to all agencies for the benefit of the soldiers and the successful prosecution of the war for the Union.

He came vigorously to the support of Horace Mann in his famous controversy with Mr. Webster. Mann had savagely attacked Webster, and Webster in return had spoken of Mann as one of that class of persons known among the Romans as *Captatores Verborum*, which he supposed to mean those nice persons who catch up other person's words for the sake of small criticism and fault-finding. Mr. Mann replied that Webster was wrong in his Latin, and the words *Captatores Verborum* meant toad-eaters, or men who hang on the words of great men to praise and flatter them, of which he found some conspicuous modern examples among Webster's supporters. Professor Felton, the Greek professor, who was a stanch friend of Webster, attacked Mann and charged him with ignorance of Latin. But Dr. Beck came to the rescue, and his authority as a Latin scholar was generally conceded to outweigh that of Webster and Felton put together.

One of the most brilliant men among the faculty was Professor Benjamin Peirce. Undoubtedly he was the foremost American mathematician of his time. He was afterward the head of the Coast Survey. He had little respect for pupils who had not a genius for mathematics, and paid little attention to them. He got out an edition of his algebra while I was in college. He distributed the sheets among the students and would accept, instead of a successful recitation, the discovery of a misprint on its pages. The boys generally sadly neglected his department, which was made elective, I think, after the sophomore year. At the examinations, which were held by committees appointed by the Board of Overseers, he always gave to the pupil the same problem that had been given to him in the last preceding recitation. So the boys were prepared to make a decent appearance. He used to dress in a very peculiar fashion, wearing a queer little sack and striped trousers which made him look sometimes as if he were a salesman in a Jew clothing-store. He had a remark-

ably clear and piercing black eye. One night one of the students got into the belfry and attached a slender thread to the tongue of the bell, contrived to lock the door which led to the tower and carry off the key, then went to his room in the fourth story of Massachusetts and began to toll the bell. The students and the faculty and proctors gathered, but nobody could explain the mysterious ringing of the bell until Peirce came upon the scene. His sharp eye detected the slender line and it was traced to the room where the roguish fellow who was doing the mischief thought himself secure. He was caught and punished.

Peirce gained great fame in the scientific world by his controversy with Leverrier. Leverrier, as is well known, discovered some perturbations in the movement of the planet Herschel which were not accounted for by known conditions. From that he reasoned that there must be another planet in the neighborhood, and, on turning his glass to the point where his calculations told him the disturbing body must be, he discovered the planet sometimes called by his name and sometimes called Neptune. This discovery created a great sensation and a burst of admiration for the fortunate discoverer. Peirce maintained the astounding proposition that there was an error in Leverrier's calculations, and that the discovery was a fortunate accident. I believe that astronomers finally came to his conclusion. I remember once going into Boston in the omnibus when Peirce got in with a letter in his hand that he had just got from abroad, and said with great exultation to Professor Felton, who happened to be there, "Gauss says I am right."

I got well acquainted with Professor Peirce after I left college. He used to come to Washington after I came into public life. I found him one of the most delightful of men. His treatise, "Ideality in the Physical Sciences," and one or two treatises of a religious character which he published, are full of a lofty and glowing eloquence. He gave a few lectures in mathematics to the class, which, I believe, were totally incomprehensible to every one of his listeners, with the possible exception of Child. He wore a little black velveteen sack and curious checked trousers looking like a

Port rowdy. He would take the chalk in his hand and begin in his shrill voice, "If we take," then he would write an equation in algebraic characters, "then we have," following it by another equation or formula. By the time he had got his blackboard half covered, he would get into an enthusiasm of delight. He would rub the legs of his pantaloons with his chalky hands and proceed on his lofty pathway, apparently unconscious of his auditors. What has become of all those wonderful results of genius I do not know.

He was invited to a banquet by the Harvard Alumni in New York, where he was the guest of honor. Mr. Choate expressed a grave doubt whether the Professor could dine comfortably without a blackboard.

John W. Webster gave lectures to the boys on chemistry and geology, which they were compelled to attend. I think these lectures were the most tedious human compositions to which I ever listened. The doctor seemed a kind-hearted, fussy person. He was known to the students by the sobriquet of Sky-rocket Jack, because of his great interest in having some fireworks at the illumination when President Everett was inaugurated. There was no person among the faculty at Cambridge who seemed less likely to commit so bloody and cruel a crime as that for which he was executed. The only thing that I know which indicated insensibility was that when he was lecturing one day, in chemistry, he told us that in performing the experiment which he was then showing us, a year or two before, with some highly explosive gas, a copper vessel had burst and a part of it had been thrown with great violence into the back of the bench where a row of students were sitting, but fortunately the student who sat in that place was absent that day and nobody was hurt. He added, dryly, "The president sent for me and told me I must be more careful. He said I should feel very badly indeed if I had killed one of the students. And I should."

There was nothing in my time equivalent to what used to be called a rebellion in the older days, and I believe no such event has occurred for the last fifty years. The nearest to it was a case which arose in the senior class when I was a fresh-

man. One of the seniors, who was a rather dull-witted but well-meaning youth, concluded that it was his duty to inform the faculty of offences committed by his classmates, a proceeding, it is needless to say, contrary to all the boys' sentiments as to honorable conduct. His windows and some others had been broken. He informed the faculty who had broken them, and the offender was rusticated for a short time as a punishment. The next day being Saturday, this informer was dressed up in his best and going into Boston, when he was seized by six of his classmates and held under the college pump until he received a sound ducking. He seized the finger of one of them with his teeth and bit it severely, though it was protected by a ring. He complained of five of the six, who were forthwith suspended until the next commencement, losing, of course, their rank in the class and their chances for taking part in the commencement exercises. One of them, of whom he omitted to tell, was much disturbed by the omission and demanded of the informer why he left him out. He said that he had rather a pity for him as he had already been suspended once and he supposed the new offence would lead to his being expelled. Whereupon he said: "I will give you some reason to tell of me," and proceeded to administer a sound caning. That was at once reported to the faculty, the offender was then expelled, and criminal proceedings were taken against him which resulted in a fine.

We had some delightful lectures from Longfellow on the literature of the Middle Ages. He read us some of his own original poems and some beautiful translations. All the substance of these lectures I think is to be found in his book entitled "The Poets and Poetry of the Middle Ages." I do not see that we gained anything of solid instruction by having them read to us that we could not have got as well by reading them. We had also a course of lectures from Jared Sparks on American history. They were generally dull and heavy, but occasionally made intensely interesting when he described some stirring event of the Revolutionary War. We hung breathless on his account of the treason of Arnold and its detection, and the class burst out into applause when he ended—

a thing the like of which never happened in my time in college. There was a little smattering of instruction in modern languages, but it was of not much value. We had a Frenchman named V., whom the boys tormented unmercifully. He spoke English very imperfectly, and his ludicrous mistakes in English destroyed all his dignity and rendered it impossible to maintain any discipline in the class. He would break out occasionally in despair, "Young shentlemen, you do not respect me and I have not given you any reason to." A usual punishment for misconduct in those days was to deduct a certain number of the marks which determined rank from the scale of the offending students. Monsieur V. used to hold over us this threat, which I believe he never executed, "Young shentlemen, I shall be obliged to deduce from you."

He was followed by the Comte de la Porte, a gentleman in bearing and of a good deal of dignity. The Count was asked one day by Nat Perry, a member of the class from New Hampshire, who was very proud of his native State and always boasting of the exploits in war and peace of the people of New Hampshire, what sort of a French scholar Mr. V., his predecessor, was. The Count replied: "He was not a fit teacher for young gentlemen." He was an ignorant person from the provinces, not having the Parisian accent. He did not know the French language in its purity. It would be as if somebody were to undertake to teach English who came from New Hampshire or some such place." The Count said this in entire innocence. It was received with a roar of laughter by the class, and the indignation and wrath of Perry may be well imagined.

My class was not one of the very famous classes of the college. Certainly it does not equal the class of 1802 or the class of 1829. But I think it was, on the whole, very considerably above the average. In it were several persons who became famous scholars and teachers, and some who have been eminent in other walks of life. I think, on the whole, its two most distinguished members, entitled to hold a greater place than any others in the memory of future generations, were Dr. Calvin Ellis,

who died in 1883, and Judge Nathan Webb, still living, of the United States District Court of Maine. Neither of these had very high rank in the class. The first half of the class used to have parts assigned at commencement in those days. Ellis's part was very nearly the lowest of the first half. Webb's was higher. Webb entered college very young. He was quite small in stature and was known all through college as "little Webb." He grew to his present height, which must be about six feet, after he got out of college. He did, I believe, some very hard work indeed in his senior year. Although universally liked and respected by his classmates, he was not regarded as among the eminent scholars. Ellis performed all his duties in college very fairly, but did not seem to care much for rank or for scholarship until, in the senior year, some lectures on anatomy were delivered by old Dr. John C. Warren. Ellis was filled with enthusiasm, as were some of the other members of the class. He and I got a skull somewhere and studied processes, bones, and sutures, both meaning to be physicians. My zeal lasted but a few weeks; Ellis's never abated until his death. He was at the head of his profession in the country in his own department, became dean of the Harvard Medical School, and was loved and revered by his numerous pupils as well as by the members of his profession. He was one of the most simple-hearted, affectionate, spotless, and lovable of men. He died of a lingering and painful disease, never losing his courage and patience, or his devoted interest in science. Webb has been exceedingly fond of his home, not being very ambitious of higher office, but content to discharge, ably and faithfully, and to the universal satisfaction of the profession and the public, the duty of the important place he holds. I have seen a good many public men from Maine of both parties. They all unite in this estimate of Judge Webb. There is no doubt that if he had been willing he would long ago have been made judge of the Circuit Court, and then if the seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States held by Mr. Justice Gray of the New England Circuit had unhappily become vacant, I suppose he would have been called from the Circuit Bench to that court by almost universal consent.

Three persons, Child, Lane, and Short, all very distinguished scholars in after life, took their place at the head of the class when they entered. Two of them held the same place when they graduated. Short was outstripped by Edwin Moses Bigelow, who is now living, a lawyer, in Boston. He entered college from the country not so well fitted as most of the class. But he made his way by an indefatigable diligence until he was graduated, with great distinction, the third scholar, going a little above Short.

Child was a man of great genius. He seems to me now, as I look back upon him, to have been as great a man at seventeen when he entered college as he was when he died. He was the best writer, the best speaker, the best mathematician, the most accomplished person in his knowledge of general literature in the class—indeed, I suppose, in college—in his day. He was probably equalled, and I dare say, more lately, surpassed, by Lane as a Latin scholar and by Short as a Greek scholar. He was a great favorite with the class. He delivered a very beautiful class oration at the end of the Senior year. He spent his life in the service of the college. He was tutor for a short time and soon succeeded Channing as professor of rhetoric and oratory. He became one of the most eminent scholars in the country in early English literature and language. He edited Little & Brown's edition of the British poets, and was a thorough student of Shakespeare and Chaucer. To the elucidation of the text of Chaucer he made some admirable contributions. He was shy and diffident, full of kindness toward persons whom he knew and to children, and full of sympathy with persons who were in sorrow, but whimsical, grotesque, and apt to take strong prejudices against persons whom he did not know. I suppose some of the best of our American men of letters of late years would have submitted their productions to the criticism of Child as to a master.

Next to him stood Lane, the admirable Latin scholar. I do not believe that anybody ever went through Harvard College who performed four years of such constant and strenuous labor. What he did in his vacations I do not know, but there

was no minute lost in the term time. It is said that he never missed attendance on morning and evening prayers but once. The class were determined that Lane should not go through college without missing prayers once. So one night a cord was fastened to the handle of his door and attached to the rail of the staircase. But Lane succeeded in wrenching open the door and got to morning prayers in time. He was the monitor, whose duty it was to mark the names of the students who were absent from prayers, and who were punished by a deduction from their rank, and, if the absences were frequent enough, by a more severe penalty. The next time the measures were more effective. Lane's chum, Ellis, was in the conspiracy. The students bored holes carefully into the door and into the jamb by the side and took a number of hinges and screwed them carefully on to the door and the jamb. When Lane got ready to start for prayers in the morning, he found it impossible to open the door. As soon as he discovered what was the matter, he seized his hatchet and undertook to cut his way out. His chum Ellis, who had remained quietly in bed, sprang out of bed and placed his back against the door and declared that the door of his room should not be hewn down in that manner. Lane was obliged to desist. He, however, took his monitor's book, marked the absence of himself and his chum and submitted. There were a good many such pranks played by the boys in those days, in the spirit of a harmless and good-natured mischief. I do not know whether the college has changed in that particular or no. I do not think anybody in my day would have defaced the statue of John Harvard.

Charles Short, the third of the three whom I named as standing at the head of the class, became one of the most distinguished classical scholars in the country. He was president of Kenyon College and afterward professor of Latin in Columbia College. He was one of the committee to prepare the Revised Version of the Scriptures, and contributed largely to the Harpers' excellent Latin dictionary.

Another of our best scholars was Fitz Edward Hall, now living in England. He was a very respectable scholar in the

ordinary college studies, but he attained no special distinction in them as compared with the others whom I have mentioned. He, however, quite early became interested in Arabic and other Oriental languages, a study which he pursued, I think, without the help of an instructor. He has had a very remarkable career. After graduation, he sailed for the East Indies, with a view to pursue there the study of the Oriental languages and literature. He took with him letters of introduction to influential persons in Calcutta, and, of course, a sufficient supply of money. But the vessel on which he was a passenger was wrecked as it approached the shore. He got ashore with difficulty, drenched with sea-water, having lost his letters of introduction and of credit, and with no resources but a few coins which happened to be in his pockets. He did not know a person in Calcutta. He disliked very much to present himself in that sorry plight to the persons to whom he had been commended by his friends in America, with the possibility that he might be suspected of being an impostor. Accordingly, he determined that he would take care of himself. He walked about the street to see what he could find to do. As he went along, he saw the sign of the *Oriental Quarterly Review*. He went in and inquired for the editor and asked him if he would accept an article. The editor said that he would consider it if it were brought in. Hall then went out and found a book-store. Going in he spied a copy of Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America." With a pencil and some sheets of paper, he wrote an article on American literature, filled up with pretty copious extracts. He took it to the editor of the *Review*, who paid him for it, I think, five pounds, and told him that he should be happy to have him make other contributions. Hall supported himself by writing for that review and some other periodicals published by the same concern, until he could write home, get new letters of introduction and credit, and support himself as a gentleman. He spent three years in Calcutta, studying Hindostanee and Persian, and afterward Bengalee and Sanscrit. Later he removed to Benares, where he was appointed to a tutorship in the Government College. Then he be-

came professor and afterward Inspector of Schools for various districts. He was in a besieged fort for seven months during the Indian Mutiny. He received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1860. He went to London afterward to promote the election of Max Müller as professor at Oxford. While there he was himself made professor of Sanscrit and of Indian jurisprudence in London University. I saw him in England, I think in 1871, when he was librarian of the great library of the East India Company, having in charge not only a vast library, but the archives of the Company, going back beyond the time of Cromwell. He showed me many interesting letters and documents in manuscript of Cromwell, Nelson, and other famous persons. Professor Edward B. Whitney once told me that with the exception of Max Müller he considered Hall the foremost Oriental scholar in the world. I suppose Hall would have said the same thing of Professor Whitney.

Next in rank to Child, Lane, Bigelow, and Short was Judge Soule. Next to him came George Cheyne Shattuck Choate, one of the well-known family of that name, sons of a Salem physician. Choate became a physician himself. He was at the head of the Massachusetts Institution for the Insane at Taunton. He afterward had an establishment of his own, near New York, where Horace Greeley was under his care. I saw little of him after we left college. But he was nearly or quite at the head of his department in the country. It is said that his testimony in court involving questions of medical jurisprudence was wonderful for its beauty, its precision, and its profound analysis.

But I am inclined to think that the one member of our class whose fame will last to remote posterity, a fame which he will owe to a single poem, is Walter Mitchell. He was a very bright and accomplished person in college and a great favorite with his friends. He studied law, but afterward determined to become a clergyman, and took orders in the Episcopal Church. I have never heard him preach, but I have no doubt from his distinction as a writer and scholar in college that he is an excellent preacher. But his poem of the sea, entitled "Tacking Ship off Fire Island," is one of the most spirited and perfect of

its kind in literature. You can hear the wind blow and feel the salt in your hair as you read it. I once heard it read by Richard H. Dana to the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, and again by that most accomplished elocutionist E. Harlow Russell. I never read it or hear it read without a renewed admiration.

But the brightest, raciest, wittiest, liveliest, pluckiest of all the youths was Daniel Sargent Curtis, one of the race of that name so well known in Boston for excellence in various departments. Curtis was the son, I believe, of Thomas B. Curtis, the merchant, a nephew of Charles P. Curtis, the eminent lawyer, and a cousin of Judge Benjamin R. Curtis. I do not know what he would have made of himself if he had cultivated his great literary capacity. Certainly if he had performed the promise of his boyhood he would have been one of the foremost men in American literature. He studied law, but later became a banker. Afterward he took up his residence in Italy, where I suppose he is living now. He produced some serious poetry which he read to some college societies. I hope, for the credit of the class and for the country and his name, he may have done something in later years which will be given to the world. It is said, I know not how truly, that he was for many years a near neighbor and intimate friend of Browning. When he was in college and in the law school the boys used to enliven all social gatherings by repeating his good jests, as, in later years, the lawyers did those of Rufus Choate, or the people in public life in Washington still later those of Evarts. Such things lose nine-tenths of their flavor in the repetition, and nine parts of the other tenth when they are put in writing. Curtis was quite small in stature. But he was plucky as a game-cock, and a little dandyish in his dress. It is said that when he was a freshman, the boys at the Cambridge High School, a good many of whom were much bigger than he was, undertook to throw snowballs at him one day as he went by. Whereupon Curtis marched up to the biggest boy and told him if another snowball were thrown at him he should thrash him and he might pass it over to the boy who did it. The result was that Curtis was not troubled again.

You could not attack or rally him without some bright reply. Horace Gray, afterward the judge, went shooting one day and met Curtis as he was coming back with his gun over West Boston Bridge. Curtis asked him if he had shot anything. Gray said, "No, nothing, but a hawk I shot in Watertown. I stopped at the museum as I came by, and gave it to Agassiz." "I suppose Agassiz said 'Accipiter,'" said Curtis.

When Professor Greenleaf resigned his place at the Dane Law School, much to the regret of the students, it was proposed to secure a likeness of him for the lecture-room. There was some discussion whether it should be a bust or a picture, and if a bust what should be the material. Curtis said, "Better make it Verd Antique. That means Old Green."

Dr. Beck once required each of his class to bring a Latin epigram. Dan Curtis, who was not very fond of work unless it was in the line of his own tastes, presented the following :

Fugiunt. Qui fugiunt? Galli; tunc moriar
contentus.

"What is that, Curtis?" said the doctor. "Dying words of Wolfe, sir," replied Curtis. "Ah," said the doctor, with great satisfaction. He thought it was Wolf, the famous Greek scholar, and thought the epigram highly to Curtis's credit.

I do not of course undertake to give sketches of all my classmates, either living or dead, or those who have attained distinction as useful and honorable members of society. So far as I know their career since they left college, there is none of them of whom the class or the college need be ashamed.

The boys generally boarded in the College Commons, where they could board for \$2.25 a week on one side, and on the other, called "starvation commons," for \$1.75 a week. In the latter they had meat only every other day. A few of the sons of the wealthier families boarded in private houses, where the rate of board varied from \$3 to \$3.50 a week. The rooms were furnished very simply, almost always without carpets, though in rare instances the floors would be covered with

a cheap carpet, which did not last very well under the wear and tear of boyish occupation. The students generally made their own fires and blacked their own boots and drew water for themselves. But there was a family of negroes, named Lewis, who performed those services for such boys as desired, at a compensation of \$5 or \$6 a term. The patriarch of this race was a very interesting old character. He was said to be one hundred years old. He must have been that or very near it. One morning, shortly after six o'clock, just as we were coming from prayers, old Mr. Lewis drove by with a horse, which he was said to have bought for \$5, and a wagon of about the same value. He had a load of all sorts of vegetables which he had raised in his little garden up near the Arsenal and was carrying into Boston to market. One of his old wheels broke and the wagon came down, spilling the old fellow himself and his load of vegetables. He lay there flat on his back, unable to get up, surrounded by turnips and squashes and onions and potatoes, etc. As he lay with his black face and his white, grizzled poll, he was a most ludicrous spectacle. One of us asked him, "Why, Mr. Lewis, what is the matter?" "Wall," he said, with a mournful tone, "I laid eaout to go into Boston."

I suppose there was more turbulence and what would be called rowdyism in my day than now. At any rate I do not hear of such things very often nowadays. But it was usually of a harmless character. There were very few instances, indeed, of what would be called dissipation, still fewer of actual vice. The only game which was much in vogue was football. There was a little attempt to start the English game of cricket, and occasionally, in the spring, the old-fashioned, simple game of baseball was played. But the chief game was football, which was played from the beginning of the September term until the cold weather set in, and sometimes, I believe, in the spring. It was very unlike the game as at present carried on. After evening prayers, which were over about five or ten minutes after six, the boys repaired to the football ground and ranged themselves on sides nearly equal in number. If one side thought they were not fairly matched they would

shout, "More, more!" until enough went over to them from the other side to make it about equal. Then one of the best kickers gave the ball a kick toward the other side of the field, and there was a rush and an attempt to get it past the goal. Nobody was allowed to pick up the football, or to run with it in his hand. A fast runner and good kicker who could get the ball a little outside of the line of his antagonists could often make a great progress with it across the field before he was intercepted. It was allowable to trip up one of the other side by thrusting the foot before him. But touching an opponent with the hand would have been resented as an assault and insult. The best football players were, commonly, not the strongest men, but the swiftest runners.

The practice of hazing freshmen during the few weeks after their entering, was carried on sometimes under circumstances of a good deal of cruelty. One boy in my class was visited by a party of sophomores, treated with much indignity, and his feelings extremely outraged. He was attacked by a fever shortly afterward, of which he died. During his last hours, in his delirium, he was repeating the scenes of this visit to his room. His father thought that the indignity hastened his death. Another was taken out from his room in his night-clothes, tied in a chair, and left on the public common in the cold. It was a long time before he was discovered and rescued. A heavy cold and a fit of sickness were the consequence.

There was an entertaining custom of giving out what were called mock parts, when the real parts for the exhibitions or commencement were announced. They were read out from a second-story window to an assemblage of students in the yard, and after the real parts had been given some mock parts were read. Usually some peculiarity of the person to whom they were assigned was made the object of good-natured ridicule in the selection of the subject. For example, one boy, who was rather famous for smoking other fellows' cigars and never having any of his own, had assigned to him as a subject, "The Friendships of this Life all Smoke."

When the parts were assigned for commencement, which were given usually to

the first half of the class, there was a procession of what was called the Navy Club, and an assignment of honors which were in order of excellence the reverse of that observed in the regular parts. The Lord High Admiral was supposed to be the worst scholar in the class, if possible one who had been rusticated twice during the college course. The laziest man in the class was Rear Admiral. Then there was a Powder Monkey and a Coxswain, and other naval officers, who were generally famous for what used to be called demerits. The members of the class to whom parts were assigned were called "digs" and marched in the procession, each with a spade on his shoulder, the first scholar, who in our class was Child, as the "dig of digs," having a spade of huge dimensions. I believe James Russell Lowell was the Lord High Admiral in his class. The Rear Admiral in mine was borne about on a couch or litter, supported by four men, having another one marching by his side to carry his pipe, which he was supposed to be too lazy to put into his mouth or take out of his mouth himself. The procession had banners bearing various devices and went around to take leave of the president and the different professors, giving them cheers at their houses. President Everett, who was a serious-minded person, was much offended by the whole proceeding. He sent for some members of the class and remonstrated; told them he had been obliged to apologize to his English servant-girl for such an exhibition. I believe our class was the last one which performed this harmless and highly entertaining ceremony.

One of my classmates, afterward a worthy physician, was a tall man, older considerably than the rest of the class. He used to wear an old-fashioned blue, straight-bodied coat with brass buttons, buff vest, and nankeen pantaloons which were said to have come down as an heirloom in his family from a remote generation. He was addicted to rather a pompous style of speech. He was very fond of playing the bass-viol, of which he was by no means a very skilful master. He had, as a subject for his mock part, "The Base Violation of all Rules of Harmony." One Sunday evening he had a few friends

with him who were singing psalm tunes to the accompaniment of his bass-viol. They made a prodigious noise, not at all to the liking of the proctor who had the care of the discipline of that entry, which was in Holworthy. He went to the room from which the noise issued. It was locked and he had some difficulty in getting in. The assembled youths, instead of maintaining their places, betook themselves to hiding-places in the inner rooms. My classmate, however, stood his ground like a Roman, and told the officer that his room was his castle and that he had no right to come in. The matter was reported to the faculty and the musician sent for. Instead of submitting himself, however, he maintained very sturdily that the visit of the official to his room was an outrage which he ought not to be asked to endure. He made quite an oration to the faculty. Thereupon he was sentenced, more for his contumacy than for the original offence, to suspension from the college for two or three months. The class were very indignant and determined to manifest their indignation in a way that should be understood. They got a chariot with six white horses which drove up to his door in Holworthy at midday. Nearly the whole college assembled to see him off. He came out and took his seat in solitary state in the chariot. Some eight or ten of the class on horseback accompanied him as outriders. They drove into Boston to the front door of the Tremont House in great state. It was just at the time the Governor-General of Canada, I think Lord Elgin, was expected in Boston on a great occasion in the history of the city. The waiters and landlord at the Tremont House thought the English nobleman had arrived, and hurried down the steps to open the door and meet him. But he got out of his carriage with his carpet-bag in his hand and disappeared in a humble fashion round the corner. The faculty were very indignant and thought of disciplining severely the members of the class who had got up the burlesque, especially the outriders. Edward Everett then had under consideration the question whether he would accept the presidency of the college. It was thought that if a rebellion occurred then, it would decide

him against undertaking the responsibility. So they let the whole matter pass. The principal figure in this scene used to be rather a thorn in the flesh of Professor Channing. He used to insert very pompous and magniloquent sentences in his themes, much to Channing's disgust. One day Channing took up a theme and held it up and called out X. X came to the chair by the professor's side, and the professor read, in his shrill voice, "'The sable sons of Afric's burning coast.' You mean negroes, I suppose?" He admitted that he did, and the professor took his pen and drew a line over the sentence he had read and substituted the word "negroes" above the line, much to X's mortification.

The treatment of the students in general by the authorities and the college was stern, austere, and distant. The students, except such of them as had relatives in Cambridge, had little social intercourse with the families of the professors. The

professors did nothing to encourage familiarity, or even to encourage any request for help in the difficulties of study. Indeed a boy who did that fell into disfavor with his companions, and was called a fish.

But still, notwithstanding all I have said about the college as to the narrowness of its curriculum in those days and the want of a sympathetic guidance on the part of the instructors, somehow or other the debt of the pupil of those times to dear old Harvard is an incalculable debt. He was transformed and transfigured. The difference in the capacity of a college graduate to deal with any matter requiring intellectual power, and that of men who had not got that education, was marked and unmistakable. I do not know how to account for or to reason about it. But Alma Mater brought up her boys to be better boys and to be better men, to serve the state better in war and in peace, to be better citizens and better soldiers than could be found elsewhere.

THE VAIN SHADOW

[BEING AN EXCERPT FROM THE MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL OF
ARCHIBALD MUIR, CLERK OF THE HONOURABLE THE
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY AT NEPIGON HOUSE IN THE
YEAR OF OUR LORD 1815.]

By Duncan Campbell Scott

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY MCCARTER



Monday, January Ninth 1815.

OW that Murchison has gone daft or near it, nothing remains for me but to shut myself up within myself and resort to what resources I have in my own heart to eke out the days. The longing for a homely life and ordinary sweet converse with one's fellows must be put away, and I must, to keep my own brain sweet and sound, take an interest in the dead world about me.

The day has been a wild one. Last night I heard the wind begin in the trees; at first I thought it was Donald, who has a constant way of moving about at night,

speering out at the door, pacing to and fro in the darkness, and behaving generally in a manner calculated to set any well-ordered body thinking that he was tormented by an evil spirit or an evil conscience, which, I opine, is much the same thing. But it was not Murchison; he was asleep, as quiet as if he was dead, and I heard the wind give another stir back on the hill. The snow must have fallen from that on, and now all the marks and evidences of the landscape are gone, being concealed in the mass of the storm which blows everywhere.

There has been nothing to be done all day. If I had been so minded I could have added the columns of my ledger for

the fiftieth time, but every slight mark in the paper being now as familiar as every figure on the page I forbore. If Donald had been so minded I could have read another number of the *Glasgow Herald*, but if I even looked upon the desk in which he keeps it he began to growl and shift himself in his seat, or to glare up from the bunk where he was lying. Yesterday he called me "a puir feckless fule," but if I was fule enough to invent such a diabolical manner of reading the good papers full of news which come out to us in the packets I would "steik" my mouth, as he would say, about "fules." Here he has the good *Glasgow Herald*, mark you, a christian paper if ever there was one, and will not read it for to enjoy it as a christian should, by reading it day and night till all the copies are done and then reading it over and over to his heart's content. But, no, he says; "twice every week, on the Monday and Friday, we will have our paper, and so will pass the winter and have none of your daft performances," says he.

Last Friday I read the news of April Eighth, in the year of our Lord 1814, and I am compelled to await the pleasure of my master to read the news of April Eleventh. He will not let me have a look at the paper, and sits glowering into the fire or uprising like a man who has resolved to save his country, and then, dropping back into his chair as if he had no more life than a baby. O! if I had the great arrangements of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company I would make an alteration in the Nepigon House Post.

Donald was always a nervous sort of a body, and no more to be depended on than the wind; up and down with his temper and his tongue, but what started him off to-day? What Devil is riding him now? I was eating my brose this morning and I was watching him open the paper thinking to myself, maybe about noon you'll be finished with that. Well, he kept on reading without thinking at all of his bowl, and it was getting cold. He had his face close up to the window, for the light was little by reason of the storm and his eye was jumping about on the paper, but very quickly he seemed all turned to stone and stared like an ox hit with a poll axe. Then he gave a sort of groan and let his hand fall down and the paper rustled against his knees. His face turned all wan and pinched together, and a more dreeful figure I never saw. But he was all up

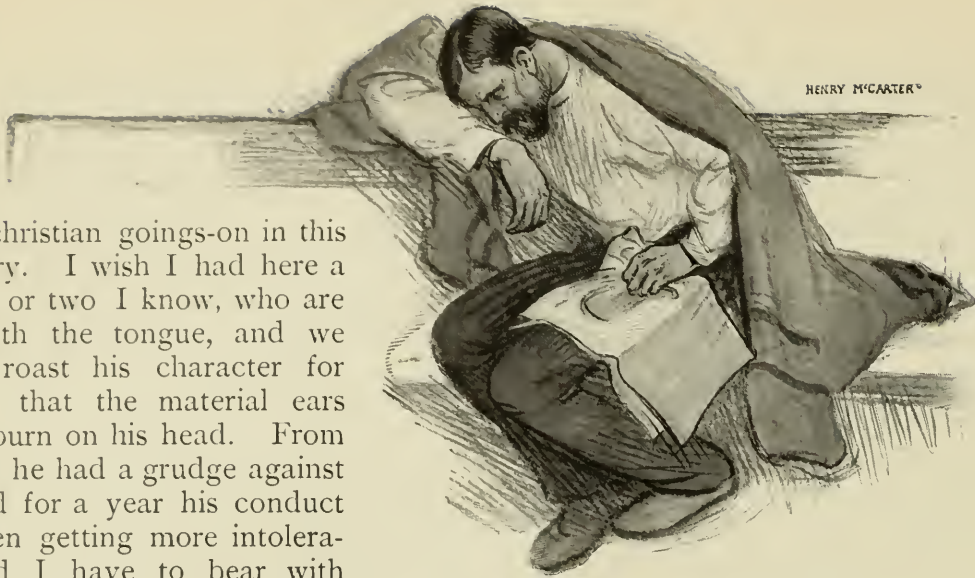
again in a minute, I saw he expected to meet my eye, but I was looking into my bowl. "Hoot!" he said, "young donkey, you'd be letting yon brose get as cold as a puddock and not askin' Alec to put them by the fire." With that he sat down, but never a mouthful did he eat.

I went over as if to take up the paper. "Houd," says he, "dinna touch it!" "Um!" says I, maybe in a mocking tone. "None o' your snash," says he, as sharp as a trap. I thought better to let it go at that, so I put a log on the fire and by and by up he gets, whips out his keys, unlocks his private box and just fairly puts the paper away.

So, in default of anything else to do, I must abuse him for



Speering out at the door.—Page 72.



A more dreeful figure I never saw.—Page 73.

his unchristian goings-on in this my diary. I wish I had here a woman or two I know, who are glib with the tongue, and we would roast his character for him so that the material ears would burn on his head. From the first he had a grudge against me, and for a year his conduct has been getting more intolerable and I have to bear with him and not be half so impudent as his action calls for. Now he has begun to provoke me by withholding the paper.

January Tenth.

Reading what I last wrote puts me out of conceit of myself for being so impatient with a poor body who maybe has more cause to be provoked with me than I have to be put about by him. It is almost a fearsome thing, when you consider it, to be here so many miles away from home in a land burdened with snow and deep cold, just the three of us—Donald, myself, and the boy. And for the past few months, as I look back, I realize we have not had a pleasant time of it. Donald has been that freakish there has been no living with him, and I have a temper of my own, and sometimes there is nothing left for the boy Alec to do but to go out with the dogs. We should be forbearing, and I pray God to make me lenient of Donald Murchison's faults.

I was sitting writing, with just enough light from the fire to see by, when Donald came in, stirring about in an uneasy way. "Muir," he says. I thought he was going to speak in the temper he had been in all day, so I went on writing. "Archie, boy," he says in his winning way, which when he puts on I would go the round of the world for him.

"What is it?" answered I, looking up.

"Have ye any breath in your body at all?"

"I have."

"Then why don't you blow it into the pipes?"

I was glad enough to do that, so I took

them out of my box and I played my best, and many of the things I knew he liked, but when I struck into "Braw, braw, lads" (which is his prime favorite for some reason unknown to me who always think it a scritch bit of a tune) he held up his hand, not vicious at all, but as not wanting me to go on, so I put them by. Then as he was in such a good humor I slipped away and got the boy Alec, and between us, while he sat looking into the fire and pulling at his beard, we made something savory and got it upon the table without burning or slopping. I was glad to see him eat with gusto, and as I looked upon him, as we had our faces over the table, I began to observe how he was all fallen away and shrunken to half his natural size.

It is strange that when a person has anything upon the mind he will not eat, but will go about as if the trouble was meat and drink to him. So it is with Murchison. He has always seemed to me a lonely body, never getting any letters from home, or speaking about his folk, a man without comfortable recollections, and that is a poor way to be in this land, where nothing happens but storms and the endeavor of the fur-trade.

I had a sort of pang for Donald as I saw him looking so wasted, and I vowed to be more patient with him. He did not speak much, and mostly to the boy, but after supper, as I put on fresh wood, he began to get restless and in a moment or two to glance at me and at his box. Then he went over and unlocked it and threw the newspaper

back over his shoulder at me. "There," he said, "tak' it," half crossly, like a child in a pout. I thanked him courteously, and read it over by the fire-light. He sat and watched me for some reason or other, as if he were ready to pounce on me, but I bore him out and in not more than an hour he went off to his bed, when I finished my paper in peace.

This morning he was up early, dancing

the day before, though it was nearly a year old.

"I did; the man called Farquharson?"

"Aye! it set me to groping back in my mind, and I seem to win back the affair."

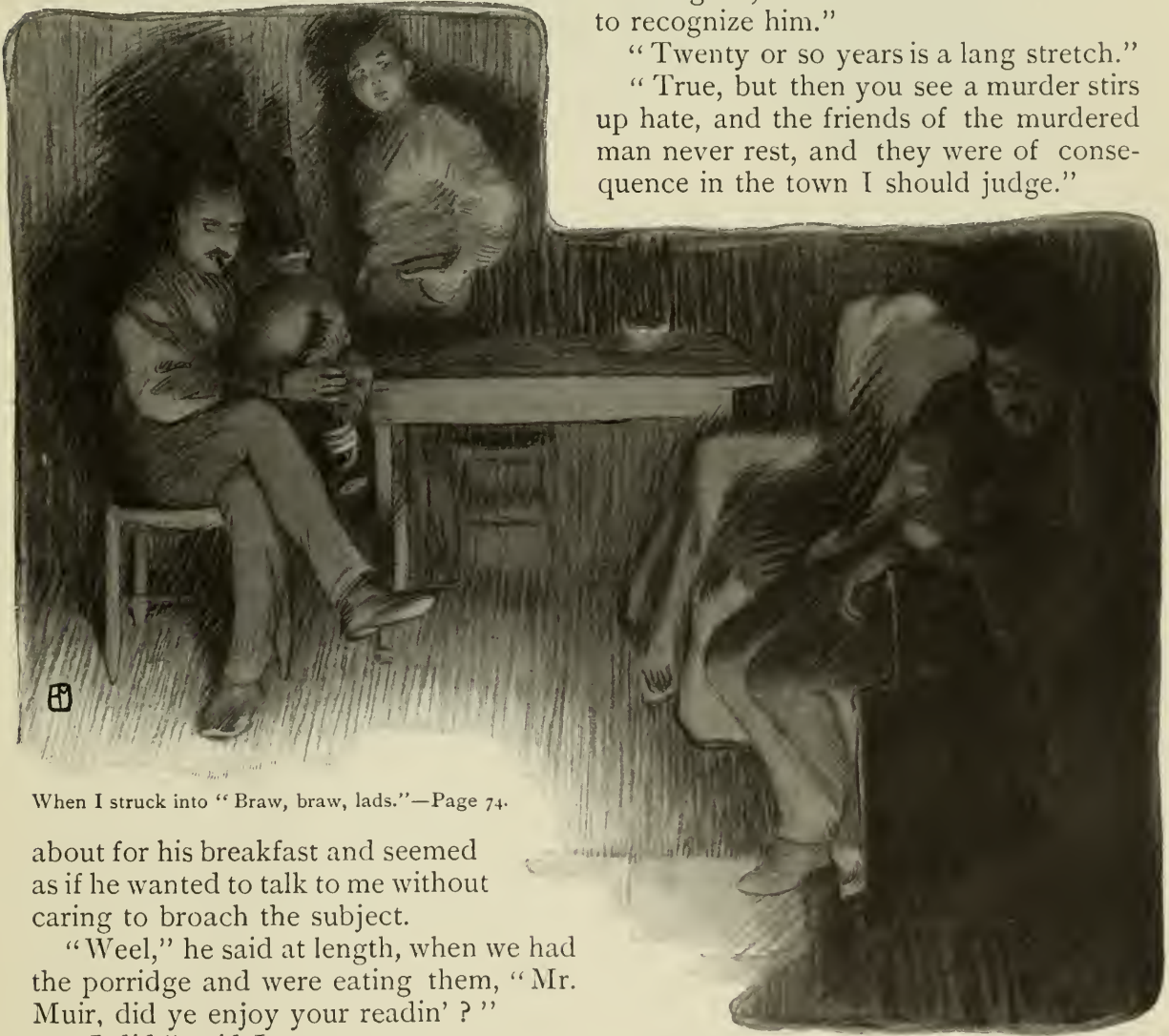
"I did not see when they arrested him."

"I did," he remarked, "it was a good many months back; they would have been collecting the evidence against him."

"This fellow was sheer daft to go back to Glasgow; of course someone was sure to recognize him."

"Twenty or so years is a lang stretch."

"True, but then you see a murder stirs up hate, and the friends of the murdered man never rest, and they were of consequence in the town I should judge."



When I struck into "Braw, braw, lads."—Page 74.

about for his breakfast and seemed as if he wanted to talk to me without caring to broach the subject.

"Weel," he said at length, when we had the porridge and were eating them, "Mr. Muir, did ye enjoy your readin'?"

"I did," said I.

"It's a bonny journal, yon *Herald*; ye said ye were never in Glasga?"

"No," I answered, for the hundredth time.

"Puir body. I ken it weel, though I han'na been there for close twenty-five year."

"There must be changes in the town."

"Aye, more's the pity. Now did ye happen to observe in yesterday's paper the trial for a murder?" We commonly talked the news over as if it was fresh of

"They were that," said he.

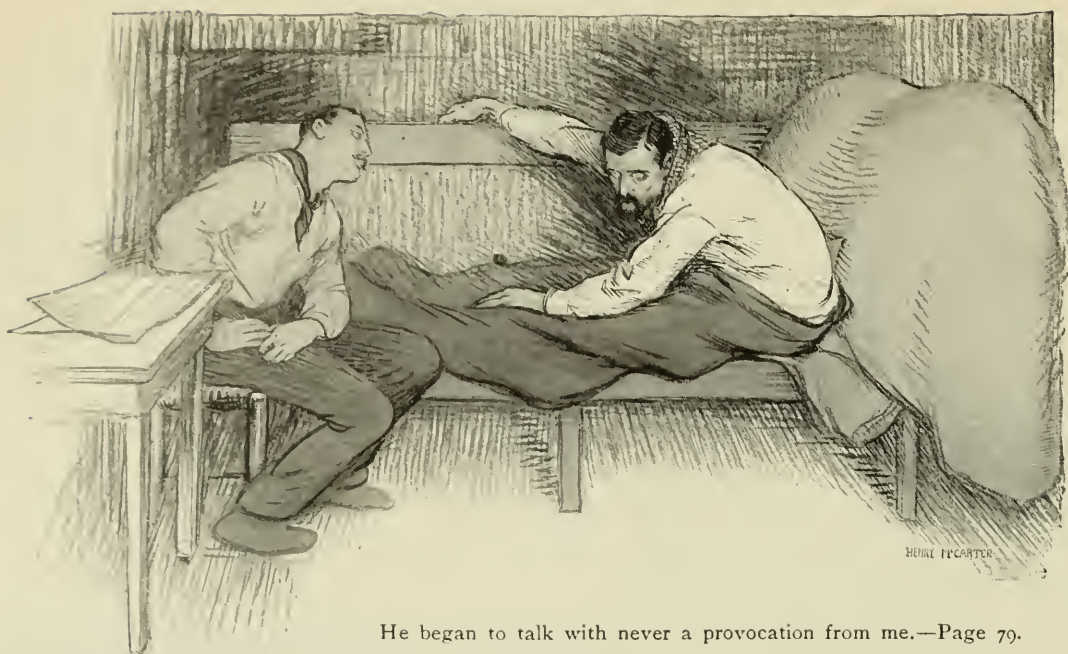
"Well, he's properly hanged by this time," I said, thoughtlessly.

"Bah!" he cried, "canna ye steik your mouth. How can ye tell aught about that. If there's onything I abhor, it's a lad o' your size with a loose lip."

That thoughtless word of mine put him in a bad humor all the rest of the day.

Friday January Thirteenth.

This afternoon, after the storm, I went



He began to talk with never a provocation from me.—Page 79.

off to dig out some traps I had set on Jack Fish Island. In one I found a silver fox. The sight of it made Donald smile when I brought it in. It is dancing cold after the storm. About an hour after I brought in the fox he threw me over the paper. "There's naething in it about the trial," he said.

"What trial?"

"Farquharson's."

I could see he was angry again with me for having forgotten, and I could see also that he was for some reason or other interested in the trial more than ordinary. He growled in his beard a good deal and would not eat anything, and how he can keep the strength in him is more than I can understand.

January Fourteenth.

Yesterday Donald decided, in a great fuss and hurry, that he would go to Negodina, and away we went with the dogs. It was a beautiful morning, the snow all sparkling in the sun and no wind to disturb the lightest of the crystals. I was enjoying the exhilarating motion on my snowshoes and the sound of my voice in the clear air calling to the dogs. We had barely gone five miles when Donald tumbled over in the snow and could not get up. "This is what comes of eating no breakfast," I said, "and trying to walk a matter of twenty-five miles on a glass of grog." He looked at me pitifully out of the weariness of his eyes and said nothing. That is the thing I do not understand about the man,

if I get the first word at him he will not so much as answer me back, but if he begins to rate me he will bluster me down if it takes all day.

When I got him back to the Post he was cold, and with some hot broth I got the warmth into him, stretching him on the bench before the fire with his rabbit-skin robe well over him. Now I began to remember, what with petulance I had overlooked, that for a long time he had not eaten enough to keep life in a bird, and had been drinking his allowance. Now sympathy opened my eyes and I saw he had no flesh and no strength.

Toward evening he said, in his best winning voice, "Read us the paper, lad-die." So I read yesterday's paper through, and several times I thought he had gone to sleep, but when I had finished he said, with a weary sigh, "There's no word about the trial." "Not a word," I answered. A few moments later he fell asleep, and as I am writing he still sleeps.

The Sabbath, January Fifteenth.

Donald is not much better to-day. Last night I heard him astir and rising myself I saw him with a candle groping over old papers in the box, but did not disturb him and warn him back to bed as I should have done, for fear of his displeasure.

Wednesday January Eighteenth.

There has been nothing worthy to write about until to-day. Donald lay all day

yesterday and spoke seldom, and that crossly when he did speak and cuffed at Alec with his blanket, which is a thing I never saw him do before. He would do everything for himself and would read the paper and Mr. James Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," but flung the book away, calling the writer "a doited body!" "a claverin' Idiot!"

But to-day he is up and about as blithe as a bird, and nothing that will account for it but some notes about this trial; but why the probability of a guilty man being hanged through lack of evidence should make anybody joyful is to me inexplicable. But he goes about whistling, "Braw, braw lads," and snapping his fingers, and once when he was working at the parchment in the window he broke out with a laugh and a quoting out of the newspaper "Insufficiency of evidence." But the laugh sounded hollow.

"You think they won't hang this Farquharson?"

"Na! man; they'd be clean daft to hang the body on any evidence they can find," and he chuckled over the words.

"You seem glad," I remarked.

"Aye!" he said, dryly.

"They may hang him yet," I said.

"You are supposing he's the right man."

"He has been identified."

"Aye!" said he, chuckling again.

What sense is there in this, says I to myself. He clearly wants Farquharson to get free. But, to tell truth I am of that mind also, for the poor body denies so hotly that he is Farquharson. But at the same time he will not say who he is in truth, or where he came from, and he has against his word all these rich and powerful personages who swear that he is Farquharson, and so, unless he can open his mouth and find him some friends, it will go hardly with him.

In the evening we brewed punch and we had too much of it and, God forgive me, I do not remember what happened, but this morning Alec's ear, that was above his blanket, was bitten by the frost, as the fire had gone out.

January Twenty-fourth.

I have been so busy with Donald that I have had no time to write in this Journal,

VOL. XXVIII.—10

and now there is nothing to write about, saving him and his vagaries about this trial, which is like a maggot in his brain. From the news that we read regularly it would appear that the evidence is much against Farquharson, though it provokes me to think that he is long ago cold in his grave, or alive and free somewhere, while we are bothering our brains about him here for no good reason, so far as I can see. When I was a bairn at home, when my poor mother used to read aloud to us, we would cry out if she read on with her eye and remained silent in the enthralling parts of the story. But dearly would I love to read on now. A flip or two of these old papers and I would end all this suspense, but Donald will not hear to it.

There is no keeping his mind from off the topic, and unless I can divert him he will be mad with it. Last night he came to me about midnight and shook me awake. He held the light in his hand and his face was resolute. I saw he was dressed for the road and had his dog-whip in his hand.

"Muir," he said, "I leave you in charge of the Post. I'm awa'."

"Whereto?" I asked, half asleep.

"To Glasga." It made my bones crumble to hear him

"Glasgow, man! Do you know we're in the Nepigon, a thousand and a thousand and a thousand miles from Glasgow, and as good as a year's travel."

"I'm going," he said, "be you good to Alec."

I saw he was fixed, so, to gain time, I humored him.

"If you are going," I said, "I have a bit of a parcel I'd like you to take to my mother."

"Aye," said he, "that I will do gladly; wrap it up, and be quick about it." I took the light from him and went to my box. As I stooped over it I said:

"Are you going to attend Farquharson's trial?"

"I am."

"You forget that what we were reading is a matter of a year old." It was cruel hard to say it. He pondered it; then he let the whip drop, threw up both his hands and reeled down on my bed. After awhile he let me take off his capot and moccasins. Then he began to cry

like a little boy. "You're good to me, Archie, lad ; you're good to me."

"Man !" I said, "you're all unnerved."

"I got to thinking o'er much, and I thought if either Mary or me could reach there we might save him."

"You had best talk to me about it," I said, "and not kill yourself with thinking. You don't eat your food, Donald, man, and there's nothing so destroying as this furious thinking on an empty stomach."

"I think you're right ; you're a sensible laddie. It maybe would be a good plan."

I built up the fire and after a little while I had the satisfaction of seeing him drop off into a sound and peaceful sleep.

Wednesday January Twenty-fifth.

I am so careful now in watching Donald and nursing him and humoring him that I have not time each day to write in this diary. I have tried to act upon the suggestion I made the other night, and have him talk to me about what is in his mind regarding this Farquharson trial with but small success. I deliberately tried him with a question the other morning when he seemed reasonable and coherent.

"You spoke of a Mary the other night ?"

"Tut !" he replied, "ye impudent young rascal, what is that to you that I spoke of ?"

I was moved to answer him back sharply, but I forbore for that time.

The last journal that we read about the trial said that the evidence was all in, and he was that restless and captious nothing would suit him. We had a quarrel this morning over the small matter of a clean shirt I wanted to put upon him. But he would have none of my help and ordered me away, as if he had been a prince and I a scullion. "I'll have none of your paltering and officious interference," he says, "de ye think I can no put on my own shirt. Tak' yersel off !" But so weak was he that he had sore work with it and had in the end to ask Alec to do the throat buttons for him.

The only food he will take now is a little broth made from the breasts of the geese we have put down last fall. I make it savory and heat it myself and keep Alec's finger out of the pot, so that nothing is

burnt or ill-flavored. To-day, when he was supping something, he said :

"They think they have the right man and are keeping her out of the way."

"Who ?"

"Miss Mary Fraser."

"O !" said I, "she wouldn't be a good witness if he were the right man, eh ?"

"Never !" he says.

"Well, that's odd that a woman would not see justice done."

"They're bound to hang him," he said, grimly, "and they couldn't if she were about. If it was Farquharson there, before her, she'd say it was no him and give him a chance for his life, or I never knew her."

Friday January Twenty-seventh.

Hugh Farquharson is found guilty, and is to be hanged on the Thirtieth of June, Eighteen and Fourteen.

January Thirtieth.

I have had a mighty trial with Donald, and have been through deep waters with him, but now I think he will be gradually getting better if I can keep his mind off the hanging matter. After I read out the last news to him he became like stone, oblivious, as it seemed to me, of his surroundings. Seeing him so quiet I went about my work with an easy mind, and on Thursday evening I said to myself, I will play him a little on the pipes. But the drones had hardly taken the breath when he was upon me, and he abused me so soundly and so well that my tongue could make no answer. There was somewhat droll about it and tragical at the same time. There was not much flame to the fire and very little light in the room, and out of the gloom of the corner where his bunk is I could see him flourish his blanket as his voice descended upon me.

It is strange that a thing he esteems so greatly as the pipes should have set him into this humor. I recollect many evenings during the summer that I would play, walking up and down the green in front of the door. When the echo from the chanter would come clamoring back from the hill on the island he would say to me, his face all beaming with satisfaction, "Do ye hear that, Archie boy ? It sounds like a lot o' tykes yowlin' over

there." To what a pass he has brought himself when he cannot abide the sound of the pipes, and them in the same room with him !

Wednesday February First.

A wild storm yesterday. I visited the traps at Jack Fish Island. Ogemah-gah-bow came in from Negodina and says the rabbits are scarce. I gave him a bag of flour and a small keg of rum. Donald is quiet, but no better.

February Fourth.

To-day has been one of misfortune. The boy, Alec, began this morning by burning the porridge, and they were vile. Then one of the windows blew in with the storm and the fire got out of the hearth. Then when the fish was ready for supper the boy stumbled with it and fell along the floor. Donald was moved to laughter and roared like a bull-moose. It was droll, the figure of Alec sprawling, trying to save himself and the supper at the same time. His felt cap, that he persists in wearing in the house, sprang off his head and went into the fire, where it was finely singed. It was good to hear Donald laugh after so many days of silence. But it had an untoward effect upon him for in a few minutes his flesh was wringing with sweat and cold at that. The man was crazy, that he would not allow me to help him out of his shirt.

I have some decent pleasure now in reading the *Herald*, although Donald's eye is fearsome at times and glares, as if he expected to see the real execution in it. If he would but let me go forward a few months and see how the matter was ended !

The Sabbath, February Fifth.

The fit of laughter that Donald had yesterday at supper-time seems to have cleared the air, and to-day he is quite sunny with that uncommon winning way he has which when he adopts it makes him the best companion in the world, even for me who am maybe half as old. After dinner I had him propped up on the bench before the fire, his wool bonnet on his head, his rabbit-skin robe across his knees, when he began to talk with never a provocation from me, which I will write down to the best of my recollection, using his very words when I can recall them.

That Mary Fraser was a bonnie lass ; ye

mind I used to live in Glasga ; a bonnie, bonnie lass. I was a young thing then in her father's counting-house, a matter of twenty or twenty-two, and she was maybe eighteen or twenty, maybe, they gar their ages weel the lassies. I had a great comrade in those days, he was over the self-same desk, Hugh Farquharson by name. Aye ! Ye start ; I knew the lad weel. He was a sort of cousin to Mary Fraser, ye ken ; his mother and her father were second cousins, close enough in Scotland. Weel he was a rantin' bit of a boy. Ye remind me of him some, ye have the same up-and-down capricious temper and a good deal of the same sort of nonsense about ye. That maybe makes me tolerate ye.

Weel old Hugh Fraser used to ask him out to the house occasionally to have a bit and sup, and sometimes Miss Mary would run in to vex her father at the office, and so they met at whiles. There was anither lad who lived at the big house who was not as much relation as was Hugh. Old Fraser was good to his relatives and his only chick and child was Miss Mary. Weel, this fellow's name was Purvis. Aye ! ye start : I'm telling you how it happened. A mean, hang-dog, pale-eyed puppy he was ; but there he was in the house, mind ye, and he was older than us boys ; looking back I weel realize we were naething but boys. What old Fraser could see in this disjasket, speldering nobody I could never make out, but nevertheless he was as much bound to match him with Miss Mary as the idiot was himself.

I didn't much wonder at Hugh falling in love with Miss Mary, she was that cantie, with her bonnie red hair, and her blue eyen, and her arms and waist as round as a ring. And perhaps ye could na blame her for loving the lad, but I was never the judge of beauty in a man. He was as strong as steel and as straight as a rush, that I will say. Well, he told me about it, for we were on open terms.

"Tak' care what ye do," said I, "and just keep your eye on Mr. Purvis."

"Why ?" said he.

"Because he's just the very deevil !"

"Pooh !" answered he, "I could crush him with my thumb."

"Ye could that," said I, "but he has a deal of low cunning in that head of his,

and ye run counter to his plans, for he wants Miss Mary for himself." I thought Hugh would choke when I said that.

Well, for a whole winter they went on with their love nonsense, and nobody observed them. For to be sure they hadn't o'er much of a chance for it. At kirk it was a mere feasting of the eye; and otherwhiles a bit of a note exchanged or a lock of hair as like as not; or a word that meant more than it sounded when some dull body's back was turned. Hugh got a sailor in port to tattoo on his breast, over his heart, a true lover's knot, with the initials above and below: M. F., that was Mary Fraser, and H. F., that was Hugh Farquharson, and like as not he told her of his foolishness.

I don't know that there was any end to the secret lover's nonsense they carried on, and when it came spring they used to meet in the evenings. There was a little old garden door in the wall, fairly smothered up in ivy, and when Miss Mary could slip away from her women folk she would come out and talk to Hugh under a thorn-tree, where he had piled a heap of stones for a seat, and I have no manner of doubt but that the burn looked fine to them as it went by in the star-light.

One night as I was reading in my room Hugh came on tiptoe in to me, his face ghostly white.

"I've killed him!" he whispered.

"Purvis?" I asked, under my breath.

"Yes," said he.

Then he put his mouth up to my ear and whispered me the story. It appears they were cuddled up there in the moonlight in Hughie's plaidie, when Purvis came through the gate and found them. Instead of talking to Hugh like a man, he began to abuse Miss Mary, and in the midst of his gab he called her a vile name. It was hardly out of his mouth when Hugh was upon him. Miss Mary, frightened half to death, ran into the garden, as Hugh told her.

"I've killed him," he said, "and I was very quick with him."

"Well!" said I, "let us go and see." Even then I had made up my mind what to do, and I took a bit of a rope with me. We scurried along in the moonlight and when we found him he was dead, stone dead.

"What maun I do now?" asked Hugh, shocked out of his senses.

"You'll do just as I tell you."

So we tied him up with stones and sunk him in a deep pool of the burn. "Now," I said, "the Quebec [she was one of Fraser's ships] weighs anchor to-morrow morning. You go aboard to-night, get McTavish [he was second mate and a chum of ours] to hide you until you are three days out, and goodbye to this part of the world." It was the only thing for him to do. Old Fraser would have hunted him if he had but laid a finger on that booby, for he was a fine hater, and here he had killed him outright, ye see, in the middle of his temper, without ever being able to tell afterward how he had done it. After a while I slipped away myself, for it was sort of uncomfortable after the affair got about, and I had a power of questions asked me, some of which I did not care to answer.

Monday February Sixth.

It was too long a story for Donald to tell, and he has been weaker since and looks woefully bad. When he was listening to the paper to-day which I was reading to him he said, suddenly interrupting me:

"I told ye that story that ye might tell Mary Fraser if anything happens to me that I would have gone to Glasga and saved the man if I could ha' done it."

"If the man is Farquharson how then could you have saved him?" asked I, impudently.

"You will tell her that, Archie, like a dear lad?"

"I will," I replied.

"And tell her too that I knew that if she could have got there and saved him she would have done that. Ye ken she might be away travelling in foreign parts, or they might keep the word of the trial away from her, as they do sometimes from women folk."

"Yes, I'll tell her that."

"That's considerate of you, ye ken I knew them both weel. Ye seem to understand that it is the woofullest of all the fates to have your mind in one spot o' earth and your dull dead body in anither, not to be able to reach folk when they need ye sore, and to feel your soul destroy your body like the wick burns up the candle."

Saturday February Eleventh

Yesterday when I took up the new paper to read to Donald I had a surprise : it was dated June Twenty-fourth, and the last one I had read was dated May Ninth.

He saw there was something wrong, so he said, "What is it Archie, man?" I had to tell him; and search high or low I could make nothing of it, six weeks of the papers were missing. "Guid God!" he cried, "do ye ken what this means. Six weeks gone out o' life, and all for the sake of some doited clerk body who doesn't know what is life in these outland parts." I could not get him quiefed and in truth I was well put about myself. But search was useless, a whole package of the paper had gone astray. "Just think of it!" he kept murmuring to himself, "six weeks of those bonnie Glasga *Heralds*."

"Well, we can go on with the others and try not to remember it."

"I'm no so sure o' that." Then he said, in a low, musing voice, "If we did that they'd be hangin' him next week."

The loss of those twelve papers is a wretched business when you come to consider it. It is not as if you could turn your money in your pocket and have them again. To-day I heard Donald talking to Alec; he thought I was out feeding the dogs. It was pitiful to hear his apologetic tone with the boy whom he had been sharp with a moment before.

"Ye maun na mind me lad, I'm just a bit gyte. Ye ken I've lost six weeks o' my life in those *Heralds* that may be in the bottom of the deep, but which are



She would come out and talk to Hugh.—Page 80.

missent mostlike by some idiot clerk in the office. Man, but it's waeful. Ye see Archie Muir and me were expecting something in the journal about six weeks from now, and I canna let him read on, and there's no way of leading up to it. What'll happen to me before then God kens. Mind ye never make mistakes in your work, laddie, they're sometimes worse than real wickedness."

The Sabbath, February Twelfth

Donald called me about four o'clock this morning. "Archie, man, I'm a bit cold! will you give me a drink?" I had Alec up in a twinkling, and in a moment we had some hot grog. He sipped a little of it. His hands were very cold. "Go," he says, "Archie, lad, to my box, you'll find a little packet in the corner of the top." He shut it up in his hands. Then he sank back and sighed. It came over me how I had often been angry and fought him. Poor Alec did not understand, and cowered up trembling against me.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Death," I answered.

"Do people die so easily?" he asked.

"Sometimes," I answered.

"I thought it was sleep," he whispered.

"So it is," I said.

Monday February Thirteenth

I have made everything right for poor Donald. We have cleared the snow from the house where we winter the canoes and have opened the door. It is the best place we have for him. On Wednesday morning we will put his body into his own canoe, out of which I have cut the bars, and we will put him there at rest until I can dig a decent grave for him in the spring-time.

I have blamed myself much to-day for not noticing that he was so low. I have been thinking that he might have wished to say something at the last, and I would have liked to have asked him to forgive me if I had been unmannerly and hard to live with. But it is all over now, and he lies there on the bier that we have made him out of the only two planks we have in the Post, with his hands clasped over the little package he had me bring him from his box. The boy will not believe

he is dead. Twice he has come to me with the word, "I'm certain I saw him move, Mr. Muir."

Tuesday February Fourteenth

It is late at night now. I got wrought upon by waiting and thinking what I should do now I have charge of the Post. I remembered that I had promised to write to Miss Mary Fraser. Then I thought I would know if they hanged that poor body Farquharson; so I glanced at the *Heralds*.

I found what I looked for, but not what I expected. They had not hanged him, for he was not Farquharson. Miss Mary Fraser, who seems to have been kept away, as I read it, proved that beyond peradventure. He had not the marks over his heart of which she had been told. Then the poor fool was heartened to tell who he really was, and that he was a deserter from the army lately in Spain, which fact had closed his mouth. His uncommon and unfortunate resemblance to Farquharson had nearly cost him his life. Oh! I thought as I looked down upon Donald, lying there so still and solemn. Oh! if you could only have known. Then I remembered that I would write it all to Mary Fraser. Upon that a thought came into my head that made my voice tremble as I said to Alec, "Hold the light, boy."

"What may be the matter, sir?" He held the light high over the quiet form on the bier. I turned back the coat and the shirt.

Over his heart were the initials M F and H F above, and below a true-lover's knot.

"Is that all?" said Alec; his voice wavered.

"Aye, that is all."



TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ATTEMPT TO CARRY ELSPETH BY NUMBERS



HAT was one of Grizel's beautiful days, but there were others to follow, as sweet, if not so exciting; she could travel back, through the long length of them, without coming once to a moment when she had held her breath in sudden fear, and this was so delicious that she sometimes thought these were the best days of all.

Of course she had little anxieties, but they were nearly all about David. He was often at Aaron's house now, and what exercised her was this, that she could not be certain that he was approaching Elspeth in the right way. The masterful Grizel seemed to have come to life again, for evidently she was convinced that she alone knew the right way.

"Oh, David, I would not have said that to her!" she told him, when he reported progress; and now she would warn him, "You are too humble," and again, "You were over-bold." The doctor, to his bewilderment, frequently discovered, on laying results before her, that what he had looked upon as encouraging signs were really bad, and that, on the other hand, he had often left the cottage disconsolately when he ought to have been strutting. The issue was, that he lost all faith in his own judgment, and if Grizel said that he was getting on well his face became foolishly triumphant, but if she frowned, it cried, "All is over!"

Of the proposal Tommy did not know; it seemed to her that she had no right to tell even him of that, but the rest she did tell him; that David, by his own confession, was in love with Elspeth, and so pleased was Tommy that his delight made another day for her to cherish.

So now, everything depended on Elspeth. "Oh, if she only would!" Grizel cried, and for her sake Tommy tried to look bright, but his head shook in spite of him.

"Do you mean that we should discourage David?" she asked, dolefully, but he said no, to that.

"I was afraid," she confessed, "that as you are so hopeless, you might think it your duty to discourage him, so as to save him the pain of a refusal."

"Not at all," Tommy said, with some hastiness.

"Then you do really have a tiny bit of hope?"

"While there is life there is hope," he answered.

She said, "I have been thinking it over, for it is so important to us, and I see various ways in which you could help David, if you would."

"What would I not do, Grizel! You have only to name them."

"Well, for instance, you might show her that you have a very high opinion of him."

"Agreed. But she knows that already."

"Then, David is an only child. Don't you think you could say that men who have never had a sister are peculiarly gentle and considerate to women?"

"Oh, Grizel! But I think I can say that."

"And—and that having been so long accustomed to doing everything for themselves, they don't need managing wives as men brought up among women need them."

"Yes, but how cunning you are, Grizel! Who would have believed it!"

"And then—" she hesitated.

"Go on. I see by your manner that this is to be a big one."

"It would be such a help," she said, eagerly, "if you could be just a little less attentive to her. I know you do ever so



Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

They told Aaron something.—Page 92.

much of the housework because she is not fond of it, and if she has a headache you sit with her all day, and you beg her to play and sing to you, though you really dislike music. Oh, there are scores of things you do for her, and if you were to do them a little less willingly, in such a way as to show her that they interrupt your work and are a slight trial to you, I—I am sure that would help ! ”

“ She would see through me, Grizel. Elspeth is sharper than you think her. ”

“ Not if you did it very skilfully. ”

“ Then she would believe I had grown cold to her, and it would break her heart. ”

“ One of your failings, ” replied Grizel, giving him her hand for a moment, as recompense for what she was about to say, “ is that you think women’s hearts break so easily. If at the slightest sign that she notices any change in you, you think her heart is breaking and seize her in your arms, crying, ‘ Elspeth, dear little Elspeth— ’ and that is what your first impulse would be—— ”

“ How well you know me, Grizel ! ” groaned Sentimental Tommy.

“ If that would be the result, ” she went on, “ better not do it at all. But if you were to restrain yourself, then she could not but reflect that many of the things you did for her with a sigh, David did for pleasure, and she would compare him and you—— ”

“ To my disadvantage ! ” Tommy exclaimed, with sad incredulity. “ Do you really think she could, Grizel ? ”

“ Give her the chance, ” Grizel continued, “ and if you find it hard, you must remember that what you are doing is for her good. ”

“ And for ours, ” Tommy cried, fervently. Every promise he made her at this time he fulfilled and more ; he was hopeless, but all a man could do to make Elspeth love David he did.

The Doctor was quite unaware of it. “ Fortunately her brother had a headache yesterday and was lying down, ” he told Grizel, with calm brutality, “ so I saw her alone for a few minutes. ”

“ The fibs I have to invent ” said Tommy, to the same confidant, “ to get myself out of their way ! ”

“ Luckily he does not care for music, ” David said, “ so when she is at the piano

he sometimes remains in the kitchen talking to Aaron. ”

Tommy and Aaron left together ! Tommy described those scenes with much good-humor. “ I was amazed, at first, ” he said to Grizel, “ to find Aaron determinedly enduring me, but now I understand. He wants what we want. He says not a word about it, but he is watching those two courting, like a born match-maker. Aaron has several reasons for hoping that Elspeth will get our friend (as he would express it), one, that this would keep her in Thrums ; another, that to be the wife of a doctor is second only in worldly grandeur to marrying the manse ; and thirdly and lastly, because he is convinced that it would be such a staggerer to me. For he thinks I have not a notion of what is going on, and that, if I had, I would whisk her away to London. ”

He gave Grizel the most graphic, solemn pictures of those evenings in the cottage. “ Conceive the four of us, gathered round the kitchen fire, three men and a maid ; the three men yearning to know what is in the maid’s mind, and each concealing his anxiety from the others. Elspeth gives the doctor a look, which may mean much or nothing, and he glares at me as if I were in the way, and I glance at Aaron, and he is on tenterhooks lest I have noticed anything. Next minute, perhaps, David gives utterance to a plaintive sigh, and Aaron and I pounce upon Elspeth (with our eyes) to observe its effect on her, and Elspeth wonders why Aaron is staring, and he looks apprehensively at me, and I am gazing absent-mindedly at the fender. ”

“ You may smile, Grizel, ” Tommy would say, “ and now that I think of it, I can smile myself, but we are an eerie quartette at the time. When the strain becomes unendurable, one of us rises and mends the fire with his foot, and then I think the rest of us could say, thank you. We talk desperately for a little after that, but soon again the awful pall creeps down. ”

“ If I were there, ” cried Grizel, “ I would not have the parlor standing empty all this time. ”

“ We are coming to the parlor, ” Tommy replies, impressively. “ The parlor, Grizel, now begins to stir. Elspeth has disappeared from the kitchen, we three

men know not whither: we did not notice her go; we don't even observe that she has gone. We are too busy looking at the fire. By and by the tremulous tinkling of an aged piano reaches us from an adjoining chamber, and Aaron looks at me through his fingers, and I take a lightning glance at Mr. David, and he uncrosses his legs, and rises and sits down again. Aaron, in the most unconcerned way, proceeds to cut tobacco and rub it between his fingers, and I stretch out my legs and contemplate them with passionate approval. While we are thus occupied David has risen, and he is so thoroughly at his ease that he has begun to hum. He strolls round the kitchen, looking with sudden interest at the mantel-piece ornaments; he reads, for the hundredth time, the sampler on the wall; next the clock engages his attention; it is ticking, and that seems to impress him as novel and curious; by this time he has reached the door, it opens to his touch, and in a fit of abstraction he leaves the room."

"You don't follow him into the parlor?" asks Grizel, anxiously.

"Follow whom?" Tommy replies, severely. "I don't even know that he has gone to the parlor; now that I think of it, I have not even noticed that he has left the kitchen. Nor has Aaron noticed it. Aaron and I are not in a condition to notice such things; we are conscious only that at last we have the opportunity for the quiet social chat we so much enjoy in each other's company. That, at least, is Aaron's way of looking at it, and he keeps me there with talk of the most varied and absorbing character, one topic down, another up; when very hard put to it he even questions me about my next book, as if he would like to read the proof-sheets, and when I seem to be listening, a little restively, for sounds from the parlor (the piano has stopped), he has the face of one who would bar the door rather than lose my society. Aaron appreciates me at my true value at last, Grizel. I had begun almost to despair of ever bringing him under my charm."

"I should be very angry with you," Grizel said, warningly, "if I thought you teased the poor old man."

"Tease him! The consideration I show that poor old man, Grizel, while all

the time I know he is plotting to diddle me! You should see me, when it is he who is fidgeting to know why the piano has stopped. He stretches his head to listen, and does something to his ear that sends it another inch nearer the door; he chuckles and groans on the sly, and I—I notice nothing. Oh, he is becoming quite fond of me. He thinks me an idiot."

"Why not tell him that you want it as much as he?"

"He would not believe me. Aaron is firmly convinced that I am too jealous of Elspeth's affection to give away a thimbleful of it. He blames me for preventing her caring much even for him."

"At any rate," said Grizel, "he is on our side, and it is because he sees it would be so much the best thing for her."

"And at the same time such a shock to me. That poor old man, Grizel! I have seen him rubbing his hands together with glee, and looking quite leery as he thought of what was coming to me."

But Grizel could not laugh now. When Tommy saw so well through Aaron and David, through everyone he came in contact with, indeed, what hope could there be that he was deceived in Elspeth?

"And yet she knows what takes him there, she must know it," she cried.

"A woman," Tommy said, "is never sure that a man is in love with her, until he proposes. She may fancy—but it is never safe to fancy, as so many have discovered."

"She has no right," declared Grizel, "to wait until she is sure, if she does not care for him. If she fears that he is falling in love with her, she knows how to discourage him; there are surely a hundred easy kind ways of doing that."

"Fears he is falling in love with her!" Tommy repeated. "Is any woman ever afraid of that?"

He really bewildered her. "No woman would like it;" Grizel answered promptly for them all, because she would not have liked it. "She must see that it would result only in pain to him."

"Still——" said Tommy.

"Oh, but how dense you are," she said, in surprise. "Don't you understand that she would stop him, though it were for no better reasons than selfish ones. Consider her shame if, in thinking it over afterward,

she saw that she might have stopped him sooner ! Why," she cried, with a sudden smile, "it is in your book ! You say ' Every maiden carries secretly in her heart an idea of love so pure and sacred that, if by any act she is once false to that conception, her punishment is that she never dares to look at it again.' And this is one of the acts you mean."

"I had not thought of it, though," he said, humbly. He was never prouder of Grizel than at that moment. "If Elspeth's outlook," he went on, "is different——"

"It can't be different."

"If it is, the fault is mine ; yes, though I wrote the passage that you interpret so nobly, Grizel. Shall I tell you," he said, gently, "what I believe is Elspeth's outlook exactly, just now? She knows that the doctor is attracted by her, and it gives her little thrills of exultation, but that it can be love—she puts that question in such a low voice, as if to prevent herself hearing it. And yet she listens, Grizel, like one who would like to know ! Elspeth is pitifully distrustful of anyone's really loving her, and she will never admit to herself that he does until he tells her."

"And then?"

Tommy had to droop his head.

"I see you have still no hope!" she said.

"It would be so easy to pretend I have," he replied, with longing, "in order to cheer you for the moment. Oh, it would even be easy to me to deceive myself, but should I do it?"

"No, no," she said, "anything but that, I can bear anything but that," and she shuddered. "But we seem to be treating David cruelly."

"I don't think so," he assured her. "Men like to have these things to look back to. But if you want it, Grizel, I have to say only a word to Elspeth to bring it to an end. She is as tender as she is innocent and—but it would be a hard task to me," he admitted, his heart suddenly going out to Elspeth; he had never deprived her of any gratification before. "Still, I am willing to do it."

"No," Grizel cried, restraining him with her hand, "I am a coward, I suppose, but I can't help wanting to hope for a little longer, and David won't grudge it to me."

It was but a very little longer that they had to wait. Tommy, returning home one day from a walk with his old school-friend, Gav Dishart (now M. A.), found Aaron suspiciously near the parlor key-hole.

"There's a better fire in the other end," Aaron said, luring him into the kitchen. So desirous was he of keeping Tommy there, fixed down on a stool, that "I'll play you at the dambrod," he said, briskly.

"Anyone with Elspeth?"

"Some womenfolk you dinna like," replied Aaron.

Tommy rose. Aaron, with a subdued snarl, got between him and the door.

"I was wondering merely," Tommy said, pointing pleasantly to something on the dresser, "why one of them wore the doctor's hat."

"I forgot, he's there too," Aaron said, promptly, but he looked at Tommy with misgivings. They sat down to their game.

"You begin," said Tommy, "you're black," and Aaron opened with the Double Corner, but so preoccupied was he that it became a variation of the Ayrshire lassie, without his knowing. His suspicions had to find vent in words. "You dinna speir wha the womenfolk are?"

"No."

"Do you think I'm just pretending they're there?" Aaron asked, apprehensively.

"Not at all," said Tommy, with much politeness, "but I thought you might be mistaken." He could have "blown" Aaron immediately thereafter, but with great consideration forbore. The old man was so troubled that he could not lift a king without its falling in two. His sleeve got in the way of his fingers. At last he sat back in his chair. "Do you ken what is going on, man?" he demanded, "or do you no ken? I can stand this doubt no longer."

A less soft-hearted person might have affected not to understand, but that was not Tommy's way. "I know, Aaron," he admitted. "I have known all the time." It was said in the kindest manner, but its effect on Aaron was not soothing.

"Curse you," he cried, with extraordinary vehemence, "you have been playing wi' me a' the time, ay, and wi' him and wi' her!"

What had Aaron been doing with Tommy? But Tommy did not ask that.

"I am sorry you think so badly of me," he said, quietly. "I have known all the time, Aaron, but have I interfered?"

"Because you ken she winna tak him. I see it plain enough now, you ken your power over her; the honest man that thinks he could take her frae you, is to you but a divert."

He took a step nearer Tommy. "Listen," he said. "When you came back he was on the point o' spiering her, I saw it in his face as she was playing the piano, and she saw it, too, for her hands began to trem'le and the tune wouldna play. I daursay you think I was keeking, but if I was I stoppit it when the piano stoppit, it was a hard thing to me to do, and it would hae been an easy thing no to do, but I wouldna spy upon Elspeth in her great hour."

"I like you for that, Aaron," Tommy said, but Aaron waved his likes aside.

"The reason I stood at the door," he continued, "was to keep you out o' that room. I offered to play you at the dam-brod to keep you out. Ay, you ken that without my telling you, but do you ken what makes me tell you now? It's to see whether you'll go in and stop him; let's see you do that and I'll hae some hope yet." He waited eagerly.

"You do puzzle me now," Tommy said.

"Ay," replied the old man, bitterly, "you're dull in the uptak when you like! I dinna ken, I suppose, and you dinna ken, that if you had the least dread o' her taking him you would be into that room full bend to stop it, but you're so sure o' her, you're so mighty sure that you can sit here and lauch instead."

"Am I laughing, Aaron? If you but knew, Elspeth's marriage would be a far more joyful thing to me than it could ever be to you."

The old warper laughed unpleasantly at that. "And I'se uphaud," he said, "you're none sure but what she'll tak him! You're no as sure she'll refuse him as that there's a sun in the heavens and I'm a broken man."

For a moment, sympathy nigh compelled Tommy to say a hopeful thing, but he mastered himself. "It would be weakness," was what he did say "to pretend that there is any hope."

Aaron gave him an ugly look, and was about to leave the house, but Tommy would not have it. "If one of us must go, Aaron," he said, with much gentleness, "let it be me," and he went out, passing the parlor door softly, so that he might not disturb poor David. The warper sat on by the fire, his head sunk miserably in his shoulders; the vehemence had passed out of him; you would have hesitated to believe that such a listless, shrunken man could have been vehement that same year. It is a hardy proof of his faith in Tommy that he did not even think it worth while to look up, when by and by the parlor door opened and the Doctor came back for his hat. Elspeth was with him.

They told Aaron something.

It lifted him off his feet and bore him out at the door. When he made up on himself he knew he was searching everywhere for Tommy. A terror seized him, lest he should not be the first to convey the news.

Had he been left a fortune? neighbors asked, amazed at this unwonted sight, and he replied, as he ran, "I have, and I want to share it wi' him!"

It was his only joke. People came to their doors to see Aaron Latta laughing.

CHAPTER XXII.

GRIZEL'S GLORIOUS HOUR.



ELSPETH was to be his wife! David had carried the wondrous promise straight to Grizel, and now he was gone, and she was alone again.

Oh, foolish Grizel, are you crying, and I thought it was so hard to you to cry!

"Me crying! Oh, no!"

Put your hand to your cheeks, Grizel. Are they not wet?

"They are wet, and I did not know it! It is hard to me to cry in sorrow, but I can cry for joy. I am crying because it has all come right, and I was so much afraid that it never would."

Ah, Grizel, I think you said you wanted nothing else, so long as you had his love!

"But God has let it all come right, just

the same, and I am thanking Him. That is why I did not know that I was crying."

She was by the fireplace, on the stool that had always been her favorite seat, and of course she sat very straight. When Grizel walked or stood her strong round figure took a hundred beautiful poses, but when she sat it had but one; the old doctor, in experimenting moods, had sometimes compelled her to recline, and then watched to see her body spring erect the moment he released his hold. "What a dreadful patient I should make!" she said, contritely. "I would chloroform you, miss," said he.

She sat thus for a long time; she had so much for which to thank God, though not with her lips, for how could they keep pace with her heart? Her heart was very full; chiefly, I think, with the tears that rolled down unknown to her.

She thanked God, in the name of the little hunted girl who had not been taught how to pray, and so did it standing. "I do so want to be good, oh, how sweet it would be to be good!" she had said in that long ago; she had said it out loud when she was alone on the chance of His hearing, but she had not addressed Him by name because she was not sure that He was really called God. She had not even known that you should end by saying "Amen," which Tommy afterward told her is the most solemn part of it.

How sweet it would be to be good, but how much sweeter it is to be good! The woman that girl had grown into knew that she was good, and she thanked God for that. She thanked Him for letting her help. If He had said that she had not helped, she would have rocked her arms and replied, almost hotly, "You know I have." And He did know, He had seen her many times in the grip of inherited passions and watched her fighting with them and subduing them; He had seen ugly thoughts stealing upon her, as they crawl toward every child of man; ah, He had seen them leap into the heart of the Painted Lady's daughter, as if a nest already made for them must be there, and still she had driven them away. Grizel had helped. The tears came more quickly now.

She thanked God that she had never worn the ring. But why had she never worn it, when she wanted so much to do so,

and it was hers? Why had she watched herself more carefully than ever of late, and forced happiness to her face when it was not in her heart, and denied herself, at fierce moments, the luxuries of grief and despair and even of rebellion? For she had carried about with her the capacity to rebel, but she had hidden it, and the reason was that she thought God was testing her. If she felt He would not give her the thing she coveted. Unworthy reason for being good, as she knew, but God overlooked it, and she thanked Him for that.

Her hands pressed each other impulsively, as if at the shock of a sudden beautiful thought, and then perhaps she was thanking God for making her the one woman who could be the right wife for Tommy. She was so certain that no other woman could help him as she could; none knew his virtues as she knew them. Had it not been for her, his showy parts only would have been loved; the dear, quiet ones would never have heard how dear they were; the showy ones were open to all the world, but the quiet ones were her private garden. His faults as well as his virtues passed before her, and it is strange to know that it was about this time that Grizel ceased to cry and began to smile instead. I know why she smiled; it was because sentimentality was one of the little monsters that came skipping into her view, and Tommy was so confident that he had got rid at last of it! Grizel knew better! But she could look at it and smile. Perhaps she was not sorry that it was still there with the others; it had so long led the procession. I daresay she saw herself taking the leering, distorted thing in hand and making something gallant of it. She thought that she was too practical, too much given to seeing but one side to a question, too lacking in consideration for others, too impatient, too relentlessly just, and she humbly thanked God for all these faults, because Tommy's excesses were in the opposite direction, and she could thus restore the balance. She was full of humility while she saw how useful she could be to him, but her face did not show this; she had forgotten her face, and elation had spread over it, without her knowing. Perhaps God accepted the elation as part of the thanks.

She thanked God for giving Tommy

what he wanted so much—herself. Ah, she had thanked Him for that before, but she did it again. And then she went on her knees by her dear doctor's chair, and prayed that she might be a good wife to Tommy.

When she rose the blood was not surging through her veins. Instead of a passion of joy it was a beautiful calm that possessed her, and on noticing this she regarded herself with sudden suspicion, as we put our ear to a watch to see if it has stopped. She found that she was still going, but no longer either fast or slow, and she saw what had happened—her old serene self had come back to her. I think she thanked God for that, most of all.

And then she caught sight of her face—oh! oh! Her first practical act as an engaged woman was to wash it.

Engaged! But was she? Grizel laughed. It is not usually a laughing matter, but she could not help that. Consider her predicament. She could be engaged at once, if she liked, even before she wiped the water from her face, or she might postpone it, to let Tommy share. The careful reader will have noticed that this problem presented itself to her at an awkward moment; she laughed, in short, while her face was still in the basin, with the very proper result that she had to grope for the towel with her eyes shut.

It was still a cold, damp face (Grizel was always in such a hurry) when she opened her most precious drawer and took from it a certain glove, wrapped in silk paper, but not perhaps quite so conceited as it had been, for, alas and alack, it was now used as a wrapper itself. The ring was inside it. If Grizel wanted to be engaged, absolutely and at once, all she had to do was to slip that ring upon her finger.

It had been hers for a week or more. Tommy had bought it in the nearest town, a place whose merchant princes are so many and have risen splendidly from such small beginnings, that after you have been there a short time you beg to be introduced to some one who has not got on. When you look at them they slap their trouser pockets. When they look at you they are wondering if you know how much they are worth. Tommy, one day, roaming their streets (in which he was worth incredibly little), and thinking sadly of what

could never be, saw the modest little garnet ring in a jeweller's window, and attached to it was a pathetic story. No other person could have seen the story, but it was as plain to him as though it had been beautifully written on the tag of paper which really contained the price. With his hand on the door he paused, overcome by that horror of entering shops without a lady to do the talking, which all men of genius feel (it is the one sure test), hurried away, came back, went to and fro shyly, until he saw that he was yielding once more to the indecision he thought he had so completely mastered, whereupon he entered bravely (though it was one of those detestable doors that ring a bell as they open), and sternly ordered the jeweller, who could have bought and sold our Tommy with one slap on the trouser leg, to hand the ring over to him.

He had no intention of giving it to Grizel. That, indeed, was part of its great tragedy, for this is the story Tommy read into the ring: There was once a sorrowful man of twenty-five, and forty, and sixty. Ah, how gray the beard has grown as we speak, how thin the locks, but still we know him for the same by that garnet ring. Since it became his no other eye has seen it, and yet it is her engagement ring; never can he give it to her, but must always carry it about with him as the piteous memory of what had never been. How innocent it looked in his hand, and with an innocence that never wore off, not even when he had reached his three-score years; as it aged it took on another kind of innocence only, it looked pitiable now, for there is but a dishonored age for a lonely little ring which can never see the finger it was made to span.

A hair-shirt! Such it was to him, and he put it on willingly, knowing it could be nothing else; every smart it gave him pleased, even while it pained. If ever his mind roamed again to the world of make-believe, that ring would jerk him back to facts.

Grizel remembered well her finding of it. She had been in his pockets; she loved to rifle them, to pull out his watch herself, instead of asking him for the time; to exclaim Oh! at the many things she found there, when they should have been neatly docketed or in the fire, and from his waist-

coat pocket she drew the ring. She seemed to understand all about it at once, she was far ahead while he was explaining. It seemed quite strange to her that there had ever been a time when she did not know of her garnet ring.

How her arms rocked! It was delicious to her to remember now with what agony her arms had rocked. She kissed it; she had not been the first to kiss it.

It was "Oh, how I wish I could have saved you this pain!"

"But I love it," she cried, "and I love the pain."

It was "Am I not to see it on your finger once?"

"No, no; we must not."

"Let me, Grizel!"

"Is it right; oh, is it right?"

"Only this once!"

"Very well!"

"I dare not, Grizel, I can't! What are we to do with it now?"

"Give it to me. It is mine. I will keep it, beside my glove."

"Let me keep it, Grizel."

"No, it is mine."

"Shall I fling it away?"

"How can you be so cruel? It is mine."

"Let me bury it."

"It is mine."

And of course she had got her way. Could he resist her in anything? They had never spoken of it since, it was such a sad little ring. Sad! It was not in the least little bit sad. Grizel wondered as she looked at it now how she could ever have thought it sad.

The object with which she put on her hat was to go to Aaron's cottage, to congratulate Elspeth. So she said to herself. Oh, Grizel.

But first she opened two drawers. They were in a great press and full of beautiful linen woven in Thrums, that had come to Dr. McQueen as a "bad debt." "Your marriage portion, young lady," he had said to Grizel, then but a slip of a girl, whereupon, without waiting to lengthen her frock, she rushed rapturously at her work-basket. "Not at all, miss," he cried ferociously; "you are here to look after this house, not to be preparing for another, and until you are respectably bespoken by some rash crittur of a man, into the drawers

with your linen and down with those murderous shears." And she had obeyed; no scissors, the most relentless things in nature when in Grizel's hand, had ever cleaved their way through that snowy expanse; never a stitch had she put into her linen except with her eyes, which became horribly like needles as she looked at it.

And now at last she could begin! Oh, but she was anxious to begin; it is almost a fact that, as she looked at those drawers, she grudged the time that must be given to-day to Tommy and his ring.

Do you see her now ready to start? She was wearing her brown jacket, with the fur collar, over which she used to look so searchingly at Tommy. To think there was a time when that serene face had to look searchingly at him! it nearly made her sad again. She paused to bring out the ring and take another exultant look at it. It was attached now to a ribbon round her neck. Sweet ring! She put it to her eyes. That was her way of letting her eyes kiss it. Then she rubbed them and it, in case the one had left a tear upon the other.

And then she went out, joy surging in her heart. For this was Grizel's glorious hour, the end of it.

CHAPTER XXIII

TOMMY LOSES GRIZEL



It was not Aaron's good fortune to find Tommy. He should have looked for him in the den.

In that haunt of happier lovers than he, Tommy walked slowly, pondering. He scarce noticed that he had the den to himself, or that, since he was last here, autumn had slipped away, leaving all her garments on the ground. By this time, undoubtedly, Elspeth had said her gentle No, but he was not railing against Fate, not even for striking the final blow at him through that innocent medium. He had still too much to do for that—to help others. There were three of them at present, and by some sort of sympathetic jugglery he had an arm for each.

"Lean on me, Grizel—dear sister El-

speth; you little know the harm you have done—David, old friend, your hand.”

Thus loaded, he bravely returned at the fitting time to the cottage. His head was not even bent.

Had you asked Tommy what Elspeth would probably do when she dismissed David, he might have replied that she would go up to his room and lock herself into it, so that no one should disturb her for a time. And this he discovered, on returning home, was actually what had happened. How well he knew her! How distinctly he heard every beat of her tender heart, and how easy to tell why it was beating! He did not go up; he waited for little Elspeth to come to him, all in her own good time. And when she came, looking just as he knew she would look, he had a brave, bright face for her.

She was shaking after her excitement, or perhaps she had ceased to shake and begun again as she came down to him. He pretended not to notice it; he would notice it, the moment he was sure she wanted him to, but perhaps that would not be until she was in bed and he had come to say good-night and put out her light, for, as we know, she often kept her great confidences till then, when she discovered that he already knew them.

“The Doctor has been in.”

She began almost at once, and in a quaking voice and from a distance, as if in hope that the bullet might be spent before it reached her brother.

“I am sorry I missed him,” he replied, cautiously. “What a fine fellow he is.”

“You always liked him,” said Elspeth, clinging eagerly to that.

“No one could help liking him, Elspeth, he has such winning ways,” said Tommy, perhaps a little in the voice with which at funerals we refer to the departed. She loved his words, but she knew she had a surprise for him this time, and she tried to blurt it out.

“He said something to me. He—oh, what a high opinion he has of you!” (She really thought he had.)

“Was that the something?” Tommy asked, with a smile that helped her, as it was meant to do.

“You understand, don’t you?” she said, almost in a whisper.

“Of course I do, Elspeth,” he answered,

reassuringly, but somehow she still thought he didn’t.

“No one could have been more manly and gentle and humble,” she said, beseechingly.

“I’m sure of it,” said Tommy.

“He thinks nothing of himself,” she said.

“We shall always think a great deal of him,” replied Tommy.

“Yes, but—” Elspeth found the strangest difficulty in continuing, for, though it would have surprised him to be told so, Tommy was not helping her nearly as much as he imagined.

“I told him,” she said, shaking, “that no one could be to me what you were. I told him—” and then timid Elspeth altogether broke down. Tommy drew her to him, as he had so often done since she was the smallest child, and pressed her head against his breast, and waited. So often he had waited thus upon Elspeth.

“There is nothing to cry about, dear,” he said, tenderly, when the time to speak came. “You have, instead, the right to be proud that so good a man loves you. I am very proud of it, Elspeth.”

“If I could be sure of that!” she gasped.

“Don’t you believe me, dear?”

“Yes, but—that is not what makes me cry. Tommy, don’t you see?”

“Yes,” he assured her, “I see. You are crying because you feel so sorry for him, but I don’t feel sorry for him, Elspeth. If I know anything at all it is this: that no man needs pity, who sincerely loves; whether that love be returned or not, he walks in a new and more beautiful world for evermore.”

She clutched his hand. “I don’t understand how you know those things,” she whispered.

Please God, was Tommy’s reflection, she should never know. He saw most vividly the pathos of his case, but he did not break down under it; it helped him, rather, to proceed.

“It will be the test of Gemmell,” he said, “how he bears this. No man, I am very sure, was ever told that his dream could not come true, more kindly and tenderly than you told it to him.” He was in the middle of the next sentence (a fine one) before her distress stopped him.

"Tommy," she cried, "you don't understand. That is not what I told him at all!"

It was one of the few occasions on which the expression on the face of T. Sandys perceptibly changed.

"What did you tell him?" he asked, almost sharply.

"I accepted him," she said, guiltily, backing away from this alarming face.

"What?"

"If you only knew how manly and gentle and humble he was," she cried, quickly, as if something dire might happen if Tommy were not assured of this at once.

"You—said you would marry him, Elspeth?"

"Yes!"

"And leave me?"

"Oh, oh!" She flung her arms around his neck.

"Yes, but that is what you are prepared to do!" said he, and he held her away from him and stared at her, as if he had never seen Elspeth before. "Were you not afraid?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"I am not the least bit afraid," she answered. "Oh, Tommy, if you knew how manly—" And then she remembered that she had said that already.

"You did not even say that you would—consult me?"

"Oh, oh!"

"Why didn't you, Elspeth?"

"I—I forgot!" she moaned. "Tommy, you are angry!" She hugged him, and he let her do it, but all the time he was looking over her head fixedly, with his mouth open.

"And I was always so sure of you!" were the words that came to him at last, with a hard little laugh at the end of them.

"Can you think it makes me love you less," she sobbed, "because I love him, too! Oh, Tommy, I thought you would be so glad!"

He kissed her; he put his hand fondly upon her head.

"I am glad," he said, with emotion. "When that which you want has come to you, Elspeth, how can I but be glad? But it takes me aback, and if for a moment I felt forlorn, if, when I should have been rejoicing only in your happiness, the selfish thought passed through my mind,

'What is to become of me!' I hope—I pray—" Then he sat down and buried his face in the table.

And he might have been telling her about Grizel! Has the shock stunned you, Tommy? Elspeth thinks it has been a shock of pain. May we lift your head to show her your joyous face?

"I am so proud," she was saying, "that at last, after you have done so much for me, I can do a little thing for you. For it is something to free you, Tommy. You have always pretended, for my sake, that we could not do without each other, but we both knew all the time that it was only I who was unable to do without you. You can't deny it."

He might deny it, but it was true. Ah, Tommy, you bore with her with infinite patience, but did it never strike you that she kept you to the earth? If Elspeth could be happy without me! You were sure she could not, but if she could! had that thought never made you flap your wings?

"I often had a pain at my heart," she told him, "which I kept from you. It was a feeling that your solicitude for me, perhaps, prevented your caring for any other woman. It seemed terrible and unnatural that I should be a bar to that. I felt that I was starving you, and not you only, but an unknown woman as well."

"So long as I had you, Elspeth," he said, reproachfully, "was not that enough?"

"It seemed to be enough," she answered, gravely, "but even while I comforted myself with that, I knew that it should not be enough, and still I feared that if it was, the blame was mine. Now I am no longer in the way, and I hope, so ardently, that you will fall in love, like other people. If you never do, I shall always have the fear that I am the cause—that you lost the capacity in the days when I let you devote yourself too much to me."

Oh, blind Elspeth! Now is the time to tell her, Tommy, and fill her cup of happiness to the brim.

But it is she who is speaking still, almost gayly now, yet with a full heart. "What a time you have had with me, Tommy! I told David all about it, and what he has to look forward to, but he says he is not afraid. And when you find someone you can love," she con-

tinued, sweetly, though she had a sigh to stifle, "I hope she will be someone quite unlike me, for oh, my dear, good brother, I know you need a change."

Not a word said Tommy.

She said, timidly, that she had begun to hope of late that Grizel might be the woman, and still he did not speak. He drew Elspeth closer to him, that she might not see his face and the horror of himself that surely sat on it. To the very marrow of him he was in such cold misery that I wonder his arms did not chill her.

This poor devil of a Sentimental Tommy! He had wakened up in the world of facts, where he thought he had been dwelling of late, to discover that he had not been here for weeks, except at meal-times. What do you say to pitying, instead of cursing him? It is a sudden idea of mine, and we must be quick, for joyous Grizel is drawing near, and this, you know, is the chapter in which her heart breaks.

It was Elspeth who opened the door to Grizel. "Does she know?" said Elspeth to herself, before either of them spoke.

"Does she know?" It was what Grizel was saying also.

"Oh, Elspeth, I am so glad! David has told me."

"She does know," Elspeth told herself, and she thought it was kind of Grizel to come so quickly. She said so.

"She doesn't know!" thought Grizel, and then these two kissed for the first time. It was a kiss of thanks from each.

"But why does she not know?" Grizel wondered a little as they entered the parlor, where Tommy was—he had been standing with his teeth knit since he heard the knock. As if in answer to the question, Elspeth said, "I have just broken it to Tommy. He has been in a few minutes only, and he is so surprised he can scarcely speak."

Grizel laughed happily, for that explained it. Tommy had not had time to tell her yet. She laughed again, at Elspeth, who had thought she had so much to tell, and did not know half the story.

Elspeth begged Tommy to listen to the beautiful things Grizel was saying about David, but, truth to tell, Grizel scarcely heard them herself. She had given Tommy a shy, rapturous glance. She was wonder-

ing when he would begin. What a delicious opening, when he shook hands. Suppose he had kissed her instead! Or, suppose he casually addressed her as darling! He might do it at any moment now! Just for once she would not mind though he did it in public. Perhaps, as soon as this new remark of Elspeth's was finished, he meant to say, "You are not the only engaged person in the room, Miss Elspeth; I think I see another two!" Grizel laughed, as if she had heard him say it. And then she ceased laughing suddenly, for some little duty had called Elspeth into the other room, and as she went out she stopped the movement of the earth.

These two were alone with their great joy.

Elspeth had said that she would be back in two minutes. Was Grizel wasting a moment, when she looked only at him, her eyes filmy with love, the smile upon her face so happy that it could not stand still? Her arms made a slight gesture toward him, her hands were open, she was giving herself to him. She could not see. For a fraction of time the space between them seemed to be annihilated. His arms were closing round her. Then she knew that neither of them had moved.

"Grizel!"

The miserable dog knew that he must be quick, if it was all to be got into two minutes.

"She does not know," he said, in a harsh voice.

"Is anything wrong?" Grizel cried.

"She must not know," he said, "until she is married. Let us be as we are, Grizel, until then." He was entreating her now.

I think the room swam round with her. When it was steady again, "You did not say that, did you?" she asked. She was sure he had not said it; she was smiling again, to show him that he had not said it.

He saw himself exactly as he was, but something as strong as the instinct of self-preservation made him grind the words out. "I don't want to be married," he said, passionately.

A little shiver passed through her, that was all.

"Do you mean that you don't love me?" she said. "You must tell me what you mean."

"That is how others would put it, I

suppose," he replied, but she had known this for a long time. "I believe they would be wrong. I think I love you in my own way, but I thought I loved you in their way, and it is the only way that counts in this world of theirs. It does not seem to be my world. I was given wings, I think, but I am never to know that I have left the earth until I come flop upon it, with an arrow through them. I crawl and wriggle here, and yet"—he laughed harshly—"I believe I am rather a fine fellow when I am flying!"

She nodded. "You mean you want me to let you off?" she asked. "You must tell me what you mean." And as he did not answer instantly, "Because I think I have some little claim upon you," she said, with a pleasant smile.

"I am as pitiful a puzzle to myself as I can be to you," he replied. "All I know is that I don't want to marry any one. And yet, I am sure I could die for you, Grizel."

It was quite true. A burning house and Grizel among the flames, and he would have been the first on the ladder. But there is no such luck for you, Tommy.

"You are free," was what she said. "Don't look so tragic," she added, again with the pleasant smile. "It must be very distressing to you, but—you will soon fly again." Her lips twitched tremulously, "I can't fly," she said.

She took the ring from her neck; she took it off its ribbon.

"I brought it," she said, "to let you put it on my finger. I thought you would want to do that," she said.

"Grizel," he cried, "can we not be as we have been?"

"No," she answered.

"It would all come right, Grizel; I am sure it would. I don't know why I am as I am, but I shall try to change myself. You have borne with me since we were children. Won't you bear with me for a little longer?"

She shook her head, but did not trust herself to speak.

"I have lost you," he said, and she nodded.

"Then I am lost indeed!" said he, and he knew it, too, but with a gesture of the hand she begged him not to say that.

"Without your love to help me—" he began.

"You shall always have that," she told him with shining eyes, "always, always." And what could he do but look at her, with the wonder and the awe that come to every man who, for one moment in his life, knows a woman well.

"You can love me still, Grizel!" His voice was shaky.

"Just the same," she answered, and I suppose he looked uplifted. "But you should be sorry," she said, gravely, and it was then that Elspeth came back. She had not much exceeded her two minutes.

It was always terrible to Tommy not to have the feelings of a hero. At that moment he could not endure it. In a splendid burst of self-sacrifice he suddenly startled both Grizel and himself by crying, "Elspeth, I love Grizel, and I have just asked her to be my wife."

Yes, the nobility of it amazed himself, but bewitched him, too, and he turned gloriously to Grizel, never doubting but that she would have him still.

He need not have spoken so impulsively, nor looked so grand. She swayed for an instant and then was erect again. "You must forgive me, Elspeth," she said, "but I have refused him," and that was the biggest surprise Tommy ever got in his life.

"You don't care for him!" Elspeth blurted out.

"Not in the way he cares for me," Grizel replied, quietly, and when Elspeth would have said more she begged her to desist. "The only thing for me to do now, Elspeth," she said, smiling, "is to run away, but I want you first to accept a little wedding gift from me. I wish you and David so much happiness, you won't refuse it, will you?"

Elspeth, still astounded, took the gift. It was a little garnet ring.

"It will have to be cut," Grizel said. "It was meant, I think, for a larger finger. I have had it some time, but I never wore it."

Elspeth said she would always treasure her ring, and that it was beautiful.

"I used to think it—rather sweet," Grizel admitted, and then she said good-bye to them both and went away.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE MONSTER



OMMY'S new character was that of a monster. He always liked the big parts. Concealed, as usual, in the garments that clung so oddly to him, modesty, generosity, indifference to applause, and all the nobler impulses, he could not strip himself of them, try as he would, and so he found, to his scornful amusement, that he still escaped the public fury. In the two months that preceded Elspeth's marriage there was positively scarce a soul in Thrums who did not think rather well of him. "If they knew what I really am," he cried with splendid bitterness, "how they would run from me!"

Even David could no longer withhold the hand of fellowship, for Grizel would tell him nothing, except that, after all, and for reasons sufficient to herself, she had declined to become Mrs. Sandys. He sought in vain to discover how Tommy could be to blame. "And now," Tommy said grimly to Grizel, "our doctor thinks you have used me badly, and that I am a fine fellow to bear no resentment! Elspeth told me that he admires the gentle and manly dignity with which I submit to the blow, and I have no doubt that, as soon as I heard that, I made it more gentle and manly than ever!"

"I have forbidden Elspeth," he told her, "to upbraid you for not accepting me, with the result that she thinks me too good to live! Ha, ha, what do you think, Grizel?"

It became known in the town that she had refused him. Everybody was on Tommy's side. They said she had treated him badly. Even Aaron was staggered at the sight of Tommy accepting his double defeat in such good part. "And all the time I am the greatest cur unhung," says Tommy. "Why don't you laugh, Grizel?"

Never, they said, had there been such a generous brother. The town was astir about this poor man's gifts to the lucky bride. There were rumors that among the articles was a silver coal-scuttle, but

it proved to be a sugar-bowl, in that pattern. Three bandboxes came for her to select from, somebody discovered who was on the watch, but may I be struck dead if more than one went back. Yesterday it was bonnets; to-day she is at Tilliedrum again, trying on her going-away dress. And she really was to go away in it, a noticeable thing, for in Thrums society, though they usually get a going-away dress, they are too careful to go away in it. The local shops were not ignored, but the best of the trousseau came from London. "That makes the second box this week, as I'm a living sinner," cries the lady on the watch again. When boxes arrived at the station Corp wheeled them up to Elspeth without so much as looking at the label.

Ah, what a brother! They said it openly to their own brothers, and to Tommy in the way they looked at him.

"There has been nothing like it," he assured Grizel, "since Red Riding Hood and the wolf. Why can't I fling off my disguise and cry, 'The better to eat you with!'"

He always spoke to her now in this vein of magnificent bitterness, but Grizel seldom rewarded him by crying, Oh, oh. She might, however, give him a patient, reproachful glance instead, and it had the irritating effect of making him feel that perhaps he was under life-size, instead of over it.

"I daresay you are right," says Tommy, savagely.

"I said nothing."

"You don't need to say it. What a grand capacity you have for knocking me off my horse, Grizel."

"Are you angry with me for that?"

"No, it is delicious to pick one's self out of the mud, especially when you find it is a baby you are picking up, instead of a brute. Am I a baby only, Grizel?"

"I think it is childish of you," she replied, "to say you are a brute."

"There is not to be even that satisfaction left to me! You are hard on me, Grizel."

"I am trying to help you. How can you be angry with me?"

"The instinct of self-preservation, I suppose. I see myself dwindling so rapidly under your treatment that soon there will be nothing of me left."

It was said cruelly, for he knew that the one thing Grizel could not bear now was the implication that she saw only his faults. She always went down under that blow, with pitiful surrender, showing the woman suddenly, as if under a physical knouting.

He apologized contritely. "But, after all, it proves my case," he said, "for I could not hurt you in this way, Grizel, if I was not a pretty well-grown specimen of a monster."

"Don't," she said, but she did not seek to help him by drawing him away to other subjects, which would have been his way. "What is there monstrous," she asked, "in your being so good to Elspeth? It is very kind of you to give her all these things."

"Especially, when by rights they are yours, Grizel!"

"No, not when you did not want to give them to me." He dared say nothing to that, there were some matters on which he must not contradict Grizel now.

"It is nice of you," she said, "not to complain, though Elspeth is deserting you. It must have been a blow."

"You and I only know why," he answered. "But for her, Grizel, I might be whining sentiment to you at this moment."

"That," she said, "would be the monstrous thing."

"And it is not monstrous, I suppose, that I should let Gemmell press my hand, under the conviction that, after all, I am a trump."

"You don't pose as one."

"That makes them think the more highly of me! Nothing monstrous, Grizel, in my standing quietly by while you are showing Elspeth how to furnish her house. I, who know why you have the subject at your finger-tips."

For Grizel had given all her sweet ideas to Elspeth. Heigh ho! How she had guarded them once, confiding them half reluctantly, even to Tommy; half reluctantly, that is, at the start, because they were her very own, but once she was embarked on the subject talking with such rapture that every minute or two he had to beg her to be calm. She was the first person in that part of the world to think that old furniture need not be kept in the dark corners, and she knew where there was an oak bedstead that was looked upon

as a disgrace, and where to obtain the dearest cupboards, one of them in use as the retiring chamber of a rabbit-hutch, and stately clocks made in the town a hundred years ago, and quaint old-farrant lamps and cogeys and sand-glasses that apologized if you looked at them, and yet were as willing to be loved again as any old lady in a mutch. You will not buy them easily now, the people will not chuckle at you when you bid for them now. We have become so cute in Thrums that when the fender breaks we think it may have increased in value, and we preserve any old board lest the worms have made it artistic. Grizel, however, was in advance of her time. She could lay her hands on all she wanted, and she did, but it was for Elspeth's house.

"And the table-cloths and the towels and the sheets," said Tommy. "Nothing monstrous in my letting you give Elspeth them?"

The linen, you see, was no longer in Grizel's press.

"I could not help making them," she answered, "they were so longing to be made. I did not mean to give them to her. I think I meant to put them back in the press, but when they were made it was natural that they should want to have something to do. So I gave them to Elspeth."

"With how many tears on them?"

"Not many. But with some kisses."

"All which," says Tommy, "goes to prove that I have nothing with which to reproach myself!"

"No, I never said that," she told him. "You have to reproach yourself with wanting me to love you."

She paused a moment to let him say, if he dared, that he had not done that, when she would have replied, instantly, "You know you did," but he was silent and she went on.

"But that is not what I have been trying to prove. You know as well as I that the cause of this unhappiness has been—what you call your wings."

He was about to thank her for her delicacy in avoiding its real name, when she added, "I mean your sentiment," and he laughed instead.

"I flatter myself that I no longer fly, at all events," he said. "I know what I am at last, Grizel."

"It is flattery only," she replied, with her old directness. "This thing you are regarding with a morbid satisfaction is not you at all."

He groaned. "Which of them all is me, Grizel?" he asked, gloomily.

"We shall see," she said, "when we have got the wings off."

"They will have to come off, a feather at a time."

"That," she declared, "is what I have been trying to prove."

"It will be a weary task, Grizel."

"I won't weary at it," she said, smiling. Her cheerfulness was a continual surprise to him. "You bear up wonderfully well, yourself," he sometimes said to her, almost reproachfully, and she never replied that, perhaps, that was one of her ways of trying to help him.

She is not so heart-broken, after all, you may be saying, and I had promised to break her heart. But, honestly, I don't know how to do it more thoroughly, and you must remember that we have not seen her alone yet.

She tried to be very little alone. She helped David in his work, more than ever; not a person, for instance, managed to escape the bath because Grizel's heart was broken. You could never say that she was alone when her needle was going, and the linen became sheets and the like, in what was probably record time. Yet they could have been sewn more quickly, for at times the needle stopped and she did not know it. Once, a bed-ridden old woman, with whom she had been sitting up, lay watching her instead of sleeping, and finally said, "What makes you sit staring at a cauld fire, and speaking to yourself?" And there was a strange day, when she had been too long in the den. When she started for home she went in the direction of Double Dykes, her old home, instead.

She could bear everything except doubt. She had told him so, when he wondered at her calmness; she often said it to herself. She could tread any path, however drearily it stretched before her, so long as she knew whither it led, but there could be no more doubt. Oh, he must never again disturb her mind with hope. How clearly she showed him that, and yet they had perhaps no more than parted when it seemed impossible to bear for the next hour

the desolation she was sentenced to for life; she lay quivering and tossing on the hearth-rug of the parlor, beating it with her fists, rocking her arms and calling to him to give her doubt again, that she might get through the days.

"Let me doubt again!" Here was Grizel starting to beg it of him. More than once she got half way to Aaron's house before she could turn, but she always did turn, with the words unspoken; never did Tommy hear her say them, but always that she was tranquil now. Was it pride that supported her in the trying hour. Oh, no, it was not pride. That is an old garment, which once became Grizel well, but she does not wear it now; she takes it out of the closet, perhaps, at times to look at it. What gave her strength when he was by was her promise to help him. It was not by asking for leave to dream herself that she should make him dream the less. All done for you, Tommy! It might have helped you to loosen a few of the feathers.

Sometimes she thought it might not be Tommy, but herself, who was so unlike other people; that it was not he who was unable to love, but she who could not be loved. This idea did not agitate her as a terrible thing—she could almost welcome it. But she did not go to him with it. While it might be but a fancy, that was no way to help a man who was over-full of them. It was the bare truth only that she wanted him to see, and so she made elaborate inquiries into herself, to discover whether she was quite unlovable. I suppose it would have been quaint, had she not been quite so much in earnest. She examined herself in the long mirror most conscientiously, and with a determinedly open mind, to see whether she was too ugly for any man to love. Our beautiful Grizel really did.

She had always thought that she was a nice girl, but was she? No one had ever loved her, except the old doctor, and he began when she was so young that perhaps he had been inveigled into it, like a father. Even David had not loved her. Was it because he knew her so well? What was it in women that made men love them? She asked it of David in such a way that he never knew she was putting him to the question. He merely

thought that he and she were having a pleasant chat about Elspeth, and, as a result, she decided that he loved Elspeth because she was so helpless. His head sat with uncommon pride on his shoulders while he talked of Elspeth's timidity. There was a ring of boastfulness in his voice as he paraded the large number of useful things that Elspeth could not do. And yet David was a sensible and careful man.

Was it helplessness that man loved in woman then? It seemed to be this that had made Tommy such a brother, and how it had always appealed to Aaron! No woman could be less helpless than herself, Grizel knew. She thought back and back, and she could not come to a time when she was not managing somebody. Women, she reflected, fell more or less deeply in love with every baby they see, while men, even the best of them, can look calmly at other people's babies. But when the helplessness of the child is in the woman, then other women are unmoved; but the great heart of man is stirred—woman is his baby. She remembered that the language of love is in two sexes—for the woman superlatives, for the man diminutives. The more she loves the bigger he grows, but in an ecstasy he could put her in his pocket. Had not Tommy taught her this? His little one, his child! Perhaps he really had loved her in the days when they both made believe that she was infantile, but soon she had shown with fatal clearness that she was not. Instead of needing to be taken care of, she had obviously wanted to take care of him; their positions were reversed. Perhaps, said Grizel to herself, I should have been a man.

If this was the true explanation, then, though Tommy, who had tried so hard, could not love her, he might be able to love—what is the phrase?—a more womanly woman, or, more popular phrase still, a very woman. Some other woman might be the right wife for him. She did not shrink from considering this theory, and she considered so long that I, for one, cannot smile at her for deciding ultimately, as she did, that there was nothing in it.

The strong like to be leant upon and the weak to lean, and this irrespective of sex. This was the solution she woke up with one morning, and it seemed to explain not only David's and Elspeth's love,

but her own, so clearly, that in her desire to help she put it before Tommy. It implied that she cared for him because he was weak, and he drew a very long face.

"You don't know how the feathers hurt as they come out," he explained.

"But so long as we do get them out!" she said.

"Every other person who knows me thinks that strength is my great characteristic," he maintained, rather querulously.

"But when you know it is not," said Grizel. "You do know, don't you?" she asked, anxiously. "To know the truth about one's self, that is the beginning of being strong."

"You seem determined," he retorted, "to prevent my loving you."

"Why?" she asked.

"You are to make me strong in spite of myself, I understand. But, according to your theory, the strong love only the weak. Are you to grow weak, Grizel, as I grow strong?"

She had not thought of that, and she would have liked to rock her arms. But she was able to reply, "I am not trying to help you, to make you love me; you know, quite well, that all that is over and done with. I am trying only to help you to be what a man should be."

She could say that to him, but to herself? Was she prepared to make a man of him at the cost of his possible love? This faced her when she was alone with her passionate nature, and she fought it, and with her fists clenched she cried: "Yes, yes, yes!"

Do we know all that Grizel had to fight? There were times when Tommy's mind wandered to excuses for himself; he knew what men were, and he shuddered to think of the might have been, had a girl, who could love as Grizel did, loved such a man as her father. He thanked his Maker, did Tommy, that he, who was made as those other men, had avoided raising passions in her. I wonder how he was so sure. Do we know all that Grizel had to fight?

They spoke much during those days of the coming parting, and she always said that she could bear it if she saw him go away more of a man than he had come.

"Then anything I have suffered or may suffer," she told him, "will have been done to help you, and perhaps in time that will make me proud of my poor little love-story. It would be rather pitiful, would it not, if I have gone through so much for no end at all?"

She spoke, he said, almost reproachfully, as if she thought he might go away on his wings, after all.

"We can't be sure," she murmured, she was so eager to make him watchful.

"Yes," he said, humbly but firmly, "I may be a scoundrel, Grizel, I am a scoundrel, but one thing you may be sure of, I am done with sentiment."

Elspeth's marriage day came round, and I should like to linger in it, and show you Elspeth in her wedding-gown, and Tommy standing behind to catch her if she fainted, and Ailie weeping, and Aaron Latta rubbing his gleeful hands, and a smiling bridesmaid who had once thought she might be a bride. But that was a day in Elspeth's story, not in Tommy's and Grizel's. Only one incident in their story crept into that happy day. There were speeches at the feast, and the Rev. Mr. Dishart referred to Tommy in the kindest way, called him "my young friend," quoted (inaccurately) from his book, and expressed an opinion, formed, he might say, when Mr. Sandys was a lad at school (cheers), that he had a career before him. Tommy bore it well, all except the quotation, which he was burning to correct, but sighed to find that it had set the dominies on his left talking about precocity. "To produce such a graybeard of a book at two-and-twenty, Mr. Sandys," said Cathro, "is amazing. It partakes, sir, of the nature of the miraculous; its onchancey, by which we mean a deviation from the normal." And so on. To escape this kind of flattery (he had so often heard it said by ladies, who could say it so much better), Tommy turned to his neighbors on the right.

Oddly enough they also were discussing deviations from the normal. On the table was a plant in full flower, and Ailie, who had lent it, was expressing surprise that it should bloom so late in the season.

"So early in its life I should rather say," the Doctor remarked after examining

it. "It is a young plant, and in the ordinary course would not have come to flower before next year. But it is afraid that it will never see next year. It is one of those poor little plants that bloom prematurely because they are diseased."

Tommy was a little startled. He had often marvelled over his own precocity, but never guessed that this might be the explanation why he was in flower at twenty-two. "Is that a scientific fact?" he asked.

"It is a law of nature," the Doctor replied, gravely, and if anything more was said on the subject our Tommy did not hear it. What did he hear? He was a child again, in miserable lodgings, and it was some time in the long middle of the night, and what he heard from his bed was his mother coughing away her life in hers. There was an angry knock, knock, knock, from somewhere near, and he crept out of bed to tell his mother that the people through the wall were complaining because she would not die more quietly, but when he reached her bed it was not she he saw lying there, but himself, aged twenty-four, or thereabouts. For Tommy had inherited his mother's cough; he had known it every winter, but he remembered it as if for the first time now.

Did he hear anything else? I think he heard his wings slipping to the floor.

He asked Ailie to give him the plant, and he kept it in his room, very lovingly, though he forgot to water it. He sat for long periods looking at it, and his thoughts were very deep, but all he actually said aloud was, "There are two of us." Aaron sometimes saw them together, and thought they were an odd pair, and perhaps they were.

Tommy did not tell Grizel of the tragedy that was hanging over him. He was determined to save her that pain. He knew that most men in his position would have told her and was glad to find that he could keep it so gallantly to himself. She was brave; perhaps some day she would discover that he had been brave also. When she talked of wings now, what he seemed to see was a green grave. His eyes were moist, but he held his head high. All this did him good.

Ah, well, but the world must jog along though you and I be damned. Elspeth

was happily married, and there came the day when Tommy and Grizel must say good-by. He was returning to London. His luggage was already in Corp's barrow, all but the insignificant part of it, which yet made a bulky package in its author's pocket, for it was his new manuscript, for which he would have fought a regiment, yes, and beaten them. Little cared Tommy what became of the rest of his luggage so long as that palpitating package was safe.

"And little you care," Grizel said, in a moment of sudden bitterness, "whom you leave behind, so long as you take it with you."

He forgave her, with a sad smile. She did not know, you see, that this manuscript might be his last.

And it was the only bitter thing she said. Even when he looked very sorry for her, she took advantage of his emotion to help him only. "Don't be too sorry for me,"

she said, calmly; "remember, rather, that there is one episode in a woman's life to which she must always cling in memory, whether it was a pride to her or a shame, and that it rests with you to make mine proud or shameful."

In other words, he was to get rid of his wings. How she harped on that!

He wanted to kiss her on the brow, but she would not have it. He was about to do it, not to gratify any selfish desire, but of a beautiful impulse, that if anything happened, she would have this to remember as the last of him. But she drew back almost angrily. Positively, she was putting it down to sentiment, and he forgave her even that.

But she kissed the manuscript. "Wish it luck," he had begged of her, "you were always so fond of babies, and this is my baby." So Grizel kissed Tommy's baby, and then she turned away her face. Oh, Tommy, Tommy!

(To be continued.)

"THE RIVER PEOPLE"

By Dexter Marshall

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

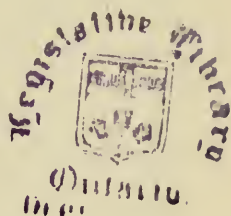


COMPLETELY out of touch with the hurrying world, to which they are physically so near, the thousands of men, women, and children living permanently in floating homes on the great streams of the Mississippi system, make up a segment of this country's population about which less is known by the general mass than of the Indians of Kamchatka.

Yet no one can travel along any of the larger interior waterways, either by steamboat or rail, without catching sight of the water denizens' queer, ark-like habitations. Contemptuous references to them as "shanty-boat folks" are to be seen in the newspapers of all river towns, and heard in the conversation of all river-bank dwellers, and no State watered by the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, or any

of their larger branches, is ever clear of them. Steamboat men say they number from 10,000 to 12,000; some of the more intelligent water folk themselves place the total at from 12,000 to 15,000 at least, while all agree that, instead of becoming fewer, they are increasing as the years roll round. This, notwithstanding the adverse ordinances of certain municipalities, and the repressive but entirely inoperative statutes of two or three States. It is forbidden any shanty-boat man to "tie up" within the boundaries of the municipalities referred to, excepting in cases of dire emergency; the States in question prohibit the existence of "shanty-boat folks" at all.

Dry land supports no corresponding class. In truth, they cannot be treated properly as a single class, for they are split up into almost as many subdivisions



as those who live on shore. Frequently these subdivisions are not sharply defined, however, and, indeed, it would not be easy to draw an exact line, separating river from land dwellers in all cases. But, in some respects, the water folk are as a unit. They return the contempt of the "shore people" with interest. Without exception, they are infatuated with "the river," as they broadly term the entire system, and, no matter how much they may differ among themselves, they hang together when in trouble with outsiders. They call themselves "the river people" and sniff disdainfully when that title is applied to steamboat men, roustabouts, or even the raftsmen who pilot great fields of timber and logs down the mighty streams.

To be considered truly of the river people, you must be lulled to sleep at night, in your own floating home, by the gentle lapping of water, all the year round. You must be capable of living mainly on fish which you have taken from the river's tawny depths. You must cook your food over driftwood fire. You must bear with fortitude the malaria and the rheumatism which curse all who steadily breathe the river vapors. And, above all, you must never say "shanty-boat." Most of the older "river people" call their habitations "cabin-boats," most of the younger ones speak of them as "house-boats," and, to be personally agreeable "on the river," whether resident or visitor, you must use one term or the other. You may deviate more or less from almost every other river rule and still hold your own, but this may not be broken with impunity.

For the rest of it, the river dweller may live his life pretty much as he chooses, without losing favor. He may be white, black, yellow, or copper-colored; Northerner or Southerner; Jew, Christian, or pagan; clean or dirty, ragged or whole. It matters not whether the chicken that fries in his spider and the potatoes that boil in his pot were bought with honest money, or "picked up" on shore; his shirt may have been procured, in the regular way, at a river town store, or "found" at night on a back-yard clothes line. His "woman" may tell fortunes for shore fools; he may run a river show, or keep a river store, or carry on the bumboat business, or manage a floating dance-hall. He

may earn a few dollars now and then, by working on solid ground, like one of the shore people, though much regular labor will subject him to some criticism. He and his may listen to the talk of "sky pilots" on the first day of the week; he may even send his children to school, and yet stand well with his fellows. In fact, the new recruit will find in riverdom a nearer approach to freedom, absolute and unimpaired, than exists anywhere else on this planet. Perhaps this is the leading reason why the cabin-boat habit, once contracted, is rarely or never shaken off.

The practiced observer can select one of the river people in a crowd, in almost any circumstances. Not all betray themselves by their peculiarly listless river ways, but ninety-nine in a hundred show a curious similarity of color in the face. The water denizens, themselves, call this "the river complexion." It is apparent alike in the lightest Scandinavian and the darkest native of southern Europe. With a difference, it shows itself in the countenances of the river negroes even. It would not be easy to describe the river complexion. Something approaching it is seen in the faces of poor whites, in some Southern regions. Continuous exposure to river weather is one of its causes, of course, but the excessive consumption of cheap and muddy coffee contributes its share. Made from the turbid liquid on which the cabin-boats float, it is the exclusive non-intoxicating beverage on the stream. It is drunk hot at morning, at noon, and in the evening; it is drunk cold between meals and at night; and, no matter how abjectly poor the water-dweller, he always has a supply of the Arabian berry on hand. He would as willingly be out of quinine as coffee. The clothes of the river people are fully as convincing as their complexion. No matter what its original color or texture, every garment worn long on the river suggests the stream itself in tint. This is as true of the sometimes brilliant and relatively smart attire of the prosperous cabin-boat man's wife or daughter, as of the dingy garb worn by the slouchiest water tramp.

Nearly all the river people are somewhat nomadic, but only a small percentage are true water tramps. The water tramp is much like his land brother, the

hobo, though undoubtedly on a plane one level higher. The genuine hobo is positively poverty-stricken and aggressively idle; he rarely owns anything except the clothes on his back and a knife, and he is proud to live wholly by stealing and begging. With the water tramp it is otherwise. Of necessity he must own some sort of a floating home, though often only a rowboat in size, and it must be furnished with blankets, to be used for covering while he sleeps. He must also possess fishing tackle, a more or less elaborate cooking outfit, and eating utensils. He generally does own a small oil-stove and a quantity of miscellaneous old gear.

The most confirmed water tramp I know is by no means a vicious fellow, though woefully lacking in stamina. He has been eleven years on the Mississippi, spending the summers invariably on the upper river, most of the autumns floating down the stream, most of the winters on its southern levels, and most of the springs rowing or poling or being towed north again. His present habitation is not a cabin-boat at all, but a strong, skiff-like, double-ended craft, about sixteen feet long, with a keel, and built by himself. There is no deck-house, but instead a muslin canopy supported by a wooden framework. This man calls himself Solomon Smith, which, while almost surely not his own, is as good a name as any other on the river. He says he never has begged and never has been a thief, and adds that he has had several "working fits" every year since he took to the river. Yet, by his own statement, he has lived an idler life than the laziest land tramp in existence. For, whereas, excepting when stealing a railroad ride, the land tramp has to exert himself in walking to get from place to place, the water tramp can always go down stream by simply floating. Moving against the current, he can generally get a lift for little or nothing from a good-natured steamboat or towboat captain; even when it is necessary to pit his own muscle against the stream the effort is generally less strenuous than walking. Perhaps the hobo's willingness to walk when he might float is mainly responsible for Solomon Smith's sentiments toward him; at all events, they are unprintably disdainful.

Like the majority of his fellows, and

noteworthy unlike the average hobo, Solomon Smith is decidedly unsociable. Land tramps naturally travel in couples and groups, and thus become well acquainted; water tramps as naturally voyage up and down the big rivers alone. Despite their numbers, the river people, all told, are far less numerous than the land tramps, and the water tramps proper probably do not aggregate more than 2,000 or 2,500. When afloat, days and days may pass before one of them sees another of his kind; then the river's breadth may divide them, and they may not speak. Solomon Smith says he has more than once floated passively down stream for over a week at a stretch, without once approaching another human being. During such periods he ties up o' nights at unfrequented places, and divides his days between smoking, fishing, cooking what he catches, and eating. Sometimes he has a few potatoes or a little bread, besides the fish, but oftener its taste is relieved only by river-water coffee.

In the nature of things, it makes no more difference to Solomon Smith than to the rest of the world, whether he moves rapidly or otherwise up or down the stream, but there are times when he is impelled to desperate haste. Then he does not stop to do his cooking, but prepares his food over an oil-stove aboard the boat. There are other times when he takes no note of the lapse of hours or days or weeks, and then he cooks ashore, using river drift for fuel. When feeling more sociable than usual he ties up in the ice harbor of some river town, and it is generally when thus in contact with shore life that his working fits "come on." As a rule he earns exceptionally good wages, his favorite industry being the cleaning of cisterns, which are especially prevalent in such river towns as are inhabited largely by "wooden shoes," as the river people term the Germans.

Though now a water tramp, and so belonging to the lowest grade of river people not criminals, Solomon Smith has seen much better days. His first down-river voyage from his original Minnesota home, undertaken to avoid the payment of some awkward debts, was made in a cabin-boat which he describes as "gorgeous." It cost \$300. Its scow was thirty feet long and twelve or fifteen feet wide, while its

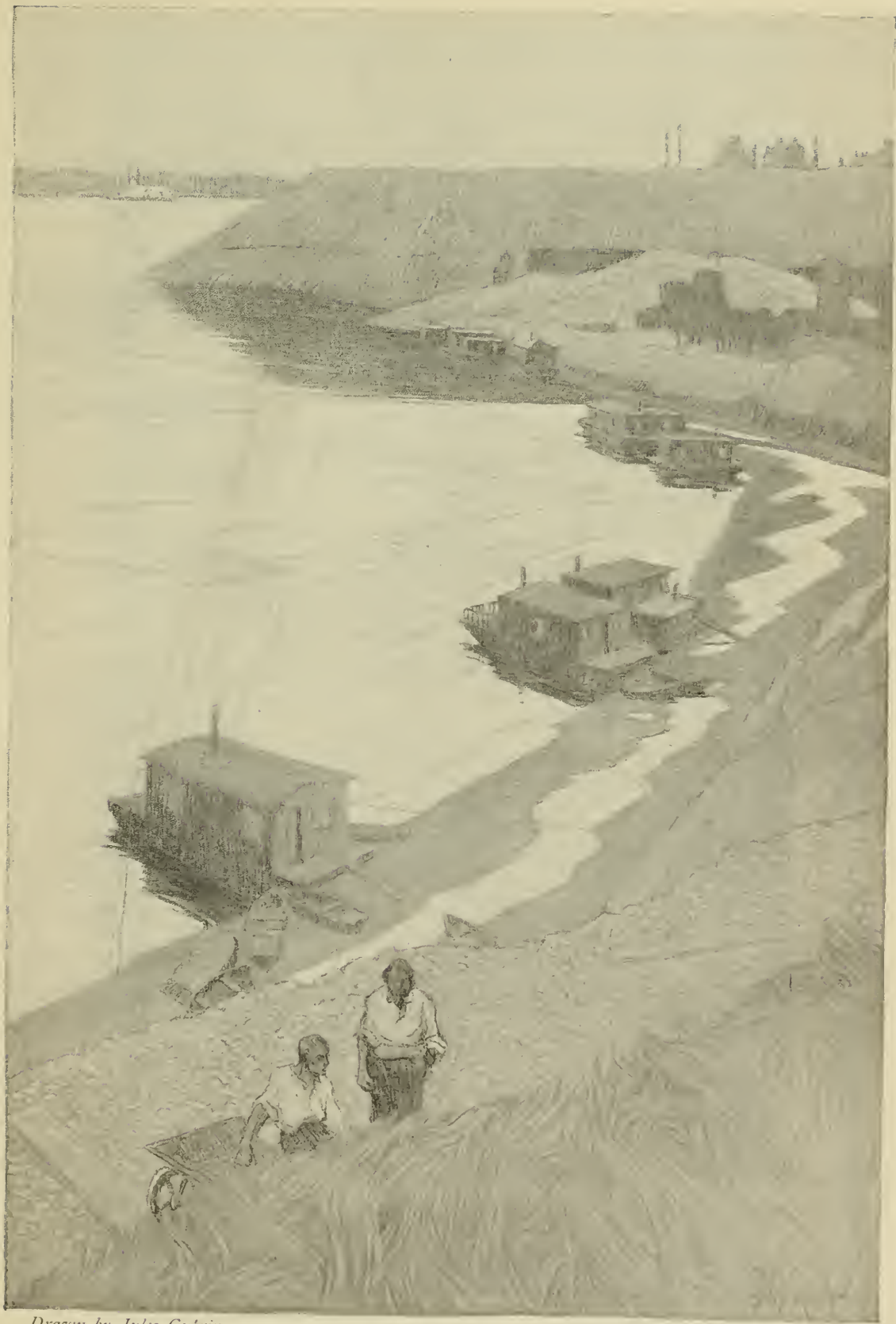
deck-house had four rooms. Rag carpets covered the floors of all but the kitchen. Pictures hung on the walls. There was a melodeon in the parlor, and next it stood a little bookcase filled with such volumes as subscription agents sell in country districts. There was then a Mrs. Solomon Smith, and two or three children. All the way down stream the boat made protracted stops at river towns, in the course of which Solomon did "carpenter work," in that way earning money enough to buy what supplies the river could not furnish. The first winter he moored in the mouth of a creek, a little below Cairo, Ill., and, until spring, labored on some sort of "works" not far away, while the children went to a near-by school. There are perhaps more than a thousand cabin-boat families now living exactly as the Solomon Smiths did that year, in a perfectly commonplace, entirely respectable, and fairly industrious way.

Solomon Smith's gradual and typical decline, from the grade of a relatively prosperous cabin-boat man to that of a water tramp, was caused by the almost universal river complaint of shiftlessness. It drove Mrs. Solomon back to Minnesota long ago, and her threat to sue for non-support, should he enter that State, add another to the sufficient reasons why he should never again visit his early home. One good look at Solomon Smith, and five minutes' talk with him, show clearly that he has paid too well for his life of river ease. He answers to thirty-eight, but he might be sixty. The shape of his head is not bad, but his face is vacant. Apparently he was muscular and well set-up originally, but now he is bent and hollow-chested, his hands are losing shape from rheumatism, and he has a distressing cough. He thinks he never would have taken to the river "if he had known," and now he is "threatening" continually to leave it, but he never will. The virus of river infatuation is in his veins, and he could no more separate himself from its flat, ague-breeding surface than he could dam its flow.

Every one of the streams belonging to the Mississippi system is infested with water nomads much like Solomon Smith. Some began the life afloat in New York or Pennsylvania, near the sources of the Alleghany, floated down to the Ohio, and

there became confirmed in their useless, idle mode of existence. Others reached the Ohio, and through it the Mississippi, from the headwaters of the Monongahela, the Big Sandy, the Cumberland, and other tributaries of the Missouri, and still others were recruited from points along the great rivers themselves. They are of every nationality common in the United States, and the diversity of their antecedents explains the lack of a distinctive river dialect, which seems strange at first. Certain individuals among them are believed by their fellows to have been red-handed fugitives from justice originally, and there is nothing inherently improbable in the belief. Yet not one in ten, probably, has ever been guilty of anything worse than petty thievery when he was hungry, and not one in ten is now an aggressively bad man.

The professional river thief, often confounded with the simon-pure water tramp, is of a radically different type, though the line of demarcation between the two classes is unusually hazy. The water tramp is a nerveless creature, who is almost literally afraid of his own shadow. He is also a dreamer, slow of thought, and sluggish bodily. But, whatever the faults of the professional water thief, he is shrewd and alert, and he does not lack in boldness. The very fact that he is a river man gives him a big advantage over the landsman in the stealing business. The latter can as readily cross the stream from State to State, in evading the law, as the former, but he understands the river's ins and outs; he knows of a hundred snug hiding-places along its shores, to which he may retire when the officers press too close. Once he gets uncaught aboard his floating home, whether it be skiff or cabin-boat, the chances of his capture are hardly worth discussion. The cleverer river thief does nearly all his work away up stream in the warm weather, rarely disposing of his booty till weeks or months later, after he has floated down to the town he calls his home, where he can sell without exciting suspicion. There are stories current among the water tramps, of river thieves who live ashore in winter, South, posing as respectable citizens. Some of these tales may be true, but naturally, they lack confirmation. Unlike



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Cabin-boats Moored Near a City.

In the summer-time such groups of floating homes are to be found moored in the river environs of nearly every considerable town along the great interior waterways. The inhabitants of such boats often work ashore. Some of them never move their boats from year's end to year's end, and these live on the water for no other reason than to save rent and taxes.



Night on the River.

A river dweller may drift for days in his cabin-boat without seeing a like floating habitation, and when he does the breadth of the stream may divide them.

river tramps, river thieves often, of necessity, travel in pairs.

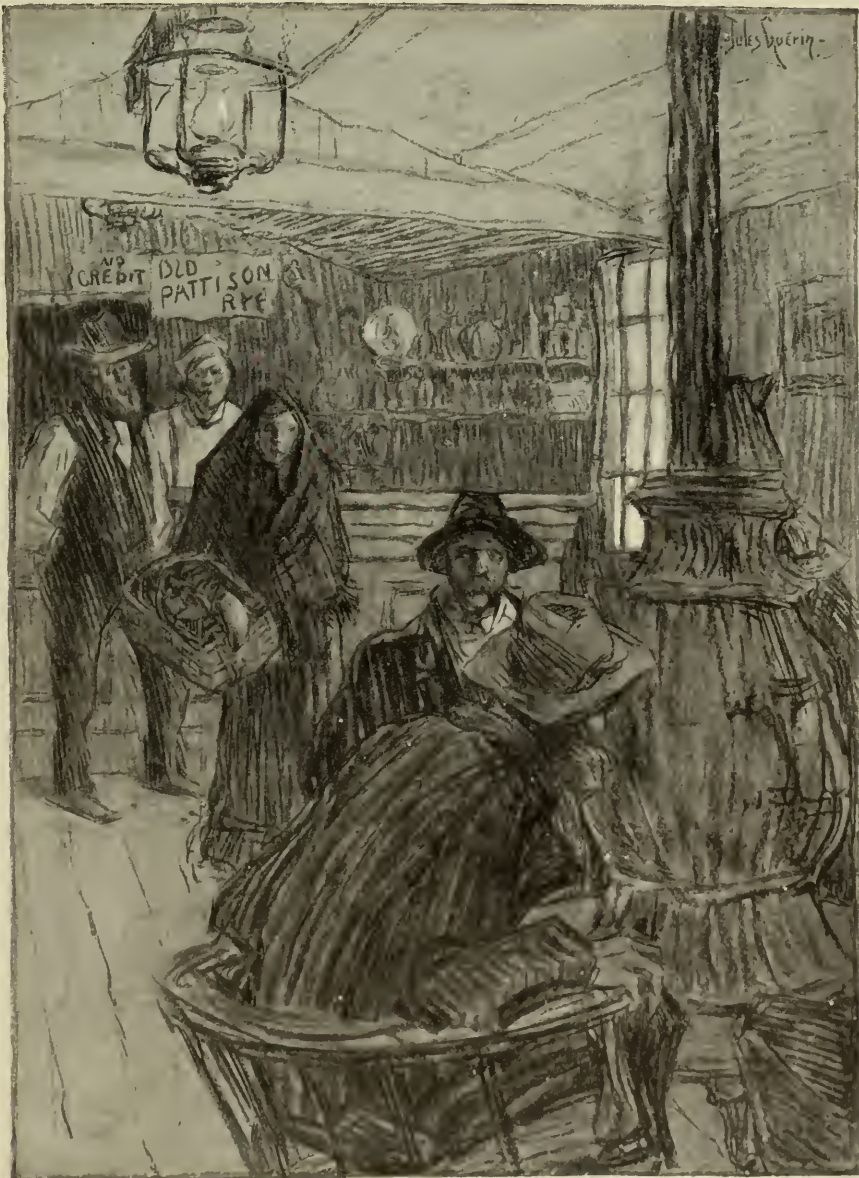
The bumboat of the interior rivers is vastly different from its prototype in European seaports, being nothing more nor less than an unlicensed floating liquor saloon. Sometimes there is a bar, but oftener not. Bumboating is not so profitable as formerly, and not many bumboats are to be found very far up stream. The bumboat keeper is generally less of a river man in spirit than most of the water dwellers, and, having more money than they, he does not draw so much of his subsist-

ence from the stream. Though they patronize him, they are prone to consider him a parasite, and so he has really cordial relations with the criminally inclined among his fellows only; and, as the shore people look down upon him from ineffable heights, he is about as friendless a creature as you will find on the river. Everywhere he goes the land authorities are after him for violating the excise laws, and he has to keep dodging from shore to shore to avoid arrest. Most bumboat men pay the federal tax without protest, and thus are in fear of local authorities

only. Such lead comparatively easy lives, but it is otherwise with those who defy Uncle Sam. Sooner or later they are sure to be run down and punished, though occasionally one leads the internal revenue men a worrying chase. One of this sort, captured on his boat after long pursuit, managed to cut his moorings, with the officer aboard, and the unverified story is that the latter was not set ashore till he had promised to make no trouble. The bumboat man had his wife along, and, armed with a seven-shooter, she stood alternate watch with her husband over the officer, who was made to understand clearly that indiscretion meant sure death, and who was so cut up by the circum-

stances that he resigned from the service.

River shows and floating dance-halls are not so common as of old. Some of the former were big establishments in the palmy river days, and the entertainments they gave were unobjectionable. Housed in good-sized water theatres, and moved by steam towboats, they stopped only at the larger towns, where they sometimes attracted audiences composed of the "very best people." Time was when the Ohio supported two or three such boats handsomely, but they have long since disappeared. If any river shows are left at all they keep well down the Mississippi and low cheapness is their leading quality.



In a River Store.

The river mercantile establishment is like the typical village store in one thing at least—it is a favorite lounging-place, and in the winter-time its stove is almost invariably surrounded by a circle of chronic "setters" who smoke, chew tobacco, and spin yarns by the hour.

“The River People”

The degenerate river shows, the river dance-halls which are vile, and certain other floating establishments of even shadier reputation, have contributed most to

year's end to year's end, being engaged in regular pursuits, the same as if they dwelt on land, and living on the water mainly to save rent and taxes. They have



The River Tramp.

Sometimes he ties up at unfrequented places and lets time drift idly away.

the low standing of the river people as a whole.

Like Solomon Smith, the water tramp, a goodly proportion of the river people migrate Southward in cold weather, and Northward when the weather is warm. Many river men act as professional guides to well-to-do gunners along the lower Mississippi and its branches, in the late fall and winter, spending all but the shooting season on the river, and earning in that season all the money they need for the year. These river men are “well heeled,” for water folk, every spring, and do not begrudge the few dollars they have to pay a towboat going North, for giving them a line. Not a few of them moor their boats in summer near river-side resorts, and do a thriving business as curio dealers, dispensers of ice-cream, soft drinks, and the like.

Notwithstanding the general tendency to change quarters with the seasons, there are some river people who never go South, and some who never go North. A few, indeed, do not move their boats at all, from

a tendency to be boat-builders and menders and keepers of “boat liveries,” according to the river phrase, though they often adopt other occupations. A considerable number of the river people earn the money which they must have to buy their quinine, their coffee, and their miscellaneous supplies, digging clams or river mussels for their shells, which are used in making pearl buttons, so called. Some tie up every summer where they can cultivate unclaimed bottom land, and raise potatoes and other vegetables, for sale and their own use. One river man of the writer's acquaintance has bought a half acre of ground and converted it into a poultry-yard; his sale of chickens keeps him the year round. He hasn't moved his boat for four years, and his pile of river driftwood, gathered for winter use and seasoning on shore, is nearly as big as his floating shanty.

River merchants used to abound up stream as well as below, but nowadays are not often seen on the upper levels. They number more shore than river people

among their customers, and thrive best along certain extended reaches which boast few towns, and are far removed from lines of rail. It is along these reaches that the gypsy-like river fortune-tellers most abound, and, likewise, the river professional men—floating doctors and dentists, who need no diplomas to allow them to practise. These sparsely settled stretches also support the majority of the river mechanics—carpenters, tinkers, locksmiths, gunsmiths, tinsmiths, and the like. Most of these would never have taken to the water at all had it been possible to keep busy in any one locality. They are more energetic than the run of

the water folk, as a matter of course, but the trail of the river's shiftlessness is over them all, and few among them would now give up their life of alternate work and lazy drifting, if the chance were offered.

As to morality on the river, there are as many standards as on land. River men sometimes get raving drunk, and some of them are drunk most of the time, but there is less intoxication than you might suppose, perhaps because it takes money to buy liquor, and money is scarce on the river. There is many a cabin-boat woman who would resent an attempt at flirtation as indignantly as any woman ashore, and perhaps to more purpose, for sometimes,



Last Stage of No. 751.

Abandoned street-car which has been appropriated by a river dweller for use as a cabin-boat.

like their husbands, the cabin-boat women are armed for protection from so-called river thugs. These latter are not numerous, but they are an ugly feature of distinctive river life for all that. They are to be found in nearly all river classes, but, like the river thieves and the plain water tramps, are nomads mostly, and they know the ins and outs of all the great streams and their tributaries better than the steam-boat pilots.

River children generally are hardy and

fresh faced, though they show the river tint early. Some among those sent to school are exceptionally clever and capable, but the majority are listless and stupid. It is possible that an occasional bright river boy has forsworn water life on reaching young manhood, and made a mark in land pursuits, but the writer's diligent inquiry for such a case was not rewarded with success. River children are constantly in danger of falling off the boat when small, but they soon learn to



A Bumboat Interior.

The bumboat is generally a shabby craft inside and out, and its keeper is considered a parasite by the water dwellers, but it is well patronized as a rule, and money is much more plentiful with him than with his fellow river people who buy his liquors.



A Prosperous River Establishment.

This "medicine boat" has been known on the lower Mississippi for years. Its specialty is an alleged external remedy for rheumatism, for which there is naturally a steady demand among the river people.

take care of themselves, and child drownings are seldom heard of. Curiously enough, they are not often taught to swim. In fact, not half the river grown-ups can swim, and they seem little more inclined to make use of water for bathing purposes than as a beverage.

It has been intimated that the river people, of all grades, are inclined to be clannish, and so they are, but the aloofness that characterizes the water tramps is not confined to them. Water folk, generally, are shy of one another as well as of shore people, on short acquaintance, and the new-comer on the river is invariably left severely alone for a long time by those he meets. According to the tacitly accepted etiquette of the river, indeed, he would be justified in resenting any other treatment, since it is taken for granted that every recruit to the river people's ranks has his own personal secrets; that he carries his own private skeleton on his cabin-boat, and therefore doesn't care for too much inquisitiveness on the part of anybody, whether of the river or the shore. But let trouble overtake him and his fellows will come to his aid, with intentions as neighborly as ever were dis-

played in a New England village. Should his cabin-boat be stranded on a sand-bar, he can confidently count on the help of any other cabin-boat man who may be poling or floating by. Should "the shakes" prostrate him, when he is out of quinine, he may be sure the first river man he sees will supply the lack, if possible. Should he be unlucky in fishing, or in picking up potatoes, and therefore hungry, he may ask, unashamed, for supplies from any other water dweller. He may even count on being helped to hide, should officers of the law get after him.

In short, the average river man will stand by another one, through thick and thin, unless the risk be too great, providing the one in trouble has never forgotten the obligations he owes the fraternity, either by failing to be helpful to someone else in time of need, or by "finding" things on a cabin-boat not his own. In this latter contingency he will do well to get away from the river as soon as he can. Otherwise he may find himself floating in the stream some night, and not on its surface, and the great world, which is as heedless of the river people as they are of it, will never miss him for a single moment.



A SUMMER DAY

By Clinton Scollard

AGAIN across the calm of morn
The sharp cicada shrills ;
Again the pee-wee, lone and lorn,
Pipes from the wooded hills ;
And meadow-ward athwart the plain
Slow moves the harvest wain.

Again the fever of the noon
Touches the toiler's brow ;
Again in haze the grain-fields swoon,
And lifeless hangs the bough ;
Again the rill, its course along,
Hushes its under-song.

Again the pensive eve draws on,
And earth's fast-closing eyes
A space are raised to dwell upon
The wonder of the skies :
Again untroubled, boundless, deep,
Broods the vast sea of sleep.

HOWARD GILES

THE BOER AS A SOLDIER *

HIS PECULIARITIES, HIS WEAKNESSES, AND HIS INDEPENDENCE

By Thomas F. Millard

PRETORIA, March 24, 1900.

THE strength of the Boer as a fighting unit has been proved on many bloody and bitterly contested fields. No one need apologize, in the face of his recent deeds, for any lack of military knowledge and qualification that may be scored against the bearded farmer of the veldt. Theoretically, taking into account this utter absence of that training deemed by military experts so indispensable to make an effective soldier, a single regiment of British regulars should be able to rout ten times its number of Boers. Reverse this ratio, and it will approximately represent actual conditions.

Yet the Boer, with all his stubborn courage, his cunning of kopje and veldt and skill with a rifle, which make him so formidable a foe, has his military weaknesses: weaknesses so numerous, so glaring, so calculated to undermine and destroy his elements of effectiveness, that it is little short of miraculous that he has any success at all.

One of the military attachés who accompany the Boer forces for the purpose of observation would probably sum up all these weaknesses in a single phrase—lack of discipline. This comment would be true, and is certainly comprehensive, but it would fall something short of expressing the many shadings of character and point of view that constitute the Boer on commando. The Boer admittedly occupies a unique niche in civilization. His political and social life furnish a broad field for study and conjecture, and constitute a puzzle the Western mind has yet to solve to its satisfaction. If the Boer in civil life is a puzzle, the Boer at war is a being beyond the ken of ordinary mortals.

The Boer detests, hates, loathes war. He will not fight unless driven to it. Before he will take the field he will endure coercion up to any point short of an undisguised assault upon the thing he holds

dearest of all things on earth—his political independence. To any man who has watched the Boer in war, any accusation which fastens upon him the responsibility for the commencement of hostilities falls to the ground as absolutely preposterous. There is not a man, from the Commandant-General down, who does not daily pray for peace. There is not a man who is not heartily sick of fighting and the hardship of laager life, and who would not readily purchase the privilege to again enjoy the comfort and quiet of home with any concession that would leave him his liberty.

So it is that the Boer fights under protest. He would prefer not to fight, and freely admits it. He professes no military knowledge or ability. He thinks rather meanly, than otherwise, of himself as a fighting man. He regards fighting as morally wrong except when it cannot possibly be avoided, and holds himself bound not to provoke useless bloodshed. He looks to the Bible for inspiration and guidance, and governs his actions by his own individual interpretation of the Holy Book. Conceive, if you can, this mental attitude, and perhaps you may detect the psychological reasons for the Boer's military weakness. For, as I have said, most of them cannot be adjusted to ordinary standards.

I will not undertake to say which is the principal weakness of the Boer, but they all, in a measure, seem grafted onto a huge bump of insubordination. Bear in mind that the Boers have no regular military organization. Except the Commandant-General, who is elected every five years and who is as apt to be chosen for social as for military qualifications, there is no permanent nucleus. Each district has its field cornet, who is a sort of semi-civil officer and whose chief duty is to administer the commandeering laws when occasion arises. When a commando is formed to take the field, a commandant is elected. The commandants have

* See "With the Boer Army," by the same author, in the June number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

little control over their men, in whom the republican spirit is developed to an inconvenient degree. If the war requires large bodies of troops, vecht-generals are appointed, who are under the Commandant-General and command groups of commandoes.

All Boers are wonderfully jealous of authority. They will tolerate no assumption of superior intelligence or knowledge on the part of their officers. They will never submit to be ordered to fight. If they want to fight they will fight, but if they don't want to fight they won't. They may be coaxed, but never bullied. One of their generals may establish a sort of mental supremacy over them and so gain their confidence that they will obey him with comparative certainty; that is, they will agree to follow his advice. But a general only arrives at this summit of quasi-authority by slow and careful steps; and having reached it he may be dashed down any moment.

Here I see some military man begin to bristle. "Why don't they court-martial and shoot a few of the beggars? That would stop such nonsense," he probably says, mentally.

Why not? A good idea; and one that would quickly be acted upon in an American or European army. But here in the Transvaal we have no American or European discipline. The fighting men of these two little republics are Boers, and the Boer—well, he is a Boer. I can imagine a photograph of the officer who would attempt to enforce such a sentence, a picture of his bullet-riddled corpse rotting on the veldt. In the whole history of these farmer republics no white man has ever been executed under sentence of law. A beginning will not be made now. The Boer only fights as a matter of accommodation to his government, and he will fight in his own way or not at all. If you get him angry he will take his gun, mount his horse and ride away to his farm.

"But," fumes the military gentleman, "you cannot run an army successfully on such a principle as that. Subordination is the corner-stone of military efficiency. No body of men fight successfully without discipline. It's ridiculous, it's——"

Quite right. I agree with you. I am not defending the idiosyncrasies of the

fighting Boer. I am merely describing them.

Under the commandeering law, every burgher in the two republics is liable to be called out for military duty. His rifle has been provided by the government (only of late years—he used to provide his own weapon), but he furnishes the necessary horse, saddle and bridle, and provisions for one week. Thus he presents himself before his field cornet, ready for the fray. If he does not so present himself there is a penalty. But it is rarely enforced. After the fall of Bloemfontein more burghers were needed at the front. The field cornet of Pretoria sent summonses to two hundred and fifty men to appear at his office on a certain day, prepared to go on commando. Only fifty appeared. "Of course, the delinquents were prosecuted," says the military gentleman. Not at all. The field cornet did not dare to resort to extreme measures. At great trouble to himself he went around to see the burghers, and, being a man of winning personality and extremely popular, succeeded in coaxing most of them to do their duty. The lot of a field cornet in time of war is not a happy one.

So much for the Boer military system. Now that we have an inkling of his character and idea of discipline, let us follow the burgher into the field and see, from actual contact and observation, how the loosely strung system works out its multitude of blunders, and minimizes, or counteracts altogether, his really splendid natural fighting qualities.

The Boer is not aggressive. This trait is due partly to his Dutch nationality and partly to his religion. A battle is sure to result in loss of human life, which the Boer holds to be a sinful sacrifice. An attack will precipitate a battle. So the Boer will not attack except under extraordinary circumstances. A great majority of the burghers will attack under no circumstances. Opinions may differ when it comes to assign a reason for this. Persons are not lacking who attribute this disinclination to attack to cowardice. There are cowards among the Boers—probably in about the same proportion that cowards exist in other nationalities. The cowards among the Boers shine more brilliantly, for they have not rigid dis-

cipline to bolster their faint hearts nor the fear of court-martial to chain them to the firing-line. But the cowardice theory cannot account for the refusal of such a large proportion of the Boers to fight upon certain occasions. Another explanation must be found.

In all that terrible fighting around Ladysmith and along the Tugela, not more than one-third of the burghers were ever at any time engaged. Since the total force under General Joubert never exceeded 7,000 men, it will be seen that the real fighting force was ridiculously small. Doubtless many people have wondered why the Boers did not send more men to assault the Platrand; why only a few hundred were compelled to scale Spion Kop unaided; why so few fought and won at Nicholson's Nek, when even a small reinforcement would have resulted in the total destruction of the entire British force; when, during all these engagements, thousands of Boers lay idly inactive near by.

I can answer these questions, but the answers will not satisfy any well-wisher of the Boers; rather will they fret and irritate him.

Six hundred men assaulted the Platrand, took part of the English trenches, secured a foothold on the Kop, but, after suffering a loss of forty per cent., were compelled to retreat because they were not reinforced. This was not the fault of the Boer generals. Another commando of six hundred men had been ordered to co-operate in the assault, but when the commandant ordered the men forward they refused to move. So the assault failed. At Nicholson's Nek the rout of the British force left the way into Ladysmith open, and some of the subordinate Boer generals, notably General Botha, were eager to follow up the success. But no considerable force of burghers could be got to continue the pursuit, and General Joubert ordered a retirement when the full fruits of victory were within his grasp.

Probably General Joubert knows his men, and handles them accordingly. It does seem ridiculous, however, to see, as has repeatedly occurred in this war, the British force, shattered and broken, retreating in one direction, while the Boers calmly retire in the opposite direction, to-

ward their laagers. How often must the English generals give thanks for such tactics on the part of the enemy? No wonder that Colonel Villebois-Mareuil said, as he shrugged his shoulders despairingly at Colenso:

"The British lose; but the Boers do not win."

Yet at Colenso (the first battle) General Botha's strategy was not at fault. He had ordered a strong commando to cross the middle Tugela and fall upon the rear of the British column when it retreated. The burghers of this commando set the orders of their officers at naught and refused to execute the movement. Let the military experts take all the facts into consideration before they criticise the strategy and tactics of the Boer generals (uneducated, as they are, in a military sense) too severely. Think of the material they had at hand to fight their battles with. Inferiority of numbers, lack of artillery, absence of adequate commissary were great handicaps, but not the greatest. Picture the mental ferment of a general, who, beset by alarming odds and difficulties, knows full well that half of his forces won't fight, and that the other half has to be coaxed to fight, and will then only fight much as the men themselves choose. Think of ordering troops to take such and such a position, and to have the men shake their bushy beards and reply:

"Oh, no. That position is too dangerous. We'll go over yonder."

I see my friend, the military gentleman, here getting black in the face and tearing his hair. I have also seen General Botha tear his hair, and curse the day when he ever undertook to defend fifteen miles of tortuous river front, against an enemy ten times his strength and with another powerful foe in his rear, with a couple of thousand burghers, who couldn't be induced to obey orders.

If ever a general got it "hard upon his nob" Sir Charles Warren did at Spion Kop. Yet, on the whole, he escaped fortunately. His disheartened troops, wearied by the exertion of a week of fruitless fighting, could be seen from the heights north of the Tugela, retreating in masses across the flats, and over the pontoon bridges which spanned the River of Blood. The handful of Boers

that had, in the length of a fiercely-fought day, driven the British from Spion Kop, was too exhausted to pursue. Anticipating this, General Botha had ordered 1,000 men to take the retiring column in flank, and had posted four Krupp guns to shell the pontoons. These admirable dispositions, certain to have played havoc in the ranks of the retreating British, were progressing favorably when an order came from General Joubert that the artillery should not fire and the harassing commando be held back.

"Why?" asks the military gentleman. "Why in the name of Bonaparte, Hannibal, Grant, Von Moltke, and all the other authorities, why?" exclaims that now irate (I am sure) individual.

General Joubert* is (pardon the seeming paradox) a man of peace. No one can have a higher respect for the splendid character and lovable traits of this admirable*old patriot than I. Yet I state frankly my opinion that he would be a better general if he had a harder heart, or, as some people might put it, was less of a Christian. General Joubert guards the life of every burgher under his command as if it was his own; yes, far more carefully than he does his own. He also, strange to say, has a deep care for the lives of his enemies. How often have I seen him shake his head mournfully over a report of heavy British losses. Thus he will not pursue the enemy when they have once abandoned the field, or loose his artillery to decimate their demoralized ranks.

This is, I know, a remarkable point of view for a military man. It runs so contrary to accepted ideas of warfare—even civilized, twentieth-century warfare—that I hesitate to set it down, lest it seem exaggeration. Nevertheless, it is true, General Joubert has given numerous illustrations of this unusual tactical policy, to the frequent detriment of the republican cause, and far more creditable to his sense of humanity than to his military attainments. And, unfortunately, perhaps, for his chances of success, the habit of thought of the average Boer (notwithstanding all the malicious libel heaped upon his head) runs much in the same channel. The Boer loves not war, with its sanguinary

attendants, and fights, even where he fights his best, with a reluctant spirit.

At the risk of puncturing some of the war bubbles so carefully cherished by the English public, I intend here to state a few facts. It has poulticed British pride, in an adverse hour, to assume, publish, and believe that large numbers, even superior numbers, of Boers have engaged the empire's tried and trained armies in South Africa. Let England believe this if she will, but it will profit the rest of the world nothing to subscribe to such fallacies. I am certain that in no engagement in the war—excepting at Paardeburg, where all the burghers captured with Cronje may be assumed (erroneously, I think) to have taken part in the fighting—have more than 2,000 Boers been engaged, and generally a few hundred have borne the brunt of the struggle. The reasons for this, when thousands more were within cannon shot of the field, I have endeavored to make clear. Yet even the most miserable skulker that ever lay in laager while his comrades were furnishing targets for lyddite shells will fight when cornered, and in this statement the measure of the ultimate cost of British conquest of the two republics can be taken.

There is a mistaken notion abroad that the operations of the Boers have been directed by European and American officers. This widely circulated statement contains scarcely a scintilla of truth. A few European officers and one American (Colonel Blake) are here. They may be men of ability for all I know, and competent to give the Boers excellent advice. Other foreign officers would volunteer if they could get commissions in the republican army. The talent can easily be secured. But how devise a scheme to apply it? The Boers will not obey their own officers, much less foreigners. If General Cronje had taken the advice of Colonel Villebois-Mareuil he would not now be on his way to St. Helena. If General Joubert had listened to Colonel Blake Ladysmith would never have been relieved. Do not catch the impression that the foreign officers here are superior to the Boer leaders. Exactly the opposite is what I wish to impress. The cases I have mentioned are exceptional ones,

* [Written, of course, before his death.]

illustrating two of the rare occasions when "expert" advice might have been valuable. Under ordinary circumstances, the Boer general is the best judge of what course to pursue. He knows the country and his men. European standards are of little value here.

The Boer must be wheedled into fighting, and none but native officers can do this. If not treated to his notion, he will sulk, and a Chinaman will fight better than a sulky Boer. He is not a soldier, and doesn't pretend to be. The glamour of battle attracts him not, and his pride in victory is so subdued as to seem entirely lacking. The dull routine of the laager oppresses him. He pines for the isolation and ease of his farm, and he frequently insists upon having his wife with him in the laager. Let me tell the truth. The Boer is lazy. He is almost too lazy to go and fight. He is entirely too lazy to scout or do picket duty or dig trenches. He will permit a position to remain easily assailable when a few strokes of pick and shovel would render it impregnable. He makes nothing of sleeping on sentry duty, knowing well that he will not be punished if caught. Environment and climatic influences are responsible for this lack of physical energy. He acknowledges no sequence in rank, and if his own commandant is killed will take orders from no one under the Commandant-General. This leaves endless openings for demoralization and disintegration of the commandoes. If the Boer decides to abandon a position no protest of any officer will prevent his carrying out his design or check his retreat. Take him altogether, he is a very unsatisfactory soldier for trained officers to command.

And yet there are Boer generals who attain a wonderful ascendancy over their men. Paul Kruger is one, General Joubert another, General Cronje another, while the present war has brought forward a fresh crop, of which General Louis Botha is the most striking figure. It will easily be understood that to dominate soldiers like the Boers and compel their respect and obedience requires rare

force of character and skill in dealing with men. Botha has risen by sheer strength, until he is to-day probably the most trusted general in the Boer armies. For months after the war began, his youth—he is only thirty-six—was against him.

"General Botha! Who is General Botha?" the old Boers would grunt. "Oh! that boy," disgustedly, when he was pointed out. Now they speak differently. If they will permit any man to order them about, that man is Botha.

It is not the typical Boer of the veldt who has done the best fighting in this war. The tangle-haired, bushy-bearded fellows have shown a decided inclination to remain in the laagers when a battle was progressing. The young men of the present generation have so far done the bulk of the fighting, and have proved more amenable to discipline. These youngsters come mostly from the towns, and have imbibed latter-day ideas. They taunt the elder Boers with lack of courage. The elders gravely reply that the "pen koppes," as they call the youngsters, are foolishly rash. In nearly all the battles the same men have done the bulk of the work. Thus the willing and adventurous are gradually being killed off, while the more prudent burghers remain unscathed.

Perhaps nothing in this war has caused the military experts more astonishment than the failure of the Boers to occupy Kimberley and Mafeking by assault when they could easily have done so with comparatively small loss. Again I must lift the blame from the shoulders of the Boer generals. Time after time have positive orders been sent from Pretoria that Kimberley and Mafeking must be assaulted, and time after time have the burghers positively refused to obey. "Here's a how-d'ye-do," says the military gentleman, if he has not long ago collapsed under these persistent violations of the military proprieties. Yet so it is. The Boer must learn, in the bitter school of experience, the value of subordination and discipline, if he hopes to maintain his independence against the mighty assault of imperialism.

THE TENDENCY TO HEALTH

By Daniel Gregory Mason

OUR generation seems to find difficulties in keeping itself in condition, that its fathers never dreamed of. We sometimes almost shudder to realize how precarious seems our tenure of health, how bordered with pitfalls our path. We evade a germ to fall prey to a hysteria, or we build up our nervous energy at the expense of our freedom of mind. We read in a magazine article how we must breathe, and in another how we must walk or sit; and while we are practising how to walk or sit we forget about the breathing, and the old Adam in us takes it up and does it all wrong. Life seems so beset with difficulties as to be hardly worth attempting, and we are fairly appalled by the precautions which it is capital to observe.

Nor are these precautions all of the orthodox kind typified by wearing overshoes when it rains or dieting a weak stomach. Such matter-of-course, normal forms of prudence, learned at our mother's knee, are comparatively easy to practise. There is reason for them in chemistry and hygiene, and we can see that they should prevail. But alongside of them, or even drawn up contemptuously against them, are a hundred "methods" and "cures," of all degrees of fantasticality, that flout the human intellect and yet ride our superstitions. Of course there are mind-cure and Christian Science first of all. The Christian Scientist tells you it is as vital that you should hold your mind above wet feet as the doctor thinks it is that you should keep your feet dry. The apostle of mind-cure tells you not to worry, with so portentous a gravity that it is above human nature not to be worried for fear of worrying. You are harangued by two parties, one the students of the body, the other the students of the mind, and what they have in common is that they frighten you out of your wits. One can readily see that if the dangers of existence are to be much more harped upon it will become intolerable. Whether you are an allopath or a mental healer matters little; while you remain so poig-

nantly conscious of possible missteps, life will remain a nightmare. So that a man who gives the matter only a superficial consideration may easily find himself convinced that health can be preserved only by a vigilant exercise of intelligence. What dire fate would overtake him if he should forget to compute the percentage of protein in his dinner? How should he survive a momentary neglect of the principle of repose? When would his constitution regain its tone should he fail, some night, to go to bed at ten? Even our walks nowadays are "constitutionals," and instead of resting we "relax." Our will is to our functions what a fussy nurse is to a family of rash children, and its constant supervision is needed to ward off catastrophe. Think of what might happen if we should forget to take care of ourselves!

Yet I trust we are not, after all, so far gone as these signs might seem to indicate. In spite of the disquieting magazine essays and the lectures on relaxation and other modern intricacies, air and water and sleep continue to refresh us, and food to nourish us, and fire to warm us. Some days our life is so simple and normal that we almost forget all the enemies lying in ambush, and begin to be unconscious again. We soon run into some fanatic, to be sure, who sows the seed of introspection and discomfort, but the mere fact that we can start the day healthily suggests that we might so continue it. Our physical self-consciousness is more acquired than innate; it is a bad habit we have fallen into. We have all been poisoned a little by the hypochondria in the air, but none the less we find our native vitality ever purifying us from the infection. It is then that we observe, to come at once to the point, that potent, deep-seated, inalienable impulse of nature, subsisting through all disease and morbidness, opposed but never nullified, acting with the universality of forces like magnetism or gravitation, and as much to be depended on as they—the tendency to

health. A force this is which we admire the more as we study it more ; not partial nor local, but universal, pervasive ; not to be contravened, but only for a moment checked ; by nature infallible, since the sources of it lie as deep as those of being itself.

"All life, through whatever aberrations and departures," thus may we formulate our principle, "tends toward a state of health." And as for illustration, it is a principle so widely influential, so universally active, that to trace it is like tracing the sunlight. It is illustrated by the nightly magic of sleep, creating anew the man eager for life and full of strength ; for each morning is a kind of birth, as each evening is a death of fatigue and dulled sensibility. It is illustrated by the purity of the air, polluted constantly by noxious gas, yet also constantly renewed by the oxygen released from this very poison ; a process so efficient that all the smoke of the largest cities cannot seriously contaminate the atmosphere. Or again, it is illustrated in the persistence of the general health of human beings in the mass. Whatever may be the individual departures from health, they tend to stop with the individual ; they do not leap across his frontier. Many causes combine to arrest them. The passivity and seclusion enforced upon the sick in so many ways, their general and specific "unfitnesses," limit the dissemination of their sickness. As the sterility of hybrids guards the integrity of species, so the unfitnesses of the sick supplement and reinforce the powers of the healthy. In this way could one gather examples of the varied manifestations of this tendency to health. One could even carry its application beyond the physical life into the spiritual, and draw from the study a large optimism. For the moment, however, I wish to emphasize a particular and very practical aspect of it. How may it help us in the quandary suggested at the beginning of this paper ? How shall we, in the first place, reconcile with it the prevailing invalidism suggested there ; and how, in the second place, shall we find in it a fundamental reassurance against all these more superficial sores of our misdirected attention ? The answers to such questions should not

be without an immediate and humane value to us.

I have just used the word "attention" ; it is a fruitful word in the hands of modern psychologists. There is much in their books about the power for good and evil of the faculty of attention. All psychologists, I think, now admit the capital part it plays in the determination of the mental content. Without going into technicalities, I may briefly explain its action. The elements of perception are of two kinds, objective and subjective, the first existent in the thing itself, the second supplied by the perceiving mind. The objective elements are fixed ; the subjective partly fixed, partly changeable at will. Take, for example, as an object of perception, a group of nine squares on a checker-board, the corner ones black. Singly, these are objective and fixed ; yet the particular form in which they are combined is dependent on the perceiver. If he chooses, he can see the Maltese cross formed by the red squares, with a black one for centre ; in this case the corners will be inessential in his percept. And then, Presto ! by a change in his way of attending, he can perceive the cross all black, and turned so that its arms are diagonal, the red squares now taking the secondary place and becoming the penumbra, so to speak, of his figure. And yet the nine squares have stayed there without change, fixed as any object can be ; it has been the subjective element that has changed, and this in a lightning flash, and by a simple shift of attention. The name given in psychology to this power by which the mind groups its objects, or attends to them in certain self-determined modes, is "apperception." It enters not only into geometrical percepts of the kind we have chosen for perspicuity's sake to illustrate, but into many of our commonest, most everyday mental acts. Its bearing upon the invalidism we are trying to explain may now be shown, the more clearly if we keep in mind the simple and definite mode by which it works in the case of the checker-board.

At the outset it is necessary to distinguish two kinds of ailment or sickness, though the distinction must be made roughly and with the aid, not of any

medical science, but only of common-sense and observation. There are, then, mental ailments and physical ailments. By this I mean that there are ailments the basis of which is entirely nervous or apprehensive, as sneezing caused by the thought or dread of sneezing, and there are ailments the basis of which is entirely or partly physical, as sneezing caused by inhaling pepper. The distinction is not one of definite limits; it is serviceable rather than philosophical. But we immediately see that it is supported and explained by the analysis of perception we have just made.

For, obviously, mental ailments are those in which the patient's apperception is a determining factor, and physical ailments are those which purely organic conditions establish. The way the man feels who sneezes from apprehension is much more closely connected with his sneezing than is the way the man feels who inhales pepper. The latter would sneeze anyway, as naturally as he would breathe while asleep. But the man who dreads sneezing would not sneeze unless he dreaded it. His sneezing is, at least so far as we have now gone in our demonstration, no less inevitable than that of his pepper-ridden friend, no less beyond his personal control, but it differs from that in one theoretically, and perhaps practically, important particular; namely, that it is the outcome of a perception on the part of the patient in which the subjective element plays a large rôle. One step farther and our analysis will be complete. To what extent is the subjective element in perception amenable to the will of the percipient? To what extent can the shift of apperception, illustrated in the case of the checker-board, be applied to our more impressive and poignant perceptions of sickness and health? Can the man who dreads sneezing stop dreading it? In a word, is attention a matter of will?

The answer is perfectly definite, though not quite sweeping. Within certain limits the attention is, without doubt, subject to the will. The man who dreads the sneeze may have become, to be sure, so settled a victim of nervous habit, so inveterate a sneeze-dreader, that he cannot refrain from sternutation any more than

his friend who is in the stringent grasp of the physical pepper. But, on the other hand, his hysterical thought may have so little mastered him that, when he once understands that he is to think of something else, he can switch off his attention and cure his weakness. Now, in the vast majority of ills current among us, the mind is not really enslaved, but only temporarily weakened; and if we could once grasp the full significance of this theory of attention, our wills would be wholly equal to the task of substituting a pleasant attitude of mind for the unpleasant one that reinforces our misery so sadly. Nine times out of ten we could accent the enjoyable elements in our perception instead of the wretched ones; we could apperceive our sensations in a different grouping that would change for us their relative values.

Just here a practical word of no little importance falls to be said. *This direction of attention must be a positive, not a negative, process.* Our friend whose imagination is so susceptible to pepper will get little help from a resolution *not to think* about pepper. What good will the "not" do so long as the "pepper" is in the sentence? No, he must resolve *to think* about *something else*. Similarly, the man who thinks he is testing our theory by saying, over and over, to himself, "I must not think of my indigestion," is making a fatal error. Does not the very formula keep him keenly aware of his misery? He must make, on the contrary, an active, a positive resolve to think of his wife's becoming new hat, or the game of whist he is playing, or pretty much anything in which he can take a genuine even if short-lived interest. Not by avoiding evil are we saved, but by seeking good. The bicyclist who looks at the stone ahead rides over it: only by looking at another part of the road does he easily and unconsciously pass it by. There are a great many stones on our roads, if we decide to look for them. I doubt whether the hardest stomach would not reveal dyspeptic feelings to the man who "intended his mind" upon it. His zealous search would doubtless be rewarded by discovery. "Seek and ye shall find" is true of unpleasant as well as of pleasant things. The better way is, not to seek. Happy is the man who forms,

early in life (or if not early, then late), the habit of taking all the light and warmth and cheer he can get with a fine glow of appreciation, looking, meanwhile, somewhat sidewise at those opposite experiences he cannot escape. Let him squint a little, or look the other way. He will be a happier man, as well as more popular, than the self-appointed devil's advocate who sedulously notes the mugginess of the weather, the feebleness of his pulse, or the fact that he is "tired" (which, God help us, we all are—until we get rested).

He will be a happier man, moreover, for two reasons, and by virtue of two distinct forces that his act of attention enlists in his behalf. In the first place, by removing the constant irritation to his mere body, his viscera and nerves and muscles, that has resulted from his morbid attention, he leaves a clear stage for the benign action of the tendency to health. A man's body is not the normal object of his attention. Just as the normal focus of a sense-organ is an external object (of the eye, a sight; of the ear, a sound), so the normal focus of the mind as a whole is the breathing, colored world outside itself, and particularly the absorbing world of other people. The very insidiousness of sickness is that it tends to seduce the mind from this wholesome outlook, and concentrate it upon inner sensations. The process, once begun, proceeds apace, and soon the healthy activity of the body is still further deranged by the meddling attention, precisely as clearness of execution on the piano, for example, is deranged by particularized notice of fingering or other mechanical processes that should be automatic. Conscious thought always bungles the delicate acts properly cared for by the subconscious mind. The remedy is, in both cases, to direct the attention elsewhere. The pianist must think of his music; the sick man, as I have already suggested, must think of the people about him, of his own effect on their happiness and welfare. He will then leave his cure to the healthy, spontaneous action of his vital processes. The tendency to health will exert itself, and in its turn aid his will. Thus can the mind, by applying its knowledge of the psychological effect of attention, act upon the sick body.

"But," the reader will object, "often the organic disorder is so great, and therefore the 'objective element in perception,' as you call it, so formidable, that this transference of attention will effect nothing. Can the man with a sick-headache help himself by thinking of his friends and relatives?" A tempting answer to this question would be that he could help the friends and relatives, at least. But I will not rest content with that; I will try to show how he can still help himself. To do this, I must point out that second force of which I spoke as being enlisted in behalf of any man who directed his attention wisely. And first I must admit that there are many distresses in human life which the tendency to health is powerless to relieve. Many sorts of disease, of disablement, of weakness and pain, since, so far as we can see at present, they are, despite the flattering generalizations of theorists, not to be avoided, must be simply borne and survived. But if we cannot evade such sad realities by any sort of mental attitude, can we not face them with one which shall modify their relation to us? I have only to put this general question in a specific form to make the answer spring upon the reader's lips. By courage can we not lessen misfortune? Yes! a thousand times yes! Courage turns the ignoble agony into the beautiful tragedy. Its alchemy is universal. Is the stake a misfortune to the martyr? It is his dearest fortune. Is oppression, prejudice, ignorance, a misfortune to the reformer? It is the very material of his reform. Is misunderstanding, injustice, suspicion, or contempt a misfortune to the earnest man or woman anywhere who is trying to guide his life by a more starry trigonometry than petty minds can conceive? Perhaps in one sense they are misfortune, but in another and deeper sense nothing is misfortune that can be faced and known by an unfrighted human spirit. A misfortune bravely met is a fortune, and the world is full of people happy because bravely unhappy.

Why shall we not avail ourselves of these truths of psychology and religion, as gratefully in meeting the disadvantages of bodily condition as in meeting the other sort of disadvantages, to which we attribute more dignity and weight—our "trials," sor-

rows, and bereavements? Why is it not, in its proportion, as worthy our mettle to bear with sweetness a headache, as a reverse of fortune or the loss of a friend? Yet we are apt to think such every day difficulties too trivial a field for our noble virtues. Many men who would be strong and patient under heavy adversity, spoil with a hundred glooms and irritabilities the ease of friends and family, because forsooth they have a stiff neck or a heart-burn. They do not see that, just as the profession of the soldier calls not so much for heroism in the front of battle (which he may never see) as for faithfulness in the unromantic toils of the camp, so the profession of the human being calls not so much for grand valors and dramatic deeds as for kindness and sweetness and gladness, from Monday to Sunday and from January to December. We do not sufficiently realize, I am sure of it, the duty of cheerful behavior. In a sense our moods are the atmosphere of our associates. We have no right to choke them in sulphurous fumes of discontent, or to cold-blanket their joys with our continual fog of joylessness. If I am sullen and lowering, it is in so far a drearier day for the next man: I forward his discouragements, I dissuade his happiness. This is what a woman clear-sighted in these delicate influences meant, who said once, "'Crossness' is dreadful because it makes it impossible for anything beautiful to happen." And so it is not only with "crossness," but with every attitude less actively forwarding than one of quiet cheer. The presence of illness, discomfort, forlornness of any sort in a household makes any beautiful happening, perhaps not impossible, but at least less probable. He who would bring out the best traits in his companions, not only for their sakes but for his own, would best cut down his disease-list to minimum length.

An end of generalization, then. Let me sum up the three chief points of this paper in practical form—in the form of friendly counsel to any reader who sincerely desires to profit by any thoughts that may help him, even if he considers

that they are presented with some lack of sympathy, or even with levity. They are not the worse ideas for that; but he is the worse man if he lets his pride deprive him of them.

"Trust more than you have done," I shall say to him, "in the tendency of all nature toward health. Be not too anxious about your symptoms, those little things; think rather of great, enduring, eternal things, the purity of air, the brightness of the sun, the sweetness of human love, the glory of human destiny. Furthermore, enlist your natural interests in this reform. Withdraw your attention from the bad feelings by dwelling on the good ones. Make capital of your pleasures; taste your food with relish, or, if that is impossible, sense as keenly as you can the play of muscles when you walk; if it be so bad that you are bed-ridden, at least be wheeled into the warm sunshine, and thank God for it. Finally, if you are still weary and ill and sore-oppressed, if life is indeed a bitterness to you, then, poor soul, bear it as best you may and take what props you can get; but even then, remember that you must communicate your bitterness as little as possible to others; remember that you can even then wring a happiness from your stern and chivalrous campaign of silence. Learn by heart what Browning has said:

Knowledge means
Ever renewed assurance by defeat
That victory is somehow still to reach,
But love is victory, the prize itself."

I must end with an example of the kind of courage I have been trying to recommend—for example is the last persuasion. Though there are hosts of examples to be found, I will content myself with one, a remark of an "invalid" who had so large a share of health that he could make remarks like this one as long as breath was in his body. Robert Louis Stevenson was asked how he was getting on. He could not speak, for fear of his friend "Bluidy Jack"—his name for hemorrhage. But he could (and did) write on his slate, "Mr. Dumbley is no better, and be hanged to him."

THE POINT OF VIEW

AMONG the many reasons for which the achievement of the Dewey Arch was memorable was this :—that it gave certain persons fresh ground for belief that the plastic expression was the most natural expression of the art impulse of Americans.

American
"Style."

We do not say that many persons entertained, or do entertain, such a belief. We have heard much of the prospective development of a national American literature, and something of a distinctive future American music. But that an innate feeling for the beauty of plastic form could be attributed to Americans is a thing that has not been advanced with the same insistence. And yet it is more than probable that, deficient though the Teutonic stock be generally in this sense, an exception should be made in favor of the mixed American branch of that stock. To this conclusion one is brought not alone by the power and beauty of the work of later American sculptors, but also by the fact that Americans seem, as a people, to possess the instinct of plastic style in the management—if the word may pass—of their bodies.

To be assured of this it is only needful to watch briefly any ordinary, every-day crowd in the streets or public meeting-places of any American city, and especially the feminine element in it, as the more naturally decorative. And, if this be done, any careful observer must become aware that this is a people which has conspicuously a perception of what the French artists call *galbe*, and an unconscious desire and aspiration so to carry itself physically that this *galbe* shall be good. In the hierarchy of those who know how so to adjust themselves as to extract the largest amount of effect from the means given to them by nature and circumstance, all conditions of little American girls have a right to be placed, a good second, close to the experienced French women with their long traditions of studied grace and of demonstrated charm behind them. But the happy knack of knowing what to wear and how to put it on is a mere concomitant of the air of the head and the poise of the shoulders, and derives all its value from these last gifts. And they are great gifts. They are the gifts which, far from being frivolous and unimportant, may

very properly be considered as the roots out of which a great plastic art eventually grows.

If this be thought a fanciful assumption one has only to remember that there was never a people among whom there flourished a really great and high school of sculpture, which did not manifest this intuition of style in the poses and motions of the body to a very marked extent. The Greeks had it, the Italians of the Renaissance had it, the French have had it always. The English, who have so fine a sense of style in the use of words and the speaking voice, never show that their bodies move to an inner music. A massive, stolid, showy, splendid dignity they may, at their best, present, but no flexibility. The muscular part of them has not the singing tone, though the voice has.

It can be objected that the plain American business man has not the "singing tone" in his physical presentment either. But the plain American business man has perhaps latent possibilities which he himself does not suspect—and in any case we must judge a people by its most ornamental and articulate and its most æsthetically perceptive part. The quality in virtue of which the American woman has made so great a social conquest of the world is really just her "style." There have been those who have sometimes been inclined to think it a rather dry and brittle style, one too self-assured and garish for charm. But though in the soft inflections of color and shadow it may be wanting, and in pitch it may be too shrill, the best analysis will discover that in the form-feeling it is rarely astray. The trim, yacht-like figure of the little American takes the winds and the waves as by the guidance of an inward compass, which saves her from the worst awkwardnesses that would befall other women who should be so venturesome. And even the little water-wagtail of the "shopping district" of our large towns appears to have that in her which, with but half the hint that some others would require, would teach her to tone down to her cheap fine feathers and to wear and be and do the thing that was fit.

Here, in short, is where the Americans show one of those strong desires for expression which presently organize themselves into an art. It does not seem that in any other

direction they exhibit so plainly the artistic germ. They want so very much, even far back into the isolation of rural localities, to be "stylish" in their persons and actions! When we are confronted with some of the results we do not think it a beautiful ambition. And yet we should be fatally wrong if we should undervalue the impulse.

A PRIORI, a man who inherits money enough to be all his life, as the French say, "at his ease," is the man from whom we should expect the things that make the world better, and for which there does not seem to be any immediate market in money. Contributions to science and art and the less immediately remunerative forms of literature might be expected to come from the "leisure class." If we remember aright, that inveterate a-priorist, the late H. T. Buckle, who did not allow facts to stand in the way of his theories, though he professed to base himself exclusively upon facts, was not afraid to argue that this was the actual result of leisure. It was true of himself and of John Ruskin, the only authors of their day and their standing who did not have to earn their livings. But, as a generalization, the observation that men of hereditary leisure do the apparently unremunerative work of the world flies in the face of all experience.

The death of the Duke of Argyll has brought out the falsity of the assumption that men of hereditary wealth can be trusted to do the intellectual work that does not directly pay. And this is simply because the Duke really did something in that way. According to Carlyle, the British peerage was in its origin a kind of glorified civil service, in which the titles were certificates of success in the most arduous competitive examinations. Still, according to him, "the merit system" broke down in its application to the British peerage in the reign of Charles I. Since then a lord has had nothing to do "as such" except "to exist beautifully." As the lords have all the chances of education that England affords, and nothing to do but what they may choose to do, what treasures of learned leisure and research we ought to owe to them! The career of the Duke of Argyll ought not to have been an exception in his order at all, but simply an illustration of the rule. And yet he was the only Duke in Great Britain who within living memory has amounted to anything. It is true that the

Marquis of Salisbury might have been a Duke if he had not regarded his marquissate as a prouder title than a new dukedom could furnish. And doubtless the Marquis of Salisbury amounts to something. When he was Lord Robert Cecil, Bagehot said of him that he was the only member of the British aristocracy who had shown the capacity of earning his own living. This he had had to do for a season, and had done it in the character of a political writer; and there is no doubt that he would have made a political success if he had been a commoner. His existence is fully justified. So is that of Lord Rosebery, as a public speaker and as a writer, if not yet fully as a politician. Here are three out of five hundred members of the House of Lords. Perhaps an ordinarily well-informed observer might manage to pick out half a dozen more lords who might fairly be called distinguished for something else than being lords, barring the new men, who owe their titles to their achievements. But that is a sorry showing for so many holders of what may be called perpetually endowed fellowships.

That the Duke of Argyll, being a Duke, should yet have amounted to something, strikes his countrymen with even more astonishment than it does us. His intellectual lonesomeness is emphasized by a saying which has strayed into print since his death, attributed to a Scotch inn-keeper, who observed that the Duke was in an unfortunate position, since his pride of intellect kept him from associating with his equals in rank, and his pride of rank from associating with his equals in intellect. And the dukedom is even said to have "rubbed off" on his intellectual work. Nobody would think of describing him as an amateur writer. But the men of science do not hesitate to describe him as a scientific amateur, even in geology, for which he had a special inclination. It is not necessary, however, to disparage him in order to emphasize the point. Here was one man of say a dozen out of five hundred who did what four hundred and fifty of them ought to do in order to justify the existence of the "institution" they represent. The plain fact is that all the worthy achievements come from "the curse of Adam," from the necessity of earning one's own living; and that the desire to have been born a duke, which often assails lazy people as a delightful dream, is really a desire to have foregone a much better birthright. Brains share the fate of other organs in tending to incur atrophy from disuse.

THE FIELD OF ART

ANOTHER WAY OF DESIGNING A MODERN HOUSE

THIS time* it is, indeed, an apartment-house — a big Paris *maison à loyer*. Its name is Castel Béranger; and this also is the name of an important monograph devoted to the house, its novel system of design, its somewhat fantastic decoration, and its almost unmatched boldness of artistic treatment.

The house stands far away to the west, and close to the Passy station of the underground railway. It is not unlike a New York apartment-house of these latter days; except that Parisian tradition accepts a building with six stories of apartments, built in an elegant and even sumptuous manner, with no means of communication up and down other than that afforded by many staircases. Of these last essentials there are six, carried from cellar to roof; and this in a building with not more than forty-eight apartments. The stairways are fire-proof, of course; but then the whole house is incombustible, as all good French houses are.

The plan is intelligent and has been carefully thought out, but this is true of so very many of the *immeubles de rapport* of Paris, that it need not be insisted on here. The work of the architect, or master-workman, is not so noticeable in the floor-plans as in the drawings of that which has arisen upon them; and in that which is superadded to the absolutely essential walls and roofs, windows and doors — superadded, not in the sense of ornament which might have been dispensed with, but in the sense of essential conveniences which, in the hands of the able and energetic man who has managed this work, have taken on a character startling enough to the observer of any modern city and its buildings. There has been an attempt to make this building realistic in the very highest degree, and to

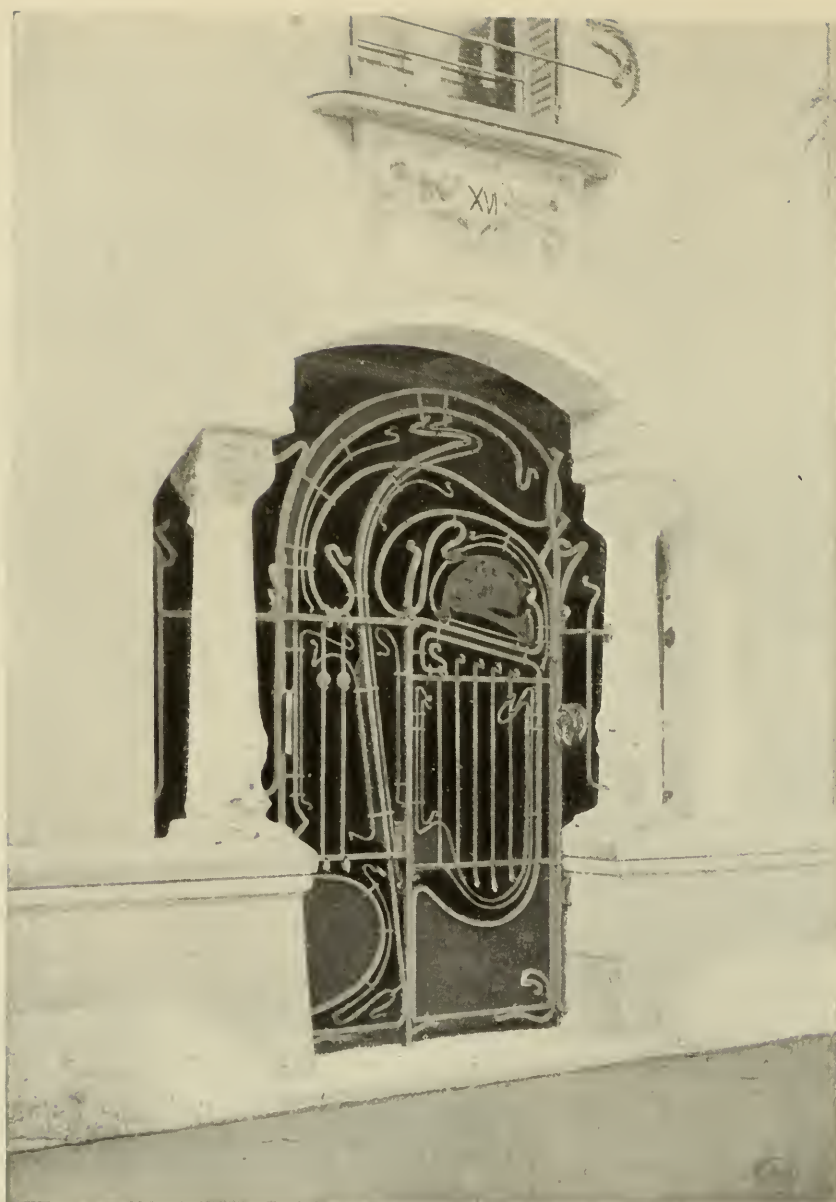
make that realism interesting in an artistic sense and to all artistically minded people. That this attempt has succeeded in a measure is the reason for devoting this brief study to the Castel Béranger.

The exterior of the building is divided vertically into parts of uneven width and distribution, some of cut stone, some of red brick, and some covered with rough-surfaced stucco. The windows are generally single, and those of the smaller toilet-rooms, which are arranged very properly in tower-like masses, are small and round-headed, while the windows of living-rooms and chambers are sometimes square-headed with lintels, sometimes closed at top by circular discharging arches beneath which, in a curious way, the square head is suspended, sometimes by segmental arches or three centred arches, and sometimes by arches which, though having a horizontal intrados, are curved above with a



This and the following illustrations are from "Le Castel Béranger," by Hector Guimard. By permission of G. D'Houngue.

* See the Field of Art for July, 1899.



11

system of splays combined with delicately worked mouldings, which are carried into the skewbacks or abutment-stones, so as to afford the greatest possible admission of light from the sky. Something of this can be seen in Fig. 2; and here it must be said that these photographs are taken from colored prints. The wall finishes above the sixth story in a gutter-balcony of considerable width with a parapet and a very elaborate decorative construction in metal. Above this balcony rises an attic with heavy dormers to light the seventh story, and these dormers rise still higher and break into a sloping metal roof beyond. On the court are two principal entrances; one of the two, the inner pavilion, is managed as shown in Fig. 1, at the base of one of those tower-like vertical members of which there has been mention, and the other connecting with the great stairway

at the end of the court by means of a large, low, segmental arch which corresponds in width to the triplets of windows above which light the staircase. Another entrance doorway, that on the Rue de La Fontaine, has a segment of arch whose abutments are carried by columns, while the curve goes on beyond them and completes the half-circle, all as shown in Fig. 2. The thoughtful planning and arrangements for access and for light are characteristic of modern Paris; that which is not characteristic of modern Paris or of any other modern city is the way in which every part of this building has been shaped especially for this particular occasion. Our architect is an opportunist and not an observer of hard and fast rules. He has made it his business to give shape to a dozen kinds of windows for a dozen different situations, and has not asked whether there is any au-



III

thority for any of his forms. Carrying this scheme still further, he has designed afresh and according to his own notions of what would be appropriate, every separate member of his building. The iron-work on every balcony has been studied separately; and although two may be alike, this is because

those two are in similar situations. He has designed the little parapets upon which people lean their elbows when they look out of ordinary Paris windows as may be partly seen in Fig. 2; and as he desired his casements to open outward, he has set these parapets out from the wall, so that they pro-

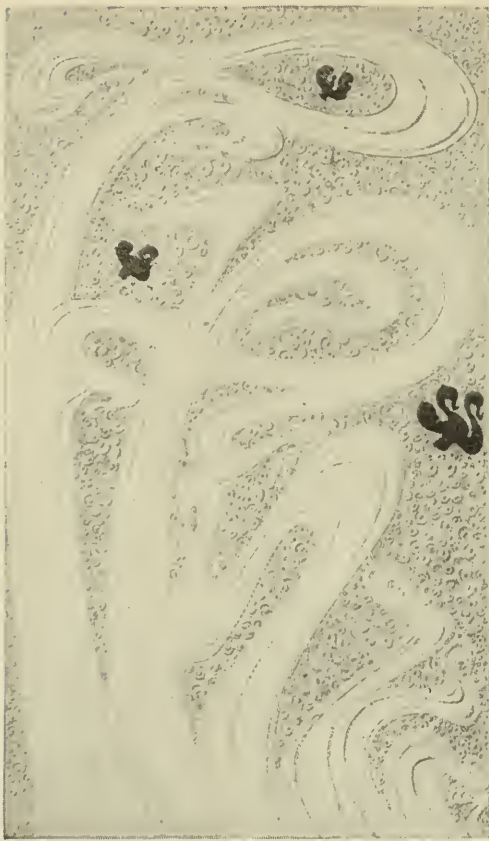


IV

ject even beyond the walls below. The balcony at the top of the wall, mentioned above, is not only very bold and decided in its projection, it is also combined with subordinate balconies below by means of uprights connecting them, and very boldly by the water-leaders themselves, which are elaborate bronze tubes decorated at every joint, all of these being the subject of constant and watchful design, of that sort which takes the requisite form and works it into something artistic. Finally, it is to be noted especially that the greater emphasis has been laid upon the essential differ-

ence between the heavy piers, archivolts, balconies, corbellings, and copings of cut stone and the light and slender members of the same destination which are made of metal.

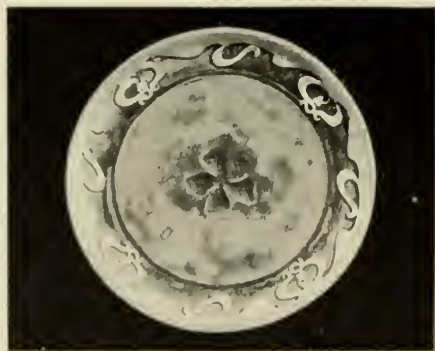
Fig. 2 exhibits this careful discrimination in the artistic treatment of different materials. The cut-stone doorway is daring enough in its novelty of design; but that very design is expressive of the qualities of cut stone. Within and beneath the archway is a gateway of wrought iron, in the design of which there has been what many will consider an excessive striving for contrast between the metal-



lic and the lithic structure. Fig. 3 shows this doorway from within, with one-half of the gate swung open, and the reader should study the convolutions of the iron bars that he may note which of them swing with the right-hand or swinging valve, and which are attached to the left-hand or bolted valve.

A curious modern tendency toward design in abstract curves is noticeable in these details. Fig. 4 shows the same tendency in mosaic of colored glass, and the great chance there is of an ugly result to this sort of work is manifest in the huddling of these bands and scrolls at the bottom on either side. Fig. 5 shows a detail of the plaster-work with scrolls which are certainly better managed than the glass. Plaster-work of this design is repeated in many different grave and comely tints, the color having been mixed with the plaster before working.

Finally, the tail-piece is a dish recently purchased at Bing's establishment, "L'Art Nouveau." This contemporary designing in fantastic curves has been much identified with the productions of that concern; but it is difficult to say how far its origin is to be found in Paris.





Drawn by A. B. Frost.

I COULD HEAR SIMILAR EXPLOSIONS AS HE WENT DOWN THE ROAD.

—“The Green Pigs,” page 197.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII

AUGUST, 1900

NO. 2



Coyotito, the Captive.

TITO

THE STORY OF THE COYOTE THAT LEARNED HOW

By Ernest Seton-Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I

A RAINDROP may deflect a thunderbolt, or a hair may ruin an empire, as surely as a spider-web once turned the history of Scotland ; and if it had not been for one little pebble this history of Tito might never have happened.

That pebble was lying on a trail in the Dakota Badlands, and one hot, dark night it lodged in the foot of a horse that was ridden by a tipsy cowboy. The man got off, as a matter of habit, to know what was laming his horse. But he left the reins on its neck instead of on the ground, and the horse, taking advantage of this technicality, ran off in the darkness. Then

the cowboy, realizing that he was afoot, lay down in a hollow under some buffalo bushes and slept the loggish sleep of the befuddled.

The golden beams of the early summer sun were leaping from top to top of the wonderful Badland Buttes, when an old coyote might have been seen trotting homewards along the Garner's Creek Trail with a rabbit in her jaws to supply her family's breakfast.

Fierce war had for a long time been waged against the coyote kind by the cattlemen of Billings County. Traps, guns, poison, and hounds had reduced their number nearly to zero, and the few



Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

survivors had learned the bitter need of caution at every step. But the destructive ingenuity of man knew no bounds, and their numbers continued to dwindle.

The old coyote quit the trail very soon, for nothing that man has made is friendly. She skirted along a low ridge, then across a little hollow where grew a few buffalo-bushes, and, after a careful sniff at a very stale human trail-scent, she crossed another near ridge on whose sunny side was the home of her brood. Again she cautiously circled, peered about and sniffed, but, finding no sign of danger, went down to the doorway and uttered a low "*woof-woof*." Out of the den, beside a sage-bush, there poured a procession of little coyotes—merrily tumbling over each other. Then, barking little barks and growling little puppy growls, they fell upon the feast that their mother had brought, and gobbled and tussled while she looked on and enjoyed their joy.

Wolver Jake, the cowboy, had awakened from his chilly sleep about sunrise, in time to catch a glimpse of the coyote passing over the ridge. As soon as she was out of sight he got on his feet and went to the edge, there to witness the interesting scene of the family breakfasting and frisking about within a few yards of him, utterly unconscious of any danger.

But the only appeal the scene had to him lay in the fact that the county had set a price on every one of these coyotes's lives. So he got out his big .45 navy revolver, and notwithstanding his shaky condition he managed somehow to get a sight on the mother as she was caressing one of the little ones that had finished its breakfast, and shot her dead on the spot.

The terrified cubs fled into the den, and Jake, failing to kill another with his revolver, came forward, blocked up the hole with stones, and leaving the seven little prisoners quaking at the far end, set off on foot for the nearest ranch, cursing his faithless horse as he went.

In the afternoon he returned with his pard and tools for digging. The little ones had cowered all day in the darkened hole, wondering why their mother didn't come to feed them, wondering at the darkness and the change. But late that day they heard sounds at the door. Then light was again let in. Some of the less

cautious young ones ran forward to meet their mother, but their mother wasn't there. Only two great rough brutes that began tearing open their home.

After an hour or more the diggers came to the end of the den, and here were the woolly, bright-eyed little ones, all huddled in a pile at the farthest corner. Their innocent puppy faces and ways were not noticed by the huge enemy. One by one they were seized. A sharp blow, and each quivering, limp form was thrown into a sack to be carried to the nearest magistrate who was empowered to pay the bounties.

Even at this age there was a certain individuality of character among the puppies. Some of them squealed and some of them growled when dragged out to die. One or two tried to bite. The one that had been slowest to comprehend the danger had been the last to retreat, and so was on top of the pile and therefore the first killed. The one that had first realized the peril had retreated first, and now crouched at the bottom of the pile. Coolly and remorselessly the others were killed one by one, and then this prudent little puppy was seen to be the last of the family. It lay perfectly still, even when touched, its eyes being half closed, as guided by instinct it tried to "play 'possum." One of the men picked it up. It neither squealed nor resisted. Then Jake, realizing ever the importance of "standing in with the boss," said: "Say! Let's keep that 'un for the children." So the last of the family was thrown alive into the same bag with its dead brothers, and bruised and frightened lay there very still, understanding nothing—knowing only that after a long time of great noise and cruel jolting it was again half strangled by a grip on its neck and dragged out, where were a lot of creatures like the diggers.

These were really the inhabitants of the Chimney-pot Ranch, whose brand is the Broad arrow; and among them were the children for whom the cub had been brought. The boss had no difficulty in getting Jake to accept the dollar that the cub coyote would have brought in bounty money, and his present was turned over to the children. In answer to their questions "What is it?" a Mexican cow-



Ernest Seton-Thompson

Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

Their Evening Song.--Page 139.

hand present said it was a coyotito—that is, “a little coyote”—and this afterward, shortened to “Tito,” became the captive’s name.

II

TITO was a pretty little creature, with woolly body, a puppylike expression, and a head that was singularly broad between the ears.

But, as a children’s pet, she—for it proved to be a female—was not a success. She was distant and distrustful. She ate her food and seemed healthy, but never responded to friendly advances; never even learned to come out of the box when called. This probably was due to the fact that the kindness of the small children was offset by the roughness of the men and boys, who did not hesitate to drag her out by the chain when they wished to see her. On these occasions she would suffer in silence, “playing ’possum,” shamming dead, for she seemed to know that that was the best thing to do. But as soon as released she would once more retire into the darkest corner of her box and watch her tormentors with eyes that, at the proper angle, showed a telling glint of green.

Among the children of the ranchmen was a thirteen-year old boy. The fact that in after years he grew up to be like his father, a kind, strong, and thoughtful man, did not prevent him being at this age a shameless little brute. Like all boys in that country he practised lasso-throwing with a view to being a cow-boy. Posts and stumps are uninteresting things to catch. His little brothers and sisters were under special protection of the Home Government. The dogs ran far away whenever they saw him coming with the rope in his hands. So he must needs practise on the unfortunate coyotito. She soon learned that her only hope for peace was to hide in the kennel, or if thrown at when outside to dodge the rope by lying as flat as possible on the ground. Thus Lincoln unwittingly taught the coyote the dangers and limitations of a rope, and so he proved a blessing in disguise—a very perfect disguise. When the coyote had thoroughly learned how to baffle the lasso the boy

terror devised a new amusement. He got a large trap of the kind known as “fox-size.” This he set in the dust as he had seen Jake set a wolf-trap, close to the kennel, and over it he scattered scraps of meat in the most approved style for wolf-trapping. After awhile Tito, drawn by the smell of the meat, came hungrily sneaking out toward it, and almost immediately was caught in the trap by one foot. The boy terror was watching from a near hiding-place. He gave a wild Indian whoop of delight, then rushed forward to drag the coyote out of the box into which she had retreated. After some more delightful thrills of excitement and struggle he got his lasso on Tito’s body, and helped by a younger brother, a most promising pupil, he succeeded in setting the coyote free from the trap, before the grownups had discovered his amusement. One or two experiences like this taught her a mortal terror of traps. She soon learned the smell of the steel and could detect and avoid it, no matter how cleverly Master Lincoln might bury it in the dust, while the younger brother screened the operation from the intended victim by holding his coat over the door of Tito’s kennel.

One day the fastening of her chain gave way and Tito went off in an uncertain fashion trailing her chain behind her. But she was seen by one of the men, who fired a charge of bird-shot at her. The burning, stinging, and surprise of it all, caused her to retreat to the one place she knew, her own kennel. The chain was fastened again and Coyote added to her ideas this—a horror of guns, and the smell of gunpowder; and this also—that the one safety from them is to “lay low.”

There were yet other rude experiences in store for the captive.

Poisoning wolves was a topic of daily talk at the Ranch, so it was not surprising that Lincoln should privately experiment on Coyotito. The deadly strychnine was too well guarded to be available. So Lincoln hid some rough-on-rats in a piece of meat, threw it to the captive, and sat by to watch, as blithely and conscience-clear as any professor of chemistry trying a new combination.

Tito smelt the meat—everything had to be passed on by her nose. Her nose was



Dragon by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

in doubt. There was a good smell of meat, a familiar but unpleasant smell of human hands, and a strange new odor, but not the odor of the trap ; so she bolted the morsel. Within a few minutes she began to have fearful pains in her stomach, followed by cramps. Now in all the wolf tribe there is the instinctive habit to throw up anything that disagrees with them, and after a minute or two of suffering the coyote sought relief in this way ; and to make it doubly sure she hastily gobbled some blades of grass, and in less than an hour was quite well again.

Lincoln had put in poison enough for a dozen coyotes. Had he put in less she could not have felt the pang till too late, but she recovered and never forgot that peculiar smell that means such awful after-pains. More than that she was ready thenceforth to fly at once to the herbal cure that nature had everywhere provided. An instinct of this kind grows quickly, once followed. It had taken minutes of suffering in the first place to drive her to the easement. Thenceforth, having learned, it was her first thought on feeling pain. The little miscreant did indeed succeed in having her swallow another bait with a small dose of poison, but she knew what to do now, and had almost no suffering.

Later on a relative sent Lincoln a bull terrier, and the new combination was a fresh source of spectacular interest for the boy, and of tribulation for the coyote. It all emphasized for her that old idea to "*lay low*"—that is, to be quiet, unobtrusive, and hide when danger is in sight. The grownups of the household at length forbade these persecutions, and the terrier was kept away from the little yard where the coyote was chained up.

It must not be supposed that Tito was a sweet, innocent victim in all this. She had learned to bite. She had caught and killed several chickens by shamming sleep while they ventured to forage within the radius of her chain. And she had an inborn hankering to sing a morning and evening hymn, which procured for her many beatings. But she learned to shut up the moment her opening notes were followed by a rattle of doors or windows, for these sounds of human nearness had frequently been followed by a "*bang*"

and a charge of bird-shot which somehow did no serious harm though it severely stung her hide. And these experiences all helped to deepen her terror of guns and of those who used them. The object of these musical outpourings was not clear ; they happened usually at dawn or dusk, but sometimes a loud noise at high noon would set her going. The song consisted of a volley of short barks, mixed with doleful squalls that never failed to set the dogs astir in a responsive uproar, and once or twice had begotten a faraway answer from some wild coyote in the hills.

There was one little trick that she had developed which was purely instinctive—that is, an inherited habit. In the back end of her kennel she had a little "*cache*" of bones, and knew exactly where one or two lumps of unsavory meat were buried within the radius of her chain, for a time of famine which never came. If anyone approached these hidden treasures she watched with anxious eyes, but made no other demonstration. If she saw that the meddler knew the exact place she took an early opportunity to secrete them elsewhere.

After a year of this life Tito had grown to full size, and had learned many things that her wild kinsmen could not have learned without losing their lives in doing it. She knew and feared traps. She had learned to avoid poison baits and knew what to do at once if, by some mistake, she should take one. She knew what guns are. She had learned to cut her morning and evening song very short. She had some acquaintance with dogs ; enough to make her hate and distrust them all ; but above all she had this idea : whenever danger is near, the very best move possible is to *lay low*, be very quiet, do nothing to attract notice. Perhaps the little brain that looked out of those changing yellow eyes was the storehouse of much other knowledge about men, but what it was did not appear.

The coyote was fully grown when the boss of the outfit brought a couple of thoroughbred greyhounds, wonderful runners, to see whether he could not entirely extirpate the remnant of the coyotes that still destroyed occasional sheep and calves on the range, and at the same time find amusement in the sport. He was tired of

seeing that coyote in the yard : so, deciding to use her to train the dogs on, he had her roughly thrown into a bag, then carried a quarter of a mile away and dumped out. At the same time the greyhounds were slipped and chivvied on. Away they went bounding at their matchless pace, that nothing on four legs could run from, and away went the coyote frightened by the noise of the men, frightened even to find herself free. Her quarter-mile start quickly shrank to one hundred yards, the one hundred to fifty, and on sped the flying dogs. Clearly there was no chance for her. On and nearer they came. In another minute she would have been stretched out. Not a doubt of it. But on a sudden she stopped, turned, and walked toward the dogs with her tail serenely waving in the air and a friendly cock to her ears. Greyhounds are peculiar dogs. Anything that runs away they are going to catch and kill if they can. Anything that is calmly facing them becomes at once a non-combatant. They bounded over and past the coyote before they could curb their own impetuosity, and returned completely nonplussed. Possibly they recognized the coyote of the house-yard as she stood there wagging her tail. The ranchmen were nonplussed too. Everyone was utterly taken aback with a sense of failure, and the real victor in the situation was felt to be the audacious little coyote.

The greyhounds refused to attack an animal that wagged its tail and would not run ; and the men, on seeing that the coyote could walk far enough away to avoid being caught by hand, took their ropes (lassoes) and soon made her a prisoner once more.

The next day they decided to try again, but this time they added the white bull-terrier to the chasers. The coyote did as before. The greyhounds declined to be party to any attack on such a mild and friendly acquaintance. But the bull-terrier, who came puffing and panting on the scene three minutes later, had no such scruples. He wasn't so tall, but he was heavier than the coyote, and, seizing her by her wool-protected neck, he shook her till, in a surprisingly short time, she lay limp and lifeless ; at which all the men seemed pleased and congratulated the ter-

rier, while the greyhounds potted around in restless perplexity.

A stranger in the party, a newly arrived Englishman, asked if he might have the brush—the tail, he explained—and on being told to help himself he picked up the victim by the tail, and with one awkward chop of his knife he cut it off at the middle, and the coyote dropped but gave a shrill yelp of pain. She wasn't dead, only "playing 'possum," and now she leaped up and vanished into a nearby thicket of cactus and sage.

With greyhounds a running animal is the signal for a run, so the two long-legged dogs and the white, broad-chested dog dashed after the coyote, but right across their path, by happy chance, there ran a brown streak ridden by a snowy powder-puff, the visible but evanescent sign for cottontail rabbit. The coyote was not in sight now. The rabbit was, so the greyhounds dashed after the cottontail, who took advantage of a prairie-dog's hole to seek safety in the bosom of Mother Earth, and the coyote made good her escape.

She had been a good deal jarred by the rude treatment of the terrier, and her mutilated tail gave her some pain. But otherwise she was all right, and she loped lightly away, keeping out of sight in the hollows ; and so escaped among the fantastic buttes of the Badlands, to be eventually the founder of a new life among the coyotes of the Little Missouri.

Moses was preserved by the Egyptians till he had outlived the dangerous period, and learned from them wisdom enough to be the saviour of his people against those same Egyptians. So the bob-tailed coyote was not only saved by man and carried over the dangerous period of puppyhood ; she was also unwittingly taught by him how to baffle the traps, poisons, lassoes, guns, and dogs that had so long waged a war of extermination against her race.

III

Thus Tito escaped from man, and for the first time found herself face to face with the whole problem of life ; for now she had her own living to get.

A wild animal has three sources of wisdom :

First, the *experience of its ancestors*, in

the form of instinct, which is inborn learning, hammered into the race by ages of selection and tribulation. This is the most important to begin with, because it guards him from the moment he is born.

Second, *the experience of his parents and comrades*, learned chiefly by example. This becomes most important as soon as the young can run.

Third, *the personal experience* of the animal itself. This grows in importance as the animal ages.

The weakness of the first is its fixity. It cannot change to meet quickly changing conditions. The weakness of the second is the animal's inability freely to exchange ideas by language. The weakness of the third is the danger in acquiring it ; but the three together are a strong arch.

Now Tito was in a new case. Perhaps never before had a coyote faced life with unusual advantages in the third kind of knowledge, none at all in the second, and with the first dormant. She travelled rapidly away from the ranchmen, keeping out of sight and sitting down once in awhile to lick her wounded tail-stump. She came at last to a prairie-dog town. Many of the inhabitants were out and they barked at the intruder, but all dodged down as soon as she came near. Her instinct taught her to try and catch one, but she ran about in vain for some time and then gave it up. She would have gone hungry that night but that she found a couple of mice in the long grass by the river. Her mother had not taught her to hunt, but her instinct did, and the accident that she had an unusual brain made her profit very quickly by her experience.

In the days that followed she quickly learned how to make a living ; for mice, ground-squirrels, prairie-dogs, rabbits, and lizards were abundant, and many of these could be captured in open chase. But open chase, and sneaking as near as possible before beginning the open chase, lead naturally to stalking for a final spring ; and before the moon had changed the coyote had learned how to make a comfortable living.

Once or twice she saw the men with the greyhounds coming her way. Most coyotes would, perhaps, have barked in bravado or would have gone up to some high place whence they could watch the

enemy, but Tito did no such foolish thing. Had she run, her moving form would have caught the eyes of the dogs, and then nothing could have saved her. She dropped where she was and lay flat until the danger had passed. Thus her ranch training to "lay low" began to stand her in good stead, and thus it came about that her weakness was her strength. The coyote kind have so long been famous for their speed, have so long learned to trust in their legs, that they never dreamed of a creature that could run them down. They were accustomed to play with their pursuers, and so rarely bestirred themselves to run from greyhounds till it was too late. But Tito, brought up at the end of a chain, was a poor runner. She had no reason to trust her legs. She rather trusted her wits and so lived.

During that summer she stayed about the Little Missouri, learning the tricks of small-game hunting that she should have learned before she shed her milk-teeth, and gaining in strength and speed. She kept far away from all the ranches and always hid on seeing a man or a strange beast, and so passed the summer alone. During the daytime she was not lonely, but when the sun went down she would feel the impulse to sing that wild song of the West which means so much to the coyotes.

It is not the invention of an individual nor of the present, but was slowly built out of the feelings of all coyotes in all ages. It expresses their nature and the plains that made their nature. When one begins it, it takes hold of the rest as the fife and drum with a soldier, or the Ki-yi war-song with an Indian brave. They respond to it as a bell-glass does to a certain note the moment that note is struck, ignoring other sounds. So the coyote, no matter how brought up, must vibrate at the night song of the plains, for it touches something in himself.

They sing it after sundown, when it becomes the rallying cry of their race and the friendly call to a neighbor ; and they sing it as one boy in the woods hollers to another to say, All's well ! Here am I. Where are you ? A form of it they sing to the rising moon, for this is the time for good hunting to begin. They sing when they see the new camp-fire for the same

reason that a dog barks at a stranger. Yet another weird chant they have for the dawning before they steal quietly away from the offing of the camp—a wild, weird, squalling refrain :

Wow-wow-wow-wow-wow-w-o-o-o-o-o-o-w

again and again : and doubtless with many another change that man cannot distinguish any more than the coyote can distinguish the words in the cowboy's anathemas.

Tito instinctively uttered her music at the proper times. But sad experiences had taught her to cut it short and keep it low. Once or twice she had got a far-away reply from one of her own race, whereupon she had quickly ceased and timidly quit the neighborhood.

One day, when on the upper Garner's Creek, she found the trail where a piece of meat had been dragged along. It was a singularly inviting odor and she followed it partly out of curiosity. Presently she came on a piece of the meat itself. She was hungry ; she was always hungry now. It was tempting, and although it had a peculiar odor she swallowed it. Within a few minutes she felt a terrific pain. The memory of the poisoned meat the boy had given her was fresh. With trembling, foaming jaws she seized some blades of grass and her stomach threw off the meat, but she fell in convulsions on the ground.

The trail of meat dragged along and the poisoned baits had been laid the day before by Wolver Jake. This morning he was riding the drag, and on coming up from the draw he saw far ahead the coyote, struggling. He knew, of course, that it was poisoned and rode quickly up, but the convulsion passed as he neared. The coyote staggered to her front feet by a mighty effort at the sound of the horses' hoofs. Jake drew his revolver and fired, but the only effect was fully to alarm her. She tried to run, but her hind legs were paralyzed. She put forth all her strength, dragging her hind legs. Now when the poison was no longer in the stomach, will-power could do a great deal. Had she been allowed to lie down then she would have been dead in five minutes, but the revolver shots and the man coming stirred her to strenuous action—madly she struggled again and again to get her hind legs

to work. All the force of desperate intent she brought to bear. It was like putting ten-fold power to force the nervous fluid through their blocked-up channels as she dragged herself with marvellous speed downhill. What is nerve but will ? The dead wires of her legs were hot with this fresh power, multiplied, injected, blasted into them. They had to give in. She felt them thrill with life again. Each wild shot from the gun lent vital help. Another fierce attempt, and one hind leg obeyed the call to duty. A few more bounds and the other too fell in. Then lightly she loped away among the broken buttes, defying the agonizing gripe that still kept on inside.

Had Jake held off then she would yet have laid down and died, but he followed and fired and fired till in another mile she bounded free from pain, saved from her enemy by herself. He had compelled her to take the only cure, so she escaped.

And these were the ideas that she harvested that day—that curious smell on the meat stands for mortal agony : let it alone ! And she never forgot it ; thenceforth she knew strychnine.

Fortunately dogs, traps, and strychnine do not wage war at once, for the dogs are as apt to be caught or poisoned as the coyotes. Had there been a single dog in the hunt that day Tito's history would have ended.

IV

WHEN the weather grew cooler toward the end of autumn Tito had gone far toward repairing the defects in her early training. She was more like an ordinary coyote in her habits now, and she was more disposed to sing the sun-down song.

One night, when she got a response, she yielded to the impulse again to call, and soon afterward a large, dark coyote appeared. The fact that he was there at all was a guarantee of unusual gifts, for the war against his race was waged relentlessly by the cattlemen. He approached with caution. Tito's mane bristled with mixed feelings at the sight of one of her own kind. She crouched flat on the ground and awaited ; the new-comer came stiffly forward, nosing the wind ; then up the wind nearly to her. Then he

walked around so that she should wind him, and raising his tail gently waved it. The first acts meant armed neutrality, but the last was a distinctly friendly signal. Then he approached and she rose up suddenly and stood as high as she could to be smelled. Then she wagged the stump of her tail and they considered themselves acquainted.

The new-comer was a very large coyote, half as tall again as Tito. And the dark patch on his shoulders was so large and black that the cowboys, when they came to know him, called him Saddleback. From that time these two continued more or less together. They were not always close together; often were miles apart during the day, but toward night one or the other would get on some high, open place and sing the loud

Yap-yap-yap-yow-wow-wow-wow

and they would foregather for some foray on hand.

The physical advantages were with Saddleback, but the greater cunning was Tito's, so that she in time became the leader. Before a month a third coyote had appeared on the scene and became also a member of this loose-bound fraternity, and later two more appeared. Nothing succeeds like success. The little bob-tailed coyote had had rare advantages of training just where the others were lacking. She knew the devices of man. She could not tell about these in words, but she could by the aid of a few signs and a great deal of example. It soon became evident that her methods of hunting were successful, whereas, when they went without her, they often had hard luck. A man at Boxelder Ranch had twenty sheep. The rules of the county did not allow anyone to own more, as this was a cattle range. These sheep were guarded by a large and fierce collie. One day in winter two of the coyotes tried to raid this flock by a bold dash and all they got was a mauling from the collie. A few days later the band returned at dusk. Just how Tito arranged it man cannot tell. We can only guess how she taught them their parts, but we know that she surely did. The coyotes hid in the willows. Then Saddleback, the bold and swift, walked openly toward the sheep and

barked a loud defiance. The collie jumped up with bristling mane and furious growl; then seeing the foe dashed straight at him. Now was the time for the steady nerve and the unfailing limbs. Saddleback let the dog come near enough *almost* to catch him, and so beguiled him far and away into the woods, while the other coyotes, led by Tito, stampeded the sheep in twenty directions. Then following the farthest they killed several and left them in the snow.

In the gloom of descending night the dog and his master labored till they had gathered the bleating survivors; but next morning they found that four had been driven far away and killed, and the coyotes had had a banquet royal.

The shepherd poisoned the carcasses and left them. Next night the coyotes returned. Tito sniffed the now frozen meat, detected the poison, gave a warning growl, and scattered filth over the meat, so that none of the band should touch it. One, however, who was fast and foolish, persisted in feeding in spite of Tito's warning, and when they came away he was lying poisoned and dead in the snow.

V

JAKE now heard on all sides that the coyotes were getting worse. So he set to work with many traps and much poison to destroy those on the Garner's Creek, and every little while he would go with the hounds and scour the Little Missouri south and east of the Chimney Pot Ranch; for it was understood that he must never run the dogs in country where traps and poison were laid. He worked in his erratic way all winter and certainly did have some success. He killed a couple of gray wolves, said to be the last of their race, and several coyotes, some of which, no doubt, were of the bob-tailed pack, which thereby lost those members which were lacking in wisdom.

Yet that winter was marked by a series of coyote raids and exploits. And usually the track in the snow or the testimony of eye-witnesses told that the master-spirit of it all was a little bob-tailed coyote.

One of these adventures was the cause of much talk. The coyote challenge

sounded close to the Chimney-pot Ranch after the sundown. A dozen dogs responded with the usual clamor. But only the bull-terrier dashed away toward the place whence the coyotes had called, for the reason that he only was loose. But his chase was fruitless and he came back growling. Twenty minutes later there was another coyote yell close at hand. Away dashed the terrier as before. In a minute his excited yapping told that he had sighted his game and was in full chase. Away he went, furiously barking, until his voice was lost afar and never more was heard. In the morning the men read in the snow the tale of the night. The first cry of the coyote was to find out if all the dogs were loose; then, having found that only one was free, they laid a plan. Five coyotes hid along the side of the trail, one went forward and called till it had decoyed the rash terrier, and then led him right into the ambush. What chance had he with six? They tore him limb from limb and devoured him too, at the very spot where once he had worried Coyotito. And next morning, when the men came, they saw by the signs that the whole thing had been planned and that the leader whose cunning had made it a success was a little bob-tailed coyote.

The men were angry and Lincoln was furious, but Jake remarked, "Well, I guess that bob-tail came back and got even with that terrier."

VI

SADDLEBACK and Tito had been together all winter. There had not been much courting when they chose each other for mates. Saddleback merely showed his teeth to possible rivals. Coyotes do not give each other names as do mankind, but have one sound like a growl and short howl, which stands for "*mate*" or "*husband*" or "*wife*." This they use in calling to each other, and it is by recognizing the tone of the voice, that they know who is calling.

The loose rambling brotherhood of the coyotes was broken up now, for the others also paired off, and since the returning warm weather was bringing out the prairie-dogs and small game there was less need

to combine for hunting. Ordinarily coyotes do not sleep in dens or in any fixed place. They move about all night while it is cool, then during the daytime they get a few hours' sleep in the sun, on some quiet hillside that also gives a chance to watch out. But the mating season changes this habit somewhat.

As the weather grew warm Tito and Saddleback set about preparing a den for the expected family. In a warm little hollow an old badger abode was cleaned out, enlarged, and deepened. A quantity of leaves and grass was carried into it and arranged in a comfortable nest. The place selected for it was a dry, sunny nook among the hills, half a mile west of the Little Missouri. Thirty yards from it was a ridge which commanded a wide view of the grassy slopes and cotton-wood groves by the river. Men would have called it all very beautiful, but it is tolerably certain that that side of it never touched the coyotes at all.

Tito began to be much preoccupied with her impending duties. She stayed quietly in the neighborhood of the den and lived on such food as Saddleback brought her, or she herself could easily catch, and also on the little stores that she had buried at other times. She knew every prairie-dog-town in the region, as well as all the best places for mice and rabbits.

Not far from the den was the very dog-town that first she had crossed the day she had gained her liberty and lost her tail. If she were capable of such retrospect, she must have laughed to herself to think what a fool she was then. The change in her methods was now shown. Somewhat removed from the others, a prairie-dog had made his den in the most approved style, and now when Tito peered over he was feeding on the grass ten yards from his own door. A prairie-dog away from the others is of course easier to catch than one in the middle of the town, for he has but one pair of eyes to guard him, so Tito set about stalking this one, but how was she to do it when there was no cover, nothing but short grass and a few low weeds? The white bear knows how to approach the seal on the flat ice, and the Indian how to get within striking distance of the grazing deer. Tito knew how to do the same

trick, and although one of the town-owls flew over with a warning chuckle, Tito set about her plan. A prairie-dog cannot see well unless he is sitting up on his hind legs. His eyes are of little use when he is nosing in the grass and Tito knew this. Further, a yellowish-gray animal on a yellowish-gray landscape is invisible till it moves. Tito seemed to know that. So without any attempt to crawl or hide, she walked gently upwind toward the prairie-dog. Upwind, not in order to prevent the prairie-dog smelling her, but so that she could smell him, which came to the same thing. As soon as the prairie-dog sat up with some food in his hand she froze into a statue. As soon as he dropped again to nose in the grass she walked steadily nearer, watching his every move so that she might be motionless each time he sat up to see what his distant brothers were barking at. Once or twice he seemed alarmed by the calls of his friends, but he saw nothing and resumed his feeding. She soon cut the fifty yards down to ten, and the ten to five, and still was undiscovered. Then when again the prairie-dog dropped down to seek more fodder she made a quick dash and bore him off kicking and squealing. Thus does the angel of the pruning-knife lop off those that are heedless and foolishly indifferent to the advantages of society.

VII

TITO had many adventures in which she did not come out so well. Once she nearly caught an antelope fawn, but the hunt was spoiled by the sudden appearance of the mother, who gave Tito a stinging blow on the side of the head and ended her hunt for that day. She never again made that mistake—she had sense. Once or twice she had to jump to escape the strike of a rattlesnake. Several times had she been fired at by hunters with long-range rifles. And more and more she had to look out for the terrible gray wolves. The gray wolf, of course, is much larger and stronger than the coyote. But the coyote has the advantage of speed, and can always escape in the open. All it must beware of is being caught in a corner. Usually when a gray wolf howls the

coyotes go quietly about their business elsewhere.

Tito had a curious fad, occasionally seen among the wolves and coyotes, of carrying in her mouth, for miles, such things as seemed to be interesting and yet are not tempting as eatables. Many a time had she trotted a mile or two with an old buffalo-horn or a cast-off shoe only to drop it when something else attracted her attention. The cowboys who remark these things have various odd explanations to offer. One that it is done to stretch the jaws, or keep them in practice, just as a man in training carries weights. Coyotes have, in common with dogs and wolves, the habit of calling at certain stations along their line of travel, to leave a record of their visit. These stations may be a stone, a tree, a post, or an old buffalo skull, and the coyote calling there can learn by the odor and track of the last comer just who the caller was, whence he came and whither he went. The whole country is marked out by these intelligence depots. Now it often happens that a coyote that hasn't much else to do will carry a dry bone or some other useless object in its mouth, but sighting the signal post will go toward it to get the news, lay down the bone, and afterward forget to take it along, so that the signal posts in time become further marked with a curious collection of odds and ends.

This singular habit was the cause of a disaster to the Chimney-pot wolf-hounds, and a corresponding advantage to the coyotes in the war. Jake had laid a line of poison-baits in the western bluffs. Tito knew what they were and spurned them as usual, but, finding more later, she gathered up three or four and crossed the Little Missouri toward the ranch-house. This she circled at a safe distance, but when something made the pack of dogs break out into clamor Tito dropped the baits, and next day when the dogs were taken out for exercise they found and devoured these scraps of meat, so that in ten minutes there were \$400 worth of greyhounds lying dead. This led to an edict against poisoning in that district, and thus was a great boon to the coyotes.

Tito quickly learned that not only each kind of game must be hunted in a special way, but different ones of each kind may

require quite different treatment. The prairie-dog with the outlying den was really an easy prey, but the town was quite compact now that he was gone. Near the centre of it was a fine, big, fat prairie-dog, a perfect alderman, that she had made several vain attempts to capture. On one occasion she had crawled almost within leaping distance when the angry "hiss" of a rattlesnake just ahead warned her that she was in danger. Not that the rattler cared anything about the prairie-dog, but he didn't wish to be disturbed, and Tito, who had an instinctive fear of the snake, was forced to abandon the hunt. The open stalk proved an utter failure with the alderman, for the situation of his den made every dog in the town his sentinel; but he was too good to give up, and Tito waited until circumstances made a new plan.

All coyotes have a trick of watching from a high lookout whatever passes along the roads. After it has passed they go down and examine its track. Tito had this habit, except that she was always careful to keep out of sight herself.

One day a wagon passed from the town to the southward. Tito lay low and watched it. Something dropped on the road. When the wagon was out of sight Tito sneaked down, first to smell the trail as a matter of habit, second to see what it was that had dropped. The object was really an apple, but Tito saw only an unattractive round green thing like a cactus leaf without spines, and of a peculiar smell. She snuffed it, spurned it, and was about to pass on, but the sun shone on it so brightly and it rolled so curiously when she pawed that she picked it up in a mechanical way and trotted back over the rise, where she found herself at the dog-town. Just then two great prairie-hawks came skinning like pirates over the plain. As soon as they were in sight the prairie-dogs all barked, jerking their tails at each bark, and hid below. When all were gone Tito walked on toward the hole of the big fat fellow whose body she coveted, and dropping the apple on the ground a couple of feet from the rim of the crater that formed his home, she put her nose down to enjoy the delicious smell of dog-fat. Even his den smelt more fragrant than those of the

rest. Then she went quietly behind a greasewood bush, in a lower place some twenty yards away, and lay flat. After a few seconds some venturesome prairie-dog looked out, and seeing nothing gave the "all's well" bark. One by one they came out, and in twenty minutes the town was alive as before. One of the last to come out was the fat old alderman. He always took good care of his own precious self. He peered out cautiously a few times, then climbed onto the top of his lookout. A prairie-dog hole is shaped like a funnel going straight down. Around the top of this is built a high ridge which serves as a lookout, and also makes sure that no matter how they may slip in their hurry they are sure to drop into the funnel and be swallowed up by the all-protecting earth. On the outside the ground slopes away gently from the funnel. Now when the alderman saw that strange round thing at his threshold he was afraid. Second inspection led him to believe that it was not dangerous but was probably interesting. He went cautiously toward it, smelled it, and tried to nibble it, but the apple rolled away, for it was round and the ground was smooth as well as sloping. The prairie-dog followed and gave it a nip which satisfied him that the strange object would make good eating. But each time he nibbled, it rolled farther away. The coast seemed clear, all the other prairie-dogs were out, so the fat alderman did not hesitate to follow up the dodging, shifting apple.

This way and that it wriggled and he followed. Of course it worked toward the low place where grew the greasewood bush. The little tastes of apple that he got only whetted his appetite. The alderman was more and more interested. Foot by foot he was led from his hole, toward that old, familiar bush, and had no thought of anything but the joy of eating. And Tito curled herself and braced her sinewy legs, and measured the distance between, until it dwindled to not more than three good jumps, then up and like an arrow she shot and grabbed and bore him off at last.

Now it will never be known whether it was accident or design that led to the placing of that apple, but it proved im-



Fair Game.

portant, and if such a thing were to happen once or twice to a smart coyote—and it is usually clever ones that get such chances—it might easily grow into a new trick of hunting.

After a hearty meal Tito buried the rest in a cold place, not to get rid of it but to

hide it for future use, and a little later, when she was too weak to hunt much, her various hoards of this sort came in very useful. True, the meat had turned very strong, but Tito was not critical, and she had no fears or theories of microbes, so suffered no ill effects.

(To be concluded.)

GOSSIP

By Oliver Herford

THE news around the Garden flew
 Last night the Rose was robbed—*A flower*
Was filched from her and flung into
The casement of my Lady's bower.

The flowers were mystified. In vain
 They asked of one another, "*Pray,*
What ails our Lady of Disdain
That she must wear a Rose to-day?"

The Daisy with her latest breath,
 'Reft of her petals, whispered low,
 "*It is a secret to the Death*
I gave my petals all to know."

"OLD CARNATIONS"

By Albert Bigelow Paine

BUT that was an after-thought. It would have been the thing for him to do, of course : only, it had not occurred to him at the time. Instead he had let slip the hot words that were on his tongue—words which he knew Jessica would never forgive. Never in the world. If he had only treated the matter good-humoredly—if he had been even willing to take part of the blame, (it would have been so easy to do it)—Jessica would have seen her mistake presently and laughed. What an idiot he had been.

On Broadway, just below Twenty-third Street, he halted and turned, through force of habit. An old man on a low stool sat there, meagre of face and huddled down in a faded, heavy overcoat buttoned to his throat, though it was nearly June. Before him, on a box, were a few bunches of carnations, his stock in trade. A single blossom he wore on his coat. Through winter and summer—in storm and sun—he had sat thus as long as Trevenning could remember. Never, even in mid-summer, had he been without the heavy overcoat with its single spot of crimson on the colorless lapel. His little stock in trade had never changed and he was called "Old Carnations."

And every morning for a year Trevenning had bought flowers of him. Every morning, in fact, since he had known Jessica. Usually they had stopped together to leave the modest price and a pleasant word, and when Trevenning had been alone, as had been the case sometimes of a stormy morning, he had left the coin and the pleasant word just the same, and later in the day he had carried the little nosegay around to Jessica. It had become their little daily love-symbol as the days passed, and the old seller of flowers had grown into the romance of their lives.

They really knew little of him, for he rarely spoke, though presently he had grown familiar with their faces, and whether they came together or either of them passed alone, his eyes brightened. They

brightened now as Trevenning paused. Then, as the artist started to hurry by, hesitated, paused again and laid down the usual coin, and hurried on without taking the flowers, a look of grave astonishment came into the old man's eyes and his pale face grew troubled. He watched the young man as he disappeared in the crowd toward Twenty-second Street, and noticed that he did not step with the usual brave, buoyant swing. Then "Old Carnations" sighed, and down under the breast of his faded overcoat something ached. A woman came along and laid down a coin as she picked up one of the little crimson bunches. He took the money mechanically—his eyes looking far beyond her.

For "Old Carnations" was looking back through many seasons of snow and blossom. The hurrying crowds passed unseen. The clatter and roar of the cobble dwindled back into silence. In the place of these there came woods and green fields, with birds singing. There was a house, too, a little house, and a garden—a tiny garden where carnations grew. And out of the house there came a girl as fresh and sweet as the morning. There was a youth there, too, a tall, strong lad, and he leaned over the gate. He was saying good-by to the girl, for he was going away to win fortune for them both. Then presently the girl ran into the little garden and came back with her hands filled with carnations. "Wear this till we meet again," she laughed, and pinned one of them on his coat. He had gone away then with her kiss sweet upon his lips and the golden morning on the woods and meadows. He had waved adieu to her from the hilltop and passed down behind it with her image in his heart. And always it had remained there, though he had seen her in life no more.

There had been a misunderstanding, at first. Then, later, when he heard that she was married, he had flung away the faded carnation. But when the news



Drawn by C. S. Chapman.

Trevenning had bought flowers of him.—Page 146.

came that she was dead, with some word of the real truth, he had bought others and worn a fresh one each day.

He had been faithful through all the years. When age and feebleness had come on, he had drifted to the city, and at last offered to others that which of all the world had become most dear to him. Years and exposure had racked and wasted his body, but he had crouched down in his heavy garments and lingered on. And so in time he had become as a part of the thronging street; and because of what he sold, and the flower always on his coat, they had called him "Old Carnations."

But by and by a new interest had come into his life—a young man and a

fresh young girl who had paused often to buy his flowers. They had passed almost daily and he had known from the first that they were lovers. Out of their happiness something that was almost sweetness had come into his own heart. They were like two merry children, and ere long he found himself waiting hungrily each day until they came. They loved the flower that he loved. For them as for him it had acquired through love a new and precious meaning.

"Old Carnations" looked with weary helplessness at the hurrying crowd. The sweetness had suddenly gone out of the June air, and his heart moved heavily. Something had happened to his children. Something that would canker and destroy



And paused at the room pointed out by other tenants.—Page 149.

their lives as his own had been destroyed, and hers. What would be the end of it? What could he do? He was so absorbed in this thought that he did not notice at first who it was that had paused in front of his little stand. Then he saw it was Jessica. She had taken up one of the little bunches and laid down the coin. She looked pale and troubled.

"She is sorry," he thought, and he seemed about to speak to her. But then he began to tremble, so that he could not utter even the usual word of greeting. She passed on, also in the direction of Twenty-second Street, and he hoped that they would meet. But the next morning, when Trevenning passed alone once more, he knew that the young man's heart was still uncomfortable. And later, when Jessica came again for carnations, he thought there were traces of tears under her lids. His heart yearned to speak to her—only, he could not do it. He was ill, more so than usual, lately, and the very thought of what words would be fit to say to this sweet-faced girl he had grown to love, set him to quaking. If only he could do something for them. If only he could do something!

But one morning, when Trevenning passed along, the place of "Old Carnations" was unoccupied. The young man paused and looked up and down the street. Others, too, halted for a brief instant, as one halts where some old landmark has been removed. Trevenning

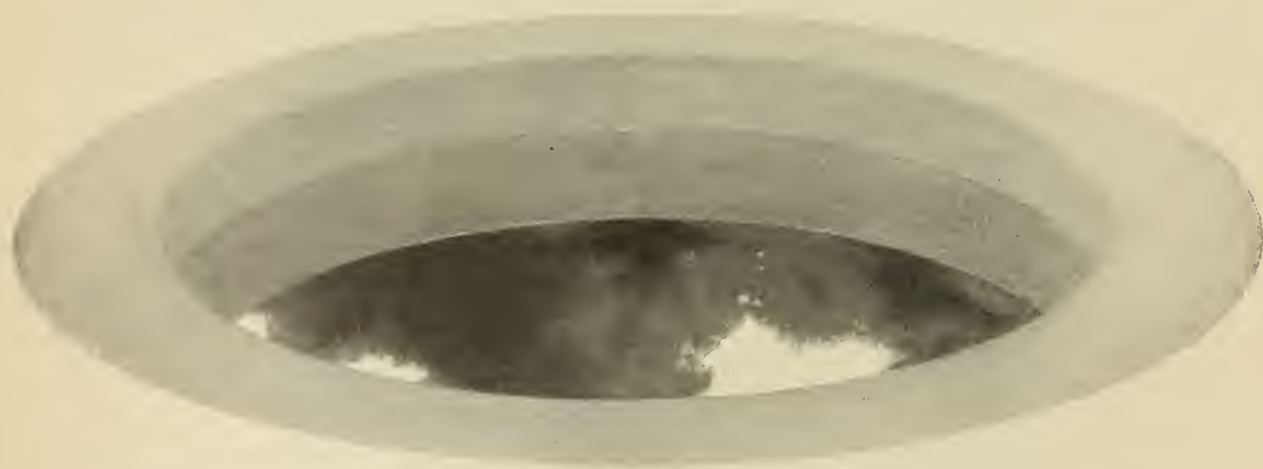
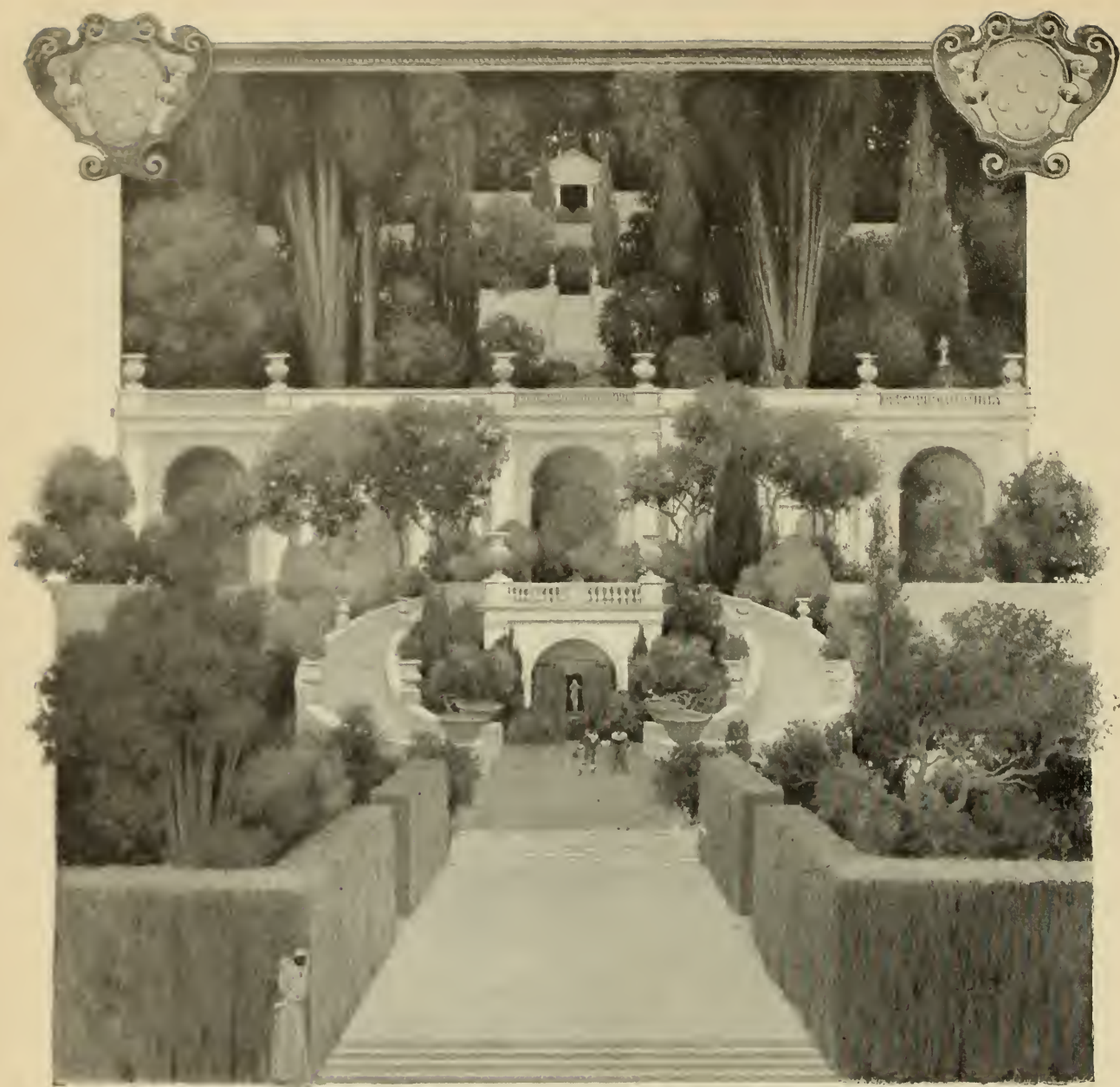
passed on, but the old man's absence had in some way bitten into his heart and renewed its hunger for Jessica. By and by he left the studio and walked back along Broadway. "Old Carnations" had been late—he would surely be there by now. But no, the place was still empty. Trevenning spoke to the policeman on the corner. The officer thought the old man might be ill, and told where he was supposed to live. It was an obscure, wretched place, but Trevenning found his way. Through the dark hall and up narrow flights he stumbled, and paused at the room pointed out by other tenants. There was no answer to his knock and he tried the door. It yielded. There was almost nothing in the room, but through a narrow window came dim light that fell on a low bed in the corner. On it lay stretched a tall figure. Trevenning had never realized before the height of the old flower-seller. The faded heavy overcoat was drawn about him, and on its colorless lapel shone bravely a crimson flower.

Somebody opened the street-door hesitatingly.

Somebody opened the street-door hesitatingly as Trevenning reached the bottom of the last flight. In the ray of light that came in, he saw it was Jessica. She did not see him until he came forward. Then he drew her to him in the dark hallway.

"There is no need to go up, sweetheart," he whispered, and he took her in his arms.





Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

They were always together . . . walking in the gardens.—Page 156.

THE DUCHESS AT PRAYER



BY EDITH WHARTON

I

HAVE you ever questioned the long shuttered front of an old Italian house, that motionless mask, smooth, mute, equivocal as the face of a priest behind which buzz the secrets of the confessional? Other houses declare the activities they shelter; they are the clear expressive cuticle of a life flowing close to the surface; but the old palace in its narrow street, the villa on its cypress-hooded hill, are as impenetrable as death. The tall windows are like blind eyes, the great door is a shut mouth. Inside there may be sunshine, the scent of myrtles, and a pulse of life through all the arteries of the huge frame; or a mortal solitude where bats lodge in the disjointed stones, and the keys rust in unused doors. . . .

II

FROM the loggia, with its vanishing frescoes, I looked down an avenue barred by a ladder of cypress-shadows to the ducal escutcheon and mutilated vases of the gate. Flat noon lay on the gardens, on fountains, porticoes and grottoes. Below the terrace, where a chrome-colored lichen had sheeted the balustrade as with fine *laminae* of gold, vineyards

stooped to the rich valley clasped in hills. The lower slopes were strewn with white villages like stars spangling a summer dusk; and beyond these, fold on fold of blue mountain, clear as gauze against the sky. The August air was lifeless, but it seemed light and vivifying after the atmosphere of the shrouded rooms through which I had been led. Their chill was on me and I hugged the sunshine. •

"The Duchess's apartments are beyond," said the old man.

He was the oldest man I had ever seen; so sucked back into the past that he seemed more like a memory than a living being. The one trait linking him with the actual was the fixity with which his small saurian eye held the pocket that, as I entered, had yielded a *lira* to the gate-keeper's child. He went on, without removing his eye:

"For two hundred years nothing has been changed in the apartments of the Duchess."

"And no one lives here now?"

"No one, sir. The Duke goes to Como for the summer season."

I had moved to the other end of the loggia. Below me, through hanging groves, white roofs and domes flashed like a smile.

"And that's Vicenza?"

"*Proprio!*" The old man extended



Drakon by Maxfield Parrish.

"The Duchess's apartments are beyond," said the old man.—Page 151.

fingers as lean as the hands fading from the walls behind us. "You see the palace roof over there, just to the left of the Basilica? The one with the row of statues like birds taking flight? That's the Duke's town palace, built by Palladio."

"And does the Duke come there?"

"Never. In winter he goes to Rome."

"And the palace and the villa are always closed?"

"As you see—always."

"How long has this been?"

"Since I can remember."

I looked into his eyes: they were like tarnished metal mirrors reflecting nothing. "That must be a long time," I said, involuntarily.

"A long time," he assented.

I looked down on the gardens. An opulence of dahlias overran the box-borders, between cypresses that cut the sunshine like basalt shafts. Bees hung above the lavender; lizards sunned themselves on the benches and slipped through the cracks of the dry basins. Everywhere were vanishing traces of that fantastic horticulture of which our dull age has lost the art. Down the alleys maimed statues stretched their arms like rows of whining beggars; faun-eared terms grinned in the thicket, and above the laurustinus walls rose the mock ruin of a temple, falling into real ruin in the bright disintegrating air. The glare was blinding.

"Let us go in," I said.

The old man pushed open a heavy door, behind which the cold lurked like a knife.

"The Duchess's apartments," he said.

Overhead and around us the same evanescent frescoes, under foot the same scagliola volutes, unrolled themselves interminably. Ebony cabinets, with colonnades of precious marbles in cunning perspective, alternated down the room with the tarnished efflorescence of gilt consoles supporting Chinese monsters; and from the chimney-panel a gentleman in the Spanish habit haughtily ignored us.

"Duke Ercole II.," the old man explained, "by the Genoese Priest."

It was a narrow-browed face, sallow as a wax effigy, high-nosed and cautious-lidded, as though modelled by priestly hands; the lips weak and vain rather than

cruel; a quibbling mouth that would have snapped at verbal errors like a lizard catching flies, but had never learned the shape of a round yes or no. One of the Duke's hands rested on the head of a dwarf, a simian creature with pearl earrings and fantastic dress; the other turned the pages of a folio propped on a skull.

"Beyond is the Duchess's bedroom," the old man reminded me.

Here the shutters admitted but two narrow shafts of light, gold bars deepening the subaqueous gloom. On a dais, the bedstead, grim, nuptial, official, lifted its baldachin; a yellow Christ agonized between the curtains, and across the room a lady smiled at us from the chimney-breast.

The old man unbarred a shutter and the light touched her face. Such a face it was, with a flicker of laughter over it like the wind on a June meadow, and a singular tender pliancy of mien, as though one of Tiepolo's lenient goddesses had been busked into the stiff sheath of a seventeenth century dress!

"No one has slept here," said the old man, "since the Duchess Violante."

"And she was——?"

"The lady there—first Duchess of Duke Ercole II."

He drew a key from his pocket and unlocked a door at the farther end of the room. "The chapel," he said. "This is the Duchess's balcony." As I turned to follow him the Duchess tossed me a side-long smile.

I stepped into a grated tribune above a chapel festooned with stucco. Pictures of bituminous saints mouldered between the pilasters; the artificial roses in the altar-vases were gray with dust and age, and under the cobwebby rosettes of the vaulting a bird's nest clung. Before the altar stood a row of tattered arm-chairs, and I drew back at sight of a figure kneeling near them.

"The Duchess," the old man whispered. "By the Cavaliere Bernini."

It was the image of a woman in furred robes and spreading fraise, her hands lifted, her face addressed to the tabernacle. There was a strangeness in the sight of that immovable presence locked in prayer before an abandoned shrine. Her face was hidden, and I wondered

whether it were grief or gratitude that raised her hands and drew her eyes to the altar, where no living prayer joined her marble invocation. I followed my guide down the tribune steps, impatient to see what mystic version of such terrestrial graces the ingenious artist had found—the Cavaliere was master of such arts. The Duchess's attitude was one of transport, as though heavenly airs fluttered her laces and the love-locks escaping from her coif. I saw how admirably the sculptor had caught the poise of her head, the tender slope of the shoulder; then I crossed over and looked into her face—it was a frozen horror. Never have hate, revolt, and agony so possessed a human countenance. . . .

The old man crossed himself and shuffled his feet on the marble.

"The Duchess Violante," he repeated.

"The same as in the picture?"

"Eh—the same."

"But the face—what does it mean?"

He shrugged his shoulders and turned deaf eyes on me. Then he shot a glance round the sepulchral place, clutched my sleeve and said, close to my ear: "It was not always so."

"What was not?"

"The face—so terrible."

"The Duchess's face?"

"The statue's. It changed after——"

"After?"

"It was put here."

"The statue's face *changed*——?"

He mistook my bewilderment for incredulity and his confidential finger dropped from my sleeve. "Eh, that's the story. I tell what I've heard. What do I know?" He resumed his senile shuffle across the marble. "This is a bad place to stay in—no one comes here. It's too cold. But the gentleman said, *I must see everything!*"

I let the *lire* sound. "So I must—and hear everything. This story, now—from whom did you have it?"

His hand stole back. "One that saw it, by God!"

"That saw it?"

"My grandmother, then. I'm a very old man."

"Your grandmother? Your grandmother was——?"

"The Duchess's serving girl, with respect to you."

"Your grandmother? Two hundred years ago?"

"Is it too long ago? That's as God pleases. I am a very old man and she was a very old woman when I was born. When she died she was as black as a miraculous Virgin and her breath whistled like the wind in a keyhole. She told me the story when I was a little boy. She told it to me out there in the garden, on a bench by the fish-pond, one summer night of the year she died. It must be true, for I can show you the very bench we sat on. . . ."

III

NOON lay heavier on the gardens; not our live humming warmth, but the stale exhalation of dead summers. The very statues seemed to drowse like watchers by a death-bed. Lizards shot out of the cracked soil like flames and the bench in the laurustinus-niche was strewn with the blue varnished bodies of dead flies. Before us lay the fish-pond, a yellow marble slab above rotting secrets. The villa looked across it, composed as a dead face, with the cypresses flanking it for candles. . . .

IV

" . . . Impossible, you say, that my mother's mother should have been the Duchess's maid? What do I know? It is so long since anything has happened here that the old things seem nearer, perhaps, than to those who live in cities. . . . But how else did she know about the statue then? Answer me that, sir! That she saw with her eyes, I can swear to, and never smiled again, so she told me, till they put her first child in her arms . . . for she was taken to wife by the steward's son, Antonio, the same who had carried the letters. . . . But where am I? Ah, well . . . she was a mere slip, you understand, my grandmother, when the Duchess died, a niece of the upper maid, Nencia, and suffered about the Duchess because of her pranks and the funny songs she knew. It's possible, you think, she may have

heard from others what she afterward fancied she had seen herself? How that is, it's not for an unlettered man to say; though indeed I myself seem to have seen many of the things she told me. This is a strange place. No one comes here, nothing changes, and the old memories stand up as distinct as the statues in the garden. . . .

"It began the summer after they came back from the Brenta. Duke Ercole had married the lady from Venice, you must know; it was a gay city, then, I'm told, with laughter and music on the water, and the days slipped by like boats running with the tide. Well, to humor her he took her back the first autumn to the Brenta. Her father, it appears, had a grand palace there, with such gardens, bowling-alleys, grottoes and casinos as never were; gondolas bobbing at the water-gates, a stable full of gilt coaches, a theatre full of players, and kitchens and offices full of cooks and lackeys to serve up chocolate all day long to the fine ladies in masks and furbelows, with their pet dogs and their blackamoors and their *abates*. Eh! I know it all as if I'd been there, for Nencia, you see, my grandmother's aunt, travelled with the Duchess, and came back with her eyes round as platters, and not a word to say for the rest of the year to any of the lads who'd courted her here in Vicenza.

"What happened there I don't know—my grandmother could never get at the rights of it, for Nencia was mute as a fish where her lady was concerned—but when they came back to Vicenza the Duke ordered the villa set in order; and in the spring he brought the Duchess here and left her. She looked happy enough, my grandmother said, and seemed no object for pity. Perhaps, after all, it was better than being shut up in Vicenza, in the tall painted rooms where priests came and went as softly as cats prowling for birds, and the Duke was forever closeted in his library, talking with learned men. The Duke was a scholar; you noticed he was painted with a book? Well, those that can read 'em make out that they're full of wonderful things; as a man that's been to a fair across the mountains will always tell his people at home it was beyond anything *they'll* ever see. As for the Duch-

ess, she was all for music, play-acting, and young company. The Duke was a silent man, stepping quietly, with his eyes down, as though he'd just come from confession; when the Duchess's lap-dog yapped at his heels he danced like a man in a swarm of hornets; when the Duchess laughed he winced as if you'd drawn a diamond across a window-pane. And the Duchess was always laughing.

"When she first came to the villa she was very busy laying out the gardens, designing grottoes, planting groves, and planning all manner of agreeable surprises in the way of water-jets that drenched you unexpectedly, and hermits in caves, and wild men that jumped at you out of thickets. She had a very pretty taste in such matters, but after awhile she tired of it, and there being no one for her to talk to but her maids and the chaplain—a clumsy man deep in his books—why, she would have strolling players out from Vicenza, mountebanks and fortune-tellers from the market-place, travelling doctors and astrologers, and all manner of trained animals. Still it could be seen that the poor lady pined for company, and her waiting women, who loved her, were glad when the Cavaliere Ascanio, the Duke's cousin, came to live at the vineyard across the valley—you see the pinkish house over there in the mulberries, with a red roof and a pigeon-cote?

"The Cavaliere Ascanio was a cadet of one of the great Venetian houses, *pezzi grossi* of the Golden Book. He had been meant for the Church, I believe, but what! he set fighting above praying and cast in his lot with the captain of the Duke of Mantua's *bravi*, himself a Venetian of good standing, but a little at odds with the law. Well, the next I knew, the Cavaliere was in Venice again, perhaps not in good odor on account of his connection with the gentleman I speak of. Some say he tried to carry off a nun from the convent of Santa Croce; how that may be I can't say; but my grandmother declared he had enemies there, and the end of it was that on some pretext or other the Ten banished him to Vicenza. There, of course, the Duke, being his kinsman, had to show him a civil face; and that was how he first came to the villa.

"He was a fine young man, beautiful as

a Saint Sebastian, a rare musician, who sang his own songs to the lute in a way that used to make my grandmother's heart melt and run through her body like mulled wine. He had a good word for everybody, too, and was always dressed in the French fashion, and smelt as sweet as a bean-field ; and every soul about the place welcomed the sight of him.

"Well, the Duchess, it seemed, welcomed it too ; youth will have youth, and laughter turns to laughter ; and the two matched each other like the candlesticks on an altar. The Duchess—you've seen her portrait—but to hear my grandmother, sir, it no more approached her than a weed comes up to a rose. The Cavaliere, indeed, as became a poet, paragoned her in his song to all the pagan goddesses of antiquity ; and doubtless these were finer to look at than mere women ; but so, it seemed, was she : for, to believe my grandmother, she made other women look no more than the big French fashion-doll that used to be shown on Ascension days in the Piazza. She was one, at any rate, that needed no outlandish finery to beautify her ; whatever dress she wore became her as feathers fit the bird ; and her hair didn't get its color by bleaching on the housetop. It glittered of itself like the threads in an Easter chasuble, and her skin was whiter than fine wheaten bread, and her mouth as sweet as a ripe fig. . . .

"Well, sir, you could no more keep them apart than the bees and the lavender. They were always together, singing, bowling, playing cup and ball, walking in the gardens, visiting the aviaries and petting her grace's trick-dogs and monkeys. The Duchess was as gay as a foal, always playing pranks and laughing, tricking out her animals like comedians, disguising herself as a peasant or a nun (you should have seen her one day pass herself off to the chaplain as a mendicant sister), or teaching the lads and girls of the vineyards to dance and sing madrigals together. The Cavaliere had a singular ingenuity in planning such entertainments, and the days were hardly long enough for their diversions. But toward the end of the summer the Duchess fell quiet and would hear only sad music, and the two sat much together in the gazebo at the end of the garden. It was there the Duke found them one day

when he drove out from Vicenza in his gilt coach. He came but once or twice a year to the villa, and it was, as my grandmother said, just a part of her poor lady's ill-luck to be wearing that day the Venetian habit, which uncovered the shoulders in a way the Duke always scowled at, and her curls loose and powdered with gold. Well, the three drank chocolate in the gazebo, and what happened no one knew, except that the Duke, on taking leave, gave his cousin a seat in his carriage ; but the Cavaliere never returned.

"Winter approaching, and the poor lady thus finding herself once more alone, it was surmised among her women that she must fall into a deeper depression of spirits. But far from this being the case, she displayed such cheerfulness and equanimity of humor that my grandmother, for one, was half-vexed with her for giving no more thought to the poor young man who, all this time, was eating his heart out in the house across the valley. It is true she quitted her gold-laced gowns and wore a veil over her head ; but Nencia would have it she looked the lovelier for the change, and so gave the Duke greater displeasure. Certain it is that the Duke drove out oftener to the villa, and though he found his lady always engaged in some innocent pursuit, such as embroidery or music, or playing games with her young women, yet he always went away with a sour look and a whispered word to the chaplain. Now as to the chaplain, my grandmother owned there had been a time when her grace had not handled him overwisely. For, according to Nencia, it seems that his reverence, who seldom approached the Duchess, being buried in his library like a mouse in a cheese—well, one day he made bold to appeal to her for a sum of money, a large sum, Nencia said, to buy certain tall books, a chest full of them, that a foreign pedler had brought him ; whereupon the Duchess, who could never abide a book, breaks out at him with a laugh and a flash of her old spirit—'Holy Mother of God, must I have more books about me ? I was nearly smothered with them in the first year of my marriage ;' and the chaplain turning red at the affront, she added : 'You may buy them and welcome, my good chaplain, if you can find the money ; but as for me, I am yet

seeking a way to pay for my turquoise necklace, and the statue of Daphne at the end of the bowling-green, and the Indian parrot that my black boy brought me last Michaelmas from the Bohemians—so you see I've no money to waste on trifles ;' and as he backs out awkwardly she tosses at him, over her shoulder : ' You should pray to Saint Blandina to open the Duke's pocket ! ' to which he returned, very quietly, ' Your excellency's suggestion is an admirable one, and I have already entreated that blessed martyr to open the Duke's understanding.'

" Thereat, Nencia said (who was standing by), the Duchess flushed wonderfully red and waved him out of the room ; and then ' Quick ! ' she cried to my grandmother (who was too glad to run on such errands), ' Call me Antonio, the gardener's boy, to the box-garden ; I've a word to say to him about the new clove-carnations. . . . '

" Now, I may not have told you, sir, that in the crypt under the chapel there has stood, for more generations than a man can count, a stone coffin containing a thigh-bone of the blessed Saint Blandina of Lyons, a relic offered, I've been told, by some great Duke of France to one of our own dukes when they fought the Turk together ; and the object, ever since, of particular veneration in this illustrious family. Now, since the Duchess had been left to herself, it was observed she affected a fervent devotion to this relic, praying often in the chapel and even causing the stone slab that covered the entrance to the crypt to be replaced by a wooden one, that she might at will descend and kneel by the coffin. This was matter of edification to all the household, and should have been peculiarly pleasing to the chaplain ; but, with respect to you, he was the kind of man who brings a sour mouth to the eating of the sweetest apple.

" However that may be, the Duchess, when she dismissed him, was seen running to the garden, where she talked earnestly with the boy Antonio about the new clove-carnations ; and the rest of the day she sat in-doors and played sweetly on the virginal. Now Nencia always had it in mind that her Grace had made a mistake in refusing that request of the chaplain's ; but she said nothing, for to talk reason to the

Duchess was of no more use than praying for rain in a drought.

" Winter came early that year, there was snow on the hills by All Souls, the wind stripped the gardens, and the lemon-trees were nipped in the lemon-house. The Duchess kept her room in this black season, sitting over the fire, embroidering, reading books of devotion (which was a thing she had never done), and praying frequently in the chapel. As for the chaplain, it was a place he never set foot in but to say mass in the morning, with the Duchess overhead in the tribune, and the servants aching with rheumatism on the marble floor. The chaplain himself hated the cold, and galloped through the mass like a man with witches after him. The rest of the day he spent in his library, over a brazier, with his eternal books. . . .

" You'll wonder, sir, if I'm ever to get to the gist of the story ; and I've gone slowly, I own, for fear of what's coming. Well, the winter was long and hard. When it fell cold the Duke ceased to come out from Vicenza, and not a soul had the Duchess to speak to but her maid-servants and the gardeners about the place. Yet it was wonderful, my grandmother said, how she kept her brave colors and her spirits ; only it was remarked that she prayed longer in the chapel, where a brazier was kept burning for her all day. When the young are denied their natural pleasures, they turn often enough to religion ; and it was a mercy, as my grandmother said, that she, who had scarce a live sinner to speak to, should take such comfort in a dead saint.

" My grandmother seldom saw her that winter, for though she showed a brave front to all, she kept more and more to herself, choosing to have only Nencia about her, and dismissing even her when she went to pray. For her devotion had that mark of true piety, that she wished it not to be observed ; so that Nencia had strict orders, on the chaplain's approach, to warn her mistress if she happened to be in prayer.

" Well, the winter passed, and spring was well forward, when my grandmother one evening had a bad fright. That it was her own fault I won't deny, for she'd been down the lime-walk with Antonio when her aunt fancied her to be stitching in her chamber ; and seeing a sudden light in Nencia's win-

dow, she took fright lest her disobedience be found out, and ran up quickly through the laurel-grove to the house. Her way lay by the chapel, and as she crept past it, meaning to slip in through the scullery, and groping her way, for the dark had fallen and the moon was scarce up, she heard a crash close behind her, as though someone had dropped from a window of the chapel. The young fool's heart turned over, but she looked round as she ran, and there, sure enough, was a man scuttling across the terrace; and as he doubled the corner of the house my grandmother swore she caught the whisk of the chaplain's skirts. Now that was a strange thing, certainly; for why should the chaplain be getting out of the chapel window when he might have passed through the door? For you may have noticed, sir, there's a door leads from the chapel into the saloon on the ground floor; the only other way out being through the Duchess's tribune.

"Well, my grandmother turned the matter over, and next time she met Antonio in the lime-walk (which, by reason of her fright, was not for some days) she laid before him what had happened; but to her surprise he only laughed, and said, 'You little simpleton, he wasn't getting out of the window, he was trying to look in;' and not another word could she get from him.

"So the season moved on to Easter, and news came the Duke had gone to Rome for that holy festivity. His comings and goings made no change at the villa, and yet there was no one there but felt easier to think his yellow face was on the far side of the Apennines, unless, perhaps, it was the chaplain.

"Well, it was one day in May that the Duchess, who had walked long with Nencia on the terrace, rejoicing at the sweetness of the prospect and the pleasant scent of the gilly-flowers in the stone vases, the Duchess toward midday withdrew to her rooms, giving orders that her dinner should be served in her bed-chamber. My grandmother helped to carry in the dishes, and observed, she said, the singular beauty of the Duchess, who, in honor of the fine weather, had put on a gown of shot-silver and hung her bare shoulders with pearls, so that she looked fit to dance at court with an emperor. She had ordered, too, a rare repast for a lady that heeded so little what

she ate—jellies, game-pastries, fruits in syrup, spiced cakes, and a flagon of Greek wine; and she nodded and clapped her hands as the women set it before her, saying, again and again, 'I shall eat well to-day.'

"But presently another mood seized her; she turned from the table, called for her rosary, and said to Nencia: 'The fine weather has made me neglect my devotions. I must say a litany before I dine.'

"She ordered the women out and barred the door, as her custom was; and Nencia and my grandmother went down-stairs to work in the linen-room.

"Now the linen-room gives on the court-yard, and suddenly my grandmother saw a strange sight approaching. First up the avenue came the Duke's carriage (whom all thought to be in Rome), and after it, drawn by a long string of mules and oxen, a cart carrying what looked like a kneeling figure wrapped in death-clothes. The strangeness of it struck the girl dumb and the Duke's coach was at the door before she had the wit to cry out that it was coming. Nencia, when she saw it, went white and ran out of the room. My grandmother followed, scared by her face, and the two fled along the corridor to the chapel. On the way they met the chaplain, deep in a book, who asked in surprise where they were running, and when they said, to announce the Duke's arrival, he fell into such astonishment, and asked them so many questions and uttered such ohs and ahs that by the time he let them by the Duke was at their heels. Nencia reached the chapel-door first and cried out that the Duke was coming; and before she had a reply he was at her side, with the chaplain following.

"A moment later the door opened and there stood the Duchess. She held her rosary in one hand and had drawn a scarf over her shoulders; but they shone through it like the moon in a mist, and her countenance sparkled with beauty.

"The Duke took her hand with a bow. 'Madam,' he said, 'I could have had no greater happiness than thus to surprise you at your devotions.'

"My own happiness,' she replied, 'would have been greater had your excellency prolonged it by giving me notice of your arrival.'

“ ‘Had you expected me, Madam,’ said he, ‘your appearance could scarcely have been more fitted to the occasion. Few ladies of your youth and beauty array themselves to venerate a saint as they would to welcome a lover.’

“ ‘Sir,’ she answered, ‘having never enjoyed the latter opportunity, I am constrained to make the most of the former.—What’s that?’ she cried, falling back, and the rosary dropped from her hand.

“ ‘There was a loud noise at the other end of the saloon, as of a heavy object being dragged down the passage; and presently a dozen men were seen haling across the threshold the shrouded thing from the ox-cart. The Duke waved his hand toward it. ‘That,’ said he, ‘Madam, is a tribute to your extraordinary piety. I have heard with peculiar satisfaction of your devotion to the blessed relics in this chapel, and to commemorate a zeal which neither the rigors of winter nor the sultriness of summer could abate, I have ordered a sculptured image of you, marvellously executed by the Cavaliere Bernini, to be placed before the altar over the entrance to the crypt.’

“ ‘The Duchess, who had grown pale, nevertheless smiled playfully at this. ‘As to commemorating my piety,’ she said, ‘I recognize there one of your excellency’s pleasantries——’

“ ‘A pleasantry?’ the Duke interrupted; and he made a sign to the men, who had now reached the threshold of the chapel. In an instant the wrappings fell from the figure, and there knelt the Duchess to the life. A cry of wonder rose from all, but the Duchess herself stood whiter than the marble.

“ ‘You will see,’ says the Duke, ‘this is no pleasantry, but a triumph of the incomparable Bernini’s chisel. The likeness was done from your miniature portrait by the divine Elisabetta Sirani, which I sent to the master some six months ago, with what results all must admire.’

“ ‘Six months!’ cried the Duchess, and seemed about to fall; but his excellency caught her by the hand.

“ ‘Nothing,’ he said, ‘could better please me than the excessive emotion you display, for true piety is ever modest, and your thanks could not take a form that better became you. And now,’ says he

to the men, ‘let the image be put in place.’

“ By this, life seemed to have returned to the Duchess, and she answered him with a deep reverence. ‘That I should be overcome by so unexpected a grace, your excellency admits to be natural; but what honors you accord it is my privilege to accept, and I entreat only that in mercy to my modesty the image be placed in the remotest part of the chapel.’

“ At that the Duke darkened. ‘What! You would have this masterpiece of a renowned chisel, which, I disguise not, cost me the price of a good vineyard in gold pieces, you would have it thrust out of sight like the work of a village stone-cutter?’

“ ‘It is my semblance, not the sculptor’s work, I desire to conceal.’

“ ‘If you are fit for my house, Madam, you are fit for God’s, and entitled to the place of honor in both. Bring the statue forward, you dawdlers!’ he called out to the men.

“ ‘The Duchess fell back submissively. ‘You are right, sir, as always; but I would at least have the image stand on the left of the altar, that, looking up, it may behold your excellency’s seat in the tribune.’

“ ‘A pretty thought, Madam, for which I thank you; but I design before long to put my companion image on the other side of the altar; and the wife’s place, as you know, is at her husband’s right hand.’

“ ‘True, my lord—but, again, if my poor presentment is to have the unmerited honor of kneeling beside yours, why not place both before the altar, where it is our habit to pray in life?’

“ ‘And where, Madam, should we kneel if they took our places? Besides,’ says the Duke, still speaking very blandly, ‘I have a more particular purpose in placing your image over the entrance to the crypt; for not only would I thereby mark your special devotion to the blessed saint who rests there, but, by sealing up the opening in the pavement, would assure the perpetual preservation of that holy martyr’s bones, which hitherto have been too thoughtlessly exposed to sacrilegious attempts.’

“ ‘What attempts, my lord?’ cries the

Duchess. 'No one enters this chapel without my leave.'

"So I have understood, and can well believe from what I have learned of your piety: yet at night a malefactor might break in through a window, Madam, and your excellency not know it.'

"I'm a light sleeper,' said the Duchess.

"The Duke looked at her gravely. 'Indeed?' said he. 'A bad sign at your age. I must see that you are provided with a sleeping-draught.'

"The Duchess's eyes filled. 'You would deprive me, then, of the consolation of visiting those venerable relics?'

"I would have you keep eternal guard over them, knowing no one to whose care they may more fittingly be entrusted.'

"By this the image was brought close to the wooden slab that covered the entrance to the crypt, when the Duchess, springing forward, placed herself in the way.

"Sir, let the statue be put in place to-morrow, and suffer me, to-night, to say a last prayer beside those holy bones.'

"The Duke stepped instantly to her side. 'Well thought, Madam; I will go down with you now, and we will pray together.'

"Sir, your long absences have, alas! given me the habit of solitary devotion, and I confess that any presence is distracting.'

"Madam, I accept your rebuke. Hitherto, it is true, the duties of my station have constrained me to long absences; but henceforward I remain with you while you live. Shall we go down into the crypt together?'

"No; for I fear for your excellency's ague. The air there is excessively damp.'

"The more reason you should no longer be exposed to it; and to prevent the intemperance of your zeal I will at once make the place inaccessible.'

"The Duchess at this fell on her knees on the slab, weeping excessively and lifting her hands to heaven.

"Oh,' she cried, 'you are cruel, sir, to deprive me of access to the sacred relics that have enabled me to support with resignation the solitude to which your excellency's duties have condemned me; and if prayer and meditation give me any authority to pronounce on such matters,

suffer me to warn you, sir, that I fear the blessed Saint Blandina will punish us for thus abandoning her venerable remains!'

"The Duke at this seemed to pause, for he was a pious man, and my grandmother thought she saw him exchange a glance with the chaplain; who, stepping timidly forward, with his eyes on the ground, said, 'There is, indeed, much wisdom in her excellency's words, but I would suggest, sir, that her pious wish might be met, and the saint more conspicuously honored, by transferring the relics from the crypt to a place beneath the altar.'

"True!' cried the Duke, 'and it shall be done at once.'

"But thereat the Duchess rose to her feet with a terrible look.

"No,' she cried, 'by the body of God! For it shall not be said that, after your excellency has chosen to deny every request I addressed to him, I owe his consent to the solicitation of another!'

"The chaplain turned red and the Duke yellow, and for a moment neither spoke.

"Then the Duke said, 'Here are words enough, Madam. Do you wish the relics brought up from the crypt?'

"I wish nothing that I owe to another's intervention!'

"Put the image in place then,' says the Duke, furiously; and handed her grace to a chair.

"She sat there, my grandmother said, straight as an arrow, her hands locked, her head high, her eyes on the Duke, while the statue was dragged to its place; then she stood up and turned away. As she passed by Nencia, 'Call me Antonio,' she whispered; but before the words were out of her mouth the Duke stepped between them.

"Madam,' says he, all smiles now, 'I have travelled straight from Rome to bring you the sooner this proof of my esteem. I lay last night at Monselice and have been on the road since daybreak. Will you not invite me to sup?'

"Surely, my lord,' said the Duchess. 'It shall be laid in the dining-parlor within the hour.'

"Why not in your chamber and at once, Madam? Since I believe it is your custom to sup there.'

"In my chamber?' says the Duchess, in disorder.



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

"He was the kind of man who brings a sour mouth to the eating of the sweetest apple."—Page 157.

“‘Have you anything against it?’ he asked.

“‘Assuredly not, sir, if you will give me time to prepare myself.’

“‘I will wait in your cabinet,’ said the Duke.

“At that, said my grandmother, the Duchess gave one look, as the souls in hell may have looked when the gates closed on our Lord: then she called Nencia and passed to her chamber.

“What happened there my grandmother could never learn, but that the Duchess, in great haste, dressed herself with extraordinary splendor, powdering her hair with gold, painting her face and bosom, and covering herself with jewels till she shone like our Lady of Loreto; and hardly were these preparations complete when the Duke entered from the cabinet, followed by the servants, carrying supper. Thereupon the Duchess dismissed Nencia, and what follows my grandmother learned from a pantry-lad who brought up the dishes and waited in the cabinet; for only the Duke’s body-servant entered the bed-chamber.

“Well, according to this boy, sir, who was looking and listening with his whole body, as it were, because he had never before been suffered so near the Duchess, it appears that the noble couple sat down in great good humor, the Duchess playfully reproving her husband for his long absence, while the Duke swore that to look so beautiful was the best way of punishing him. In this tone the talk continued, with such gay sallies on the part of the Duchess, such tender advances on the Duke’s, that the lad declared they were for all the world like a pair of lovers courting on a summer’s night in the vineyard; and so it went till the servant brought in the mulled wine.

“‘Ah,’ the Duke was saying at that moment, ‘this agreeable evening repays me for the many dull ones I have spent away from you: nor do I remember to have enjoyed such laughter since the afternoon last year when we drank chocolate in the gazebo with my cousin Ascanio. And that reminds me,’ he said, ‘is my cousin in good health?’

“‘I have no reports of it,’ says the Duchess. ‘But your excellency should taste these figs stewed in malmsey——’

“‘I am in the mood to taste whatever

you offer,’ said he; and as she helped him to the figs he added, ‘If my enjoyment were not complete as it is, I could almost wish my cousin Ascanio were with us. The fellow is rare good company at supper. What do you say, Madam? I hear he’s still in the country; shall we send for him to join us?’

“‘Ah,’ said the Duchess, with a sigh and a languishing look, ‘I see your excellency wearies of me already.’

“‘I, Madam? Ascanio is a capital good fellow, but to my mind his chief merit at this moment is his absence. It inclines me so tenderly to him, that, by God, I could empty a glass to his good health.’

“With that the Duke caught up his goblet and signed to the servant to fill the Duchess’s.

“‘Here’s to the cousin,’ he cried, standing, ‘who has the good taste to stay away when he’s not wanted. I drink to his very long life—and you, Madam?’

“At this the Duchess, who had sat staring at him with a changed face, rose also and lifted her glass to her lips.

“‘And I to his happy death,’ says she in a wild voice; and as she spoke the empty goblet dropped from her hand and she fell face down on the floor.

“The Duke shouted to her women that she had swooned, and they came and lifted her to the bed. . . . She suffered horribly all night, Nencia said, twisting herself like a heretic at the stake, but without a word escaping her. The Duke watched by her, and toward daylight sent for the chaplain; but by this she was unconscious and, her teeth being locked, our Lord’s body could not be passed through them.

“The Duke announced to his relations that his lady had died after partaking too freely of spiced wine and an omelet of carp’s roe, at a supper she had prepared in honor of his return; and the next year he brought home a new Duchess, who gave him a son and five daughters. . . .”

V

THE sky had turned to a steel gray, against which the villa stood out sallow and inscrutable. A wind strayed through the gardens, loosening here and

there a yellow leaf from the sycamores ; and the hills across the valley were purple as thunder-clouds.

“And the statue—?” I asked.

“Ah, the statue. Well, sir, this is what my grandmother told me, here on this very bench where we’re sitting. The poor child, who worshipped the Duchess as a girl of her years will worship a beautiful kind mistress, spent a night of horror, you may fancy, shut out from her lady’s room, hearing the cries that came from it, and seeing, as she crouched in her corner, the women rush to and fro with wild looks, the Duke’s lean face in the door, and the chaplain skulking in the antechamber with his eyes on his breviary. No one minded her that night or the next morning ; and

toward dusk, when it became known the Duchess was no more, the poor girl felt the pious wish to say a prayer for her dead mistress. She crept to the chapel and stole in unobserved. The place was empty and dim, but as she advanced she heard a low moaning, and coming in front of the statue she saw that its face, the day before so sweet and smiling, had the look on it that you know—and the moaning seemed to come from its lips. My grandmother turned cold, but something, she said afterward, kept her from calling or shrieking out, and she turned and ran from the place. In the passage she fell in a swoon ; and when she came to her senses, in her own chamber, she heard that the Duke had locked the chapel door and forbidden any to set foot there. . . .



The place was never opened again till the Duke died, some ten years later ; and then it was that the other servants, going in with the new heir, saw for the first time the horror that my grandmother had kept in her bosom. . . ."

"And the crypt ?" I asked. "Has it never been opened ?"

"Heaven forbid, sir !" cried the old man, crossing himself. "Was it not the Duchess's express wish that the relics should not be disturbed ?"

THE GREEN DANCERS

By Bliss Carman

WHEN the Green Dance of summer
Goes up the mountain clove,
There is another dancer
Who follows it for love.

To the sound of falling water
Processional and slow
The children of the forest
With waving branches go—

And to the wilding music
Of winds that loiter by,
By trail, ravine, and stream-bed
Troop up against the sky

The bending yellow birches,
The beeches cool and tall,
Slim ash and flowering locust,
My gypsy knows them all.

And light of foot she follows,
And light of heart gives heed,
Where in the blue-green chasm
The wraiths of mist are freed.

For when the young winged maples
Hang out their rosy pods,
She knows it is a message
From the primeval gods.

When tanager and cherry
Show scarlet in the sun,
She slips her careworn habit
To put their gladness on.

And where the chestnuts flower
Along the mountain-side,
She, too, assumes the vesture
And beauty of their pride.

She hears the freshening music
That ushers in their day,

When from the hemlock shadows
The silver thrushes play.

When the blue moth at noonday
Lies breathing with his wings,
She knows what piercing woodnote
Across the silence rings.

And when the winds of twilight
Flute up the ides of June,
Where Kaaterskill goes plainward
Under a virgin moon,

My wild mysterious spirit
For joy cannot be still,
But with the woodland dancers
Must worship as they will.

From rocky ledge to summit
Where lead the dark-tressed firs,
Under the open starshine
Their festival is hers.

She sees the moonlit laurel
Spread through the misty gloom
(The soul of the wild forest
Veiled in a mesh of bloom).

Then to the lulling murmur
Of leaves she, too, will rest,
Curtained by northern streamers
Upon some dark hill-crest.

And still, in glad procession
And solemn bright array,
A dance of gold-green shadows
About her sleep will play ;

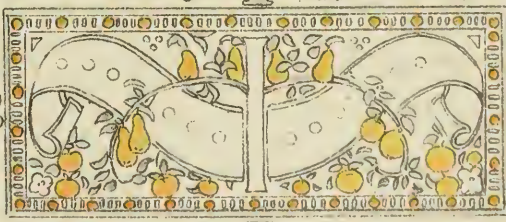
Her signal from the frontier :
There is no bar nor toll
Nor dearth of joy forever
To stay the gypsy soul.



MIDSUMMER

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS
BY HENRY MCCARTER

THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH

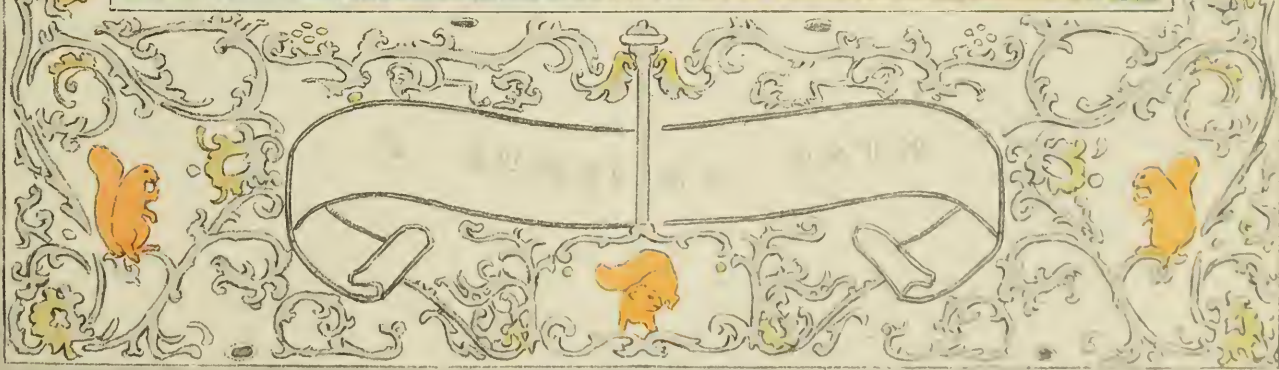


HENRY MCCARTER















PRETORIA IN WAR-TIME

By Richard Harding Davis

PRETORIA reposes drowsily at the bottom of a basin, a great bowl made of hills. There is a crack in the bowl, and it is through this crack that the British army, when it comes, will enter the capital. In the meantime Pretoria, shut in from the outside world not only by her circle of hills but by censors, armies, and a blockade of war-ships, waits tranquilly. For none of these, even while it increases her isolation, can disturb her calm. A session of the Volksraad, when it meets here next week, may arouse her, because that is of interest to every man over sixteen years of age in the republic; but the fact that one hundred and fifty thousand British soldiers are advancing from Bloemfontein upon her, limping, it is true, but still advancing, is a circumstance too foreign to her experience to ruffle her composure.

From any elevation Pretoria is a beautiful place, a great park of tall, dark-green poplars, with red roofs shining through, and the towers of the public buildings and the gilded figure of Liberty rising over all. From a distance Pretoria has almost the look of Florence. The hills about her are so high that the white, sun-lit clouds are near enough when they pass to write their names upon them; and they continue for so great a distance that they turn, as they draw away, from a light green to a purple, and then to a misty, turquoise blue.

Pretoria down in the basin itself is not so beautiful. It is throughout half suburb and half city, with corrugated zinc cottages next to a bank building, and a State museum adjoining the meat-market, but with trees and flowers and running water everywhere. The houses are of one story, each of them set in gardens of rose bushes and many of the older ones roofed with thatch; but the Government buildings, the shops, the banks and business houses are metropolitan. They suggest a new city of our West, and some of them, the banking houses around the city square, are of the best style of architecture as it is adapted to homes of business. But the red dust,

the chief characteristic of South Africa, and the ox-cart, the moving home of the Boer, destroy the illusion of a city.

The trek-wagons are as incongruous as are the costers' donkey-carts in Piccadilly. They are the most picturesque relics which remain to us from the days of the emigrant and of the pioneer. The caravan of camels still obtains, but it belongs to a people who have never left anything behind them, who have never progressed one stride in advance of the camel, and to whom the caravan with its rolled-up tents and bales of merchandise is still a part of their daily life. But the trek-wagon exists in a land of railroads and telegraphs, and rubs wheels with victorias and tram-cars. It is much like the great hooded carts which the empire makers of our West drove across the prairie, the real "ships of the desert," that carried civilization with them, and that blazoned forth on their canvas as the supreme effort of the pioneer, "Pike's Peak or Bust." The ox-cart is the most typical possession of the Boer, and it and the lion, and the man with the rifle in his hand, are the three emblems of the national coat of arms.

The cart is drawn by from five to ten pair of oxen led by a small Kaffir, the "voortrekker," and belabored from behind by another Kaffir, with a whip as far reaching as a salmon line. In the front seat sits the head of the family and behind him are his women folk in a mysterious zenana, from which they emerge clad in white starched linen, showing that the cart must contain, besides its bunks and mattresses, as many ingenious wardrobe-boxes and cubby-holes as the cabin of a ship. At the back of the long wagon sit the Kaffir women and their naked, beaded children. The rifle hangs ready at hand beside the box-seat; water-kegs, pots, and pans swing between the wheels, and tools and fodder-boxes hang from either side.

The calm of the Pretoria streets is the calm of the people. In travelling from Ladysmith to Pretoria I have found nothing to be in greater contrast than the com-



The President's State-Carriage.

posed acceptance of the war by the Boer with the Englishman's complete absorption in it. In London, Cape Town, in Durban, in Ladysmith, on the steamers, in the field, the Englishman reads, talks, thinks of nothing else. Here the chief men of the Government find time to meet at a club twice a day to smoke and talk on almost any other subject. Yet each of them has been to the front for a month at a time, or for three months together, and each of them is going back again, but he speaks of his having been there without boasting or excitement, much as though he were a neutral who had run down to the battle-field to take photographs and collect exploded shells as souvenirs. I have heard one of them secure the entire attention of every man in the club by recounting his adventures on a hunting trip which he had taken during his leave of absence from his commando, and his friends were much more keen to know how his pointers and setters had behaved than what his men had done in the firing-line. I commented on this, and one of them told me that during a reconnaissance which the British made from Ladysmith

and when the burghers were firing upon them, a couple of deer ran from the hills back of the Boer position. Instantly almost every burgher whirled about, and turning his back to the enemy, opened a fusillade on the deer. Owing to this diversion the English made a considerable advance.

What makes the remarkable resistance which the Boer has shown to the British forces the more remarkable, is this fact of his leisurely indifference to it all. He goes from the farm to the firing-line and back again to the farm almost at will, and what is even more surprising is the fact that when he is in the field he apparently only takes part in an engagement when he feels inclined to do so. I have been told again and again by men of all nationalities who have been frequently with the Boers in action, that it is a usual thing for a hundred of them to lie in a trench protecting the position, and opposed sometimes to a thousand men, while the remaining three or four hundred of their comrades, who do not wish to fight, will be seated a hundred yards down the kopje smoking and eating. At Sand River, within three hundred yards of the artillery

which was firing desperately on Lord Roberts's advancing column, I saw a thousand Boers, and not one of them was apparently conscious that a battle was going forward or that his services were badly needed. They sat among the rocks and talked together, or slept in the shade

should weigh deeply. The Boers tell you casually when leading up to some other point, that at such and such a fight they placed ten men on one kopje and on another twenty. At Spion Kop the attack on the hill was made by forty men, so few indeed, so they claim, that one of the



The President on His Veranda, Showing One of the Marble Lions Presented to Him by Barney Barnato.

of a mesquite bush, or mounted their ponies and rode away. The small number of men required to hold one of these defensive positions seems almost incredible, and I am convinced that throughout the war one man to ten has been the average proportion of Boer to Briton, and that frequently the British have been repulsed when their force outnumbered that of the Boers twenty to one. What terrible losses the burghers would have caused had they occupied the trenches in force is something the nations which next meditate going to war with modern magazine rifles

English colonels surrendered, and then on seeing, when the Boers left cover, to what a small force he was opposed, threw down the white flag and cried, "No, we'll not surrender," and fired on the Boers who were coming up to receive his rifles. One can imagine what an outcry such an incident as this would have called forth from the English papers had it been the Boer who first raised the white flag and then thought better of it. But the comment the Boer made on this "treachery" was, "It was probably a mistake. Perhaps someone without authority raised

the white flag, and the colonel did not know that. He wounded seventeen of our men, but I believe it was a mistake."

A number of Pretorians were at Nicholson's Nek, and they tell that at that place their men were so few in proportion to the eleven hundred British soldiers who surrendered, that when the burghers sent a detachment from the trenches to take the Englishmen's arms, their own men were entirely swallowed up in the crowd, and they lost sight of them altogether. Every burgher, which means every man over sixteen years of age who can carry a rifle, is allowed twelve days' leave of absence out of each three months. If he overstays his leave, which the women, who are even more keen than the men, seldom permit him to do, he is brought back to his regiment or "commando" under arrest. But for this there appears to be very little punishment. What there is consists of fines, which the burghers cannot pay and which are remitted indefinitely until "after the war," and of enforcing pack drill, and police work around the camp. It is almost always the same men who force the fighting, that is, the same forty men out of a commando of three hundred will always volunteer to fight in the trenches, while the remainder help them from time to time exactly as they see fit. Knowing this, the wonder grows as to what would have happened to the British forces if the Boer had been a relentless foe with a taste for blood-letting and slaughter, instead of one quite satisfied to hold his position with the least possible exertion, and with the least danger to himself. The accounts of his successful marksmanship are undoubtedly correct. It is to this and to his ability to judge distances in this peculiarly deceptive atmosphere that has made his fire, coming though it does from so few rifles, so fatally effective. Eighty per cent. of the men in each commando are what we should consider sharp-shooters; and as opposed to them the Boers tell me that after a charge they have often picked up the English rifles where the soldiers have fallen a hundred yards from the Boer trench, and found that the sights on the Lee-Metfords were adjusted for eight hundred to eleven hundred yards. Of course with sights at that range no sharp-

shooter, certainly no Tommy, could hit a Boer at a hundred yards, even if the burgher stood up, and made a target of himself.

But I hope to tell more of the Boer in the field in another article. This one must continue to treat of the Boer capital, and of the most interesting man in it, Paul Kruger, who is possibly also the man of the greatest interest in the world to-day; a man, who, while he will probably rank as a statesman with Lincoln, Bismarck, and Gladstone, lives in the capital of his republic as simply as a village lawyer. Every day, for the few brief moments during which he is driven from his cottage to the Government buildings, surrounded by a mounted guard of honor, he rises to a degree of state to which our own President does not attain. But for the remainder of the day he sits on his front porch or in his little parlor and arranges the affairs of his Government with as little display as that shown by the poorest of his burghers. On the stoop, separated from the sidewalk by only a bed of flowers, and guarded by two white marble lions and two policemen, you may at almost any hour you pass see the President smoking his pipe and sipping his coffee. This simplicity and democracy adds infinitely to the interest he holds for you as a man. It is, of course, much more effective than any show of state. The man is so much bigger than his surroundings that his gilded carriage and troop of helmeted police do not in any way increase his dignity, neither to the burgher who never before has seen a gilt carriage, nor to the High Commissioner of Her Majesty, who has ridden in a gilt carriage of his own. The first time I heard him speak was when he received the Irish-Americans who came from Chicago to join the Transvaal Army. They were drawn up along the front of the cottage in a double line, and while he waited for the arrival of the State Secretary, Mr. Reitz, who was to act as interpreter, the President sat on the porch and regarded them through his black spectacles. When Mr. Reitz came, the President walked out to the sidewalk, and Colonel Blake, the commander of the Irish brigade, introduced Captain O'Connor of the Chicago contingent. The



President Krüger's Cottage.

President said that it was to be expected that men should come from the country which had always stood for the liberty and for the independence of the individual ; that the cause for which they had come to fight was one upon which the Lord had looked with favor ; and that even though they died in this war they must feel that they were acting as His servants and had died in His service. He then instructed them, much as a father talking to a group of school-boys, that they must obey their commanders and that their commanders must obey the generals of the Transvaal. Then he spoke more rapidly and inarticulately, so that we guessed it was something of great moment that we were about to hear ; but it proved on translation that he was enjoining them to be very careful of their ponies, not to ride them too hard, nor to lame them. Mr. Reitz translated this rather grudgingly, as though he wished the President would speak a few more words of welcome and of thanks for the sacrifice the men were about to make. But the President had the care of the State's ponies at heart and reiterated his injunctions con-

cerning them. He then bowed and turned into his cottage. I think he left the Irish boys a little puzzled, as they had expected oratory of an unusual order ; but nevertheless they cheered him very heartily, and then O'Shea, who is the tenor of the troop, cleared his throat and sang a hymn. Possibly had the President known the Irish boys better he would have been as much surprised by this act on their part as his own performance had puzzled them. "Jerusalem" was the hymn O'Shea sang, and the picture the men made as they stood under the trees joining in the chorus was a very curious one. They were all armed and with bandoliers crossed over their chests, and gathered around them were a few Boers and a crowd of school-children who had ridden up on their bicycles to see what was going forward. I do not know whether they sang "Jerusalem" in order to please the President or as a sort of battle-hymn, but whatever the motive, it was very effective. They said afterward that they thought President Krüger was a very fine gentleman, but that somehow he had "scared" them.

My first meeting with President Krüger

was very brief, and I learned little from it of him then which has not been made familiar to everyone. Mr. Reitz brought me to his house and we sat on his porch, he loading and re-loading his cavernous pipe the while and staring out into the street. The thing that impressed me first was that in spite of his many years his great bulk and height gave you an impression of strength and power which was

the day for talk was past, that he had grown properly weary of it all; and before I could ask him for the particular information I hoped to obtain, he said, "I say what I have said before, we are fighting for our independence." He kept repeating this stubbornly several times, and then spoke more specifically, saying, "They are two hundred thousand, we are thirty thousand." "They have turned the black



Church Street, Pretoria.

increased by the force he was able to put into his abrupt gestures. He gesticulated awkwardly but with the vigor of a young man, throwing out his arm as though he were pitching a quoit, and opening his great fingers and clinching them again in a menacing fist, with which he struck upon his knee. When he spoke he looked neither at the State Secretary nor at me, but out into the street; and when he did look at one, his eyes held no expression, but were like those in a jade idol. His whole face, chiefly, I think, because of the eyes, was like a heavy waxen mask. In speaking, his lips moved and most violently, but every other feature of his face remained absolutely set. In his ears he wore little gold rings, and his eyes, which were red and seared with some disease, were protected from the light by great gold-rimmed spectacles of dark glass with wire screens.

So many men had come to see him and to ask him to talk on a subject for which

men on the border against us." "We have all their prisoners to feed." "It is like a big bully fighting a boy."

I asked him in what way he thought the United States could have assisted him.

"By intervention," he answered. "It can intervene."

I pointed out that the President had already offered to intervene and had been snubbed for so doing, and that it was not at all probable he would do so again, but that there was much sympathy in America; that there were many people anxious to help the Transvaal, and I asked him to suggest how they might put their sympathy to account.

"They have sent us a great deal of money for the Red Cross," he said, "and many of them have come to fight; but we cannot pay the passage money for others to come here, and we cannot ask for help. If they give us sympathy, or money, or men, that is good, and it is welcome.

We thank them. But we will not ask for help." He struck his knee and pointed out into the street, talking so rapidly and violently that the words seemed as though they must be unintelligible to everyone. But Mr. Reitz said that the President had returned again to the simile of the big bully and the little boy.

"Suppose a man walking in the street sees the big bully beating the boy and passes on without helping him," was what the President had said when he spoke so excitedly. "It is no excuse for him to say after the boy is dead, 'The boy did not call to me for help.' We shall not ask for help. They can see for themselves. They need not wait for us to ask."

He talked on other subjects, but the greater part of what he said was a repetition of what I have written—the injustice of the English, the fact that his people fought only to protect their liberty, and the unfairness of the odds against them. In many ways he reminded me greatly of one of our own presidents, Mr. Cleveland. Both men have a strangely similar energy in speaking, a matter of stating a fact as aggressively and stubbornly as though they were being contradicted. There is also something similar in the impressive-



The Palace of Justice, Pretoria.

This building has never been used. It was finished just as the war began.

ness of their build and size which seems fitting with a big mind and strong will; something similar even in the little trick each has of shaking his head when an idea is presented to him which annoys him, as though he could brush away its truth with a gesture, and in the way neither of them looks at the person to whom he speaks. Resolution, enormous will-power, and a supreme courage of conviction are the qualities in both which after you have left them are still uppermost in your memory.

Strangely enough, the chief sign of war in Pretoria is not shown by the Boers themselves but in the presence at the capital of the English prisoners. Every night when the town is hidden in darkness

there arise from outside its narrow boundaries the two great circles of electric lights which shine down upon the Pretoria race-course, and the camp of the British officers. When you drive home from some dinner, when you bid the visitor "good-night," and turn for a look at the sleeping town, the last thing that meets your eyes are these blazing, vigilant policemen's lanterns, making for the prisoner an endless day, pointing out



English Prisoners Arriving at Pretoria.

his every movement, showing him in a shameless glare.

Early in the war General Buller declared his intention of eating his Christmas-dinner in Pretoria, and so frequently did his officers and men surrender, and in such large numbers, that at one time it looked as though, unless he was exceedingly careful, his boast would come true.

When the first of the prisoners began to arrive they were placed in the Pretoria race-course, which had also been the temporary home of the Jameson Raiders ; but later the officers were moved into the residential quarter of the town, which is a pretty suburb called Sunnyside.

There they were given accommodations in the Model School House, until for several reasons they again were moved, this time into a camp especially prepared for them on the side of a hill, at the opposite edge of the town. In the meanwhile the number of captured Tommies had increased to such proportions that they were taken several miles from the city to an immense camp at Waterval, and the race-course was reserved for civil prisoners and as a hospital for those who were sick or wounded.

The officers were very comfortable at the Model School House, and in comparison with what the camp offers them the change was for the worse. The School House is just what its name suggests, a model school, with high, well-ventilated, well-lighted rooms, broad halls, and, what must have been particularly welcome to the Englishman, a perfectly appointed gymnasium and a good lawn-tennis court. It is a handsome building outside, and when the officers used to sit reading and smoking on its broad verandas, one might have mistaken it for a club. They were given a piano and all the books and writing-material they wanted, they could see the calm life of Pretoria passing in the street before them, and, on the whole, were exceedingly well off. And, so far as I can learn, they have no one to thank for their removal to their present undesirable quarters save themselves. It is the tradition of many wars that the generous enemy treats his prisoners with a consideration equal to or even greater than that which he gives to his own

men. The moment his enemy surrenders he becomes his guest, and the Boers certainly provided much better accommodations for the officers than those to which their own men are accustomed either in the field or at home. The attitude of the prisoner to his enemy should be no less courteous. But the British officers, in their contempt for their captors, behaved in a most unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, and, for their own good, a most foolish manner. They drew offensive caricatures of the Boers over the walls of the school-house, destroyed the children's copy-books and text-books, which certainly was a silly performance and one showing no great sign of valor, and were rude and "cheeky" to the Boer officials, boasting of what their fellow-soldiers would do to them when they took Pretoria. Their chief offence, however, was in speaking to and shouting at the ladies and young girls who walked past the school-house. Personally, I cannot see why being a prisoner would make me think I might speak to women I did not know ; but some of the English officers apparently thought their new condition carried that privilege with it. I do not believe that every one of them misbehaved in this fashion, but it was true of so many that their misconduct brought discredit on all. Some people say that the young girls walked by for the express purpose of being spoken to ; and a few undoubtedly did, and one of them was even arrested, after the escape of a well-known war correspondent, on suspicion of having assisted him. But, on the other hand, any number of older women, both Boer and English, have told me that they found it quite impossible to pass the school-house on account of the insulting remarks the officers on the veranda threw to one another concerning them, or made directly to them. At last the officers grew so offensive that a large number of ladies signed a petition and sent it to the Government complaining that the presence of the Englishmen in the heart of the town was a public nuisance, and in consequence of this they were removed from their comfortable quarters and sent to the camp.

When I went to see them there, the fact that I was accompanied by a Boer officer did not in the least deter them from



English Officers Arriving at the Model School House.

abusing and ridiculing his countrymen to me in his presence, so that what little service I had planned to render them was made impossible. After they had sneered and jeered at the Boer official in my hearing, I could not very well turn around and ask him to grant them favors. It was a great surprise to me. I had thought the English officer would remain an officer under any circumstances. When one has refused to fight further with a rifle, it is not becoming to continue to fight with the tongue, nor to insult the man from whom you have begged for mercy. It is not, as Englishmen say, "Playing the game." It is not "cricket." You cannot ask a man to spare your life, which is what surrendering really means, and then treat him as you would the gutter-snipe who runs to open the door of your hansom. Some day we shall wake up to the fact that the Englishman, in spite of his universal reputation to the contrary, is not a good sportsman because he is not a good loser. As Captain Hanks said when someone asked him what he thought of the Englishman as a

sportsman, "He is the cheerfulest winner I ever met."

There were many sober-minded ones among the prisoners, and one of these devoted himself to covering the walls of a room in the school-house with maps of Natal and of the Orange Free State. These maps were so remarkably well executed that the Director of the school has preserved them for the education of the children. He even wrote to the Government officials asking them to invite the officer who had made the maps to return daily from the camp and complete one he had begun of the Transvaal. I told the officer in the camp of this, and he was much amused and pleased, and said he would be only too happy to oblige them.

The escape of Winston Churchill also helped toward the removal of the officers from the centre of Sunnyside to a more secluded spot, although the difficulty of the escape really began after Churchill was clear of Pretoria. His first danger, which was in leaving the school-house,

was made feasible by the fact that when he slipped over the fence the sentry was looking the other way, either by accident or "for revenue only," as is variously stated. After Churchill was once in the street he was comparatively safe, as there are so many strange uniforms in the Boer army that a man in full khaki might to-day walk through the streets of Pretoria unchallenged. It was the long journey through the country which made the leave-taking of Churchill, and later of three brother officers, remarkable.

The chances of escape from the camp are almost impossible. It might be done, however, by tunnelling under the fence, or by cutting the wires of the tell-tale electric lights, and, after throwing mattresses over the barbed-wire entanglements, scrambling over them into the darkness. If this were done at many different points along the fence, some men would undoubtedly get away, and the others would undoubtedly be shot.

I visited the camp only once and found it infinitely depressing. The officers are enclosed in a rectangular barbed-wire fencing about as high as a man's head and one hundred and fifty yards in length, and about fifty yards across at either end. At one corner of this is a double gate, studded with barbed-wire and guarded by turnkeys. The whole is a sort of a pen into which the officers are herded like zebras at the Zoo. Innumerable electric lights are placed at close intervals along the line of this wire fencing, and make the camp as brilliant as a Fall River boat by night. There is not a corner in it in which one could not read fine print. In the middle of the enclosure is a long corrugated zinc building with a corrugated zinc roof. It is hot by day and cold by night and is badly ventilated. At one end are some excellently arranged bathrooms with shower-baths, and at the other the kitchen and mess-room. The mess-room is as bare as an earth floor, deal tables and benches, and zinc walls can make it. In the sleeping apartment one hundred and forty-two cots are placed almost touching each other. They are in four long rows with two aisles running between. There is no flooring to this building, but slips of oil-cloth stretch down the two aisles. In between the cots the

red dust settles freely. There is, of course, no possible privacy, although some of the men have surrounded their beds with temporary screens, and the wall at the head of almost every cot is covered with a strip of blanket or colored cloth, and on these the owner of the bed has pinned pictures from the illustrated weekly papers. It makes the long room look less like a barrack than the children's ward of a hospital. If one can decide from the number of their portraits, the Queen and Marie Studholme seemed to be, with the imprisoned officers, the most popular of all English people, with Lord Roberts a close third. In judging the treatment the Boers have meted out to their prisoners one must remember that the cots in the zinc shed, the mess-hall, and the bathrooms are as luxurious as anything to which the majority of the Boers are accustomed. We must take his point of view as to what is comfortable and luxurious, not that of men accustomed to White's and Bachelors. It is also to be considered that had the officers been decently civil to the Boers, which need not have been difficult for gentlemen—for I have never met an uncivil Boer—they might have been treated with even greater leniency.

The camp seemed to me worse than any prison of stone and iron bars that I have ever visited, because it showed freedom so near at hand. The great hills, the red-roofed houses, the trees by the spruit which runs only a hundred yards below the camp, the men and women passing at will, beyond the dead line of fifty yards, the cattle grazing, the clouds drifting overhead, all seemed to tantalize and mock at the men, who are not shut off from it by a blind wall, but who can see it clearly through the open cat's cradle of tangled wire.

I went to the prison with Captain Von Loosberg of the Free State Artillery. He himself had taken several prisoners at Sannahspost and was returning to them a Bible and two prayer-books which he had found in their captured kit and which had been given to these officers before they left England by their children. From this the officers could not have thought that he had come to gloat over them, and the fact that he was in an equally bad



English Prisoners Behind the Barbed Wire Entanglement.

plight with themselves, with his head in bandages and his arm in a sling owing to their shrapnel and Lee-Metfords, might have appealed to them in his favor. But in spite of his reason for coming, one of them was so exceedingly insulting to him that Von Loosberg told the man that if he had him on the outside of the barbed-wire he would thrash him. His brother officers ordered the fellow to be quiet and hustled him away. It seemed so strange to hear a British officer insulting a man when he himself was in a position in which he could not be touched nor chastised. And besides, there are so few circumstances when one can insult a man with his arm in a sling.

I was surprised to find that the habitual desire of the Englishman to be left severely to himself did not follow him into prison. I had expected that I should walk around with the Boer officer, who was sent with me to see that I did not say anything to the officers which I should not, in as lonely state as though I wore a cloak of invisibility. On the contrary almost all of the prisoners came up at once

like children rushing to a Punch and Judy show, and gazed and asked questions. Their eagerness over the slight variety which our coming brought to the awful routine of the prison-camp, their desire to learn some new thing, to get a fresh whiff of knowledge from the outside world, was so pathetic and disturbing that I do not know that I ever spent a more uncomfortable hour. The Commission on Prisoners do not allow the officers to hear any news of the war except as it is misrepresented in the *Volksstem*, a single sheet of no value. It is a foolish and unnecessarily hard restriction, but as it exists I had to obey it and was not able to tell the officers anything that they cared to know. Some of them played the game most considerately, appreciating that I could not answer certain questions; but others, when I did not answer, or pretended not to hear, abused the Boers violently, which made it most unpleasant for the Boer officer with me, and did not help to make me more loquacious. But these men were the exception. The majority were only too glad to gain any informa-

tion 'from outside without wasting time abusing anybody.

Before the electric lights were lit we stood outside the zinc shed near the gate, and as it grew dark they separated me from my Boer guide and crowded in closer, so that in the dusk I could only see vague outlines of figures and hear voices whispering questions without seeing from where they came. Those nearest me under cover of these voices from the outside circles, pressed me for some word as to the chance of their release, the probable length of their imprisonment, the nearness of the attacking column, and the safety of friends and relatives. They were so little of the class with which one connects imprisonment, their voices were so strongly reminiscent of the London clubs, the Savoy, and the Gaiety, and so strange in this cattle-pen, that one felt supremely selfish, and, when going away, both mean and apologetic. The fact of being able to pass the barbed wire while they still stood watching one, seemed like flaunting one's own good fortune and freedom.

What I liked best about them was their genuine and keen interest in the welfare of the Tommies of their several commands who were imprisoned at Waterval.

"Is it true they're sleeping on the ground?" they whispered. "Do you

know if they have decent medicines?" "Do they get their money?" "Won't you go and see them, and tell us how they are?"

It was good to find that most of them suffered for their men even more keenly, because unselfishly, than for themselves. For these I wished to do anything which might help the dreary torture of the camp, but in what I tried to do I was unsuccessful.

They form the most picturesque, the most painful, and, as I have said, the only war-like feature of Pretoria. For nights after my visit to them I was haunted by the presence of that crowd pressing close and whispering questions, speaking eagerly from far back in the darkness. "Can you tell me was General Hilyard wounded at Pieters? He is my father." "Is it true my brother was shot at Spion Kop? He was with Thorneycroft." "Do my people know I am here?" "Will you tell Hay I must see him?" "Will you cable my people that I am all right?" "Do the papers blame us for surrendering? It was not the Colonel's fault that we had no outposts!"

In the dusk, they were like a chorus of ghosts, of imprisoned spirits, of "poor little lambs who had lost their way," and who, caged on the side of a Boer kopje, were trying to get back into the fold of the great world again.



The Bathing-Tank for the Privates at Waterval.

HOW GRANNY READS HER OMAR

By Mary Youngs

V

YESTIDDY's dandyline is shut, that's so ;
An' where last evenin's shower is, I dunno—
But never min' :—the buttercups is out,
An' sunshine's what we need to make things grow.

VII

Come, now ! cheer up an' have a cup o' tea !
Things ain't so hard's you make 'em out to be.
Be happy while you can ; time ain't so long
But what it soon must end fer you an' me.

XIII

Some wants the earth. Yes ; an' there do be some
That's everlastin' wantin' Kingdom Come—
You hang to what you've got, an' leave the rest
To them as ain't contented here at hum.

XLVI

You nee'n'ter think the worl's a-goin'ter know
About it, when you quit this earth below ;
There's several others died sence Time began,
An' likely others will keep doin' so.

XCIX

Oh, well, o' course, if we could shift the plan
O' Heaven an' Earth, to meet the mind o' man,
We might be happy fer awhile—but laws !
Folks ain't been suited sence the worl' began !

CI

'Twon't pleasure me ter have you mourn fer me—
I'd ruther you'd be happy, as I be,
So when you pass my empty place, jest stop
An' laugh a little laugh fer me to see.

TOBIN'S MONUMENT

By Arthur Colton

I WAS a student then and lived on the second floor of a brick dormitory with footworn stones and sagging casements. The windows looked across one end of the campus on ivy-covered walls of other buildings, on a bronze statue whose head was bent to indicate that the person represented had taken life seriously in his day. Near at hand was a street of unacademic noises, horse-cars, shops, German bands, newsboys, people who bought and sold without higher mathematics and seldom mentioned Horatius Flaccus.

But there were drifts and eddies of the street that would turn aside and enter the dormitories commercially. Tobin was one of these. He came to my door by preference, because of the large crack in the panel. For, if one entered the dormitory commercially and knocked at the doors, one never knew—it might be Horatius Flaccus, a volume of size and weight. But with a crack in the panel one could stand outside at ease and dignity, looking through it, and crying, "*M'las ca-andy! Peanuts!*" Then, if anything arrived, without doubt it arrived. A man might throw what he chose at his own door.

He was thin in the legs and shoulders, but round of face and marked there with strange designs that were partly a native complexion; but, if one is a candy boy, in constant company with newsboys, shiners, persons who carry no such merchandise but are apt to wish for it violently, one's complexion of course varies from day to day.

"Say, but I hit *him*! He bled on his clo's."

Tobin sometimes made this comment, "him" meaning different persons. There was a vein of fresh romance in him. Did not Sir Balin, or his like, smite Sir Lanceor, so that the blood flowed over his hauberk, and afterward speak of it with enthusiasm?

It was a cold December day in the year 188—, when the snow whirled without rest from morning chapel till the end of the day

was signified by the first splutter of gas-jets. Among the hills where I was born that office was left to the sunsets and twilights, who had a manner of doing it, a certain broad nobility, a courtesy and grace. "One of God's days is over. This is our sister, the night." The gas-jets were fretful, coquettish, affected. "It is an outrage! One is simply turned on and turned off!"

Horatius Flaccus was social and intimate with me that day. "*Exegi monumentum*," he remarked. "You will find it not easy to forget me."

Monuments! At the University we lived among commemorative buildings; many a silent dusty room was dim with accumulation of thought; and there men labored for what but to make a name?

The statue outside represented one who took life seriously in his day, now with the whirling snow about it, the gas-jet in front snapping petulantly. "One is simply turned on and turned off!"

"*Exegi monumentum*," continued Horatius Flaccus. "This is my work, and it is good. I shall not all die, *non omnis moriar*." It seemed natural to feel so. But how honorably the sunsets and twilights used to go their ways among the hills, contented and leaving not a wrack behind.

It was a better attitude and conduct, that serene security of clouds in their absolute death. "*Non omnis moriar*" was not only a boast, but a complaint and a protest.

Still, as to monuments, one would rather be memorialized by one's own work than by the words of other men, or the indifferent labor of their chisels.

"*M'las ca-andy!*"

"Come in, Tobin!"

He opened the door and said, tentatively, "Peanuts."

He always spoke in a more confident tone of the candy than of the peanuts. There was no good reason for his confidence in either.

"Tobin," I said, "you don't want a monument?"

He kicked his feet together and murmured again, "Peanuts."

His shoes were cracked at the sides. The cracks were full of snow.

The remark seemed to imply that he did not expect a monument, having no confidence in his peanuts. As a rule they were soggy and half-baked.

Tobin's life, I thought, was too full of the flux of things; candy melted, peanuts decayed, complexion changed from day to day, his private wars were but momentary matters. I understood him to have no artificial desires. Death would be too simple an affair for comment. He would think of no comment to make. Sunsets and twilights went out in silence; Tobin's half of humanity nearly as dumb. It was the other half that was fussy on the subject.

"Your feet are wet, Tobin. Warm them. Your shoes are no good."

Tobin picked the easiest chair with good judgment, and balanced his feet over the coals of the open stove, making no comment.

"I won't buy your peanuts. They're sloppy. I might buy you another pair of shoes. What do you think?"

He looked at me, at the shoes, at the wet basket on his knees, but nothing elaborate seemed to occur to him. He said:

"A'right." He had great mental directness. I had reached that point in the progress of young philosophy where the avoidance of fussiness takes the character of a broad doctrine: a certain Doric attitude was desired. Tobin seemed to me to have that attitude.

"If I give you the money, will you buy shoes or cigarettes?"

"Shoes."

"Here, then. Got anything to say?"

He put the bill into his pocket, and said:

"Yep, I'll buy 'em."

His attitude was better than mine. The common wish to be thanked was pure fussiness.

"Well, look here. You bring me back the old ones."

Even that did not disturb him. The Doric attitude never questions other men's indifferent whims.

"A'right."

I heard him presently on the lower floor, crying, "*M'las ca-andy!* Peanuts."

"I shall be spoken of," continued Horatius Flaccus, calmly, "by that wild southern river, the Aufidus, and in many other places. I shall be called a pioneer in my own line, *princeps Æolium carmen deduxisse.*"

The night was closing down. The gas-light flickered on the half-hidden face of the statue, so that its grave dignity seemed changed to a shifty, mocking smile.

I heard no more of Tobin for a month, and probably did not think of him. There were Christmas holidays about, and that week which is called of the Promenade, when one opens Horatius Flaccus only to wonder what might have been the color of Lydia's hair, and introduce comparisons that are unfair to Lydia.

It was late in January. Someone came and thumped on the cracked panel. It was not Tobin, but a stout woman carrying Tobin's basket, who said in an expressionless voice:

"Oi! Them shoes."

"What?"

"You give 'im some shoes."

"Tobin. That's so."

"I'm Missus Tobin."

She was dull-looking, round-eyed, gray-haired. She fumbled in the basket, dropped something in wet paper on a chair, and seemed placidly preparing to say more. It seemed to me that she had much of Tobin's mental directness, the Doric attitude, the neglect of comment. I asked:

"How's Tobin?"

"Oi! He's dead."

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Tobin. May I——"

"Oi! Funeral's this afternoon. He could'n' be round. He was sick. Five weeks three days."

She went out and down the stair, bumping back and forth between the wall and the banister.

On the misty afternoon of that day I stood on that corner where more than elsewhere the city and the University meet; where hackmen and newsboys congregate; where a gray brick hotel looks askance at the pillared and vaulted entry of a recitation hall. The front of that hall is a vainglorious thing. Those who understand, looking dimly with half-shut eyes, may see it change to a mist, and in the

mist appear a worn fence, a grassless, trodden space, and four tall trees.

The steps of the hall were deserted, except for newsboys playing tag among the pillars. I asked one if he knew where Tobin lived.

"He's havin' a funeral," he said.

"Where?"

"10 Clark Street."

"Did you know him?"

The others had gathered around. One of them said:

"Tobin licked him."

The first seemed to think more than ordinary justice should be done a person with a funeral, and admitted that Tobin had licked him.

No. 10 Clark Street was a door between a clothing shop and a livery stable. The stairway led up into darkness. On the third landing a door stood open, showing a low room. A painted coffin rested on two chairs. Three or four women sat about with their hands on their knees. One of them was Mrs. Tobin.

"Funeral's over," she said, placidly.

The clergyman from the mission had come and gone. They were waiting for the city undertaker. But they seemed glad of an interruption and looked at me with silent interest.

"I want to ask you to tell me something about him, Mrs. Tobin."

Mrs. Tobin reflected. "There ain't nothin'."

"He never ate no candy," said one of the women, after a pause.

Mrs. Tobin sat stolidly. Two large tears appeared at length and rolled slowly down.

"It made him dreadful sick when he was little. That's why."

The third woman nodded thoughtfully.

"He said folks was fools to eat candy. It was his stomach."

"Oi!" said Mrs. Tobin.

I went no nearer the coffin than to see the common grayish pallor of the face, and went home in the misty dusk.

The forgotten wet bundle had fallen to the floor and become undone.

By the cracks in the sides, the down-trodden heels, the marks of keen experience, they were Tobin's old shoes, round-toed, leather-thonged, stoical, severe.

Mrs. Tobin had not commented. She had brought them merely, Tobin having stated that they were mine.

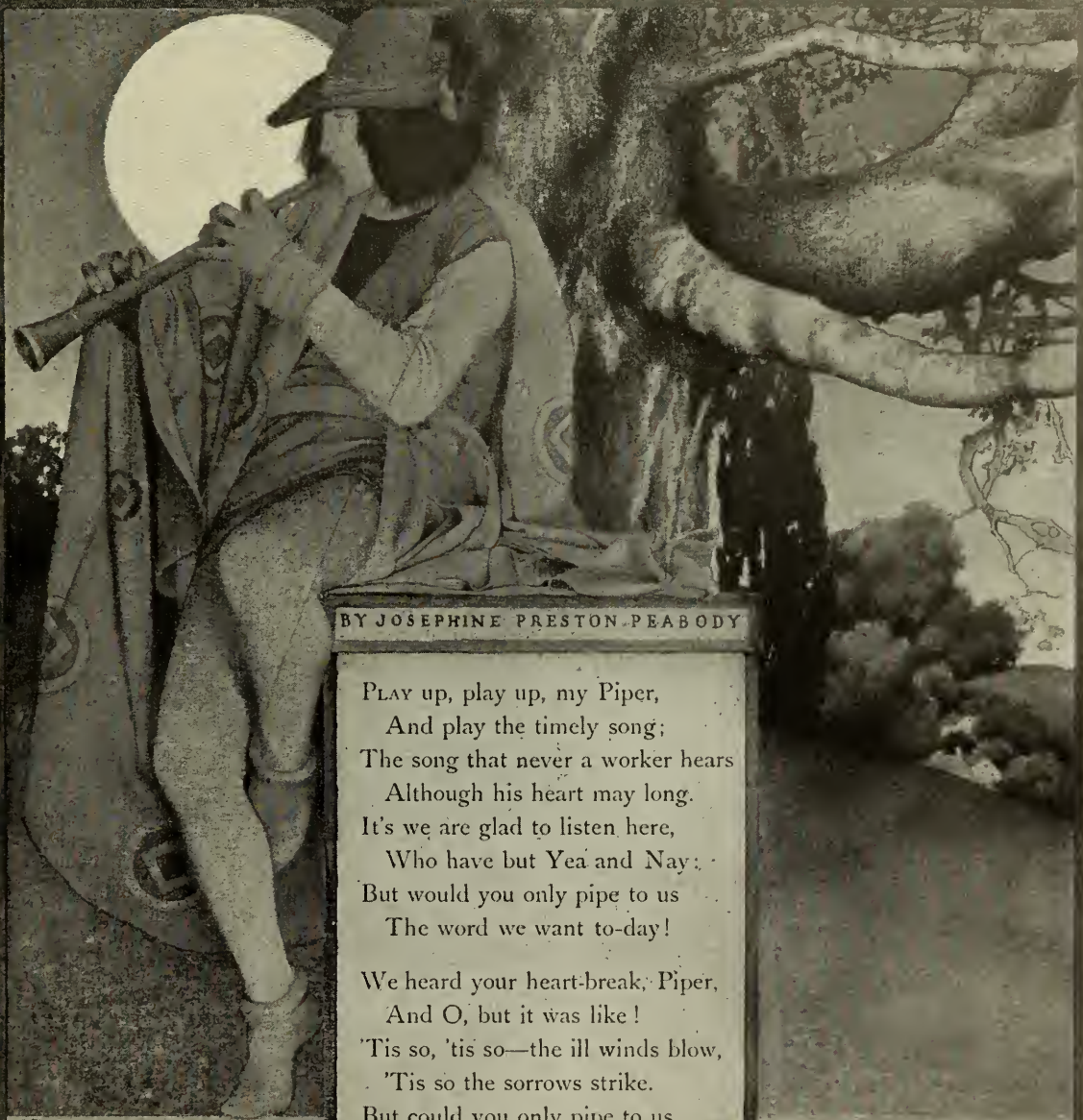
They remained with me six months, and were known to most men, who came to idle or labor, as "Tobin's Monument." They stood on a book-shelf, with other monuments thought to be *ære perennius*, more enduring than brass, and disappeared at the end of the year, when the janitor reigned supreme. There seemed to be some far-off and final idea in the title, some thesis which never got itself rightly stated. Horatius Flaccus was kept on the shelf beside them in the notion that the statement should somehow be worked out between them. And there was no definite result; but I thought he grew more diffident with that companionship.

"*Exegi monumentum*. I suppose there is no doubt about that," he would remark.

"*Ære perennius*. It seems a trifle pushing, to so trespass on the attention of posterity. I would rather talk of my Sabine farm."



PLAY UP, PIPER

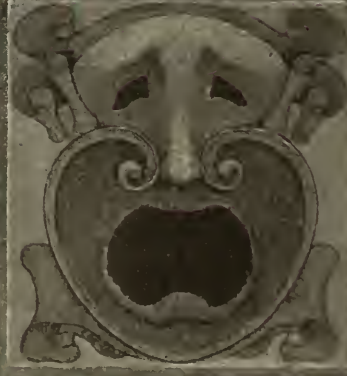
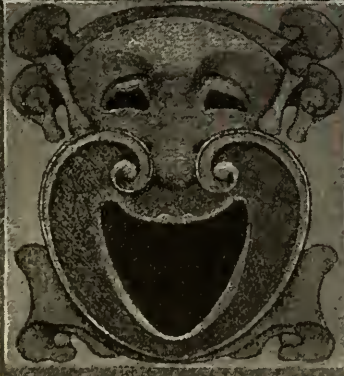


BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

PLAY up, play up, my Piper,
And play the timely song;
The song that never a worker hears
Although his heart may long.
It's we are glad to listen here,
Who have but Yea and Nay;
But would you only pipe to us
The word we want to-day!

We heard your heart-break, Piper,
And O, but it was like!
'Tis so, 'tis so—the ill winds blow,
'Tis so the sorrows strike.
But could you only pipe to us
The turning of the way,
And how it is you come at last
To pipe again, to-day.

The broken hopes o' harvest,
The wearing o' the rain,
The ailing of a little cheek—
You make us weep again.
But tell us of the wage, man,
You had for this hard day:
Play up, play up, dear Piper,
And tell us why you play!





"How to put his food in the pan with the long-handled shovel."—Page 194.

THE GREEN PIGS

By Sydney Herman Preston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

I

THE VICTIM

IT is a matter of surprise to me now that I could ever have been misguided enough to think that Archie Mills was a proper person to be intrusted with the care of my rural home during our holiday trip, but the arrangement was made so hurriedly, that in twenty-four hours from the time the idea entered our heads, we were being rapidly whisked away from our beloved farm by the express train, bound for a Northern harbor. We had not been able to take a holiday for five years, for leaving

home had become a complex problem since we had abandoned city life, and we found that there were endless difficulties in the way, with growing crops and a large variety of domestic animals and birds to be taken care of.

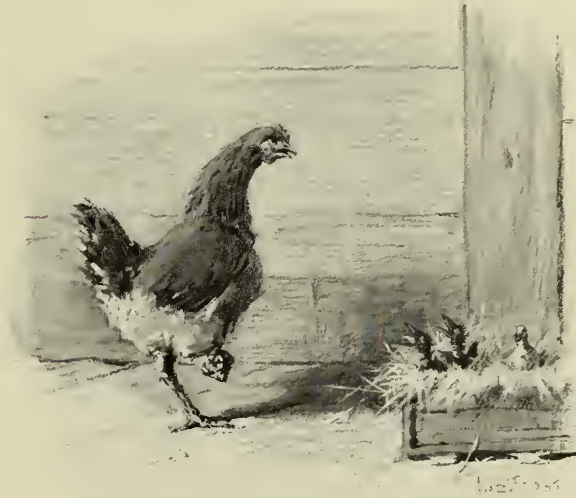
Our city friends were in the habit of congratulating us upon the possession of such an ideal place, enabling us to dispense with summer trips; and we were popularly supposed to spend the hot weather in hammocks on the veranda, varying the monotony by periodically pressing a button to summon roasted chickens from the barnyard, and strawberries and appur-

tenances from their natural abode. We had all the luxuries attributed to our idyllic condition, but we paid for them in hard work, and felt that we could enjoy a complete change if a satisfactory way could be devised of having the property taken care of.

We were discussing the subject when an invitation arrived from Matilda's uncle, who was Inspector of Harbors, to accom-

gram triumphantly, and we began at once to pack up our belongings, for Archie had replied that they would start the next day.

We expected them to arrive several hours before we left, but the train was late and there was not much time to initiate them into our domestic arrangements, so I hurriedly told Archie all the more important facts I could remember, while Matilda was showing Alice over the house. My



Remarkable objects appearing at irregular intervals in their nests.—Page 194.

pany him on his tour of the Northern lakes during the month of July. For a moment we gazed at each other in joyous anticipation, only to dejectedly admit in the end that the invitation must be declined.

"You see," I said to Matilda, "even if I could trust the Jones boy to look after the place for a month, here's a letter from Archie, asking me to find a boarding-place for them in this neighborhood, and it would look as if we were running away from our relatives."

Matilda's eyes dilated. "I have it!" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "Go up to the station and telegraph to Archie, asking him if they will keep house for us, instead of boarding. Put in lots of regrets for our absence, and tell him they must use the place as their own, and I think they'll be delighted. Wait for the answer," she added, as I got my hat, and as I reached the gate I heard her call out: "Regrets—ten words!"

I returned in an hour, waving a tele-

double brother-in-law (I call him so because he is married to my sister and I to his), didn't seem anxious to hear the instructions, but kept urging me to get ready, saying that he would attend to everything; he even insisted upon trying to save time by going out to harness the horse, although I was quite sure he didn't know how. When I got to the stable he was apparently trying to fit the breast-collar over the equine's tail, and as I appeared he stepped back nonchalantly with the harness in his hand, and said, with a critical air: "Looks to me, Arthur, as if your mare was hipped."

That was just like him—no one could ever find out how much he didn't know, for he had a knack of making use of any fragment of knowledge he possessed with the air of knowing all about it, and his silence was even more expressive than his speech.

In the matter of horses, for instance, I was positive he knew nothing, and yet he had the usual luck with his chance remark,



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

No savage ever threw his weapon with a deadlier intent than I.—Page 194.

I thought bitterly, as we drove to the station; for my mare, who had previously seemed as sound as a bell, began to drop her off hip, as if to corroborate his villainous insinuation. I was so bothered that I actually forgot to tell him about Mason's pigs, but just as we sat down in the car I remembered. I made a rush for the window and struggled mightily to raise it, without avail.

"Shoot Mason's pigs on sight!" I shouted desperately, through the glass, with a fierce gesture. He looked unperturbed. "*Pigs!*" I insisted, fortissimo. He was no longer visible, but I got a glimpse of one arm and hand making a familiarreassuring motion of complete confidence and understanding, and I dropped into the seat with a gasp of relief, becoming conscious that Matilda's face was crimson with mortification, and that I was the cause of the unrestrained hilarity of the other passengers.

I felt thankful that my wife was under bonds not to speak of the matter for half an hour, for we had made a compact that when one angered the other the cause was not to be mentioned until that time had elapsed. The plan was successful—during the week it had been in operation I had offended thirteen times, Matilda twice—and much useless recrimination had been avoided; so in this case also I had some ground for hoping that her feelings would be somewhat modified by the time she felt free to speak.

My spirits sank rapidly, and I began to feel that we ought to take the first train back, to cancel the idiotic arrangement. That parting gesture of Archie's added to my mental discomfort, for I remembered that in our boyhood it had often been a presage of disaster, in which I usually played the part of principal victim. I wished I hadn't mentioned the pigs, in view of the fact that I was unable to tell him to use coarse salt in place of buckshot in doing the shooting. If he deliberately went to work to murder ten little pigs, as he was quite capable of doing, and was also successful in finding a vulnerable spot on the sow, Mason might mulct me to the extent of \$50, at present market prices. Not only that, but I might be compelled to pay for the possible progeny of the infants, had they been allowed to live and flourish

on the melons and corn and apples of my farm. Of course, Archie might insist upon paying a share—but then, in his case probabilities always turned out to be mere possibilities, and it was never safe to predict that he must do one of two things, for he frequently took an entirely original course with the utmost indifference as to what other people would naturally expect. His nonchalant manner and confidence in himself, when he should be overwhelmed with confusion, was really amusing. I could recall——

Matilda leaned forward, with a smile. I saw at a glance that she had forgiven me. "Arthur," she said, "I'll forgive you if you tell me just what you are thinking—you have such a peculiar expression."

"About Archie," I replied, promptly. "I was thinking that he might be divided into four equal parts."

"Name those parts," she commanded.

"*Aplomb, savoir-faire, sang-froid* and——"

I could see a steely gleam in her eyes, which meant that I was treading upon dangerous ground if I was about to say anything disrespectful of a Mills.

"And?" she repeated, coldly.

"Archie," I answered.

She was silent for a moment, then smiled. "Not bad," she said. "I wonder how he would define you."

I felt tempted to tell her my fear that Archie might recklessly slaughter Mason's pigs if he found them on our place, but refrained, for the subject was a sore one between us. I detested the creatures from the bottom of my heart, while Matilda had an unsatisfied longing to possess a few of her own. I might have learned to tolerate them as part of our live-stock, but to have Mason's periodically ruining my choicest products was more than I could stand. I had reasoned with Mason quietly at first, and he always expressed the greatest surprise that "the darned old sow" had broken out of the pen again. He would apologize humbly for the raid and describe the fastenings he had devised to keep her shut up, and I would reluctantly accept his excuses. I had been angry enough to impound the invaders, but I soon found that I could neither capture nor corral them; and I doubt if a company of cowboys would have suc-

ceeded. The climax was reached when, during my temporary absence from the orchard, they overturned the wheelbarrow containing several baskets of my choicest apples, prepared for the county fair. My innate savagery broke forth when I saw them at work, and seizing a hay-fork I charged with bloodthirsty fury. They were too fleet to be reached with even a long-handled fork, and no savage ever threw his weapon with a deadlier intent than I, as I launched mine at the fleeing group. They scattered instinctively, and the steel prongs plunged harmlessly into the earth. I returned to the house to find that Matilda, who had witnessed the chase, was so full of sympathy for the uninjured innocents, that my cruel intentions filled her with horror; and the situation was not improved when I declared that pincers and thumb-screws would be fitting tools for the punishment of such brutes.

My interview with Mason, while I was still in a passion, resulted in a sudden respite from the visitations, and for a whole week I had not even seen a pig in the distance; but I feared that as soon as their owner knew I was safely away, he would let them out to resume their ravages.

As I thought the matter over in the train, I finally decided not to burden Matilda with my misgivings, and, in place of writing instructions to Archie, leave him to struggle with the pests. He was a man of resource, and he might discover some way of exterminating them without making me liable for damages.

We had a delightful holiday, and an absolute rest from all responsibility; for even if the farm had been swallowed up by an earthquake, we probably would not have known, as we left no address. Matilda expressed anxiety occasionally about home affairs. I tried to reassure her by dwelling upon Archie's sterling qualities—then she confided to me that what she really feared was that he would involve us in unpleasant complications with our neighbors. "Of course, the Masons needn't be considered," she said, meaningly, "for they are hopelessly offended by the dreadful language you used about those poor animals, but I was thinking how dreadful it would be if he stopped any of the Joneses when they take a short cut through

our place to the road—or if he took old Mr. Petch for a tramp when he walks into the woodshed to borrow the lawn-mower—or if he didn't keep the assessor to dinner, and the taxes were raised—or if he should set Growler on——"

"Stop! stop!" I exclaimed, laughingly. "He said he would act just as if he owned the place, and if he does any of these things we'll not be responsible—and as for Growler, he's chained, as usual, and I showed Archie how to put his food in the pan with the long-handled shovel."

I laughed again to think of my dear brother-in-law attending to that dog; for, being unaccustomed to the care of animals, he would naturally be terrified that Growler's antics at feeding-time would break the chain. I did not wonder at the nervousness displayed by the natives who saw him, for his great size, gaping jaws, and baleful eyes, gave him an appearance of ferocity quite at variance with his ordinarily gentle nature—but Archie was too wary to be caught showing trepidation, and it was amusing to recall how, when I introduced Growler to him, he had stood at a safe distance and discoursed sagely on the folly of keeping large dogs chained.

How I could ever have treated the matter so lightly, I cannot now conceive, but the fact remains that for nearly a month we were absolutely ignorant, and almost unsuspecting, about what is usually termed the progress of events; and it was delightful to return and find our dear little home intact—the farm in a flourishing condition, and no fatalities among the livestock. Archie showed me around with all the pride of ownership, and he was so full of enthusiasm about the place that I tried to conceal my annoyance at some of his mistakes. He had nearly all the hens engaged in hatching chickens, instead of laying, and I was aghast at the thought of raising an extra hundred so late in the season, but I did not dream that I would be burdened by infant ducks, turkeys, guinea-fowl, geese and crows. I cannot imagine how he got so many different kinds of eggs, but I do know that some of the hens went crazy when they found such remarkable objects appearing at irregular intervals in their nests. It was after he left, too, that I discovered the populous rabbit-warren under the barn—

a serious matter, but comparatively trifling in the light of further revelations.

I noticed that Alice looked well, but slightly worried, and I felt as if she wanted to tell me something, but we all had so much to talk about that I did not see her alone. Archie was nut-brown with exposure to the sun, but I was puzzled at the peculiar appearance of his hands, for at a first glance I thought he was wearing green gloves. He didn't seem willing to enlighten me, however, when I questioned him, but laughed evasively.

We parted in quite a friendly manner, though I was provoked at the last to find the harness lying in a heap on the floor of the stable, a mere mass of detached straps. I was so long in getting it put together that we nearly missed the train, and I heaved a sigh of relief when we said good-by. "By the way, Arthur," he called out from the rear platform, "that Jones boy turned out to be a rascal—I dismissed him."

I gazed after the retreating train in bewilderment—Archie was waving his hand reassuringly.

"Well," I muttered, as I drove home, "that's the end of the business, anyway." It wasn't—it was only the beginning. As I backed the wagon into the shed I heard an agonized groan or grunt, followed by a blood-curdling squeal. The sounds came from an unused pig-pen, and with a nervous horror of what might be there, I wrenched the door open.

My imagination had pictured some ghastly discovery, but the reality smote me with a sudden fear that my mind was unhinged, for I saw two little pigs—in-dubitable pigs, but *green*—green as a field of rye in the spring—green as onion-tops!

I looked again, and staggered to the house. Matilda was in the kitchen. "Matilda!" I gasped, "there are two pigs in the pig-pen and they're *green*!"

II

THE VICTOR

I HAD not felt as fond of my brother-in-law, Arthur Merkel, for years, as I did when his telegram arrived asking if Alice and I would keep house for them during my holidays. I didn't wait to consult

Alice, for such an opportune chance might never occur again. I didn't envy Arthur anything, but it rankled in my mind occasionally that he should be comfortably settled in such an ideal country-place, while I spent my days over musty ledgers in the city. He was such a slow-coach that I felt sure he didn't know how to manage even a little farm properly, but yet he could make the most fascinating practical experiments in agriculture, while I could only pore over Government Farm Reports and cultivate imaginary acres.

Yes, I felt positively affectionate when I sent the reply that we would be delighted to accept—it reminded me of the cordial feeling I used to have for Arthur when we were boys, and were called David and Jonathan. That was before our sisters were recognized factors in our intercourse, and one of us was always at the other's home on Saturdays—and every other possible occasion. I considered that a holiday was the best time for a boy to be away from home, for, if he is within reach, his mother is always hunting up chores and errands for him to do, even if he manages to keep dark during that dangerous period between breakfast and the time his father goes to business. My policy, therefore, was to get started to Arthur's quite early; and as a visitor could not very well be left alone, Alice used to entertain me quite nicely while her brother was more usefully employed. Later, he began to develop such a habit of early rising that I was frequently kept at home by his premature arrival; and one morning, when I had started off before breakfast, I met him at our gate. Suspicious words led to anger, and I frankly accused him of coming to hang around Matilda. He didn't deny it, and declared that anyone who thought he came to see me was a fool. Of course neither of us could afford to continue the quarrel, and we compromised on the basis of alternate visits, for he displayed a grasping stubbornness that was proof against my efforts to gain better terms.

It was rather fortunate that our train was late in arriving, for Arthur and Matilda were obliged to leave soon after we reached their place. Of course, under normal conditions, we might have enjoyed each other's society for a limited time, but

in this case Arthur was quite voluble, and tried to monopolize the conversation. His inconsequent remarks, when I attempted to describe the remarkable manner in which I had been affected by influenza, were very aggravating, so I went off to the stable on the pretext of harnessing the horse for him. The harness was tangled up in such a way that I scarcely had time to find out which part belonged to the head, and which to the tail, before Arthur came after me. It was just like him, I thought, to keep things in such a shiftless, unmethodical way—but he would have a chance to learn a point or two when he saw how I managed. He didn't like my saying that the mare was hipped, but it was the only term I could think of at the time, and the remark diverted his mind from the groove of unnecessary directions that it was running in.

I was glad to see the train move off, and it was really quite amusing to see him rush to the window and shout to me to be sure to feed the pigs. Of course I would feed them, unless they were stuffed specimens; and I made up my mind to give them all the hay they could eat to begin with, and to study up the rations in the Experimental Farm Report at my leisure during the evening. I remembered that there were twenty-seven different rations recommended, costing from three and a quarter cents per diem, to nineteen; so you could feed for the production of two ounces of pork a day, up to twenty. If Arthur knew anything at all about scientific feeding he would be certain to use the cheapest combination, but that wasn't my way.

It took me some time to get the mare and wagon attended to, for the harness was absurdly complicated. There were thirty-three buckles, and some of them so stiff that my fingers ached with the exertion of getting the straps separated, and such a bulk of material resulted that there wasn't room to hang all the pieces on wooden pegs, and I rather impatiently threw them in a heap on the floor.

When I went to attend to the pigs they were not to be found. The building and yard that I took to be the pig-premises were deserted, and showed no signs of having been lately used. Alice suggested that perhaps they were on pasture, so

starting out together, we at last found them grazing contentedly on a plot of carrots. There were ten little ones, and the mother—better-looking animals than I expected to see on Arthur's farm, but so wild that they resembled gazelles in their movements. If I had not had practice in sprinting, we never could have got them into the yard, although Alice helped in flanking when they tried to escape. I could see from their actions that Arthur must have been in the habit of abusing them shamefully.

When they were safely yarded I threw down a liberal supply of hay, but they didn't seem hungry, and we went to tea, after carefully securing the barnyard gate. We didn't get time to finish, for hearing a disturbance, I ran out quickly and found a rough-looking man trying to drive the pigs out of the yard. I closed the gate just in time to foil the attempt, and folding my arms, stood looking at him sternly.

"That darned old sow," he began, deprecatingly, "bruk loose agin. When I git 'em home I'm a-goin' to fasten——"

"No—you're not," I said, sharply. "You may be thankful if you get home safely without them. You ought to be jailed. What do you mean by coming here in broad daylight to drive off my pigs?"

"Yourn!" he shouted, fiercely. "Them hogs is mine."

I was enraged at his brazen impudence. He evidently took me for a tender-foot. Turning away abruptly, I walked hurriedly over to Growler. He had smelled a disagreement, and was standing on his hind legs uttering hideous sounds of eager longing. Apparently Arthur allowed his pigs to run so as to develop muscle, while his fine mastiff was kept chained to encourage fat. As I began to unbuckle the collar the man called out incredulously: "You ain't a-goin' to let that brute loose, be you?"

"I am about to exercise my dog," I replied, calmly.

The leather was stiff, and before I could unfasten the collar he had reached the road. "Mister," he shouted, from the other side of the gate, "be you a-goin' to pound them hogs?"

I smiled at the thought of such cruelty. "No," I called out, "I'm going to treat them kindly and feed them well."

"Keep 'em then," he replied, and doubling himself up, broke into a peal of laughter that sounded like the explosion of a bunch of fire-crackers. I could hear similar explosions as he went down the road.

Leaving the dog chained, I went into the house and finished my tea. I had just settled down to study the Farm Report when Alice called out excitedly, from the kitchen: "Archie, Archie! There's a man in the woodshed!"

When I got out he was just disappearing around the corner of the house, dragging the lawn-mower, evidently meaning to escape with his plunder. I headed him off and wrenched the machine out of his hands with considerable violence. "You hardened old sinner," I yelled, "clear out!"

He was a little old man, clad only in trousers and shirt, but even with due allowance for his light apparel, the speed with which he ran was amazing. I brought the mower back triumphantly, feeling confident, from the look of terror on his face, that he would not return.

Shortly afterward the boy whom Arthur had hired to milk appeared. He was dirty-looking, and I was not at all prepossessed by his manners. He didn't even know enough to touch his cap when I spoke to him, but was quite voluble in explanations, and I followed his movements with interest. The cow, who was pastured in a small field adjoining the orchard, looked vicious, and a rope dangling from her horns added to the effect. Carrying a sharp stick with a carrot stuck on the end, he entered the field and called, persuasively: "Co-o boss—Co-o boss." The effect was surprising, for the animal erected her tail and charged head downward at the boy, who fled precipitately and clambered over the fence. She stopped suddenly on finding that her prey had escaped, and he poked the stick through the fence, waving the carrot like a flag of truce. She immediately ceased hostilities and began to eat, while he secured the rope and led her away to the barnyard. She followed like a pet sheep.

"You see, sir," he explained, "the boss, he showed me jest how—she's a good cow, and don't mean no harm—an' he says cows does better if they ain't crossed,

so he ketches her twict a day jest like I done. 'Remember, Tommy,' says he to me, 'Mister Mills don't any more'n know a cow from a horse, so I leaves her in your care. Treat her like a lady an' she'll act like one, is my motto,' says he, 'but you, Tommy, ain't strong on manners, so you can jest treat her as gentle as if you was her own calf.'"

I smiled to think of Arthur's standard of lady-like behavior, and instantly resolved that I would repay him for his remark about me by teaching his cow to comport herself decently, according to my own methods. "Treat a cow like a lady," I murmured, "when she behaves like one."

I learned, as I watched operations, that Lady Jane had three other plays that she worked regularly twice a day. The next was to kick at the milker when the stool was brought. If he escaped, he might, after stroking her lovingly and saying "Co-o bossie," sit down with perfect safety, as she would not do it twice. The Jones boy escaped, and sitting down, proceeded to loop her tail about his neck. "She don't care how the flies bites," he said, "if she feels her tail a-restin' there, but if you don't fix it she'll slash everlastin'."

He milked quickly, but I was disgusted with the grime on his hands, and made up my mind not to use a drop of the milk. When the pail was nearly full he remarked: "She likes awful well to put her hoof in the pail when she's bein' stripped."

Even as he spoke the foot came sliding along her belly, cautiously feeling for the vessel. He pushed it away, saying "Co-o bossie," soothingly, and she resignedly desisted.

We had a delightful evening, enjoying the luxury of swinging in hammocks under the trees in the moonlight. I had set Growler free in case any more marauders should be prowling about, and he lay contentedly on the grass beside us, so we were quite startled when he jumped up with a mighty roar and dashed off to the barn. From the squeals that arose I concluded that he was engaged in eating one of the young pigs, but on arriving at the place I found that the sounds proceeded from the inside of the building, and through the

tightly shut door I recognized the voice of the Jones boy.

He was alternately shouting for help, and swearing at me for letting the dog loose. I dragged him forth, declining Growler's proffered help with difficulty, and discovered that he had a covered basket containing a pair of rabbits. They leaped out, and Growler ran off in pursuit. The boy howled louder than ever, and declared that the rabbits belonged to him, but the evidence to the contrary was conclusive, and I had the satisfaction of seeing that the young rascal did not escape with his booty. I discharged him on the spot, in spite of his trumped-up excuse of having taken a short cut through my place on his way home from Mason's. He seemed glad that I allowed him to go before Growler got tired digging under the barn, in a vain pursuit of the rabbits.

I was unable to sleep for several hours that night, thinking about the utter absence of honesty in the neighborhood. I could well understand why Arthur and Matilda were unwilling to leave the place without a tenant, for, if I had not been there, not a portable article would have been left in twenty-four hours.

The Jones boy must have spread the news that Growler was loose, for we were not disturbed again by marauders. Even the baker, butcher, and grocer refused to come inside the gate, and we had to go down to the road for supplies. Many passers-by stopped to call out: "How's them pigs?" The general interest was quite pleasing to me, for they never failed to laugh with good-natured delight when I described my method of feeding, and the growth of the animals. Occasionally a farmer would accept my invitation to come in and inspect them, but he invariably had wild horses that couldn't be left on the road, and seemed content with a cursory view from the wagon. Growler was very friendly; he would sit on the ground, wagging his tail slowly, and gaze at strangers with a most mournful and longing expression. He yearned to be petted, yet no one showed any willingness to gratify his desire.

The morning after we arrived a young man drove up with feed for sale—quite opportunely, for there was not enough on

the place to last two days. He said his name was William Mason, and, as his father's hogs had been stolen, they had decided to sell off the feed cheap. I bought his whole stock, although he couldn't be induced to drive up to the barn until the dog was chained. He said that his horses were in the habit of bolting at the approach of large dogs.

My experiments in feeding were more elaborate than I had intended at first, for I decided to test ten different rations on as many young pigs; so I chained the mother to a post in the centre of the yard, and the ten young ones to the surrounding fence, at equal distances apart. In this way I was enabled to number each one, and keep an account of the food eaten.

I had no means of weighing the porkers, so I measured the girth twice daily, and calculated the increase in cubic inches. They always measured less before breakfast than in the evening, but that was the only fact that didn't wobble and waver in a distracting manner. Number ten, for instance, costing me seventeen cents a day, only earned a cent and four-fifths at the end of a week. Number five would pay two-sevenths of his board for a brief period, and then hypothecate his future prospects to a hopeless extent. Three and eight decreased in size—while one, eating three cents a day, was honest enough to pay back eleven and a half cents in seven days.

I began to look on them with less enthusiasm, but my success with Lady Jane was inspiring. The absence of the Jones boy, considering his dirty appearance, was not a matter for regret; but the nebulous idea of doing the milking myself became an imperative duty, and also forced me to apply my newly evolved theory of how a cow should be treated.

It was a perfect success. When I sallied out to capture her I carried the stick without a carrot, and when we walked into the barnyard a few minutes later there were no two opinions as to which of us should be treated with deference.

She behaved with decorum while I milked, but when I gave up there was only a quart of milk in my pail, while Lady Jane had the other nine. I had reason to feel aggrieved, having worked as hard as a locomotive fireman for an hour and a

quarter, and I gazed at her placid countenance suspiciously, trying to divine the means she had taken to cut off the supply between the reservoir and the outlet. She chewed her cud with placid indifference, but I detected slight creases about the corners of her mouth, suggesting repressed exultation. "You old swindler," I exclaimed threateningly; "you've been playing with cards up your sleeve!"

I spent several hours in a vain search among Arthur's agricultural books before finding a clew to the mysterious mechanism which had baffled my efforts. At last my eye was attracted by blue pencil-marks on the margin of the weekly paper, and I discovered the source of Arthur's oracular dissertation to Tommy Jones. "Treat your cow like a lady," I read with derision. I felt competent to instruct the author of the cow-lady paragraph, but the next let in a flood of light on my difficulty.

The following morning when I stood, with a full pail in front of Lady Jane, I wore the triumphant smile. She sighed, and chewed her cud dejectedly—the ironical dimples had vanished. "If," I reflected, "a cow holds up her milk, you can trump her ace by placing a sack of grain across her loins."

To return to the pigs—they became a hateful incubus. I had no chance for recreation, for my time was taken up in feeding and watering, weighing rations and measuring—not to mention maddening problems in cubic inches—and the blow which fell upon me at the end of a week was, therefore, not an absolutely crushing one.

I had decided not to disturb the heap of straps that Arthur called harness, and when Alice insisted on sending me to the village for supplies that she had overlooked, I was rather annoyed, but it was out of the question to walk so far, and I went unwillingly to the stable to prepare for the trip. Alice followed me in about an hour, and began to criticise, in a way that did not improve my temper, for I was taking a great deal of trouble to oblige her. She declared that there should be two straps around the mare's waist, but in spite of her protests, I put the second one over the back, where it would be of some use in helping to hold up the handles of the wag-

on, and drove away quite pleased at my success.

My good-humor did not last long because of the vulgar jocularities of the few people I met. In going down a steep hill my attention was concentrated on the handles, which suddenly projected themselves above the mare's ears, when a man who was passing, shouted: "Look at yer belly-band!"

I had no chance to reply, for the vehicle was rattling down hill at a rate that left him far in the rear before I could have inquired what he meant. My belt was a plain black silk one, with a heavy steel buckle, and not likely to attract attention, even in the country, so I concluded that the expression was a catch-phrase epitomizing the rural conception of wit, and not called forth by that article of clothing. This was confirmed when I met a small boy who saluted me with the same idiotic remark. I smilingly replied by asking him where he got his hat, and if his mother knew he was out. My urbanity almost failed, however, when a man in a top buggy, dressed like a minister, drew up his horse and began solemnly, "My friend, your belly-band——"

"Yes, I know," I snapped. "Look at your own."

"Your belly-band is——" he insisted, dogmatically.

"Where-did-you-get-that-hat?" I shouted with sudden passion, driving rapidly away.

As I passed the village tavern I heard one of the customary loafers exclaim, "That's him!" There was a loud guffaw, but I never even looked at the men, having become quite accustomed to attracting attention. It seemed as if these country bumpkins had never seen a gentleman before. I gave my order at the store, and as I sat down to wait for the parcels, I heard a loud conversation going on behind a stack of boxes.

"It's the darndest joke that ever was knowed," a cachinnatory voice declared. I recognized it as belonging to the young man named Mason, who sold me the pig-feed. "Ye see that city feller that's on Merkel's place thought our hogs was Merkel's, because they was in there eatin' carrots when he come." (Laughter.) "Of course, they've et a lot over there this sum-

mer, an' Merkel used to chase them like ol' Nick—but they knowed the short cut home, you bet. Then Merkel'd come over pretty lippy, but the ol' man'd tell how he was a-goin' to shut th' ol' sow in with the crowbar because she'd broke the door off'n the hinges gettin' out." (Shouts of derision.) "But when they et up the Fair apples, he come down an' swore like a trooper, an' talked damages, so Paw fed 'em at home for a few days—then as soon as he seen the Merkels goin' off, he lets 'em out again." (More laughter.) "Paw says it's this way—Merkel don't have to make his livin' off the place, an' if our hogs gets some feedin' over there, he needn't be mean enough to gredge it, because he's pretty well fixed, an' don't have to work like us farmers." (Applause.) "An' if he don't want them hogs, let him keep 'em out." (More applause.)

"Well, this greeny thinks they're Merkel's, an' drives 'em into the yard, an' gives 'em—Jee—ruslem!—HAY! (Hoots and yells) an' shuts 'em up. Paw seen the hull bizness, an' jest went in an' begun to drive 'em off, when the feller rushes out o' the house an' takes him fur a thief. 'What,' says he, 'd'ye mean by comin' in broad daylight to steal my pigs?' " (Ecstatic shuffling.) "'Yourn!' yells Paw, rarin' up, 'ye blatherin' idjit, them hogs is mine.' Then before Paw can git his coat off to hit the clam, he sees him startin' to loose the dorg, an' lights fur the road—jest when he gets to the right side of the gate the pint hits him, an' he near busts a-laughin', but he hollers to the feller to keep 'em, an' makes fur home. Next mornin' he sends me up to sell feed. 'Sock it to him, Bill, if he bites,' says he to me, an' you bet I socked it. I got ten an' a half fur the load, an' we didn't pay more'n three at the mill." (Envious ejaculations.) "Our hogs is gettin' fed free, an' Paw's goin' to claim damages, an'——"

He stopped suddenly, with his mouth wide open, as I emerged from behind the boxes, and stood gazing at him silently through my glasses.

"William, dear," I said, sweetly, "my smart boy, run home and tell Paw that most of his hogs will leave to-night. We'll arrange about the balance when he pays Mr. Merkel's claim, and the amount which you swindled me out of."

There was no further laughter as I passed out with my basket—nor was I annoyed, in returning, by idiotic allusions to my apparel, for I forestalled every attempt of approaching persons to spring the local jest, by derisive injunctions to come off, or by inquiries about William Patterson and nearer relatives.

In place of going directly home, I drove a few miles farther to a town where there was a drug-store, and bought a dozen packets of emerald dye, returning in excellent spirits. I thought it better not to mention the matter in hand to Alice, for she had a habit of making trivial and irrelevant objections to my most original schemes, thus causing futile discussions.

I had become hardened to labor, or I could not have finished the work that night, but, when it was done, I gazed with pride and delight at ten little pigs clad in shimmering green. I regretted the limited supply of dye, for there was not enough to cover the vast expanse of sow, so I only did her tail and ears, with a dab in the mouth, to keep that yawning cavern from looking so naturally pink. At midnight I unfastened all but one pair, and drove them to the road—or rather, led them, for they looked upon me as a fountain of nourishment, and followed like a flock of hungry hens. My idea was to start them in the direction of Mason's, and go to bed; but they wouldn't start, and I returned to the house with the pack at my heels, their hoofs clattering on the flag-stones at the kitchen-door.

When we reached the road for the second time, I carried one of the largest cannon fire-crackers, from a stock that Arthur had evidently provided for celebrating the national holiday, and an ear of corn. While my charges were busy with the corn, I tied the fire-cracker to the sow's leg, and lighting the fuse, hastily departed. I arrived at the house just in time to calm Alice's fears, for she had been awakened by the explosion. Although I was positive there *wasn't* going to be a storm, I thought it better to close the windows as she requested, to avoid discussion. I have rarely enjoyed such a refreshing sleep.

The next morning I was surprised at the number of people passing north—walking or driving, they were all in a hurry. Wonderingly, I hailed a man. "Ain't ye



If I had not had practice in sprinting, we never could have got them into the yard.—Page 196.

heard?" he inquired. "Come along down—greatest show on earth. Mason's hogs got into the taties an' licked off the Paris green. Little un's all turned green, an' th' old sow's beginnin'."

I didn't feel intimate enough with the Masons to visit them, and I thought the old man would probably give me the particulars when he came over to settle, so I declined the invitation.

The revelations of character that I heard through the medium of Bill Mason did not give me a good opinion of the natives, nor did my further experiences. There was the assessor, for instance—a blatant boor!

I was doing problems in cubic measurement one day, while Alice was in the kitchen, when I heard a peculiar rumbling and booming voice—an inconsequent noise, suggesting the note of a human bumble-bee. Stepping to the door, curiously, I heard Alice exclaim, in a tone of incredulous perplexity: "You want a table?"

"Yes, a table," the voice rumbled, peremptorily.

I peered around the door-frame with increased interest. A tall, gaunt man, with a sandy beard, dressed in a linen-duster, long boots, and a conical straw hat, stood there. My impression was that he wore

absolutely no clothing but the articles mentioned.

"We have all kinds," I said, suavely. "Kitchen-table, dining-table, sewing-table, card-table, table-d'hôte——"

"That there'll do," he said, edging himself in, and flinging a large flat book on the dining-room table. I immediately calculated the number of cubic inches it contained. Consulting the book, with a pencil in his hand, he declared, emphatically: "Your name is Arthur Merkel."

The massive tone did not admit of contradiction, and I was too much surprised to deny the assertion, so I said, faintly, "Yes?"

"You have two children," he roared, without looking up.

I was speechless, and before I could get my breath an indignant voice rang out from the kitchen, "We've nothing of the kind—we've only——"

"Both dead," he interrupted, striking out an entry. "Name your live-stock."

"Three thousand, six hundred and fifty-two rabbits," I answered, fiercely. "At least there'll be that number before this time next year."

"Rabbits ain't live-stock," he snarled. "Horses, hogs, cattle, sheep and cetera."

"They're very much alive," I contended. "You ought to see them work their noses when Growler is at a meal, and they get a chance to pop their heads out."

I had been spreading a newspaper on the table, and, as he stared in astonishment, I lifted his hat by the tapering crown, and placed it gently on the paper.

"Ah," I said, meditatively, gazing at the shining surface of his head, "bald as a coot! Do you not know that wearing a hat in the house leads to baldness? Are you aware of the danger of continuing the habit, after baldness supervenes?"





And charged head downward at the boy.—Page 197.

He gazed at me silently.

"The unprotected surface conducts the heat downward," I continued, impressively, "and softening of the brain follows."

"Jee-hoshaphat!" he thundered.

"Besides," I went on, "ladies are apt to think that you are not accustomed to polite society."

He reached out with the left hand for his hat—I held it with my right.

"Will you answer them questions?" he snapped.

"Certainly," I replied, with alacrity, "so that you may not be detained, Horses, none—cattle, none—sheep, none—two green pigs."

"Two *what!*"

"Green—pigs."

He closed the book with a bang. "You'll pay for this," he growled. At the kitchen-door he paused in his headlong exit, and pointed triumphantly to the little pasture. "You told me you didn't

have no horses nor cattle—ain't that a horse?"

"No."

"What is it then?"

"A mare—and *that*," I continued anticipatively, "ain't *cattle*; it's a *cow*."

I had him there, but his roving eye spied a third animal in the lee of the barn. "I guess," he said, exultantly, "*it* and *that* makes cattle—you lied."

I had to admit, as I looked, that it certainly resembled a dun-colored yearling heifer in the act of rising, hind-end foremost. I knew, however, that the other end was under the barn, with rabbit-on-the-brain. I whistled—there was a violent upheaval, and Growler came bounding over the intervening space. The assessor was very long, and being in light marching order, reached the gate in half the time old Mason made. He didn't even stop there, but fled down the road, swiftly and silently, as if mounted on a bicycle.

Alice is gentle and serious in disposi-

tion, but she danced with delight at the sight.

The third week of our rural holiday might have seemed dull, but for the fact that most of Arthur's hens became broody, and I was kept busy providing them with eggs for hatching. I went to considerable trouble to obtain a varied assortment, for I wished to leave the place well stocked, knowing that the unexpected appearance of living mementos of my stewardship would be most interesting to Arthur.

The last week dragged wearily, for I had nothing unusual to do, and I was troubled, besides, about Alice. I had been too busy to notice sooner that she was not like herself, and stories of the effect on

the mind of the routine of farm-life haunted me, as I saw the quiet, almost listless, way in which she worked. I recalled, with alarm, that she hadn't once objected to anything I had done, or inquired what I intended doing, since we left home.

She hadn't even noticed that my hands were green!

Worse, I had heard her laughing wildly to herself on two occasions, when she thought I was out of hearing, and, on asking her the cause, she answered evasively.

With faint hope, and a sickening dread, I appeared at dinner with my coat turned inside out, and ate pie with my knife. My wife looked unconcerned.

That afternoon I went down to the road



at three o'clock, and gazed longingly in the direction of the station, hoping that Arthur and Matilda might have arrived

Alice safely seated inside, I was suddenly impelled to call out the news that the Jones boy was dismissed, and I had to



Passers-by stopped to call out: "How's them pigs?"—Page 198.

on the train from the North. When at last they actually appeared in the distance, I ran joyfully to the house to tell Alice to get ready to start for home in an hour. I chained Growler, gave the pigs enough food to keep them quiet, and hung a tag on the inside of the pig-pen door marked "C.O.D. \$7.00, and damages."

When I showed Arthur around he looked quite pleased, but when he saw the hens hatching, his expression changed, and he never thanked me for my trouble. For a moment I wished I had set them all on plain mud-turtles' eggs.

That is one reason why I decided to let him find everything out for himself; another is that I was too pressed for time to talk, and still another that I hate all sorts of explanations and discussions. But, as I stood on the back of the car, with

smile at Arthur's look of blank bewilderment. My smile vanished as I entered the car and found Alice in a paroxysm of laughter.

My fears returned in force. "Alice," I whispered in a tone of suppressed agony, "what is it?"

"Thank heaven!" she exclaimed. "*That's* over."

"There, there," I said soothingly. "What's over?"

She laughed again. "Your farming—have you had enough?"

"Indeed I have," I replied, earnestly.

"Then," she said, "it *was* worth while to let you have your fling. But oh, Archie, it was awfully hard to keep quiet—you did such funny things."

And this time I laughed with her.

III

THE VERDICT

THE village store was crowded on the evening of the day the Merkels returned home. It happened, providentially, to be Saturday, so there was a full turn-out, and most of the participants

he had to git so quick that he lost three days with cramps in the legs.'"

"You bet that 'd make him feel sick," said Billy Mason, "for Boomer's rated his place two hundred higher this year, an' Paw says he's goin' to make him pay up for that feller keepin' our hogs, an' then turnin' 'em into the taties."



I measured the girth twice daily. —Page 198.

in the incidents connected with Archie's sojourn were able to testify to their share in the stirring events.

"'Ee's gone, but 'is works ain't gone," said Simon Petch, bitterly. "'Ee called me a hold sinner, an' me a deacon. 'Clear hout!' 'ee 'ollers, an' jerks t' 'andle away. Hi'd 'a knocked 'im hover for tuppence, but—i turns on ma 'eel an' walks hoff."

"You'd 'a scooted if he'd had the dorg loose," said another man. "I druv in to look at them hogs, an' have a laugh, but when I seen that brute a-sittin' on his hams an' lickin' his chops, I most fell off the wagon into his jaws, an' I couldn't raise no laugh."

"I was up to the house to-day," said the butcher's boy, "for the first time in three weeks. Mr. Merkel, he looked pretty sick. He asked me to tell him plain if anyone were killed by the dog when he was gone. 'No,' says I, 'there wasn't no one to kill—for no one wouldn't go in the gate. Mr. Boomer,' says I, 'was 'round assessin', an' the dog took after him, an'

"I believe," said a meditative listener, "he turned them pigs green. When I was a-hurryin' down the road that mornin' he hails me to know what's up, an' when I tells him to come along an' see the green pigs, he chuckles, an' says he seen all the green pigs he cares about."

"Paw said they was painted when he seen 'em fust," said Billy Mason, "but when he smelled 'em he knowed better, an' when he seen th' inside o' the sow's mouth he lit out fur old Jake, the cow-doctor. The minute old Jake twigged 'em he said the green had et the linin' off'n their livers, an' if it hadn't come through the skins they'd ha' bin dead in a hour—jest like measles. 'Th' ol sow was the worst because it didn't come out right, her skin bein' tougher, and he made her swallow two pounds o' bakin' soda. Jee-rusalem! She swelled up tremenjus!"

"'Ee's a deevil—'ee dood it 'isself," Simon Petch maintained. "'Ee's a deevil, an' Merkel's to blame for bringin' 'im 'ere. 'Ee'll 'pologize afore Simon Petch sets foot on's place agen."



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Fled down the road, swiftly and silently.—Page 203.



"Look at yer belly-band!"—Page 199.

"My dad's goin' to give Merkel fits," the Jones boy's treble began, "about me bein' called a thief, an' my rabbits bein' took, an' he's got to pay me wages——"

"Say, boys, here he comes down the road," called a man from the door, "an' he's got two dogs a-runnin' behind."

There was a sudden stampede of the talkers. In the middle distance Arthur Merkel was plainly visible, walking hurriedly toward the group of men who were absorbed in contemplating his approach. They saw him wheel abruptly, and, throwing up his hands with a frantic gesture, stoop to pick up something from the road. At that instant his followers retreated, and an exclamation of "Pigs!" arose from the spectators, as they obtained an uninterrupted view of the animals.

Arthur Merkel was too distraught to observe formalities. "If anyone here

owns these brutes," he shouted, as he approached, "let him take them away. I've tried to drive them to every point of the compass, and they still trot after me as if I was their mother."

In the dusk of a summer evening Billy Mason trudged homeward with two small green pigs reposing unwillingly in a borrowed wheel-barrow. The little feet, which had pattered so cheerfully down the road after a supposititious benefactor, were tied securely, and travelled back in a reversed and sorrowful position.

Arthur Merkel drew a breath of relief, the joy of home-coming descending upon him as he retraced his steps, cheered by the kindly solicitude of the genial old soul who accompanied him to borrow the lawn mower.

MY LOVE-STORY

By James Raymond Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY



MY wife asks me why I don't write love-stories. She says the kind I do write are horrid mysterious things, anyway, and she doesn't like them; she should think I would write a nice, interesting love-story; she would if she were me. Moreover, my wife's girl friends feel the same way about it. Since we were married and moved out to Chicago she keeps up a correspondence with some of them; and after they have read one of my stories they write to her, and want to know why I don't write love-stories—love-stories are so much more interesting than the other kind. They don't say, in so many words, that the kind I write are dreary—they're too polite—but that's what they mean.

Once I did write a sort of love-story, and after they had read it they said, "There! that's a good story; that's the kind we like. Why doesn't he always write that kind?" One of them, writing to my wife, said, "Tell him Maud and Mabel and I want him to write a real love-story now. Tell him to put women in his stories; stories without women in them are no stories at all."

Upon reflection, I'm afraid I have rather neglected women in the few tales I have told; but then, I intended no slight to the lovely creatures; and indeed, my excuse for leaving them out must be that they really have no place in "horrid stories." It seems to me they ought to feel flattered, instead of offended, at being left out; they ought to construe it as a delicate compliment to the sex.

Now Maud and Mabel and Clara, as it happens, are all girls that I used to pay some attentions to in my bachelor days, before my affections finally settled upon the peerless little creature who now has her cards engraved "Mrs. Richard Frost Bruce." I don't know that that accounts for their desire to have me write a real love-story; but it may. It isn't beyond

the bounds of possibility that they would like to see in what manner a man who had formerly—well, I will not say made love to them exactly, for that would scarcely be accurate—in what manner a former admirer, let us say, would treat the subject of love in a love-story.

If I have failed to write love-stories, perhaps the reason is because I live one. You see Mrs. Richard Frost Bruce is such an altogether adorable woman, and she entertains the foolish belief that I am such a surprisingly lovable man, that our three years of married bliss have been nothing but one long honeymoon, each anniversary of our blessed wedding-day finding us a little fonder of each other than the previous one. My wife says this is going to continue at the same ratio of increase until we celebrate our golden anniversary, and that after then the ratio will increase. And I say amen to it!

You see, now, why the love-stories haven't been forthcoming. A man who lives one grows to feel that love-stories, though beautiful things to live, must, nevertheless, be rather commonplace things to read about; the best love fictions necessarily falling far short of the real thing.

I am not a professional writer, you know; but one of those amateurs who fill up their leisure in writing tales for editors to refuse. Now and then an editor makes a mistake, and accepts one; and that is how my wife's girl friends have had the opportunity, now and then, of reading one. But though not a professional writer I have enough of the artistic instinct—or think I have—to shrink from attempting the unattainable. And that is how it has always seemed about these love-stories that I have never written. I feel that I couldn't do the subject justice. It may seem odd that I feel this way. You might suppose that, if constantly living a love-story, I would be just the person to write one and do the subject full justice. Perhaps if I were a genius I could do it. A



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Susan Cunningham.

genius, living a love-story, ought to be able to write one marvellous well. But I am no genius ; and so have shrunk from the attempt.

However, I dearly love to please my wife ; and I suppose I also possess some natural vanity, as regards my literary abilities. So, when Clara wrote to Mrs. Bruce that she and Maud and Mabel wanted me to write a love-story, I began to cast about in my mind for materials, and seriously consider attempting the feat. It isn't the first time a man's desire to please his wife, coupled with vanity, has lured him from the safe and pleasant paths of peace.

So one day I said to Mary, " Mary, I am going to write a love-story. You've often wanted me to, and now I'm going to attempt it, though I'm afraid I shall make a miserable failure."

" Oh, no you won't, Dick," she said. " You can do anything you try to ; and I know your love-story will be just lovely." My wife's sublime faith in my abilities often makes me tremble. It seems as if it would be such a shock to her when I fail. The funny thing about her is that she doesn't seem to know when I do fail. It is almost as if my failures looked like successes to her, the dear girl !

It was quite late in the spring—almost summer, in fact—when this rash determination came to me. Mary was already preparing to go back to her home in Haverhill for a summer visit, and while she was as enthusiastic and interested about the proposed love-story as any wife could possibly be, her mind was, nevertheless, a good deal taken up with dressmaking. When your wife goes home on a visit she has got to have something new to wear ; and when a woman is getting something new to wear she can't be expected to show quite as lively an interest in her husband and his doings as at other times. So it happened that after the first day or two, during which Mary asked every few hours if I had got the love-story all thought out, and received negative replies, that she seemed to forget my declared intention of writing one.

The day came for her to leave me, and we were a very miserable pair of lovers. Mary declared, tearfully, that she wished she never had to go home, and I gulped down something in my throat and told her

she would feel better in a few days. Mary goes home on a visit every summer, and you see I knew from experience that our grief was not unassuageable. But that didn't make the parting any less distressing. Mary clung to me in the narrow passage of the sleeping-car, and sobbed that she didn't believe she would go after all, and wouldn't I take her back home with me, to stay just one day longer. I told her I would, but that she must remember her mother was waiting for her in Haverhill, and that the ticket and car-berth were bought, and that she would find it just as hard the next day as to-day. So she wiped her pretty eyes and said I was right—always was right—and was such a good, wise, and noble husband ! This trinity of adjectives was too much for her, and she burst into tears again ; but recovered herself and smiled. That smile—like sunshine through an April shower—was almost too much for me, and I was tempted to tuck her arm under mine and walk out of the car then and there, ticket, car-berth, and mother in Haverhill notwithstanding !

But I heard the bell up in front give a warning ring, and the conductor outside shouted " All aboard !" so I kissed Mary thrice, told her to be a good girl, and not cry, and dashed out of the car.

Well, of course I was lonely and miserable for a few days, but I gradually grew accustomed to Mary's absence, as I had done in former years, and resolutely set about thinking of the time when she would come back.

Then I began to write the love-story. Writing it served a double purpose. I felt that I was pleasing Mary, and it also occupied my time and kept me from feeling my loneliness as much as I might otherwise.

Sometimes I'm a realist in fiction, and sometimes not. Of course it is bad, artistically, to be that way. One ought to be one thing or the other, and stick to it.

In this case I decided to be a realist. Inasmuch as Clara had written to Mary that she and Maud and Mabel wanted me to write a love-story, I thought I would put them in it.

Now my wife's friend, Clara, is a big, beautiful blonde, with the brightest pink and white complexion, and hair so sunny



—Howard Chandler Christy 1892—

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Isabel Dowe.

that it actually lights up a dark room, and is capable of casting a shadow on a dull day. Those who admire blondes say there isn't a more beautiful woman in that part of Massachusetts. Maud Jackson, on the other hand, is an almost perfect type of the brunette, with complexion like cream, and eyes like the night—like a starry night.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan,

as the song has it. Her style of beauty resembles Mary's, except that Mary is more beautiful and lovelier in every way; and she is the only woman I have ever met who is.

Of course you will smile. Women in stories, you will say, are always more beautiful than they are in real life. Yes, I know; but I have to state facts as they really are, and Mary is a wonderfully fine-looking woman. You ought to see her!

Now I wanted this story to be a tale of true love, if possible, and I remembered the saying that "the course of true love never runs smooth." So I decided it must run rough, in my story. I wrote this story in the first person. I think I had never happened to write one in the first person before, and I really don't know how I happened to this one. I finished the yarn in a few days. It was a short story—a matter of four or five thousand words. There was nothing brilliant about it. It was lacking in originality of plot, and all that; but I had managed to infuse into it some degree of human interest; and a syndicate to which I had sold a few stories bought it. It was published simultaneously in several Sunday papers in different parts of the country, a Boston paper being of the number.

I shall have to give you a brief synopsis of the story.

The man who purports to be telling the tale, Robert Gilmore—the hero of the story, I suppose you would call him—is engaged to marry a beautiful brunette named Isabel Dowe. Maud Jackson was my model for Isabel. Robert is devoted itself to the fair Isabel until he chances to meet a magnificent blonde named Susan Cunningham. Susan is a rather prosaic name, but I like to give some of my characters prosaic names. You know

you run across them in real life. Besides, Susie sounds rather pretty, and her friends called her Susie—such as were not awed by her size and great beauty; and these called her Miss Cunningham. Clara Burton was my model for Miss Cunningham.

Well, as I say, all went well between Isabel and Robert Gilmore until he met Susan Cunningham, and then he succumbed before her bewitching beauty. I felt all along a sort of contempt for Gilmore, for the unstable character of his affection. A man who had won the love of a girl like Isabel was very foolish, I thought, to give her up, even for a Susan Cunningham. But perhaps I felt that way because, as I have said, Isabel resembles Mary. However, Gilmore seems to have had a conscience, and struggled quite valiantly against his new passion. When he found he was getting more interested in Susie than an engaged man ought to, he avoided her for a time. I attempted to depict in the story his struggles with himself at this crucial period of his life. One day he felt strong to endure and the next pitifully weak. The question of his duty toward Isabel was a distressing and a perplexing one also. Ought he to continue the engagement and eventually marry her, after experiencing this change in his affections? Would it be fair toward Isabel, to say nothing about its being just to himself? These were difficult questions.

Gilmore went away for a month. Absence from both Isabel and Susie might help to clarify his vision, and show which path he ought to pursue. The longer he stayed away from Susie—the "sunny, peerless Susie" as he thought of her—the more it seemed to him he grew to love her; and as his love for the blue-eyed Susan increased, his love for the black-eyed Isabel diminished. The story managed to state that Gilmore's own eyes were brown.

I had known the story would not suit Mary and her girl friends unless it had a satisfactory ending. But just how to make the ending satisfactory had puzzled me. The sympathies of some would be with Susie, whom I had made fall in love with Gilmore as passionately as he with her—and the sympathies of others would be with Isabel. A really satisfactory ending seemed out of the question. I might have had Isabel die, and thus simplified the situa-

tion so far as Susie and Gilmore were concerned ; but such an ending could not be truly satisfactory. Besides, I am averse to killing any of my characters, unless it is absolutely necessary, and particularly reluctant to when I am using one of my wife's friends for a model. So I had decided that the characters must all continue to live and enjoy good health.

I had a pretty strong suspicion that Mary and her friends would think the best ending, provided the characters all lived, would be to have Gilmore marry Susie, and let Isabel get over her infatuation for him. That, you see, would leave only one of the characters to be miserable instead of two. However, I had my own artistic opinions about story-telling, and it didn't seem to me that stories with a "good" ending usually made as strong an impression as those that didn't end satisfactorily. Moreover, personal feeling swayed me to some extent. As I have said Isabel (that is, Maud Jackson) resembles Mary more than any of her other friends, and on that account I felt a fondness for her that I didn't feel for the others. Hence, I didn't propose to leave her miserable at the end of the story and the others happy. As for Susie Cunningham, she could be miserable for awhile, if necessary. She would get over her love for Gilmore in time. She always had plenty of admirers round her ; and, in fact, had been and still was, a good deal of a flirt. As for Gilmore, he would have to suffer some to pay for letting his affections run away with him ; I didn't mind his sufferings ; it was only what he deserved.

So, toward the end of the story, Gilmore nobly decided that if it was a question of the sacrifice of either himself or Isabel, the sacrifice must be his own. I had him behave pretty well, in through there. I had him make noble and successful efforts to conceal from Isabel that he loved Susie, and the story ended with their marriage, and Isabel's blissful ignorance that Gilmore's heart was not all her own. I hinted, at the end, that in all probability Gilmore learned to appreciate at her true worth his beautiful and loving wife, and so completely overcame, eventually, the love that Susan Cunningham had awakened in him.

It was near the close of summer now,

and I was going to Haverhill for a two weeks' vacation, at the end of which Mary was to come home with me. I left Chicago late one Sunday evening. It happened to be the Sunday that my story was published. The Boston paper in which it appeared circulates largely up in Haverhill, and before I reached the town Tuesday morning several of our old friends had read the tale.

Mary had been away from me a matter of only five or six weeks, but the time had seemed much longer, and it was with lively anticipations of pleasure at meeting her after our long separation that I approached Haverhill.

I had thought she might be at the station to meet me, as she knew what train I was expected on, but she was not there, and I hurried directly to Mr. Noble's house—Mr. Noble is Mary's father—feeling somewhat apprehensive lest Mary might be ill. It was the first time I had ever come home on my vacation that Mary had failed to meet me. She was usually the first person that I saw, upon leaving the train, and her eager rush to my arms and delightful abandonment of joy at meeting me was, I suspect, an interesting spectacle even to the jaded senses of the old-time station spectators. However, they missed the spectacle this time ; for some reason Mary had failed to come.

She met me just inside the doorway when I reached the house, and after one strange look at me immediately burst into tears, and laid her head against my shoulder. She did not offer her lips to be kissed and she did not put her arms around my neck. She just stood there, her hands against my shoulder and her face against her hands, her frame shaken with sobs.

"Why, darling!" I cried, putting my arms around her and kissing her as near the mouth as I could get, with her face buried in her hands. "What is it, dear? What has happened? Is anyone ill?" But she only sobbed for answer.

Her strange behavior alarmed me. I had never seen Mary act like this before. The greeting was very different from what I had expected. "Tell me what it is, Mary," I repeated.

"Oh, Richard," she sobbed, "why didn't you tell me all before we were married! I would have released you. It would

have nearly killed me, but it would have been better than this." And then her sobs became uncontrollable, and the sound of her weeping filled the house.

By this time I was thoroughly frightened. Her words carried no meaning to my ears, and I could only suppose that some great and sudden grief had overthrown her reason. What a home-coming!

Mary's mother came from an inner room when she heard her pitiful sobbing, and now drew her from me to her own motherly bosom. "There, Mary! there, child! don't cry so, dear!" she said, soothingly, while I stood by speechless in my bewilderment. I thought I must be dreaming, and wondered if I shouldn't soon awaken and find myself back in Chicago, or on the train.

After a moment Mary recovered herself a little, and withdrew from her mother's arms.

"Mother, dear, you must leave us. This is nothing you can help me in. I must talk to Richard," she said, and Mrs. Noble left us and went back into the other room.

"Why didn't you tell me all before we were married?" she again asked. "It would have been so much easier than it is now. Poor Richard, you did what you thought was right, but it makes it so hard for me now—so hard!" and again the dear head was bowed in a fit of weeping. — "I thought I did tell you all, dearest," I began. "But perhaps I didn't. Can't you tell me what it is? and then perhaps I can tell you all." You see, this strange meeting with Mary had so bewildered and befuddled my brain that I had no clear idea of what I wanted to say, or, indeed, of what I was saying. I still clung to the notion that I was probably dreaming, and that, therefore, it didn't much matter what I did say, or how I said it. Dearly as I love Mary I had a curious inclination to laugh; the whole thing seemed so strange and ridiculous as to be removed from real life. I did start to laugh, and then checked myself. Perhaps it was hysteria. Mary noticed it.

"Richard Bruce," she said, her tone changing. "Did you take this way—is it possible that you took this method of letting me know? Oh, Richard, I didn't think you would do that!"

"No, Mary, I didn't intentionally take

this method of letting you know, though it seems to have been a very forcible and effective way of doing it. Now, if you would kindly take an equally effective method of letting me know it would——"

"Richard *Bruce!*" There was scorn in Mary's tone. In spite of the tear-stains on her cheek, as she stood there, her color heightened, her dark eyes flashing, her head proudly poised, I had never seen her more bewitching and bewilderingly beautiful in all my life.

"Richard Bruce, do you think this an occasion for levity? I have always known that you had one fault, and that is your propensity to treat lightly the gravest matters; but I did not suppose that even you would treat lightly a question that involved all the hopes and happiness of your wife, and of—and of—yourself."

"I would gladly treat the question as it ought to be treated, my dear, if I only knew—if I had an opportunity to—to diagnose the subject, as it were." Now that she had recalled my one fault to me, I fell into it as naturally and as easily as a duck falls to swimming; and, as I live, I didn't do it with any intention of irritating Mary, either.

"That's right; go on with your light remarks. I suppose this seems very amusing to you," she said. "Of course it is only a mask to hide your real feelings." You see Mary, though the best and brightest of women, is not always as logical as one might wish, especially when swayed by her emotions. Hence, she could say in the same breath that a thing seemed amusing to me and that my amusement was only a mask to hide my true feelings.

"Very well, since you wish me to go on with my light remarks, would you mind indulging in some illuminating speeches yourself? I am still very much in the dark about all this. I wish you would try to remember that, Mary." I spoke the last words earnestly, and my wife looked at me in some bewilderment.

"Are you in earnest, Richard? Don't you really know what is troubling me so—what has blighted all my happiness?"

"No, dear, really and truly I don't."

"Why, Richard, it is that story—that confession!"

"What story—what confession, dearest?"

"Why, the love-story you wrote, that came out in the paper Sunday."

"Did that blight all your happiness?"

"Don't jest, Richard. You know what I mean. But why did you take that way of telling me? Can't you see how terribly public it makes it? All the world knows about it now. If you didn't love me, but married me because you thought it was your duty to, why couldn't you tell me, and not put it in a story for all our friends to read? It is almost the first unkind thing I have ever known you do. Oh, Richard, I am so unhappy!"

I put both arms around Mary. "What can you be imagining, dear?" I asked. "You speak of the story as a confession. Is it possible that you think it is a chapter out of my own life? Your words seem to hint at that."

"Why of course it is, Richard. You made that plain enough for the dumbest intellect to see. In the first place you describe me perfectly as Isabel, so that anyone who had met me only casually would recognize the portrait. Then you describe Clara Burton, in the character of Susan Cunningham, so that everybody who has ever seen her would know whom you meant. And, after doing that, you go on with your confession, telling how you ceased to love me after you met Clara, but how you struggled with yourself and finally decided it was your duty to marry me, though your heart was Clara's, and always would be. Why, Richard, you made it just as plain as if you had said it all yourself, in so many words. I always knew you liked Clara. I never blamed you for that; you couldn't help it. She's so big and bright and beautiful that any man would love her. But oh, Richard, it is a terrible blow to find that you actually love her, and have loved her all these years, when I fondly believed we were both so wrapped up in each other and were both so happy. It was a fool's paradise perhaps. But I am foolish enough to wish it could have continued."

"Poor dear! poor dear!" was all I could say at first. "Why, Mary, love, you have terribly misinterpreted that detestable story of mine. I wish I had torn it up and thrown it in the fire before ever sending it to the publisher. It isn't worth sixty seconds of suffering on your part,

and here it has caused you two days' misery."

"Richard—Dick! do you mean that it isn't true?"

"Certainly it isn't true."

"Didn't you mean Susie Cunningham for Clara Burton?"

"Yes, I did have Clara in mind when I created the character of Susie."

"And didn't you mean me for Isabel?"

"No, I thought of you a good deal in connection with her. But Maud Jackson was really my model for Isabel."

"Oh!"

"But at the end of the story, when it came to the question of saving Isabel from suffering, I had you in mind quite as much as Maud, I think."

"Well, that's exactly what I thought, Richard; and yet a moment ago you told me it wasn't true." The relieved look on Mary's face gave place to a troubled expression again.

"But, my dear, you don't think I intended Gilmore for myself, do you?"

"Certainly. You said 'I' all through the story. It was you who were telling the story as your own experience. No one reading it could doubt that."

"Why, Mary, it never entered my head to connect Gilmore's experiences and emotions with my own."

"Oh, Dick, do you mean it?"

I kissed the dear girl for answer, and this time her lips were not turned away from me.

"Don't you know who was my model for Gilmore?" I asked.

"No. It hasn't occurred to me to suppose it could be anyone but you, Dick. Who was it?"

"Arthur Brigham."

"Arthur Brigham! Why, he lives in Chicago, and never saw Clara Burton in all his life!"

"I know it. But he was my model, just the same. My dear, I'm beginning to think I must have written a very realistic story, indeed. You seem to regard it so completely as history."

"Did you really mean Gilmore for Arthur Brigham?" she asked.

"Yes, Mary. Why, the description of Gilmore doesn't fit me at all. Didn't I say Gilmore's eyes were brown?"

"Yes."



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

I stood by speechless in my bewilderment.—Page 215.

"Well, you know mine are blue, don't you? And didn't I mention that his beard and mustache were dark brown? You know mine are straw-colored. And didn't I find a way of making it known that he had a tall, slim form? You know very well, Mary, that I am inclined to stoutness. You have mentioned it more than once these last two years. Don't you see that the description fits Brigham exactly, and that it doesn't fit me at all."

"Yes, I see now. But you said 'I' all the time, and I got to thinking you really meant you. It was very stupid in me. Oh, Dick, I'm so glad you don't love Clara, and never have; and I don't mind now, if all our friends do think you do."

"But I don't believe they will think so, with no more of a basis for the supposition than that story."

"Oh, yes, they will, Dick; I'm sure they will. I haven't dared stir out on the street since reading the story, for fear people would look at me and think. 'There goes Mrs. Bruce whose husband is in love with another woman.' But I shall not mind now what people think, you dear lovely old Dick!"

But I minded, and that afternoon when Maud Jackson called on us I asked her if she had read my story, and when she said she had I asked if she had recognized any of the characters.

"I thought you meant Susie Cunningham for Clara Burton, but I wasn't sure about Isabel. Clara and I were talking about it yesterday, and she thought you meant Isabel for me. I said the description sounded more like one of Mary."

"Now, Dick, didn't I tell you? You

see what they thought!" Mary interjected.

"And did you think you recognized the character of Gilmore?" I asked.

"No," replied Maud. "Neither Clara nor I could think who Gilmore was intended for, though we thought over all our gentlemen friends. We concluded that he was purely imaginary."

I looked at Mary, and saw a pleased and relieved look on her face.

"Didn't it occur to you, Maud," I asked, "that Gilmore was intended for me?"

Mary blushed at that—Mary is never so pretty as when she blushes. Maud uttered a merry laugh.

"Gilmore intended for you!" she exclaimed. "No, indeed! It never occurred to us. Why, that would have been ridiculous on the face of it."

"Why?" I asked.

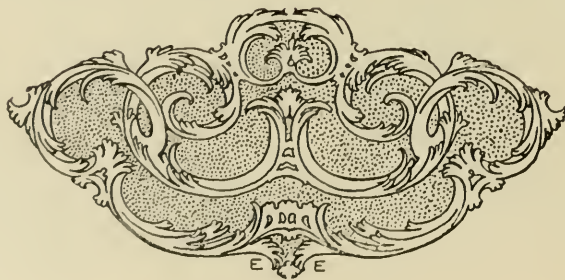
"Why? Because anyone who knows Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bruce knows that Mr. Richard Bruce is over his ears in love with his wife, and will be, time without end. That's why!"

"Your argument sounds convincing to me. Does it to you, Mary?" I asked.

My wife was rosier and lovelier than ever. "Dick, dear, don't be a tease," she said, and turning to Maud changed the conversation.

When our caller had gone, Mary hugged and kissed me rapturously. After recovering my breath I said, "You don't like my love-stories, dear, so I shall not write any more."

"Yes, you must, Dick," she said. "I think you write very powerful ones!"





Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"You don't like my love stories, dear, so I shall not write any more."—Page 218.



Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

"But my friends still call me Mrs. Jerry," she said, softly.

TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XXV

MR. T. SANDYS HAS RETURNED TO
TOWN



IT is disquieting to reflect that we have devoted so much paper (this is the third shilling's worth) to telling what a real biographer would almost certainly have summed up in a few pages. "Caring nothing for glory, engrossed in his work alone, Mr. Sandys, soon after the publication of the 'Letters,' sought the peace of his mother's native village, and there, alike undisturbing and undisturbed, he gave his life, as ever, to laborious days and quiet contemplation. The one vital fact, in these six months of lofty endeavor, is that he was making progress with the new book. Fishing and other distractions were occasionally indulged in, but merely that he might rise fresher next morning to a book which absorbed," etc.

One can see exactly how it should be done, it has been done so often before. And there is a deal to be said for this method. His book was what he had been at during nearly the whole of that time; comparatively speaking, the fishing and "other distractions" (a neat phrase) had got only an occasional hour. But while we admire, we can't do it in that way. We seem fated to go on taking it for granted that you know the "vital facts" about Tommy, and devoting our attention to the things that the real biographer leaves out.

Tommy arrived in London with little more than five pounds in his pockets. All the rest he had spent on Elspeth.

He looked for furnished chambers in a fashionable quarter, and they were much too expensive. But the young lady who showed them to him asked if it was *the* Mr. Sandys, and he at once took the

rooms. Her mother subsequently said that she understood he wrote books, and would he deposit five pounds?

Such are the ups and downs of the literary calling.

The book, of course, was "Unrequited Love," and the true story of how it was not given to the world by his first publishers has never been told. They had the chance, but they weighed the manuscript in their hands, as if it were butter, and said it was very small.

"If you knew how much time I have spent in making it smaller," replied Tommy, haughtily.

The madmen asked if he could not add a few chapters, whereupon, with a shudder, he tucked baby under his wing and flew away. That is how Goldie & Goldie got the book.

For one who had left London a glittering star, it was wonderful how little he brightened it by returning. At the club they did not know that he had been away. In society they seemed to have forgotten to expect him back.

He had an eye for them—with a touch of red in it—but he bided his time. It was one of the terrible things about Tommy that he could bide his time. Pym was the only person he called upon, he took Pym out to dinner and conducted him home again. His kindness to Pym, the delicacy with which he pretended not to see that poor old Pym was degraded and done for—they would have been pretty even in a woman, and we treat Tommy unfairly in passing them by with a bow.

Pym had the manuscript to read, and you may be as sure he kept sober that night as that Tommy lay awake. For when literature had to be judged, who could be so grim a critic as this usually lenient toper? He could forgive much, could Pym. You had run away without paying your rent, was it? Well, well, come in and have a drink. Broken your wife's

heart, have you? Poor chap, but you will soon get over it. But if it was a split infinitive, "Go to the devil, sir."

"Into a cocked hat," was the verdict of Pym, meaning thereby that thus did Tommy's second work beat his first. Tommy broke down and wept.

Presently Pym waxed sentimental and confided to Tommy that he too had once loved in vain. The sad case of those who love in vain, you remember, is the subject of the book. The saddest of autobiographies, it has been called.

An odd thing this, I think. Tearing home (for the more he was engrossed in mind the quicker he walked), Tommy was not revelling in Pym's praise; he was neither blanching nor smiling at the thought that he of all people had written as one who was unloved, he was not wondering what Grizel would say to it, he had even forgotten to sigh over his own coming dissolution (indeed about this time the flower-pot began to fade from his memory); what made him cut his way so excitedly through the streets was this—Pym had questioned his use of the word untimely in chapter eight. And Tommy had always been uneasy about that word.

He glared at every person he passed, and ran into perambulators. He rushed past his chambers, like one who no longer had a home. He was in the park now, and did not even notice that the Row was empty, that mighty round a deserted circus, management, riders, clowns, all the performers gone on their provincial tour. Or nearly all, for a lady on horse-back sees him, remembers to some extent who he is, and gives chase. It is our dear Mrs. Jerry.

"You wretch," she said, "to compel me to pursue you! Nothing could have induced me to do anything so unwomanly except that you are the only man in town."

She shook her whip so prettily at him that it was as seductive as a smile. It was also a way of gaining time, while she tried to remember what it was he was famous for.

"I believe you don't know me!" she said with a little shriek, for Tommy had looked bewildered. "That would be too mortifying. Please pretend you do!"

Her look of appeal, the way in which

she put her plump little hands together, as if about to say her prayers, brought it all back to Tommy. The one thing he was not certain of was whether he had proposed to her.

It was the one thing of which she was certain.

"You think I can forget so soon," he replied, reproachfully but carefully.

"Then tell me my name," said she; she thought it might lead to his mentioning his own.

"I don't know what it is now. It was Mrs. Jerry once."

"It is Mrs. Jerry still."

"Then you did not marry him, after all?"

No wild joy had surged to his face, but when she answered, yes, he nodded his head with gentle melancholy three times. He had not the smallest desire to deceive the lady; he was simply an actor who had got his cue.

"But my friends still call me Mrs. Jerry," she said, softly. "I suppose it suits me somehow."

"You will always be Mrs. Jerry to me," he replied, huskily. Ah, those meetings with old loves!

"If you minded so much," Mrs. Jerry said, a little tremulously (she had the softest heart, though her memory was a trifle defective), "you might have discovered whether I had married him or not."

"Was there no reason why I should not seek to discover it?" Tommy asked, with tremendous irony, but not knowing in the least what he meant. It confused Mrs. Jerry. They always confused her when they were fierce, and yet she liked them to be fierce when she re-met them, so few of them were.

But she said the proper thing. "I am glad you have got over it."

Tommy maintained a masterly silence. No wonder he was a power with women.

"I say I am glad you have got over it," murmured Mrs. Jerry again. Has it ever been noticed that the proper remark does not always gain in propriety with repetition?

It is splendid to know that right feeling still kept Tommy silent.

Yet she went on briskly, as if he had told her something. "Am I detaining you? You were walking so quickly that

I thought you were in pursuit of someone."

It brought Tommy back to earth, and he could accept her now as an old friend he was glad to meet again. "You could not guess what I was in pursuit of, Mrs. Jerry," he assured her, and with confidence, for words are not usually chased down the Row.

But, though he made the sound of laughter, that terrible face which Mrs. Jerry remembered so well, but could not give a name to, took no part in the revelry; he was as puzzling to her as those irritating authors who print their jokes without a note of exclamation at the end of them. Poor Mrs. Jerry thought it must be a laugh of horrid bitterness, and that he was referring to his dead self or something dreadful of that sort, for which she was responsible.

"Please don't tell me," she said in such obvious alarm that again he laughed that awful laugh. He promised, with a profound sigh, to carry his secret unspoken to the grave, also to come to her At Home if she sent him a card.

He told her his address, but not his name, and she could not send the card to "Occupier."

"Now tell me about yourself," said Mrs. Jerry with charming cunning. "Did you go away?"

"I came back only a few days ago."

"Had you any shooting?" (They nearly always threatened to make for a distant land, where there was big game.)

Tommy smiled. He had never "had any shooting" except once, in his boyhood when he and Corp acted as beaters, and he had wept passionately over the first bird killed, and harangued the murderer.

"No," he replied, "I was at work all the time."

This at least told her that his work was of a kind which could be done out of London. An inventor?

"When are we to see the result?" asked artful Mrs. Jerry.

"This month. Everything comes out this month. It is our season, you know."

Mrs. Jerry pondered while she said, "How too entrancing." What did come out this month? Oh, plays! And whose season was it? The actor's, of course!

He could not be an actor with that beard, but—ah, she remembered now!

"Are they really clever, this time," she asked, roguishly, "for you must admit that they are usually sticks?"

Tommy blinked at this. "I really believe, Mrs. Jerry," he said, slowly, "it is you who don't know who I am!"

"You prepare the aristocracy for the stage, don't you?" she said, plaintively.

"I!" he thundered.

"He had a beard," she said in self-defence.

"Who?"

"Oh, I don't know! Please forgive me! I do remember, of course, who you are—I remember too well!" said Mrs. Jerry, generously.

"What is my name?" Tommy demanded.

She put her hands together again, beseechingly, "Please, please!" she said. "I have such a dreadful memory for names, but—oh, please!"

"What am I?" he insisted.

"You are the—the man who invents those delightful thingumbobs," she cried, with an inspiration.

"I never invented anything, except two books," said Tommy, looking at her reproachfully.

"I know them by heart," she cried.

"One of them is not published yet," he informed her.

"I am looking forward to it so excitedly," she said at once.

"And my name is Sandys," said he.

"Thomas Sandys," she said, correcting him triumphantly. "How is that dear, darling little Agnes-Elsbeth?"

"You have me at last," he admitted.

"Sandys on Woman," exclaimed Mrs. Jerry, all rippling smiles once more. "Can I ever forget it!"

"I shall never pretend to know anything about women again," Tommy answered, laughingly, with a creditable absence of vindictiveness.

"Please, please!" said the little hands again.

"It is a nasty jar, Mrs. Jerry."

"Please!"

"Oh, that I could forget so quickly!"

"Please!"

"I forgive you, if that is what you want."

She waved her whip. "And you will come and see me?"

"When I have got over this. It needs—a little time." He really said this to please her.

"You shall talk to me of the new book," she said, confident that this would fetch him, for he was not her first author. "By the way, what is it about?"

"Can you ask, Mrs. Jerry?" replied Tommy, passionately. "Oh, woman, woman, can you ask!"

This puzzled her at the time, but she understood what he had meant when the book came out. "Goodness gracious!" she said to herself as she went from chapter to chapter, and she was very self-conscious when she heard the book discussed in society, which was not quite as soon as it came out, for at first the ladies seemed to have forgotten their Tommy.

But the journals made ample amends. He had invented, they said, something new in literature, a story that was yet not a story, told in the form of essays which were no mere essays. There was no character mentioned by name, there was not a line of dialogue, essays only, they might say, were the net result, yet a human heart was laid bare, and surely that was fiction in its highest form. Fiction founded on fact no doubt (for it would be ostrich-like to deny that such a work must be the outcome of a painful personal experience), but in those wise and penetrating pages Mr. Sandys called no one's attention to himself, his subject was an experience common to humanity, to be borne this way or that; and without vain-glory he showed how it should be borne, so that those looking into the deep waters of the book (made clear by his pellucid style) might see not the author but themselves.

A few of the critics said that if the book added nothing to his reputation, it detracted nothing from it, but probably their pen added this mechanically, when they were away. What annoyed him more, was the two or three who stated that much as they liked "Unrequited Love" they liked the "Letters" still better. He could not endure hearing a good word said for the "Letters" now.

The great public, I believe, always preferred the "Letters," but among important sections of it the new book was a delight,

and for various reasons. For instance, it was no mere story. That got the thoughtful public. Its style, again, got the public, which knows it is the only public that counts.

Society still held aloof (there was an African traveller on view that year), but otherwise everything was going on well when the bolt came, as ever from the quarter whence it was least expected. It came in a letter from Grizel, so direct as to be almost as direct as this—"I think it is a horrid book. The more beautifully it is written the more horrid it seems. No one was ever loved more truly than you. You can know nothing about unrequited love. Then why do you pretend to know? I see why you always avoided telling me anything about the book, even its title. It was because you knew what I should say. It is nothing but sentiment. You were on your wings all the time you were writing it. That is why you could treat me as you did. Even to the last moment you deceived me. I suppose you deceived yourself also. Had I known what was in the manuscript I would not have kissed it, I would have asked you to burn it. Had you not had the strength, and you would not, I should have burned it for you. It would have been a proof of my love. I have ceased to care whether you are a famous man, or not. I want you to be a real man. But you will not let me help you. I have cried all day. Grizel."

Fury. Dejection. The heroic. They came in that order.

"This is too much!" he cried at first. "I can stand a good deal, Grizel, but there was once a worm that turned at last, you know. Take care, madam, take care. Oh, but you are a charming lady; you can decide everything for everybody, can't you! what delicious letters you write, something unexpected in every one of them! There are poor dogs of men, Grizel, who open their letters from their loves knowing exactly what will be inside. Words of cheer, words of love, of confidence, of admiration, which help them as they sit into the night at their work, fighting for fame that they may lay it at their loved one's feet; discouragement, obloquy, scorn they get in plenty from others, but they are always sure of her, do you

hear, my original Grizel, those other dogs are always sure of her. Hurrah! Grizel, I was happy, I was actually honored, it was helping me to do better and better, when you quickly put an end to all that, hurrah, hurrah!"

I feel rather sorry for him. If he had not told her about his book it was because she did not and never could understand what compels a man to write one book, instead of another. "I had no say in the matter; the thing demanded of me that I should do it and I had to do it. Some must write from their own experience, they can make nothing of anything else; but it is to me like a chariot that won't budge; I have to assume a character, Grizel, and then away we go. I don't attempt to explain how I write, I hate to discuss it, all I know is that those who know how it should be done can never do it. London is overrun with such, and everyone of them is as cock-sure as you. You have taken everything else, Grizel, surely you might leave me my books."

Yes, everything else, or nearly so. He put upon the table all the feathers he had extracted since his return to London, and they did make some little show, if less than it seemed to him. That little adventure in the park; well, if it started wrongly, it but helped to show the change in him, for he had determinedly kept away from Mrs. Jerry's house. He had met her once since the book came out, and she had blushed exquisitely when referring to it and said, "How you have suffered, I blame myself dreadfully." Yes, and there was an unoccupied sofa near by, and he had not sat down on it with her and continued the conversation. Was not that a feather? And there were other ladies, and, without going into particulars, there were several feathers between them. How doggedly, to punish himself, he had stuck to the company of men, a sex that never interested him.

"But all that is nothing. I am beyond the pale. I did so monstrous a thing that I must die for it. What was this dreadful thing? When I saw you with that glove I knew you loved me, and that you thought I loved you, and I had not the heart to dash your joy. You don't know it, but that was the crime for which I must be exterminated, fiend that I am!"

Gusts of fury came at intervals all the morning. He wrote her appalling letters, and destroyed them. He shook his fist and snapped his fingers at her, and went out for drink (having none in the house), and called a hansom to take him to Mrs. Jerry's, and meditated grimly a worse debauch, and tore round the park again and glared at everybody. He rushed on and on. "But the one thing you shall never do, Grizel, is to interfere with my work, I swear it, do you hear? In all else I am yours to mangle at your will, but touch it, and I am a beast at bay."

And still saying such things, he drew near the publishing offices of Goldie & Goldie, and circled round them, less like a beast at bay than a bird that is taking a long way to its nest. And about four of the afternoon what does this odd beast or bird or fish do, but stalk into Goldie & Goldie's and order "Unrequited Love" to be withdrawn from circulation.

"Madam, I have carried out your wishes, and the man is hanged."

Not thus, but in words to that effect did Tommy announce his deed to Grizel. He was in mortal agony, and it is all the excuse that can be offered for the words that followed. "But if this must be," he wrote, with clenched teeth, "I want you to understand clearly that I look upon it as a full expiation. It ends everything between us. Apparently I can bring only trouble into your life, and, as the slate is now clean, I consider that we should correspond no more."

"If it must be," he said, leaving her a loophole. But she passed it by. "I think you have done the right thing," she wrote, "and I admire you for it. As you wish it, I promise not to write to you again."

I don't say she was right, all I say is that she thought she was helping him best by doing as she did. And Grizel never broke a promise. That was the last letter that passed between them.

Such is the true explanation (now first published) of an affair that at the time created no small stir. "Why withdraw the book?" Goldie & Goldie asked of Tommy, but he would give no reason. "Why?" the public asked of Goldie & Goldie, and they had to invent several. The public invented the others. The

silliest were those you could know only by belonging to a club.

I swear that Tommy had not foreseen the result. Quite unwittingly the favored of the gods had found a way again. The talk about his incomprehensible action was the turning-point in the fortunes of the book. There were already a few thousand copies in circulation, and now many thousand people wanted them. Sandys, Sandys, Sandys! where had the ladies heard that name before? Society woke up, Sandys was again its hero, the traveller had to retire to his native village.

The ladies! Yes, and their friends, the men. There was a Tommy society in Mayfair that winter, nearly all of the members eminent or beautiful, and they held each other's hands. Both sexes were eligible, married or single, and the one rule was something about sympathy. It afterward became the Souls, but those in the know still call them the Tommies.

They blackballed Mrs. Jerry (she was rather plump), but her married step-daughter, Lady Pippinworth (who had been a Miss Ridge-Fulton), was one of them. Indeed the Ridge-Fultons are among the thinnest families in the country.

T. Sandys was invited to join the society, but declined, and thus never quite knew what they did, nor can any outsider know, there being a regulation among the Tommies against telling. I believe, however that they were a brotherhood, with sisters. You had to pass an examination in unrequited love, showing how you had suffered, and after that either the men or the women (I forget which), dressed in white to the throat, and then each got some other's old love's hand to hold, and you all sat on the floor and thought hard. There may have been even more in it than this, for one got to know Tommies at sight by a sort of careworn halo round the brow, and it is said that the House of Commons was several times nearly counted out because so many of its middle-aged members were holding the floor in another place.

Of course there were also the Anti-Tommies, who called themselves (rather vulgarly) the Tummies. Many of them were that shape. They held that, though you had loved in vain, it was no such mighty matter to boast of, but they were

poor in argument, and their only really strong card was that Mr. Sandys was stoutish himself.

Their organs in the press said that he was a man of true genius, and slightly inclined to *embonpoint*.

This maddened him, but on the whole his return was a triumph. Perhaps the lady he saw most frequently was Mrs. Jerry's step-daughter. Lady Pippinworth was a friend of Lady Rintoul, and had several times visited her at the Spittal, but that was not the sole reason why Tommy so frequently drank tea with her. She was a beautiful woman, with a reputation for having broken many hearts without damaging her own. He thought it an interesting case.

CHAPTER XXVI

GRIZEL ALL ALONE



It was Tommy who was the favored of the gods, you remember, not Grizel.

Elsbeth wondered to see her, after the publication of that book, looking much as usual. "You know how he loved you now," she said, perhaps a little reproachfully.

"Yes," Grizel answered, "I know; I knew before the book came out."

"You must be sorry for him?"

Grizel nodded.

"But proud of him also," Elsbeth said. "You have a right to be proud."

"I am as proud," Grizel replied, "as I have a right to be."

Something in her voice touched Elsbeth, who was so happy that she wanted every one to be happy. "I want you to know, Grizel," she said, warmly, "that I don't blame you for not being able to love him, we can't help those things. Nor need you blame yourself too much, for I have often heard him say that artists must suffer, in order to produce beautiful things."

"But I cannot remember," Elsbeth had to admit, with a sigh, to David, "that she made any answer to that, except Thank you." Grizel was nearly as reticent to David himself; once only did she break

down for a moment in his presence ; it was when he was telling her that the issue of the book had been stopped.

"But I see you know already," he said, "perhaps you even know why, though he has not given any sufficient reason to Elspeth."

David had given his promise, she reminded him, not to ask her any questions about Tommy.

"But I don't see why I should keep it," he said, bluntly.

"Because you dislike him," she replied.

"Grizel," he declared, "I have tried hard to like him; I have thought and thought about it, and I can't see that he has given me any just cause to dislike him."

"And that," said Grizel, "makes you dislike him more than ever."

"I know that you cared for him once," David persisted. "And I know that he wanted to marry you——"

But she would not let him go on. "David," she said, "I want to give up my house, and I want you to take it. It is the real doctor's house of Thrums, and people in need of you still keep ringing me up of nights. The only door to your surgery is through my passage, it is I who should be in lodgings now."

"Do you really think I would, Grizel!" he cried, indignantly.

"Rather than see the dear house go into another's hands," she answered, steadily, "for I am determined to leave it. Dr. McQueen won't feel strange, when he looks down, David, if it is only you he sees moving about the old rooms, instead of me."

"You are doing this for me, Grizel, and I won't have it."

"I give you my word," she told him, "that I am doing it for myself alone. I am tired of keeping a house, and of all its worries. Men don't know what they are."

She was smiling, but his brows wrinkled in pain. "Oh, Grizel!" he said, and stopped. And then he cried, "Since when has Grizel ceased to care for house-keeping?"

She did not say since when, I don't know whether she knew, but it was since she got Tommy's letter saying they must correspond no more. David's words

showed her too suddenly how she had changed, and it was then that she broke down before him—because she had ceased to care for housekeeping.

But she had her way, and by Yule David and his wife were established in their new home, with all Grizel's furniture, except such as was needed for the two rooms rented by her from Gavinia. She would have liked to take away the old doctor's chair, because it was the bit of him left behind when he died, and then for that very reason she did not; she no longer wanted him to see her always. "I am not so nice as I used to be, and I want to keep it from you," she said to the chair when she kissed it good-by.

Was Grizel not as nice as she used to be? How can I answer, who love her only the more? There is one at least, Grizel, who will never desert you.

Ah, but was she?

I seem again to hear the warning voice of Grizel, and this time she is crying "You know I was not."

Very well, then (and may there be forgiveness for those who can hear it unmoved), she was not.

She knew it so well that she could say it to herself quite calmly. She knew that with whatever repugnance she drove those passions away they would come back: yes, and for a space be welcomed back. Why does she leave Gavinia's blue hearth this evening, and seek the solitary den? She has gone to summon them, and she knows it. They come thick in the den, for they know the place; it was there that her mother was wont to walk with them. Have they been waiting for you in the den, Grizel, all this time? Have you found your mother's legacy at last?

Don't think that she sought them often. It was never when she seemed to have anything to live for. Tommy would not write to her, nor let her write to him, but if that bowed her head it never made her rebel. She still had her many duties. Whatever she suffered, so long as she could say, "I am helping him," she was in heart and soul the Grizel of old. In his fits of remorse, which were many, he tried to write to please her. Thus in a heroic attempt to be practical he wrote a political article, in one of the reviews, quite in the ordinary style, but so much worse than

the average of such things that they would never have printed it without his name. He also contributed to a magazine a short tale, he who could never write tales, and he struck all the beautiful reflections out of it and never referred to himself once, and the result was so imbecile that kindly people said there must be another writer of the same name. "Show them to Grizel," Tommy wrote to Elspeth, enclosing also some of the animadversions of the press, and he meant Grizel to see that he could write only in his own way, but she read those two efforts with delight, and said to Elspeth, "Tell him I am so proud of them."

Elspeth thought it very nice of Grizel to defend the despised in this way (even Elspeth had fallen asleep over the political paper); she did not understand that Grizel loved them because they showed Tommy trying to do without his wings.

Then another trifle by him appeared, shorter even than the others, but no man in England could have written it except T. Sandys. It has not been reprinted, and I forget everything about it, except that it was dreamy. "Will not the friends of the man who can produce such a little masterpiece as this," the journals said, "save him from wasting his time on lumber for the reviews, and drivelling tales?" And Tommy suggested to Elspeth that she might show Grizel this exhortation also.

Grizel saw she was not helping him at all. If he would not fight, why should she? Oh, let her fall and fall, it would not take her farther from him! These were the thoughts that sent her into solitude to meet with worse ones. She could not face the morrow. "What shall I do to-morrow?" She never shrank from to-day, it had its duties, it could be got through, but to-morrow was a never-ending road. Oh, how could she get through to-morrow?

Her great friend at this time was Corp, because he still retained his faith in Tommy. She could always talk of Tommy to Corp.

How loyal Corp was! He still referred to Tommy as "Him." Gavinia, much distressed, read aloud to Corp a newspaper attack on the political article, and all he said was "He'll find a w'y."

"He's found it," he went upstairs to

announce to Grizel, when the praises of the "little masterpiece" arrived.

"Yes, I know, Corp," she answered, quietly. She was sitting by the window, where the plant was. Tommy had asked her to take care of it, without telling her why.

Something in her appearance troubled the hulking, blundering man. He could not have told what it was; I think it was simply this, that Grizel no longer sat erect in her chair.

"I'm nain easy in my mind about Grizel," he said that evening to Gavinia. "There's something queery about her, though I canna bottom't."

"Yea?" said Gavinia with mild contempt.

He continued pulling at his pipe, grunting as if in pleasant pain, which was the way Corp smoked.

"I could see she's no pleased though he has found a w'y," he said.

"What pleasure should she be able to sook out o' his keeping ding-ding-danging on about that woman," retorted Gavinia.

"What woman?"

"The London besom that gae him the go-by."

"Was there sic a woman!" Corp cried.

"Of course there was, and it's her that he's aye writing about."

"Havers, Gavinia. It's Grizel he's aye writing about, and it was Grizel that gae him the go-by. It's town talk."

But whatever the town might say, Gavinia stuck to her opinion. "Grizel's no near so neat in her dressing as she was," she informed Corp, "and her hair is no aye tidy, and that bonnet she was in yesterday didna set her."

"I've noticed it," cried Corp, "I've noticed it this while back, though I didna ken I had noticed it, Gavinia; I wonder what can be the reason?"

"It's because nobody cares," Gavinia replied, sadly. "Trust one woman to know another."

"We a' care," said Corp, stoutly.

"We're a' as nothing, Corp, when he doesna care. She's fond o' him, man."

"Of course she is in a w'y. Whaur's the woman that could help it?"

"There's many a woman that could help it," said Gavinia tartly, for the honor of her sex, "but she's no ane o' them."

To be candid, Gavinia was not one of them herself. "I'm thinking she's terrible fond o' him," she said, "and I'm nain sure that he has treated her weel."

"Woman, take care!" Corp thundered, and she desisted, in fear.

But he made her re-read the little essay to him in instalments, and at the end he said, victoriously, "You blethering crittur, there's no sic woman. It's just another o' his ploys!"

He marched upstairs to Grizel, with the news, and she listened kindly. "I am sure you are right," she said, "you understand him better than any of them, Corp," and it was true.

He thought he had settled the whole matter. He was burning to be downstairs to tell Gavinia that those things needed only a man. "And so you'll be yoursel' again, Grizel," he said, with great relief.

She had not seen that he was aiming at her until now, and it touched her. "Am I so different, Corp?"

Not at all, he assured her, delicately, but she was may-be no quite so neatly dressed as she used to be, and her hair wasna braided back so smooth, and he didna think that bonnet quite set her.

"Gavinia has been saying that to you!"

"I noticed it mysel', Grizel; I'm a terrible noticher."

"Perhaps you are right," she said, reflecting, after looking at herself for the first time for many days. "But to think of your caring, Corp!"

"I care most mighty," he replied, with terrific earnestness.

"I must try to satisfy you, then," she said, smiling. "But, Corp, please don't discuss me with Gavinia."

This request embarrassed him, for soon again he did not know how to act. There was Grizel's strange behavior with the child, for instance. "No, I won't come down to see him to-day, Corp," she had said; "somehow children weary me."

Such words from Grizel! His mouth would not shut and as he could say nothing. "Forgive me, Corp!" she cried, remorsefully, and ran downstairs, and with many a passionate caress asked forgiveness of the child.

For the moment Corp thought he must have been dreaming upstairs. "I wish

I saw you wi' bairns o' your ain, Grizel," he said, looking on entranced, but she gave him such a pitiful smile that he could not get it out of his head. Deprived of Gavinia's counsel, and afraid to hurt Elspeth, he sought out the Doctor and said bluntly to him, "How is it he never writes to Grizel? She misses him terrible."

So, David thought, Grizel's dejection is becoming common talk. "Damn him!" he said, in a gust of fury.

But this was too much for loyal Corp. "Damn you!" he roared.

But in his heart he knew that the Doctor was a just man, and henceforth when he was meaning to comfort Grizel, he was often seeking comfort for himself.

He did it all with elaborate cunning, to prevent her guessing that he was disturbed about her; asked permission to sit with her, for instance, because he was dull downstairs, mentioned as a ludicrous thing that there were people who believed Tommy could treat a woman badly, and waited anxiously for the reply. Oh, he was transparent was Corp, but you may be sure Grizel never let him know that she saw through him. Tommy could not be blamed, she pointed out, though he did not care for some woman who perhaps cared for him.

"Exac'ly," said Corp.

"And if he seemed," Grizel went on, with momentary bitterness, "to treat her badly, it could be only because she had made herself cheap."

"That's it," said Corp, cheerfully. Then he added, hurriedly, "No, that's no it ava. She's the last to mak' hersel' cheap." Then he saw that this might put Grizel on the scent. "Of course, there's no sic woman," he said, artfully, "but if there was, he would mak' it a' right. She mightna see how it was to be done, but kennin' what a crittur he is, she maun be sure he would find a way. She would never lose hope, Grizel."

And then, if Grizel did not appease him instantly, he would say, appealingly, "I canna think less o' him, Grizel; no, it would mak' me just terrible low. Grizel," he would cry, sternly; "dinna tell me to think less o' that laddie."

Then, when she had reassured him, he would recall the many instances in which Tommy as a boy had found a way. "Did

we ever ken he was finding it, Grizel, till he did find it? Many a time I says to mysel', says I, 'all is over,' and syne next minute that holy look comes ower his face and he stretches out his legs like as if he was riding on a horse, and all that kens him says, 'He has found a w'y.' If I was the woman (no that there is sic a woman) I would say to mysel', 'He was never beat,' I would say, 'when he was a laddie, and it's no likely he'll be beat when he's a man; and I wouldna sit looking at the fire wi' my hands fauded, nor would I forget to keep my hair neat, and I would wear the frock that set me best, and I would play in my auld bonny w'y wi' bairns, for, says I to mysel', 'I'm sure to hae bairns o' my nain some day, and——'"

But Grizel cried "Don't, Corp, don't!"

"I winna," he answered, miserably, "no, I winna. Forgive me, Grizel, I think I'll be stepping," and then when he got as far as the door he would say "I canna do 't, Grizel, I'm just terrible wae for the woman (if sic a woman there be), but I canna think ill o' him, you mauna spier it o' me."

He was much brightened by a reflection that came to him one day in church. "Here have I been near blaming him for no finding a w'y, and very like he doesna ken we want him to find a w'y!"

How to inform Tommy, without letting Grizel know? She had tried long ago to teach him to write, but he found it harder on the wrists than the heaviest luggage. It was not safe for him even to think of the extra twirl that turned an *n* into an *m*, without first removing any knick-knacks that might be about. Nevertheless, he now proposed a third set-to, and Grizel acquiesced, though she thought it but another of his inventions to keep her from brooding.

The number of words in the English tongue excited him, and he often lost all by not confining the chase to one, like a dog after rabbits. Fortunately he knew which words he wanted to bag.

"Change at Tilliedrum," "Tickets, show your tickets," and the like, he much enjoyed meeting in the flesh, so to speak.

"Let's see 'Find a w'y,' Grizel," he would say. "Ay, ay, and is that the crittur!" and soon the sly fellow could write it, or at least draw it.

He affected an ambition to write a letter to his son on that gentleman's first birthday, and so "Let's see what 'I send you these few scrapes' is like, Grizel." She assured him that this is not essential in correspondence, but all the letters he had ever heard read aloud began thus, and he got his way.

Anon, Master Shiach was surprised and gratified to receive the following epistle: "My dear sir, I send you these few scrapes to tell you as you have found a way to be a year of age the morn. All tickets ready in which Gavinia joins so no more at present I am, sir, your obed' father Corp Shiach."

The fame of this letter went abroad, but not a soul knew of the next. It said: "My dear Sir, I send you these few scrapes to tell you as Grizel needs cheering up. Kindly oblige by finding a way so no more at present. I am sir your obed' Serv' Corp Shiach."

To his bewilderment this produced no effect, and he wrote again, more sternly requesting Tommy to find a way immediately. He was waiting restlessly for the answer, at a time when Elspeth called on Grizel to tell her of something beautiful that Tommy had done. He had been very ill for nearly a fortnight, it appeared, but had kept it from her, to save her anxiety. "Just think, Grizel, all the time he was in bed with bronchitis he was writing me cheerful letters every other day, pretending there was nothing the matter with him. He is better now. I have heard about it from a Mrs. Jerry, a lady whom I knew in London, and who has nursed him in the kindest way. He would never have mentioned it himself. How like him, Grizel! You remember, I made him promise before he went back to London, that if he was ill he would let me know at once, so that I could go to him, but he is so considerate, he would not give me pain. He wrote those letters, Grizel, when he was gasping for breath."

"But she seemed quite unmoved," Elspeth said sadly to her husband afterward.

Unmoved! Yes, Grizel remained apparently unmoved until Elspeth had gone, but then—the torture she endured! "Oh, cruel, cruel!" she cried, and she could neither stand nor sit, she flung herself down before the fire and rocked this way

and that, in a paroxysm of woe. "Oh, cruel, cruel!"

It was Tommy who was cruel. To be ill, near to dying, apparently, and not to send her word! She could never, never, have let him go had he not made that promise to Elspeth; and he kept it thus. Oh, wicked, wicked!

"You would have gone to him at once, Elspeth! You! Who are you that talks of going to him as your right? He is not yours, I tell you, he is mine! He is mine alone, it is I who would go to him. Who is this woman that dares take my place by his side when he is ill!"

She rose to go to him, to drive away all others, I am sure that was what gave her strength to rise, but she sank to the floor again, and her passion lasted for hours. And through the night she was crying to God that she would be brave no more. In her despair she hoped he heard her.

Her mood had not changed when David came to see her next morning, to admit, too, that Tommy seemed to have done an unselfish thing in concealing his illness from them. Grizel nodded, but he thought she was looking strangely reckless. He had a message from Elspeth. Tommy had asked her to let him know whether the plant was flourishing.

"So you and he don't correspond now?" David said, with his old, puzzled look.

"No," was all her answer to that. The plant, she thought, was dead; she had not, indeed, paid much attention to it of late, but she showed it to David, and he said it would revive if more carefully tended. He also told her its rather pathetic history, which was new to Grizel, and of the talk at the wedding which had led to Tommy's taking pity on it. "Fellow-feeling, I suppose," he said, lightly; "you see they both blossomed prematurely."

The words were forgotten by him as soon as spoken, but Grizel sat on with them, for they were like a friend—or was it an enemy?—who had come in to tell her strange things. Yes, the Doctor was right. Now she knew why Tommy had loved this plant. Of the way in which he would sit looking wistfully at it, almost nursing it, she had been told by Aaron; he had himself begged her to tend it lovingly. Fellow-feeling! The Doctor was shrewder than he thought.

Well, what did it matter to her? All that day she would do nothing for the plant, but in the middle of the night she rose and ran to it and hugged it, and for a time she was afraid to look at it by lamp-light, lest Tommy was dead. Whether she had never been asleep that night, or had wakened from a dream, she never knew, but she ran to the plant, thinking it and Tommy were as one, and that they must die together. No such thought had ever crossed his mind, but it seemed to her that she had been told it by him, and she lit her fire to give the plant warmth, and often desisted to press it to her bosom, the heat seemed to come so reluctantly from the fire. This idea that his fate was bound up with that of the plant took strange possession of the once practical Grizel, it was as if some of Tommy's nature had passed into her to help her break the terrible monotony of the days.

And from that time there was no ailing child more passionately tended than the plant, and as spring advanced it began once more to put forth new leaves.

And Grizel also seemed glorified again. She was her old self. Dark shapes still lingered for her in the den, but she avoided them, and if they tried to enter into her, she struggled with them and cast them out. As she saw herself able to fight and win, once more, her pride returned to her, and one day she could ask David, joyously, to give her a present of the old doctor's chair. And she could kneel by its side and say to it, "You can watch me always; I am just as I used to be."

Seeing her once more the incarnation of vigor and content, singing gayly to his child, and as eager to be at her duties betimes as a morning in May, Corp grunted with delight, and was a hero for not telling her that it was he who had passed Tommy the word. For of course Tommy had done it all.

"Somebody has found a w'y, Grizel!" he would say, chuckling, and she smiled an agreement.

"And yet," says he, puzzled, "I've watched, and you hinna hae'n a letter frae him. It defies the face o' clay to find out how he has managed it. Oh, the crittur! Ay, I suppose you dinna want to tell me what it is that has lichted you up again?"

She could not tell him, for it was a compact she had made with one who did not sign it. "I shall cease to be bitter, and despairing and wicked, and try every moment of my life to be good and do good, so long as my plant flourishes, but

if it withers, then I shall go to him; I don't care what happens, I shall go to him."

It was the middle of June when she first noticed that the plant was beginning to droop.

(To be continued.)

WHOM THE GODS LOVE

By Julia C. R. Dorr

I

"WHOM the gods love die young"—Nay, rather say
 With bated breath—"Whom the gods love die old."
 Shall the morn pale ere it hath coined its gold?
 The sun go down while yet it is full day?
 The statue sleep unmoulded in the clay?
 The parchment crumble ere it is unrolled?
 The story end with half the tale untold?
 The song drop mute and breathless by the way?
 Oh, weep for Adonais when he dies
 With all youth's lofty promise unfulfilled,
 Its splendor lost in sudden, dear eclipse!
 With love unliv'd, and dreams half dreamed he lies—
 All the red wine from life's gold chalice spilled
 Ere its bright brim hath touched his eager lips!

II

Whom the gods love die old! O, life, dear life,
 Let the old sing thy praises, for they know
 How year by year the summers come and go,
 Each with its own abounding sweetness ripe!
 They know though frosts be cruel as the knife
 Yet with each June the perfect rose shall blow
 And daisies blossom and the green grass grow
 Triumphant still, unvexed by storm or strife.
 They know that night more splendid is than day;
 That sunset skies flame in the gathering dark,
 And the deep waters change to molten gold;
 They know that autumn richer is than May,
 They hear the night-birds singing like the lark—
 Ah, life, sweet life, whom the gods love die old!

A MATTER OF OPINION*

By George Hibbard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY HUTT



Characters

MR. LAWRENCE VAN CITTARS

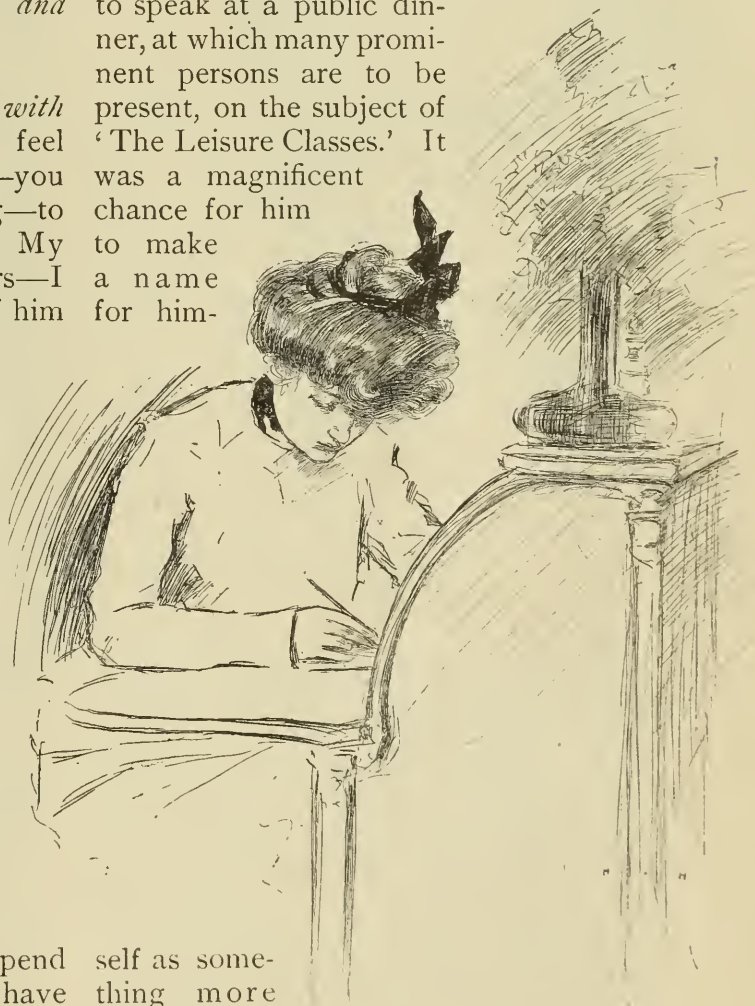
MISS AMY RIVINGTON

BUDGET

SCENE.—*The "morning-room" in the Rivington country-house, with an entrance to a conservatory at centre and with doors at right and left.*

AMY (*seated at desk and writing with great deliberation*). "My dear, I feel that I should write to you at once—you who saw the thoughtless beginning—to tell you the disastrous conclusion. My engagement with Mr. Van Cittars—I must accustom myself not to think of him as Lawrence—is definitely broken. I fear that it was a mistake from the beginning, and though you did all that you could to encourage it, I hope that you will not accuse yourself now that the terrible catastrophe has come." (*Looking up and speaking.*) That I think will impress her, and, as it was all my own fault, the only consolation I can have is to make her think that she was wholly to blame. (*Again writing.*) "But it was not until three days ago that the fatal truth was made perfectly clear to me. You know my high ideals, and though the old words may sound absurdly in modern ears, I believe that two people who expect to spend their lives together should really have 'two souls with but a single thought.' Imagine, then, my horror when I discovered that a difference of opinion existed between Mr. Van Cittars and myself that must make marriage for us impossible.

Briefly—he was, several days ago, asked, as a representative young man of wealth, to speak at a public dinner, at which many prominent persons are to be present, on the subject of 'The Leisure Classes.' It was a magnificent chance for him to make a name for him-



self as something more than a mere idler, and incidentally a great opportunity to say things that urgently need to be said. I cannot describe to you my dismay when I learned that he had refused the invitation." (*Glancing up for a moment.*) How could he do it! (*Again writing.*) "Refused it, in order to ride in a 'moonlight steeple-chase.' As if it

"I must accustom myself not to think of him as Lawrence."

* It has been the intention of the writer to make a play for amateurs, the "parts" in which it will not be necessary to learn, as each character has, in all situations, something in the hand on which the words may be written and from which they may easily be read, a reason for looking at the object held being supplied on all occasions; still, occasional words and short sentences, which, after being read can be easily remembered, should be spoken with the eyes fixed on the person addressed.

A Matter of Opinion



What is that, Budget?

were not his duty, as I pointed out, to give up idle pleasure on such an occasion; but he only replied that their 'old dinner' was nothing but a humbug anyway, and that nothing that could be said would be of the least consequence anyhow. In short, he was altogether careless and flip-pant, and I am afraid that I slightly lost my temper. I told him pretty sharply that I could only feel a contempt for one who had no ambition to do anything or to be anything in the world, and that I considered Mr. Gladstone to have been the perfect type of what a man should be. Lawrence only laughed and replied that the day before I had told him that I considered the winner of the Olympic Game, in the best time of Greece, probably the finest specimen of the human race that ever existed. Of course, that made me lose my temper still more, and as by that time Lawrence was a little

ruffled he told me that I was 'inconsistent.' I! I! 'Inconsistent!' The result was that we both became really angry and he went off in a huff—and our engagement is broken and I am just a little wretched—so wretched, in fact, that I'd give anything if I did not have to appear to-night in that stupid play at Mrs. Chantrey Wareham's. However, I have some consolation in thinking that Lawrence was not given the part of my lover, as was at first proposed, but is only the 'under-study' of Mr. Luttrell, who, I am thankful to say, is a person of robust health, unmarried, and without any business to call him away. For, conceive having to play impassioned love-scenes with the man to whom you've just been engaged, and with whom you've just quarrelled! But with Mr. Luttrell I can feel perfectly secure——

BUDGET (*entering with note*). Please, Miss Amy, but here's a note as has just been left by one of Mrs. Wareham's grooms with a horse in a lather and marked "Immediate."

AMY (*looking up*). What is that, Budget?

BUDGET (*as AMY takes note*). Not the 'orse, Miss Amy, but the note.

AMY. What can it be? (*Opening note as BUDGET goes out at right.*) "Immediate." (*Reading.*) "My dearest Amy. The most unexpected and unfortunate thing in the world has just happened. Mr. Luttrell——" (*Terrified.*) "Oh!" (*Reading.*) "Mr. Luttrell has just been hit with a golf-ball—on—on——" (*Speaking.*) Some scientific word, I suppose. Oh—no— (*Reading.*) "Mr. Luttrell has just been hit with a golf-ball on the links—and is so lame that he cannot appear to-night. But you will not mind, as Lawrence Van Cittars is all ready to take his place. It is most important that you should rehearse immediately." (*Looking up.*) Oh! (*Reading.*) "After many objections, which I cannot understand, I have induced Mr. Van Cittars to consent to begin at once, and he should arrive almost as soon as this note." (*Looking up.*) Oh! (*Reading.*) "I depend upon you—for the performance must be a success—or you will see in your distracted friend a broken-hearted woman." (*Looking up.*) Oh! Oh! (*Speaking, but still gazing at note.*)

A Matter of Opinion

There are the words—and yet—oh! I can't rehearse with Lawrence after what has happened, for some of the scenes would be too awful and ridiculous—for example that one in which Angelina—for that's my silly name in this play—confesses that she has been wholly in the wrong. (*Starting up.*) Oh! never. Never! (*Glancing at note.*) "Arrive almost as soon as this note." I must find Budget—and tell him that I am not at home. (*Going out at right.*) I never could do it—never.

LAWRENCE (*entering at centre, and carrying in his hand a yellow paper-covered book of the play, which is open and which he is studying*). "Beloved Angelina, how can I blame you!" (*Speaking.*) That's a nice thing to say to the girl who has just, without any reason, broken her engagement with you. (*Studying book.*) "Beloved Angelina." (*Speaking.*) Hang it, I wish that I'd learned a little of this part, as I told Mrs. Wareham I had. For there's no escape, and—hang it—I don't want to escape. Indeed, I believe that I was a bit hasty yesterday, for if Amy wants me to speak at a public dinner, why—it's only a little thing, and I hope that she'll be satisfied when I tell her that I've accepted, and agree with all she said. (*Studying part.*) "Beloved Angelina." (*Speaking.*) No, I don't say that again. (*Studying part.*) "Believe me that nothing you can say can make me think any act of yours anything but admirable." (*Speaking.*) This scene's going to be most awkward.

AMY (*entering from right, with note, at which she is looking, still in her hand*). What is the ridiculous name of Mrs. Wareham's place, for I must write to her at once.

LAWRENCE (*who, turning and looking up sees AMY*). "Anything but admirable." Amy! Miss Rivington, I mean.

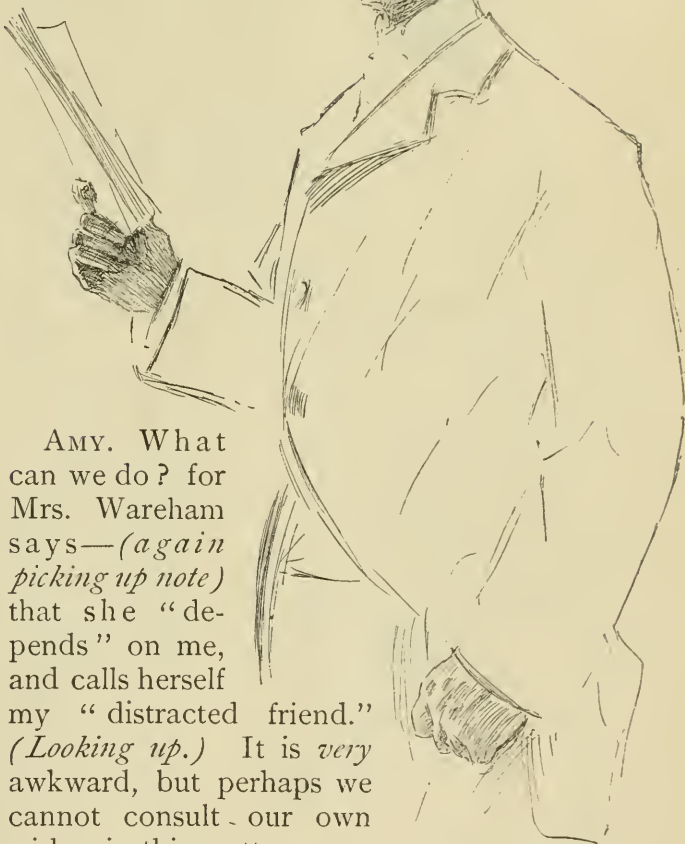
AMY (*looking up from note*). Mr. Van Cittars!

LAWRENCE. Yes. (*Fanning himself with open book.*) It's very warm. Ah! (*Looking down in embarrassment at book.*) But you must understand, "Beloved Angelina." No—no—that's in the part. You got Mrs. Wareham's note?

AMY (*picking up fan, at which she looks embarrassedly as she also slowly fans her-*

self). It is as you say, *very* warm, Mr. Van Cittars.

LAWRENCE. So I came at once.



AMY. What can we do? for Mrs. Wareham says—(*again picking up note*) that she "depends" on me, and calls herself my "distracted friend." (*Looking up.*) It is *very* awkward, but perhaps we cannot consult our own wishes in this matter.

LAWRENCE (*quickly, and still fanning himself*). Of course not, well—I don't mean exactly that.

AMY (*looking again at note*). Mrs. Wareham is a *dear*, and to save her from being "a broken-hearted woman," perhaps we *should* sacrifice ourselves.

LAWRENCE (*eagerly*). Precisely my wish—though to be sure you must not misunderstand me about any sacrifice.

AMY (*putting down note and taking from table book of play, like the one held by LAWRENCE*). And as it is *necessary*—why—we can go through our parts as if we were total strangers.

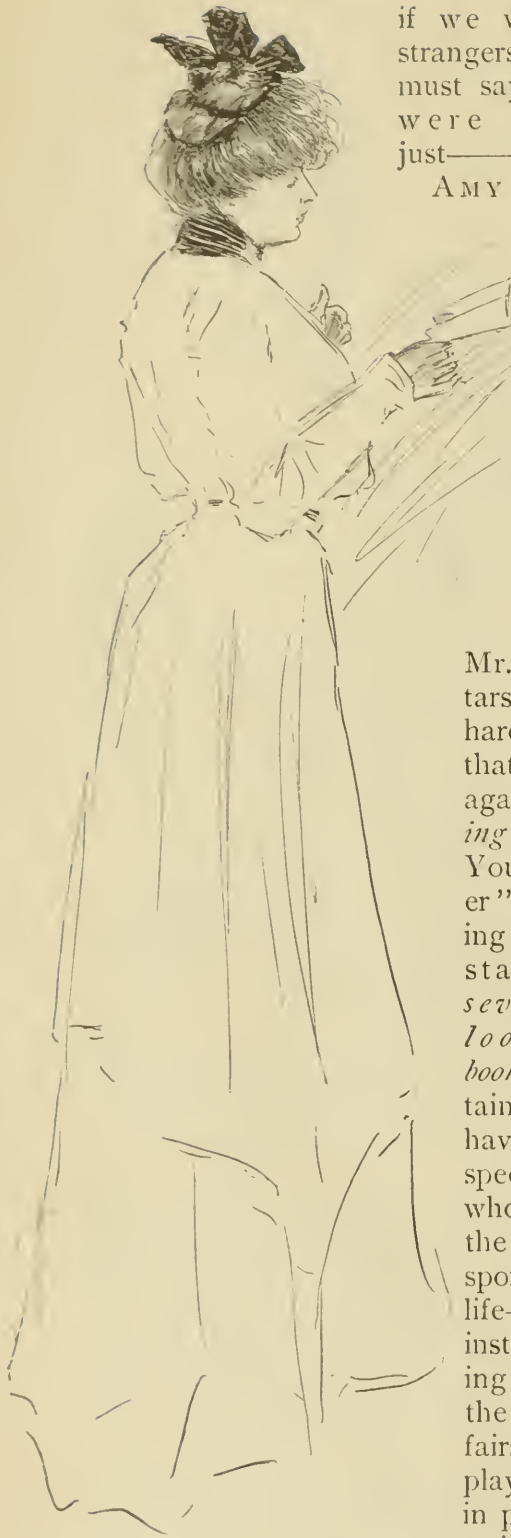
LAWRENCE (*opening book*). Exactly—no! no! that's not precisely the idea I intend to convey.

AMY. Here, I think, is the place. If we first "read" our "parts," just to determine where we are to stand.

LAWRENCE. I've got my place, and really I don't see why we *need* behave as

Hang it—I don't want to escape.

A Matter of Opinion



What is the ridiculous name of
Mrs. Warcham's place

if we were *total* strangers, though I must say that you were most unjust——

AMY (*severely*).

Mr. Van Citters, we need hardly discuss that subject again. (*Looking at book.*) You "discover" me standing at centre of stage. (*Still severely, but looking at book.*) I certainly cannot have any respect for a man who laughs at the serious responsibilities of life—one who, instead of playing a part in the world's affairs, is merely playing a part in private theatricals.

LAWRENCE (*quickly, looking up from book*).

By Jove, you are unjust.

AMY. Who—who fiddles while Rome is burning. (*Looking at book.*) Your "cue" is—"How can I live without you."

LAWRENCE (*looking at book*). Yes, yes—but in the first place I didn't know

that Rome *was* burning, and as for playing on the fiddle——

AMY (*quickly, looking up*). And isn't riding in a mere "moonlight steeplechase," the same thing when there are all the burning questions of the day. (*Looking in book.*) Now, I've lost my place. (*Indignantly.*) At all times there have been people like you, who, by their indifference, have done so much to retard all—*advance*.

LAWRENCE. Now really—(*Looking at book.*) Yes, that's the "cue." I'll begin in a minute. Still, really, you are mistaken, though yesterday I may have thought——

AMY (*looking up from book*). Oh, you have changed your opinion.

LAWRENCE. Yes, yes—and I've sent an acceptance to that dinner, and I shall make a speech——

AMY. Oh!

BUDGET (*entering from right, with letters and newspaper done up in wrapper*). The man with the mail, Miss Amy, that's late and do smell most 'orribly of drink.

AMY. What?

BUDGET (*still looking at newspaper*). Meanin', of course, Miss Amy, the man and not the mail.

AMY (*taking letters and papers and looking at them*). Advertisements and a newspaper. Still there may be something in it. (*Tearing open wrapper as BUDGET goes out.*) One of those horrid "society papers." (*Looking through paper.*) A place marked.

LAWRENCE (*nervously playing with book of the play*). It's true. You see, in thinking the matter over I came to the conclusion that I had not looked at it at all in the right light. (*Putting down play on table and taking paper from his pocket.*) I've made a few notes here of what it might be well for me to say, and you'll see how thoroughly I agree with your opinion. (*Reading.*) "Should not a man put before everything else his duty to help, in so far as he is able, the great work of making the world happier—wiser—better." (*Aside.*) That ought to satisfy her, for they're her own words.

AMY (*looking at newspaper and coming forward*). What is this? (*Reading.*) "Of course we must guard against undue scepticism, but there are some statements

A Matter of Opinion

that are so preposterously absurd that no sane person can for an instant credit them. Therefore when the world is asked to believe that a young man of wealth, who has not hitherto displayed the least interest in anything of a serious nature, has refused to ride in a steeple-chase in order that he may speak at a public dinner—why—it is only natural that the world should ascribe his conduct to other motives than those actually given—and that many should indeed assert that he is *afraid*.” (*Aside and looking up.*) LAWRENCE—afraid! (*Reading.*) “The fact that the horse the person in question had backed himself to ride is a ‘rank’ brute only increases the suspicion that *cowardice* is really the actual cause of this very sudden determination.” (*Looking up.*) Oh!

LAWRENCE (*reading from papers*). Yes. “And if anything I can say or do shall advance in any degree this noble work, should it not be my pleasure to disregard everything else for it?”

AMY (*still looking at paper*). And give up the race.

LAWRENCE. Mere idle sport.

AMY (*excitedly*). But you don’t know what—they are saying. (*Looking at paper.*) Here—in this newspaper—there is an article that some malicious person has sent to me—marked, accusing you of being afraid.

LAWRENCE. What of it? (*Looking at papers in his hand.*) Of what account is that in comparison with the consciousness of duty done?

AMY. Who could have sent it? (*Picking up wrapper from floor and looking at it.*) I don’t know the handwriting (*aside*). Oh, but I can’t have them saying that the man to whom I—*was* engaged is a coward.

LAWRENCE. What of it? (*Taking pencil from pocket.*) I’ll just make a note of this. (*Writing.*) “What is courage? The mere mastery of physical fear—no—for shall we not consider much higher that *moral courage*—”

AMY (*contemptuously and still looking at wrapper*). Oh, “moral courage.”

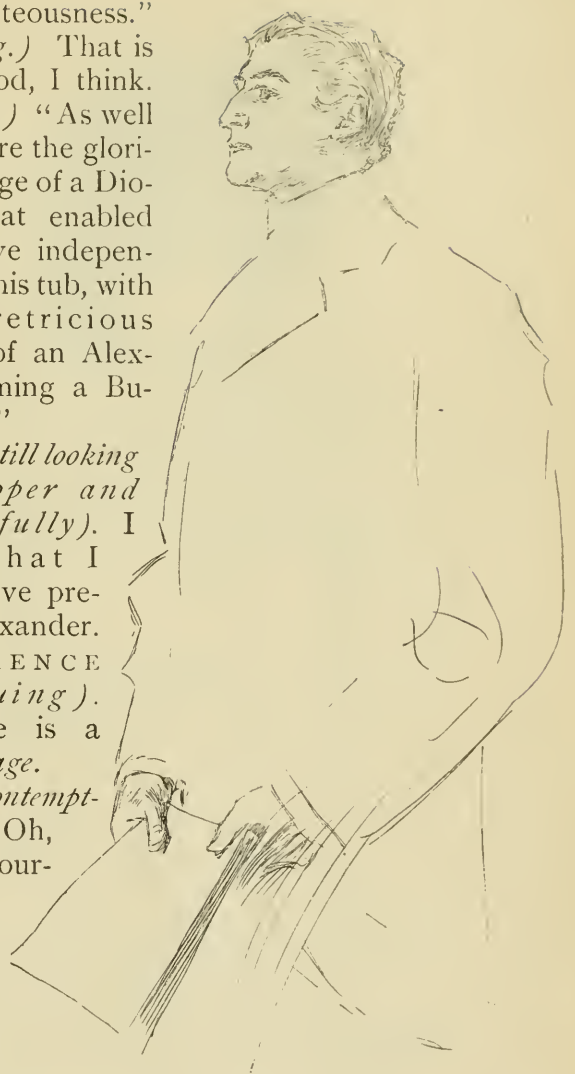
LAWRENCE (*continuing*). “That moral courage that leads a man to despise public opinion if only he know that the course he is pursuing is one of wisdom, justice,

and righteousness.” (*Speaking.*) That is rather good, I think. (*Writing.*) “As well to compare the glorious courage of a Diogenes, that enabled him to live independently in his tub, with the meretricious courage of an Alexander taming a Bucephalus.”

AMY (*still looking at wrapper and thoughtfully*). I think that I should have preferred Alexander.

LAWRENCE (*continuing*). For there is a *civic courage*.

AMY (*contemptuously*). Oh, “civic courage!”



By Jove! you *are* unjust.

LAWRENCE (*looking up from paper*). What, you think that I should ride in the race?

AMY (*taking up book of play and finding place*). Of course, I have no right to say anything about any act of yours—and really we must begin the rehearsal.

LAWRENCE (*urgently*). Still, if you *did* say anything.

AMY. A man cannot give the world a chance to doubt his courage.

LAWRENCE. But the dinner.

AMY (*impatiently, looking up from book*). What is that in comparison? I have my place.

LAWRENCE (*aside, and picking up telegraph-blank*). I’m evidently on the wrong track. (*To AMY.*) I’ll telegraph, if you’ll allow me, and refuse at once—for I only accepted to please you—though I knew what they would say.

BUDGET (*entering with note*). Please,

A Matter of Opinion



The man with the mail, Miss Amy.

Miss Amy, here's a letter that's been sent on for Mr. Van Cittars by a messenger that he's requested to open at once.

LAWRENCE (*turning*). I say——

BUDGET (*giving note to LAWRENCE*). Meanin' the letter, sir, hof course, an' *not* the messenger.

LAWRENCE (*opening note as BUDGET goes out*). What is it? (*Reading*.) "No moon on Thursday night, so race must be postponed."

AMY (*joyfully*). Then you can do both.

LAWRENCE (*with note still in hand*). Yes.

AMY. I *am* so glad—for I didn't want them to say horrid things.

LAWRENCE (*impulsively*). Amy!

AMY (*coldly*). Of course any interest I can have must be purely impersonal. (*Looking at book*.) Now, as you say, we had best go on with the play.

LAWRENCE (*looking up from note*). Not until I know that we have at last made up.

AMY. But how can we? (*Looking at book*.) If we have had such a difference of opinion about one thing we may about other things, and you know how impor-

tant I think it is that two people who are going to spend their lives together always—should agree utterly—should indeed have "two souls with but a single thought." (*Still looking in book*.) Here I've found what it says, even in this silly little play. "Love is like an English Cabinet, it cannot exist without the 'confidence of the House.'"

LAWRENCE (*looking in book*). I don't remember it—but we'd do well enough.

AMY (*looking up from book*). I must be *sure*. This has been such a shock, and I cannot feel as I did. I cannot believe that it is *safe* when I hold such decided opinions about so many things.

LAWRENCE. I'll hold them too.

AMY. Oh, then I should despise you when I found that you were contradictory and vacillating and could have nothing but contempt for you—if you did not have *convictions*.

LAWRENCE (*taking up paper from which he was reading and aside*). I've evidently got to have *convictions*. (*To AMY*.) But I have. Here, in this paper, are the notes of what I was going to say. (*Looking at paper*.) When you hear, you can't doubt that we'll agree. (*Aside*.) I should think not when it's all exactly what she's said herself. (*To AMY*.) Now here, for example, a matter as to which I know that you feel strongly, and as to which I agree with you utterly. (*Reading*.) "Every generation has its question—its sphinx's question, for which it must find an answer or perish."

AMY (*looking down at book in her hand*). I am all ready to begin.

LAWRENCE. Wait a minute. (*Reading*.) "And the problem of our day—the problem that every day calls more strongly for an answer—is the problem of property and poverty—the problem of the final relations of those who *have* with those who have *not*."

AMY (*becoming interested*). Yes—yes.

LAWRENCE (*aside*). I've evidently hit it. (*Reading*.) "The solution of this momentous difficulty is our first duty—the urgent necessity of which is shown by the existing strike on one of our largest railways, brought on by the selfish policy of a great corporation——"

AMY (*looking up from play*). Poor men!

A Matter of Opinion

LAWRENCE (*aside*). There can't be any doubt that I'm pleasing her. (*Reading.*) "Is it justifiable, in order that the dividends of the few should be increased, that the many should go without bread?" (*Looking up.*) Perhaps that's a little too strong.

AMY. Oh, no! no!

LAWRENCE. All right! (*Reading.*) "And this oppression of the many by the few, in whatever form, is *always* tyranny."

BUDGET (*entering from right with telegram*). A telegram—Miss Amy, and there's a boy asking if there's an answer with a great deal of impertinence.

AMY. How strange!

BUDGET (*giving telegram to AMY*). Meanin' the lad, and not the telegram, hof course, Miss Amy.

AMY (*opening telegram as BUDGET goes out at right*). What can it be?

LAWRENCE (*reading*). "With the more conservative element lies the safety of society."

AMY. Oh! (*Reading.*) "Dress sent as ordered, but cannot reach you to-day, owing to strike. Flounce, Furbelow & Company." Oh!

LAWRENCE (*reading*). "For an America in which there is any interference with the individual is a failure, and all the efforts of our forefathers have necessarily gone for nothing."

AMY (*looking up from telegram*). How true that is.

LAWRENCE (*aside*). It's all right. (*Reading.*) "And anything tending to interfere with the happiness of anyone, in the interest of any one class, is wholly unjustifiable."

AMY. Indeed it is so.

LAWRENCE (*aside*). All right! (*Reading.*) "Therefore, in the interest of the individual, let this 'strike' proceed."

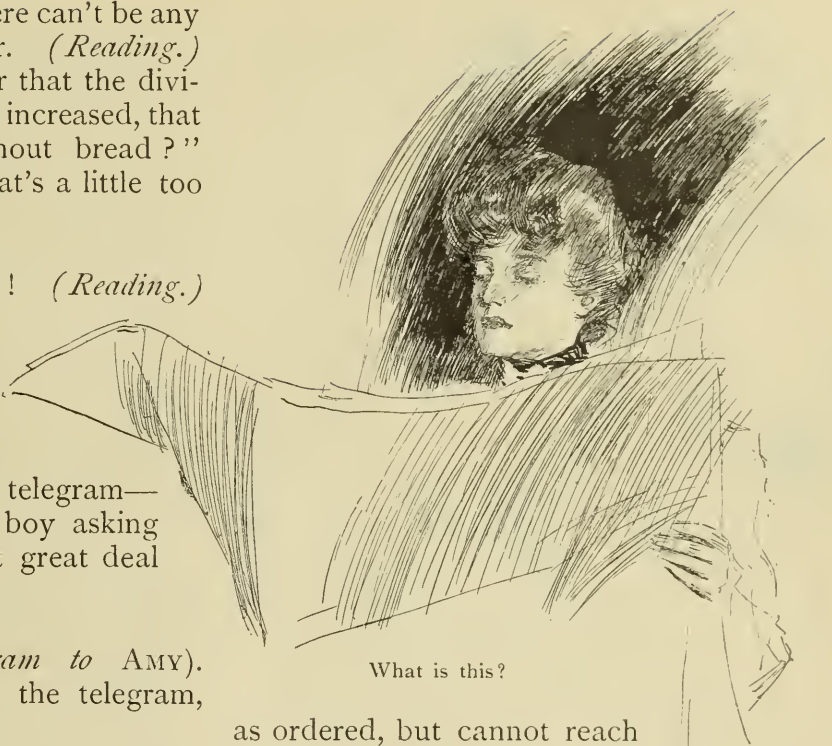
AMY (*with telegram still in her hand*). Oh—this strike!

LAWRENCE (*looking up*). Certainly. (*Reading.*) "And all efforts be used to obtain 'equality of opportunity' for all."

AMY (*bitterly*). Yes—for all.

LAWRENCE (*looking up*). I said for all.

AMY (*looking at telegram*). But what do you say to this? (*Reading.*) "Dress sent



What is this?

as ordered, but cannot reach you to-day owing to strike."

(*Tapping papers with her finger.*)

What do you think of that? What am I to do in the play to-night without my costume? Am I not an individual? Is that "equality of opportunity" for all?

LAWRENCE (*astonished*). Oh!

AMY. And is it right that there should be interference with us any more than with them?

LAWRENCE. I say—

AMY. No. Have not the "classes" their rights as well as the "masses," and such resort (*indignantly*) to mere force should not be encouraged.

LAWRENCE (*looking embarrassedly at paper and aside*). By jove, and this is all wrong after all.

AMY (*pointing to telegram*). You hear what Flounce & Furbelow say, and isn't it intolerable that the respectable members of a community should be obliged to suffer from mere mob rule? Isn't that *tyranny*, and the worst form of *tyranny*—the tyranny of ignorance?

LAWRENCE. I say—

AMY. What can I do if I don't have my dress—and (*looking at telegram again*) this says positively I cannot. (*Taking up book of play.*) I have no patience with such proceedings, and I cannot understand the sympathy that you have just expressed for riot and anarchy.

A Matter of Opinion



I have my place.

LAWRENCE. Yes—but——

AMY (*with book before her*). I am ready. Oh! nothing could be clearer than what you said—and of course if you hold such strong opinions on a matter of such pressing importance——

LAWRENCE (*again with paper in hand*). But I don't. I mean you don't understand. Just listen! (*Aside.*) I'll have to make up something. (*To AMY.*) I hadn't finished. (*Pretending to read from paper.*) "But if I have appeared to express any sympathy with revolt against constituted authority it has been merely that I might state the case more clearly, and for the purpose that we might understand conditions more fully. For it is always necessary to diagnose the disease before proceeding to the remedy, which in this case is not far to find."

AMY. Oh!

LAWRENCE. "What is needed is not a fundamental change—but an added element in our political life."

AMY. Ah!

LAWRENCE. "And how can this be more readily obtained than by one great advance?" (*Aside.*) Her favorite theory!

AMY (*becoming interested*). Yes.

LAWRENCE (*declaiming*). "Think of the result of the enfranchisement of a body of voters that shall be above and beyond the usual influences that move the ordinary man."

AMY (*eagerly*). Oh, yes—yes.

LAWRENCE (*declaiming*). "I refer to the Women of the Country——"

AMY (*looking up from play that she has been studying*). Oh, will you say that?

LAWRENCE (*aside*). All right now. (*Declaiming.*) "For is it not unreasonable that those we trust in the most serious relations of life should be deprived of that vote which we give to the most worthless?"

AMY (*picking up telegram*). Does it say to-day? Ah! indeed all that is so true—and then everything would be properly managed, and there would be none of these evil disturbances, and my dress could have come. This does say to-day, and is dated the twenty-third. Is to-day the twenty-third? (*Picking up newspaper from table.*) To-day's newspaper. Yes, it is Wednesday, the twenty-third. (*Starting, as she looks at newspaper.*) Oh!

LAWRENCE. What is it?

AMY. Oh! I can't believe it, and yet—there it is. (*Reading to herself.*) "Yesterday, at a meeting of the Ladies' Committee of the Emergency Hospital, Mrs. Ida B. Manly was elected to the chairmanship, or should we say the chair-womanship?" (*Speaking, but still looking at newspaper.*) Oh! that horrid woman, with two divorced husbands. I shall certainly resign as secretary. (*Reading.*) "The election did not take place without some disturbance. When the final result was announced accusations were freely made that seemed to prove that the fair dames were not altogether ignorant of the worst methods of our most corrupt primaries." Oh! it's disgraceful—that woman.

LAWRENCE (*declaiming*). "Think of the change that will be wrought in public life when gentle woman enters it."

AMY (*reading*). "If it did not quite come to 'pulling caps' there were mo-

A Matter of Opinion

ments when it would appear that even this might be expected." (*Speaking.*) Of course, all the horrid ones went and the nice ones stayed away, and this is the result. I shall certainly resign rather than have anything to do with that awful creature who has just forced herself on us. (*Reading.*) "For it seems clear that the meeting was 'packed' in the interest of the successful candidate."

LAWRENCE (*reading*). "Who can doubt what will happen?"

AMY (*looking up from newspaper*). Yes, who, indeed, if this is an example!

LAWRENCE (*reading*). And think of the effect upon woman herself.

AMY (*seating herself at desk and preparing to write*). I'll not lose a moment in writing to resign. (*Bitterly.*) The effect on Woman! If we have all got to become Mrs. Ida B. Manly's, thank you.

LAWRENCE. What!

AMY (*writing*). Oh! it would always be like that, and women untrained and ignorant would be the dupes of anyone.

LAWRENCE (*aside*). Wrong again! But "ignorant and untrained!" Another idea. (*To AMY.*) Again you're too hasty. I was just about to deal with the difficulty that you suggest. (*Pretending to read.*) "Still, as I must remind you, in order to reach this 'consummation so devoutly to be wished' there must be preparation."

AMY. Ah!

LAWRENCE. "Manhood suffrage was not granted until man was in a measure ready to receive it—and it must be the same way with woman. The 'higher education'——"

AMY. Ah!

LAWRENCE (*aside*). I *can't* be making a mistake on this. It's her *one* "hobby." (*Declaiming.*) "The 'higher education' is what is needed to enable Woman to take the place that really belongs to her, and to grasp that power that should be hers."

BUDGET (*entering from right with letter*). Please, Miss Amy, a letter just brought by a boy with an immediate delivery stamp on the outside.

AMY. How surprising!

BUDGET (*giving letter to AMY*). Meaning the letter, to be sure, and not the boy, Miss Amy.

AMY (*opening note and reading, as BUDGET goes out at right*).

"Dearest Amy. This is to tell you that Minerva Owlsh has refused me, and that I am going away for a long time. I think she likes me, but it's all this cursed nonsense that she's learned at Barnard, and afterwards at Girton. She says

she has work to do, and a 'vocation' and must not sacrifice her 'career.'" (*Looking up.*) Oh,

poor Jim! I'll never speak to Minerva again. (*Reading.*) "Nothing that I could

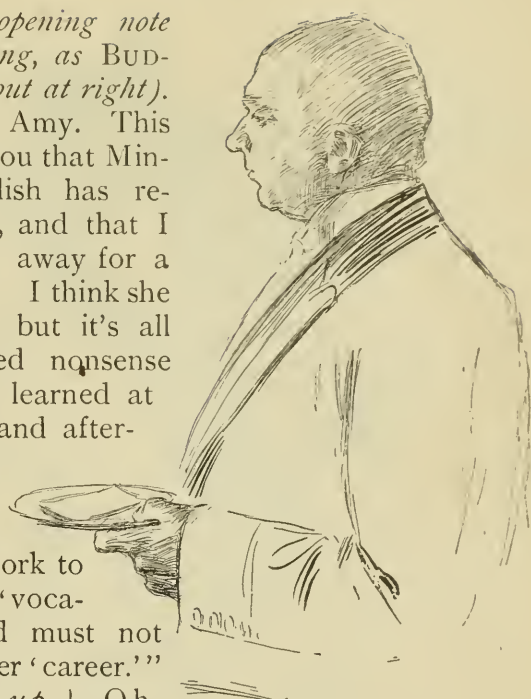
say would move her, and so I think I'll just go off and try to get over it all, which I can't, so this is good-by, as I may not see you for some time. Your blighted brother Jim. P. S. On my way to the devil, my address will be, 'Pole Star Point, North Lake, Bathkasaba, Katesatchewan, Canada;' but, for a few days, anything will reach me at the Club." Oh!

LAWRENCE (*declaiming*). "For ages woman has been dependent on man—and now she is more than justified in seeking an independent life of her own."

AMY (*still looking at letter*). Is she! Poor Jim—and he is so in love with her, and nothing could have been better—for in spite of all her learning Minerva is so pretty and rich—and it would have been an excellent thing for Jim—who's just a little wild—and now it all must be spoiled with her silly ideas. (*Taking up play and opening it.*) Oh, I have no patience with her.

LAWRENCE (*declaiming*). "When women have learned that the future holds for them other possibilities than the doubtful one of marriage—then what a change there must be."

AMY. Yes, and just like Minerva, they will make themselves and everyone else miserable for their silly "careers." If this



Please, Miss Amy, a letter.

A Matter of Opinion



"This is good-by."

is going to be the result of "higher education" I don't want to have anything to do with it.

LAWRENCE (*looking up astonished*). Ah!

AMY. And now, Mr. Van Cittars, since we so clearly see that our opinions are so diametrically different, why *really* we'd better go on with the rehearsal.

LAWRENCE (*aside*). Hang it! Wrong again. (*Picking up book and opening it.*) Yes—we *had* best go on with the play. But, believe me, you do me a great wrong. (*Reading.*) "Beloved Angelina."

AMY. As you say, "dearest Edwin"—that's where I begin—but as to wronging you how is that possible when you have expressed yourself so decidedly? (*As leaf of book drops to floor.*) Oh! it's

all falling to pieces. (*Taking needle-book from work-basket on table.*) I must sew it together. (*Taking thread and after threading needle beginning to sew book together.*) When you have announced so positively, for example, such strong socialistic and even anarchistic views.

LAWRENCE. But, hang it, I don't.

AMY (*looking at book as she sews it*). Do you mean to say that you did not approve of those dangerous, *disgraceful* "strikes?"

LAWRENCE. No.

AMY. Really!

LAWRENCE (*taking a letter from his pocket at which he points*). Do you see that—it's a letter from my broker, and I've lost thousands through the folly of these strikers—poor misguided creatures—who, in their ignorance, are not to be trusted to manage their own affairs wisely—and who consequently should be allowed very little control in any others.

AMY (*sewing*). Ah! that is what you think—*really*.

LAWRENCE. Yes, as you say that you do!

AMY. I am so sorry for them.

LAWRENCE. And you see—that we agree—when I say that they cannot be left to their own guidance.

BUDGET (*entering with large box wrapped in paper*). A parcel, Miss Amy, just brought by an expressman that I think you was a wishin' and a longin' for.

AMY (*excitedly taking box and tearing off paper*). Oh, if it could be my dress! It is! It is!

BUDGET (*picking up paper and carefully folding it*). Meanin' the parcel, of course, Miss Amy, that you was longin' for, and not the hexpressman, which would not be natural. And he says as how the box came on a train that the strikers let through—because it was carrying things for the soldiers in the Philopenas.

AMY (*looking in box*). Oh, how lovely. (*As BUDGET goes out at right.*) I am so relieved. And isn't it splendid?

LAWRENCE (*putting letter back in his pocket after glancing at it*). Indeed, yes.

AMY. So grandly noble.

LAWRENCE (*again taking up book of play*). What—the dress?

AMY (*taking out envelope from box*). The bill! (*Looking at it.*) The dress!

A Matter of Opinion

No! How absurd! The conduct of the strikers. I call it perfectly splendid. They will insist on their rights, but will not let their private grievances interfere with their country's welfare. Suffering themselves—they will not let the brave men who are fighting in these horrible places suffer and be in want. (*Looking at bill.*) Really it is singularly small, though there is one item—(*Enthusiastically.*) Who can say anything about ignorance, when they are so right in instinct, and as for not being able to guide themselves—what better guidance can they have than such *good feeling*?

LAWRENCE (*looking up from play*). Oh! (*Aside.*) This is too much!

AMY (*interrupting*). Can't you see it—can't you feel it? Oh, I was right. There never could be any real sympathy between us.

LAWRENCE. Still, remember what I said at first about tyranny and oppression.

AMY (*sewing and looking at book as she makes the stitches*). But only in order to look upon both sides of the question, as you distinctly stated. Besides, there's another thing. See how we differ about women's rights.

LAWRENCE (*striding up and down, impatiently, and involuntarily drawing a packet of cigarette-papers from his pocket*). But we don't—we don't.

AMY. Oh—you may smoke, if you wish, as I think it is a custom of yours—particularly, Mr. Van Cittars, if it will have a calming effect.

LAWRENCE (*eagerly taking out cigarette-paper—straightening it out and beginning to make a cigarette*). May I? Indeed there's nothing that I really hate like strong-minded women.

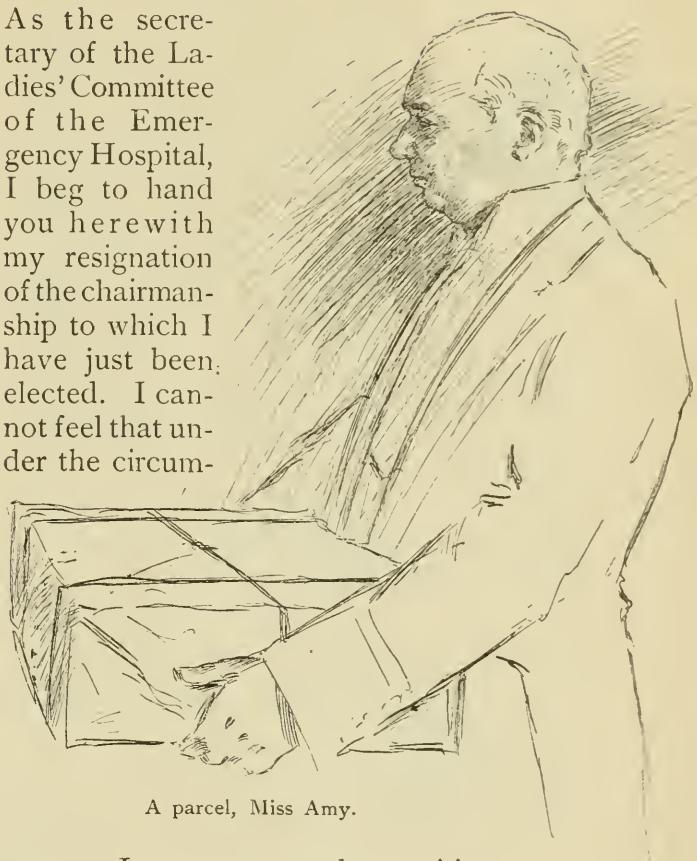
AMY. Oh!

LAWRENCE (*still rolling cigarette*). Doesn't this Mrs. Ida B. Manly prove what would be the result; and don't you see that a movement that has such a woman at its head must be discredited by that very fact?

BUDGET (*entering from right*). A note just left by a lady on a bicycle with a pair of blue spectacles. (*Giving note to AMY.*) Hof course the lady, Miss Amy, an' not the bicycle.

AMY (*opening note and reading as BUDGET goes out at right*). "Dear Madam:

As the secretary of the Ladies' Committee of the Emergency Hospital, I beg to hand you herewith my resignation of the chairmanship to which I have just been elected. I cannot feel that under the circum-



A parcel, Miss Amy.

stances I can accept the position which it is so clearly the wish of so many that I should not hold." (*Looking up.*) Oh!

LAWRENCE (*having failed, in his impatience, to make a satisfactory cigarette with the first paper, taking out another and beginning again*). Now I suppose that you're going to look upon her as something quite angelic?

AMY (*indignantly, still gazing with rapture at note*). It must be that anyone who can write such a note—showing such delicacy and pride—must have a great deal that is nice in her? Who ever heard of a man who resigned an office because there were others who did not want him to have it? And what do you say *now* about a woman's right to political recognition?

LAWRENCE (*hopelessly*). Oh, I don't say anything. I can't say anything.

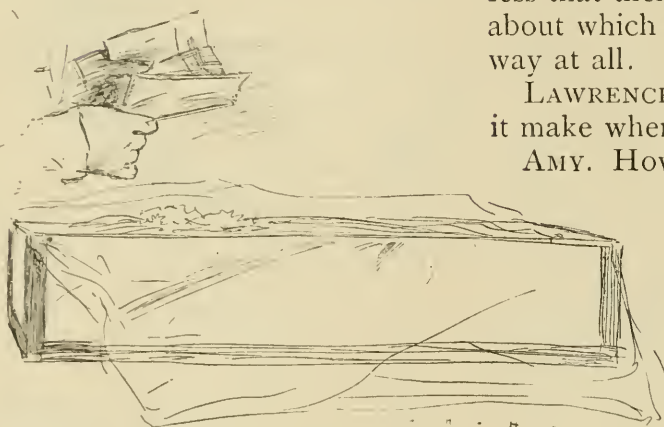
AMY. You see there is *nothing* about which we agree.

LAWRENCE (*doubtfully, still rolling cigarette*). No—except perhaps about the "higher education."

AMY (*still sewing*). Well—perhaps about *that*—for Minerva—(*A telephone rings at left.*) The telephone! (*Going toward door at left.*) We shall never begin

A Matter of Opinion

with this rehearsal. (*Passing out of sight through door at left, and speaking outside.*) Yes—oh—is it—you! (*Reproachfully.*) Minerva! I'll never forgive you. What? You want to know where he is, so that you can send a telegram to him and bring him back! You can't get on without him—you—*dear*, and you are going to marry him—*darling*—and what is



I call it perfectly splendid.

that you say about the "higher education?" Oh, Minerva! what a *violent* expression, but I love you and you have made me so happy—and I'm coming to see you at once, as soon as I've finished with a rehearsal for the play with Mr. Van Cittars. Oh, the address—oh! he said it was the dev—no—no—I mean "Pole Star Point, North Lake Bathkasaba Katesatchewan, Canada," but I think a telegram will reach him at the Club. Yes, dear, good-by. (*Returning through door at left.*) Oh—did you hear!

LAWRENCE (*dolefully*). Yes—and I suppose now that you consider that the "higher education" is to be encouraged in every way.

AMY (*picking up play and again sewing*). Why—now *could* anyone be prettier and sweeter and better than Minerva? And if it makes *such* girls—isn't it the best thing in the world?

LAWRENCE (*doubtfully*). I suppose so.

AMY. Why there *can't* be any doubt, so you see there's something about which we disagree.

LAWRENCE. I give up! (*In his impatience upsetting vase of flowers standing on table.*) How extremely awkward of me. Ah, here's a piece of blotting-paper. I'll soak it up. (*Soaking up water on table with blotting-paper.*) I have nothing more to say.

AMY. You see that I was not mistaken. There is *nothing* so important as *perfect sympathy* between two people who expect to spend their lives together.

LAWRENCE. No!

AMY (*still sewing*). And you will confess that there are many *important matters* about which we do not think in the same way at all.

LAWRENCE. But what difference does it make when, Amy, I love you so?

AMY. How can you—when I am so exacting!

LAWRENCE (*still busy with blotting-paper*). And if you are *just a little*.

AMY (*continuing to sew*). And so decided in my opinions.

LAWRENCE. Of course a casual observer might think so.

AMY (*aside*). How *disagreeable* of him to say that! (*To LAWRENCE.*) I don't see how you can think pleasantly of me at all.

LAWRENCE (*looking up from play*). Well at *moments* you know—

AMY (*aside*). Oh! (*To LAWRENCE.*) Oh! then you acknowledge that you see everything in a different light.

LAWRENCE. Well, *perhaps*.

AMY (*aside*). Oh! (*To LAWRENCE.*) Oh, tell me that you think that I am disagreeable and horrid at once.

LAWRENCE. I shouldn't like to say as much as *that*.

AMY (*aside*). Oh! (*To LAWRENCE.*) And that you can never think of me as you did.

LAWRENCE. Really—you know I hardly can.

AMY (*aside*). Oh! if he goes on agreeing with me I shall go mad. (*To LAWRENCE.*) I am not what you believe me.

LAWRENCE. Perhaps—hardly.

AMY (*indignantly*). Oh! (*To LAWRENCE.*) Then it is very fortunate that we have discovered our error before it is too

late. Don't you see how we are almost quarrelling now—in our disagreements?

LAWRENCE. But—I have only been *agreeing* with you.

AMY (*aside*). So he has! (*To LAWRENCE.*) But—but—I don't like it.

LAWRENCE. What? Having me *agree* with you? Why—I thought you considered that “the one thing needful”—and here I have been acquiescing and concurring in everything you've just said.

AMY. Why—it makes me furious to have you—when I *want* to be *contradicted*—and I won't endure it.

LAWRENCE. Then I won't.

AMY. What!

LAWRENCE. Or at least I couldn't if I dared.

AMY. Dared what!

LAWRENCE. *Disagree* with you.

AMY. But you *must*, for how can I bear to have you—think that I am *exacting*?

LAWRENCE. Well——

AMY. And *disagreeable* and *horrid*.

LAWRENCE. Indeed I don't know *what* to say.

AMY. *Do* you *agree* with me?

LAWRENCE. What am I to tell you?

AMY. Anything but that you think I am right.

LAWRENCE. Still, you said that the only possible basis for regard between two people was *perfect* agreement.

AMY. Oh, as if you could endure anyone who merely *echoed* your opinions. (*Finishing sewing book.*) And we haven't done a word of the rehearsal. Why, if we always thought the same, how stupid and tame it would be.

LAWRENCE (*finishing making cigarette and taking up play*). But “two souls with but a single thought?”

AMY. Two souls with each a *separate* thought is much more interesting.

LAWRENCE. And *two hearts that beat as one*. Amy dear—I mean Angelina.

AMY. Oh! *that* is different. “Dear Edwin”—I mean *Lawrence*.



I don't see how you can think pleasantly of me at all.



Rises like a fortress on the crest of its hill.

LOCHES

By Ernest C. Peixotto

WITH THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS *

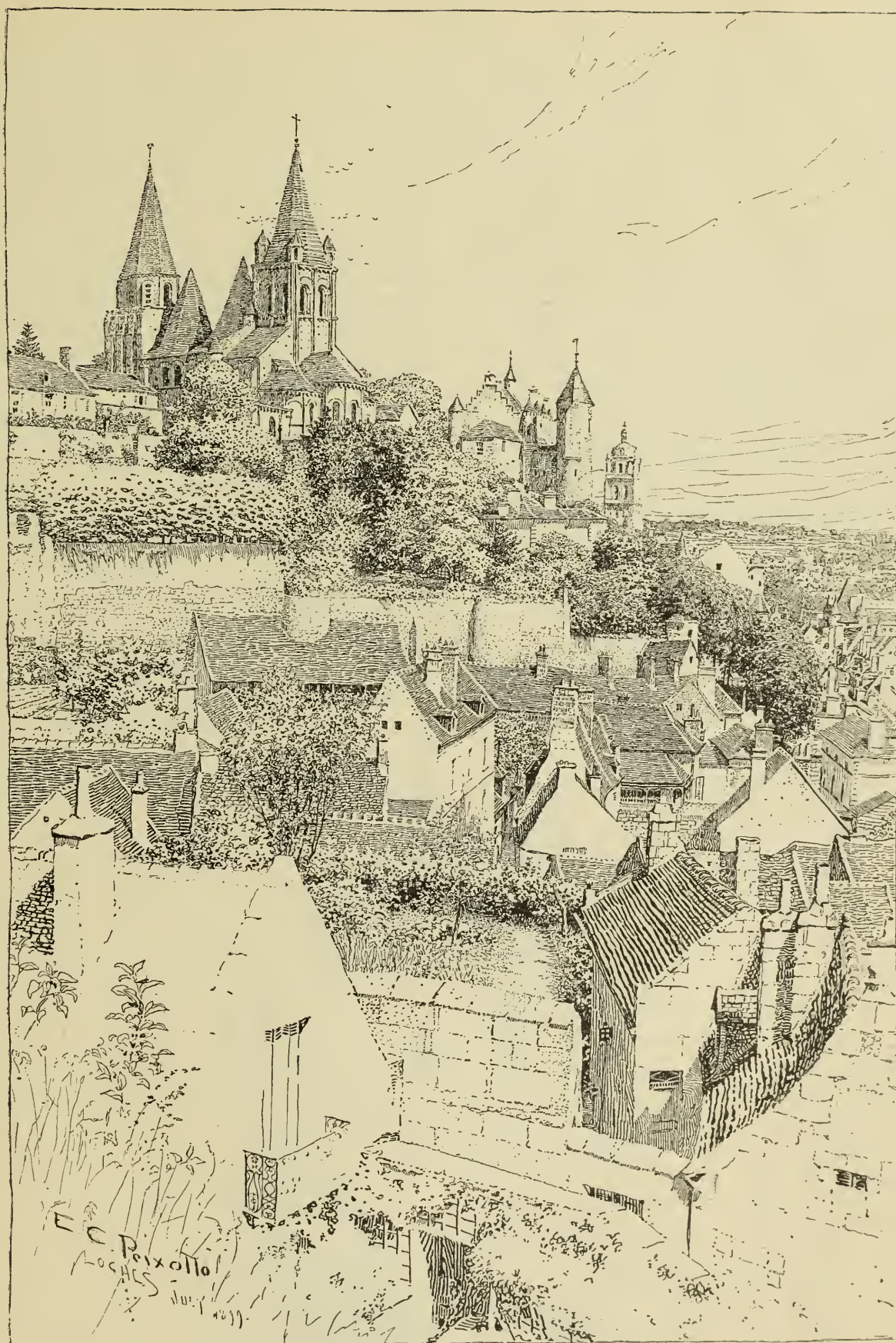
DISTINCTLY sombre memories hang over the old town of Loches. Though situated in a wide and fertile valley, watered by the sparkling waters of the Indre, it rises like a fortress on the crest of its hill, the roof-tops piling up to its broad crown of walls, holding, within their strong embrace, the lofty towers of its château, its abbey church, and the tremendous stone mass of its donjon, about whose walls great flocks of crows continually soar, filling the air with their strident cries. This grim fortress-prison hid the crimes of Louis XI., and here were kept all personal enemies of the crown, accused of that broad crime of "treason." What tales its echoing walls could tell! what memories cling about its black cells and oubliettes! Here Ludovico Sforza was confined for nine years in a cell whose walls are covered with the rude frescoes which his hand traced—crude likenesses of himself with casque on head; and upon the same wall he scratched a small sun-dial, by whose aid he could count the waning hours of the lonely days as the single ray of sunlight filtered through his solitary window. Below his cell is another bearing marks still more touching. In it were confined three bishops accused of treason to the state. On the wall, opposite the slit of a window which gave them their only light, they cut a rough crucifix in the stone. On one side of it a small recess was made for their Bi-

ble, and on the other a hollow, in which the holy water was kept. By means of this primitive altar-piece, they celebrated their mass during two years. They climbed, by means of several dents in the stone, to see the one atom of green hill-top which was their only glimpse of their dear mother-earth. Adjoining there is a still darker chamber without a ray of light (hollowed out of the solid rock of the hill-side), which, with its dreadful oubliette in the corner, is a fearful reminder of the "Pit and the Pendulum." It takes but little imagination to picture the life in this awful prison, with Cardinal de la Balue swinging in his iron cage, and the Duc d'Alençon with a great chain riveted around his neck, dragging himself before his guards. And, strange fate, the torture-chamber, whose rack is still in place, is now filled with cots, a resting-place for homeless tramps.

This donjon, with its surrounding towers and fortifications, occupies one end of the walled space which constituted the upper city, to which access was only gained by means of a massive battlemented gateway with drawbridge and moat. The other end of the upper city was occupied by the royal château, a picturesque pile of buildings with numerous "pignons" and "tourelles."

Agnes Sorel, "*La Dame de Beauté*," and Charles VII. lived and loved here, and she was buried in the abbey church. In the château we still see her tomb-stone surmounted by a recumbent figure with

* See, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1899, a similarly illustrated paper on the Château of Chinon by the same author.



The roof-tops piling up to its broad crown.

angels watching over her head and with her little feet resting in the fleece of two young lambs. Hers seems the only sweet and peaceful figure in these grim surroundings, though Nature puts on a smil-

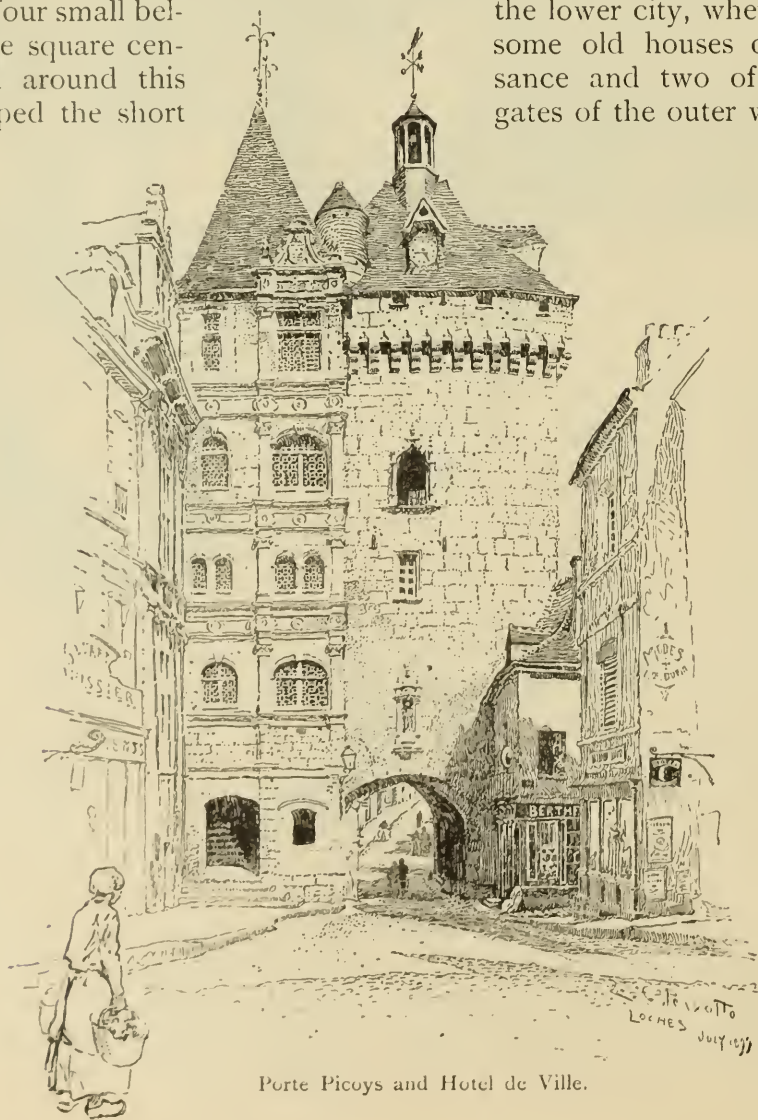
ing face as one views her from the broad parterres where Agnes must have walked with her royal lover.

Between the château and the donjon rises the distinctive feature of Loches, the

abbey church of St. Ours; "a church," says Viollet-le-Duc, "unique in the world—a monument of a savage and a strange beauty." It was the nucleus about which the city grew, its foundation having been laid as far back as the fifth century, but the present church was built some six hundred years later. It is preceded by a deep porch, which leads to the main entrance, remarkable for its magnificent archivolt, sculptured with queer figures of saints and allegorical animals and emblems. The first bay of the nave forms an interior vestibule and is surmounted by a massive tower, whose upper story is octagonal in form with a stone pyramidal steeple. The nave, properly speaking, has but two square bays, each roofed by a huge octagonal pyramid, without window openings. One can imagine the effect of an interior thus strangely vaulted. These immense hollow pyramids, entirely *dark* at their summits, give a feeling of indefinable terror. A fourth pyramid, surrounded by four small bell-fries, crowns the square central tower, and around this tower are grouped the short

transepts and the apse. The glimpse of the interior as seen from the porch is strange indeed. The dark nave serves as a frame to the centre of the church, which is bathed in a ghostly white light, while behind it is seen the apse lighted by rose-colored windows.

The entire upper city is tunnelled with miles of subterranean passages connecting the château, the church, the donjon, and the walls. As one walks through the winding, twisting streets of this strange *ville haute*, black openings suddenly yawn at one's feet, or one looks into mysterious passages whose ends are lost in obscurity. The deep moats are now filled with stables and houses, or are planted with rows of lindentrees. They say that the entire hill upon which Loches is built is honeycombed by enormous quarries, from which building-stone was taken. I myself walked through two miles of them, and all along one path innumerable tunnels opened to the right and left. One can thus even go down to the lower city, where we still find some old houses of the Renaissance and two of the beautiful gates of the outer wall.



Porte Picoys and Hotel de Ville.

THE POINT OF VIEW

Conversation
and Specialism.

TO class the art of conversation almost, if not quite, among the lost arts is obviously a view to be expected if one has reached the age of reminiscence. This is acknowledged by Mr. George W. E. Russell, nephew of Lord John Russell, and the author of that entertaining book, "Collections and Recollections." "A belief in the decadence of conversation," says Mr. Russell, "is natural to those who have specially cultivated 'Links with the Past.'" Mr. Russell's somewhat guarded announcement finds stronger personal assent in the more recent "Reminiscences" of Mr. Justin McCarthy. Recalling George Eliot's Sunday afternoons, when men of light and leading were wont to gather at The Priory, Mr. McCarthy asks "whether we are likely, in the near future, to have such good talkers as we had in even the recent past," and can "only hope that the art of talking is not destined to die out with the art of letter-writing." Measured by the highest standard it is, of course, only now and then that one can expect to encounter the ideal talker, and even more rarely a group of ideal talkers. Such a one was Matthew Arnold, if Mr. Russell's sketch is not overdrawn, "a man of the world without being frivolous, and a man of letters without being pedantic," possessing "urbanity, liveliness, quick sympathy, keen interest in the world's works and ways, the happiest choice of words, and a natural and never-failing humor, as genial as it was pungent." If the future of conversation is to depend upon the production of successive Matthew Arnolds, then indeed its decadence must almost be accepted as a foregone conclusion.

But luckily for the world in general that future is not so much a question of selected individuals or groups as of the extent of a tendency which someone has named "the social menace of specialism." The thing most to be feared is not that the best talkers may die out, leaving no successors, but that the art of talking may die out through the complete absorption of each individual in his own career, leaving no place for traditional contacts. The result of devotion to a spe-

cialty, as is often noticed, is to reduce original subjects of interest—that is, the subjects which one has in common with other people, "topics of conversation," as they are called. We speak of our modern world as wonderfully broadened in interests and sympathies by the telegraph and the newspaper. Yet for even a high type of individual, it may be a constantly narrowing world. A familiar example is the case of Darwin, who regretted that the capacity he possessed in his youth for enjoying poetry gradually suffered complete atrophy. Similarly, in the case of the average man, devotion to a business or profession is often seen, as life goes on, to spoil the taste for books, or pictures, or scenery, or conversation, although at the outset each or all may have appealed to him. This is so common a matter of observation that a Boston critic, in deprecating the extent to which talking at club dinners is done by "professional hacks of the post-prandial circuit," remarked that, were it left to the amateurs (the members of the dining clubs), the function would take on a deadly dullness, so little have they to say to each other. Indeed, the survival of dining clubs was attributed, not so much to actual enjoyment as to the "instinct of gregariousness," which leads cattle to get together in a field for the pleasure of "rubbing their noses one against the other."

Purposely exaggerated doubtless as this picture is, one cannot but recognize in it truthful aspects. The modern tendency is accelerated by the departure in education, which either gives the boy a special, instead of a collegiate, training, or early in the college course substitutes the optional for the required system of study. Once all educated men started in life with certain subjects of interest in common. The social result of this can hardly be overestimated. It gave to the educated class a feeling of homogeneity; it conferred a certain badge of class distinction, a prestige, which tended to preserve sympathy and interest in common subjects. This, in many cases, may have meant no more than resort to scraps of hackneyed classics in talk or speech. But even so, its unifying influ-

ence is in strong contrast with that trend to divergence which begins before the youth to-day has worked half way to his degree. This is seen in a careless indifference about many things which were once held precious—for example, the credit for a clever phrase. A man educated in the older way may go to great pains to prove, as Mr. McCarthy has, that it was not Disraeli who originally called cabs “the gondolas of London.” How much fuss over nothing that must seem to a recent college graduate. On another and more serious side, the result of divergence is seen in the prevailing ignorance of what once was held a commonplace of education, something to be taken for granted, as familiarity with the Bible, or Shakespeare, or Tennyson—an ignorance now notably shown in college examination papers. Curious appreciation of this is given in the preface to Goldwin Smith’s little book, “Shakespeare the Man,” where the author apologizes “for quoting in full some well-known passages” as he “does not feel sure” that “familiarity with Shakespeare is now so common as it was in former days.”

But though it may be evident enough that the future of conversation is menaced, so far as the matter is concerned, by a narrowing community of interest due to specialism, one is by no means so sure about the manner. Although there is much that was attractive in the brilliant talking of even the recent past, as we know it through tradition and reminiscence, yet it cannot fail to impress us as being, on the whole, academic and artificial—“stilted,” many would say. It lacks a certain naturalness, directness, and force always characterizing the best contemporary talk, not less truly for being often the art that conceals art. As Walter Bagehot has said, the best modern talkers so phrase what they say that “the effect seems to be produced by that which is stated, and not by the manner in which it is stated.”

THE subject of art-teaching in the schools—taking the word art in the most general and inclusive sense—is one that at present receives no little attention. The best educators have for long been making an earnest plea for a more enlightened and deep-going study of English, in all its branches, than commonly prevails, thereby hoping to induct the youthful American mind, so practical from its beginnings, somewhat more into

the habits of thought which are fostered by literature. There is an effort to familiarize early the children of the public schools, by the distribution of fine photographs of such masterpieces, with the great works of pictorial, plastic, and architectural art. And some sort of study of music is everywhere recognized as an essential part of intelligent education. It is worthy of remark, however, that while in the case of literature and of the cultivation of the (specific) art-sense the bearings of the matter have been carefully discussed in many quarters, and thoughtful men, whose own life-work rendered them competent to do so, have sought to throw some light on what might be called the philosophy of the proper way of teaching boys and girls what and how to read and what and how to see, next to nothing has been done, in the same sense, for music. In some schools the musical instruction is treated more intellectually than in others, more importance being given to sight-reading, and to the necessary fundamental mastery of the scale, and less to the working-up of show-songs for purposes of exhibition. Here or there a greater prominence may be given than elsewhere to the idea of the tonic or soothing—the moralizing—effects of music on the school-boy and school-girl soul. But such preferences are largely determined by the individual convictions of certain instructors. There is no body of settled opinion which will back systematically the more intelligent endeavors to use music in a reasoned way as an educational factor. There is, indeed, no general perception that such a reasoned way of using it is possible. Music is commonly understood to educate, but beyond the vague notion that it refines, people have, in the main, no views as to how it educates, or why. No proposition is more universally established than that the young profit by hearing music and by taking part in it; and on no proposition is any rational or close analysis less often brought to bear.

With such inner problems of ethics and æsthetics the great public will never much occupy itself; but the professionals of music are unlike the professional followers of the other arts in this, that they seem largely to share, where these things are in question, the indifference of the uninitiated. Indeed, it is one of the most remarkable things in the history of the arts that music, which in its beginnings was so intimately bound up with education, which among the Greeks was the

very foundation of all training, whether physical, or mental, or spiritual, should, in proportion as it has become deeper and richer, and has more and more developed into a wonderful world of its own, have severed practically its connection with such interests. The Greeks had very firm and fixed ideas as to what especial character of music was to be employed to bring about certain states of mind; and that their opinions were not without a basis in fact is being proved by the physiological experiments latterly made in hospitals and asylums. The sick and the insane have been found to "respond" to different orders of music in distinct ways. Music is shown to have a clearly-recognizable effect on the nerves, especially when the latter are in a condition of more than normal sensitiveness. Sometimes it is a curative effect, but sometimes also there seems to be good reason to believe that it may be the reverse. It is curious, but true, that there are great lovers of music who, in certain depressed states of the nervous system, are quite unable to bear the excitement of listening to any form of it. Facts of this sort are still waiting to be scientifically demonstrated and qualified, to be sure. This is a department of physiology in which many discoveries are possibly still to be made. But enough is known to show plainly that music has not only a vaguely alterative action on the whole being (which is, in substance, what the modern world allows) but a specifically alterative action, which is what the ancient world insisted on.

And what has this to do with the schools?

Simply this—that if music is to be included in the early training of boys and girls, the manner in which it is to be done should be quite as scientific as the methods which may be used in inculcating other "first notions" of the humanities. It would not be fair to declare that nothing comes of the time given to music as matters are now. Still, the gain is not so definite in any direction that can be detected but that it must occur to one that much popular musical tuition is aimless, and exercised *in vacuo*. If the studies which come under the head of English are far from being everywhere administered in the spirit which befits them, and in the effort to introduce some right, incipient ideas about the visual arts in the public schools blunders are made, that artists and men interested in literary pursuits talk of and write about these things gives hope of their improvement. It

cannot be so in music while the best talents among musicians take so little interest in the theoretic consideration of the educational influences of their art.

And, in the schools, the only serious question which can come up regarding music is that of the general effect it may have on the formation of character. Musical rudiments are imparted incidentally, which may be the first step in the future development of the art as an accomplishment or a profession. These, however, must of necessity be too insufficient to count. It is what girls and boys get into their souls by music that counts. Germany is, of modern countries, that in which this is best understood. There music is handled as a form of spiritual gymnastics. And there the whole topic receives the order of attention which it deserves.

EVERY now and then a hand which has had nothing all its life long to do directly with literature, will plunge into the middle of it and so drive a pen as to make the professionals of letters stop and think suddenly of various things. There is, as an excellent instance, the manner of the autobiographical sketch of the late Mrs. Drew. It is a manner as hap- The Real Work
of Art. hazard as were the airy shots at lingual targets of that lady's own Malaprop. It suggests no plan, and the old-man-of-the-sea of symmetrical exposition, strapped so wearily to the technical back, it shrugs off with a lightness to cause those reared in the awesome shadow of Latin composition to catch their breath. It makes no phrases, seeks no effects, but jingles off and away at a pace so fleet that it has covered years and events before the reader quite knows where he is. It is a literary style without much idea of the beginning, the end, or the middle; but it is one that makes you smile suddenly and in the most unexpected way, at really nothing at all, and causes you to put the brief record down still smiling, in some invisible fashion, all over. Therefore, one may say that it is a good, and even a delightful, style, and that it has art, since it is the beautiful prerogative of art so to tone one up, and to place one in the stream of the interest of things. And yet art without any of the obvious conditions of art — how is one to explain this riddle?

So much *disinvoltura*, such freshness, so telling a way of saying things without trying,

when the labors of orthodox literature are so long, and, after much seeking, the "note" found is often so dull, strained, and opaque! It might breed discouragement, were it not for two considerations. The first is, that in the kingdom of autobiography and memoirs there is truly but one Sex, and that the other is barred out irrevocably before it has taken the initial step. A Saint-Simon here and there excepted, men have never equalled, and will never equal, the touch of women in that order of writing which demands, for its main qualifications, great veracity of impressions, and a nervous impatience to have them clearly understood without a moment's delay. *Elle avait cette vivacité d'impressions*, said Madame de Tastu of Madame de Sévigné, *et cette impatience de les manifester qui ont enfanté la littérature périodique.* And the second consideration is, that to write pages as stimulating, in a peculiar sort, as those of which we have been speaking, it is necessary absolutely to have *lived* in the literary spirit. Now one may so live and be a maker of literature besides, or one may so live and not be. But if one have not so lived, consistently and throughout, one may be a great writer, and cast deep literary spells, but one can never achieve, and need never try to, the special, careless, distinct effect (just that shade of it) of such unpretentious annals as those of Mrs. Drew.

Of course, all actors are in the way of leading, in one sense, their life in the literary spirit. If they do not belong to literature, they are close to it; they move in the atmosphere engendered by it, and carry its sentences on their lips; and that is one reason why many players' reminiscences make such excellent reading. But this is not the sense in which we mean the term "living in the literary spirit." It is really only a very few natures, and very choice ones, that are able to envelop the whole of existence in an objective view, to treat it (though unconsciously, it may be) as "material" that is all in the day's work, and to keep their own steady head above the turmoil and the puzzlement, the glad and the sad, of it. To do this is to live in the spirit of literature, the spirit of art, because it is to live in the spirit of selection, with a steadfast rejection of the things which will not ultimately help, and a

determined hold on the things which will. When we see Mrs. Drew passing rapidly over such harassments as befell her, dwelling with a few deep words only on the inevitable sorrows, extracting the healthy joys wherever they could be dug for, and jovially facing difficulties, even into old age, before which the majority would quail; when we find that the human affections in her always kept their warmth, but the critical bent in her also (which is quite the proper thing for a clever old woman) never lost its saving tartness—it becomes plain that the artistic quality which somehow has got into her summary relation of the happenings of her life, really inhered in that life itself, and that, if her casual narrative have charm, it is because it is simply transparent to the personality behind it, a piece of glass through which we look and see how she understood existence and what she made of it.

It was not a remarkable existence as events go; it was the temper in which it was taken that was the work of art, and the value of such autobiographical revelations is that they make one realize that a temper of this sort *aux prises* with the business of living is the real human work of art, to which all other works of art are secondary. The writer nowhere has a pose that says: "I took life by the forelock and never let it get too much the best of me. I knew that it was a serious business, but, after all, perhaps not so dreadfully serious. I reserved myself as much as was needful, and kept my humor." This is never said; but it is quite unwittingly exhibited, in words that must needs have character coming from such a source. And one wonders whether such an exhibition, all other things equal, it be not especially the gift and task of clever old women to make. Theirs is the wisdom of life carried down into the minute things, which the impatience of men causes them to miss. The truths which through the years they have seen and not seemed to see, and known and not seemed to know, have stored up in them all sorts of subtle and significant perceptions. The artist who can discern, may well go to such old women for many hints. He will find there, in the living mould, the essence of the stuff out of which his own work gets itself painfully put together.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY AT ROME

MY DEAR R. S.: Can there be any prettier title to a subject for consideration than these words: The American Academy at Rome. Only another perhaps—The American Academy at Athens. To study in some place which calls up the very idea of study, far from the pressure of commerce, surrounded by master-pieces, and the lessons good and bad of a lengthy past; to know that others of other races and other nations are also engaged in this same study, in this same retirement; to be as far away as possible from home, and yet to be in close connection with the desires that have grown up there, is certainly sufficient to appeal to every student. The little pamphlet now published tells us that a beginning has been made, and that an appeal to the help and sympathy of Americans is desired by those who have thought that the time had come to take what is perhaps an inevitable step. Indeed, our minds will be prepared for something of the sort by what our Americans have done already, in connection with the study of Ancient Greece, so that there is such a thing as an American school at Athens.

There is a latent energy within the Nation which has helped to establish rapidly things that have had to grow slowly in other countries, and the time has come when our Nation opens its mind to a desire for the influences of art. From our necessities, we have grown up in the wish of learning and teaching and what we call "education;" and at bottom, what we are really yearning for, is Authority: the influence of the best. That, I suppose, is what we mean by civilization; and, of course, as far as the influence of the intellectual past is desirable, Italy stands as the great name in this communion with the ancestors of our mind. Italy, in its various centres, of Florence, of Venice, of Milan, of Sienna, of Pisa, and finally of the great Rome, represents to us civilization itself; the very landscape, the country which has been moulded by human energies of all kinds, which is gilded, as it

were, by fame, has a charm that we feel to be a soothing relief to our modern energies which have no background. To some extent, we are still, as our northern barbarian ancestors were, touched and civilized by merely being there. It matters little whether this is because of that ancient interpenetration of man and Nature, or whether our imagination clothes what we see with a value that enhances our own value, and makes us live in a larger life than anyone can make out for himself, unaided by the past. We can see how to young minds, with some previous preparation, a partaking in that essential civilization would remain a memory to return to, when, living elsewhere, necessity, that is to say, what has to be done at once, presses upon them. All of every Nation have felt it, and the artists, of course, more than others. When these have been able to do so, they have placed themselves within these influences. Some, indeed, have had their fear of being too strongly impressed, as if living in an artificial paradise, where contentment would keep them away from action and let them pass too easily into dreamland. Too early an acquaintance might have such a result with the unformed mind. There is a certain moment of growth, when the sight of great things develops the possibilities more or less common to us all, which, in the chosen few, are ready to come forth at the necessary call. That call is not one to imitation; it is rather the revelation of one's real intellectual desires, the initiation into one's real home and family. It is a manner of realizing a standard, of being able to say to one's self, "That is what I must have meant; nothing less than this shall I consider."

Thy pyramids built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.

So all new countries have sent their men into the countries of the past, and they might be in connection with them, that they might be some stream passing from the past to their present. And, if we new Americans should establish a foundation in the oldest of

the cities of our civilization, we shall only be doing what others have done. We shall only be doing what is inevitable—the joining of the newest present to the oldest past. The times are ripe—foreign travel is an ordinary habit, and our artists have obtained from such centres as France and Germany what they have been able to assimilate. We have, I mean we artists have, easily learned the ordinary technique, the ordinary ways of the very many schools of the present. We do not reach back far enough to get the benefit of their past. Why not, then, go back to one of the old original fountains which have fed the countries that to us now are almost commonplace? We are not as they are—fixed in some tradition; and we can go where we choose—to the greatest influences, if we wish, and still be free for our future. That is, to a certain extent, forbidden to the Frenchman and the Spaniard, and, almost to the very Italian who, remodelling his country wisely or foolishly, cannot take up with a perfectly pure mind the very influences which to us make his name interesting. It seems to me that there is a special chance for us; we can tie on to whatever we wish, we can be influenced and uplifted by anything fine in the past, without in any way contracting our present.

Many wise judges believe that the inspiration of Rome itself has not been of the best for French art, and that the Academy has not transmitted to France the best lessons of the best examples. The Eternal City can teach the commonplace as well as the noble. The great influences are there but the circumstances and the prejudices of home are other influences which counteract these, and have, in certain cases, checked the liberal and elevated spirit of the great teachings of Italy. Certain pedantries in European countries have distorted the greatness of the lessons; so that, for instance, the greater French artists have not passed through the Roman teaching. And that teaching being managed by Government, has only benefited men with some deficiency in originality, and a tendency to become employees or functionaries. From this, the one great objection, I think we could be free. We could open to the influences of the great classical past and to all the forces of art which Italy has nurtured, minds more free, less weighted by prejudices, of more varied types, and with an infinitely more open future. At the same time, whatever there

would be of restraint, of ordering, of what is properly education, would exactly be the force needed to knit together our rather loose energy. And as the past only lives in the mind, our young men would not be over-weighted by the social pressure, which in Paris, for instance, deprives them of the best chance for a growth of their own. Indeed, one great reason for hoping a great deal from such an institution as the *American Academy* would be exactly this—that its very existence would free the minds of its students and of all American students from timidity and from subserviency to other European training. For the extremely sensitive mind of the artist is especially impressed by the semblance of authority, and it is evidently desirable that that authority, however various, should be the highest that we know of.

Of course, I speak of Rome in such a meaning as being the centre of Italy and the reflection of Greece.

You will feel through what I have said a certain distrust of academies. I do not wish to abate one jot of the romantic feeling which the idea of this particular occasion calls up. On the contrary, this idea of a cloistered home, with imaginary walls, for a chosen group, who, for a time, would be freed from the noise and bustle of our average life, is a type of what the artist is in reality within the busy world. He also has to keep within imaginary convent walls, and is devoted to a life of perpetual study. But the usual academy, as we practically know it, is not so much a quiet retreat for study and contemplation, and uplifting of the mind, as it is a sort of mental barracks where the regiment is kept to rule and discipline by the graded officers. There they exercise; there they are carefully kept from mixing with civilians; they are not to be individualized, but, on the contrary, used as a collective force. This is an image, like the other one, but I am quite sure that you, too, feel that there is something of a makeshift in the usual idea of the academy. And it is so. The academy has too often been a manner of replacing the more personal and more living training of the former "schools." By schools I mean the people hanging about a living teacher, dependent on his theories, but more especially on his practice. They were more or less narrow or broad, according to their origin; that is to say, according to the individuals on whom they depended. The teaching was not

so much teaching as we call it to-day as instruction or education; consequently, pupils dropped out or were dropped out, whether they knew their lessons or not. The teacher might be younger and know less than his pupils; but his influence was the thing on which they lived, as often on his money. Occasionally, as in far-off Japan, when it became bureaucratic, the school became a sort of academy, and went on of itself for those who could follow the rule, and finally died of inertia. The names of things are most often in our way. Even the French Academy at Rome, which has had most of its students carefully disciplined by the regimental training at home, has allowed them a great deal of liberty. They have had some obligatory tasks, as a sort of proof that they keep up their studies, and usually they conform these tasks to the wishes of those who set them. So that their sendings home look to the outsider as if they had especially not been perpetrated in Rome. But that is not always so, and we can remember, for example, the Horses of Regnault, which contrast so violently with the studio representation of the "Automedon" who holds them. The "Automedon" was his duty to the home authorities, the Horses were his own private fun. (You will see this in his correspondence.) But the men are exceptional who are vivified by the new air of Italy. I mean of those who go under this Government discipline. Puvis de Chavannes goes to Italy free from academic trammels, that is to say, free from the school in Rome, though he carries, of course, certain prejudices. He stays but a moment, with little or no study, but comes back influenced for the rest of his life, and, rightly enough, this influence only half remembered has freed him still more from academic bonds, and he is at last himself. He says, you remember: "The study of these works cannot tie up originality of any kind. The clearest teaching derived from them is that they have as a basis sincerity of sentiment. They delight and they touch without troubling. They have the look of ease. They give themselves without restriction, allowing you to understand what an artistic mind, well-balanced and helped by study, can draw from the simplest of all spectacles. They make you happy and anxious to look again at Nature, who shows her treasures to those who love her, respect her, and listen to her."

As I said before, the great inspirers of

French art have not usually been attached to the academy; indeed, the academy disliked them, as it did Puvis. As it disliked Corot, who was, however, so influenced by Italy that he may be said to have brought Italy back with him, and never to have had it out of his mind. The other greater Frenchmen of the century were never there, but every great artist carries in himself a sort of Italy. We cannot expect, as Mr. St. Gaudens wisely remarks, that "an academy can make a genius, but it could greatly facilitate his development." Not because it is an academy, but because it would be in looser formation, if I may so express it, than at home. It has been the fault of the French people at home, that they have not been able to select their very best men, and that the danger of breaking with the French home Government patronage stands a perpetual threat before the student's mind. In the future, of which we can know little, because the world is breaking up, it may be that we shall return to the old training of the personal school. That, indeed, exists inside of the academic teaching in France, for instance, and what life there is there, depends on this contradiction. As I said, we do not know what the future may bring; it may be that the greater development of decorative art may re-establish a freer teaching, freer in its essence, because of its not being scholastic, not "pedagogic," though very set, and somewhat narrow and obstinate in practice. So long as the theory was not narrow, the practice can have been so, and has been so, from the simplest reasons. These reasons are momentary, and, therefore, can be continually changing. One of them would be the very simple one of using only partially skilled minds and hands; as, for instance, the very boys that might grind the colors or pack the clay. The dangers of an Academy, then, using the word in its modern sense, are those of narrow intellectual training and the establishment of a trust or trade union in art. It will be better to hope that the ideal of such an academy as the Roman Academy would be, on the contrary, a liberal one; its students working in anticipation of being absolutely free, and not being confined to any particular set of models. Italy is large enough to be somewhat contradictory, so that the inspiration of the Gothic or the Byzantine *might* affect the mind and studies within the intentions of the Academy.

By a terrible irony of fate, France, the

great mother of the "Gothic," holds out in teaching a very different ideal. France of to-day, and, indeed, all modern Europe, has no easy method of approach for the student to what was the glory of the northern nations.

In my own personal belief the dryness of the modern feeling in art coincides with the loss of that kind of sentiment which distinguishes what, for convenience, we call "the Gothic." I say "sentiment" and "feeling," because that feeling lives in Italy far into the days of Michael Angelo. It still informs all the Northern Italian in the very days of the full bloom of the Renaissance. It lives in Spain, and keeps art national there, and it makes one last and great appearance in the personality of Rembrandt. I dare only speak of the arts that touch the representation of life, because there I am within a province of both knowledge and feeling. I do not know of anyone who knows enough to explain exactly why these subtle influences disappear. In my opinion, they are not so much wedded to form as to intention, using form as most convenient. They certainly are not the influences fostered by the modern academy. With the rise of the "Academy" they disappeared for the many and the usual: they re-appeared here and there in the individuals striving to synthesize in opposition to obtaining a result by what is called the "eclectic system." This latter, of course, is the system favored by academies. I should suppose that in certain painters and sculptors of the more modern period—Watteau, Delacroix, Barye, Rodin, to name four, for instance—we can see this persistence, but the subject is a delicate one, difficult to decipher. And yet the question, I think, remains before us as a warning, at least, of the one great danger of the Academy, whether it be merely a matter that really can be treated, or whether it be merely a memento of the necessity for great freedom of thought in the higher teaching.

Of course, there is still another contradiction, and that is, that the outcome of the young man is a lottery. The ideal, of course, would be that this rest in study should be

given to the man of whom one is certain; to the man who shows a disposition to be free, and who needs to withdraw within himself as the "religious" goes into a "retreat." Contrariwise, the chances must be that the youth who passes an examination conforms his proofs of capacity to the prejudices of his examiners, and is, in reality, a man who should be kept out. But these are the difficulties inherent to education that is planned beforehand, and, as I said before, the modern academy is a makeshift, a something to take the place of more living influences. I have used for my illustration the career of the painter, because I know more about that. But all art has the same fundamental law of development, and personally I am more interested in this one side. The advantages overbalance the disadvantages, and education, on the whole, is best encouraged by great examples. Mr. Blashfield has well met one of the underlying objections when he says, in this same little pamphlet, "There are people who fear that foreign study and contemplation of the ancient or remote will take the artist away from the study of what is his birthright—will denationalize him, in fact. One might as well fear that an university education will take the individuality out of a man. Where there *is* individuality the very contrary will be obtained through foreign study, since it will afford to the artist the widest field in which to train that individuality for the after execution of personal original work. The net result in an artist's work is what, by temperament and study, he is able to assimilate, first, from nature; secondly, from the work of other men, who have gone before him." And after all, my dear R. S., we live only through an ideal and a belief in a future, and the time has probably come. I envy the men who will be able to say that they have established forever this ideal in a distant land.

Indeed, I envy also the youngsters who may go there. I should like to be a student there myself, now that more than forty years of training have prepared me for free study.

JOHN LA FARGE.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

MELISSA.

—"To the Breaks of Sandy," page 344.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1900

NO. 3



What are you doing to us now?

IN THE GAMELAND OUR FATHERS LOST

By Frederic Irland

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

A MAN whom I met on a railroad train in Canada told me, "British Columbia is a good place to hunt big game." So I went there to see if he told the truth, and I found that he did.

Letters written at random to the postmasters of a score of little railway towns, asking for the names of possible guides, brought prompt and cordial replies.

When I reached Ashcroft, where a most promising guide had agreed to meet me, the stage-office people said he was in the mountains a hundred miles away, where he had gone with a Philadelphia man. The porter who met me at the train, and carried my valise to the clean little hotel, was an old Hudson's Bay Company man

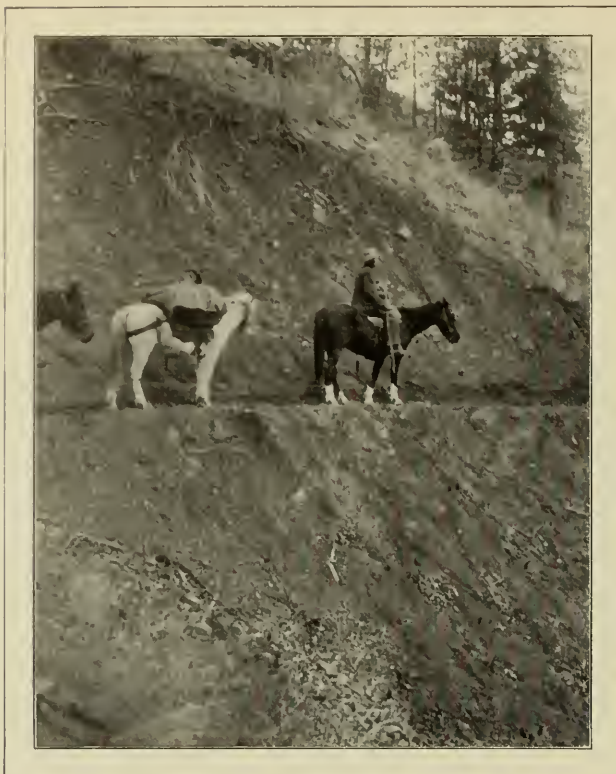
who knew the country far to the north and had travelled rivers whose names are not in the school-books. In the afternoon, when there were no trains to meet, he drew maps of mountains and lakes and streams that I should like to stay on earth a hundred years to see. He told me that Lillooet, sixty-four miles up the stage line, was at the very door-step of the mountains. He knew an Indian there who was a fine mountain man, and, being young, wished to make a reputation. So at four o'clock in the morning, when it was perhaps as dark as it had been since there was light in the world, I climbed up on the semi-weekly stage, the only passenger for an all-day ride. Just ahead of us was the flickering light of another stage which

runs for four days northward, until it reaches the mining town of Barkerville.

The day comes slowly in latitude 52, in November. So at seven o'clock we breakfasted by lamp-light at a wayside ranch-house, where we bade farewell to the other stage, with its two perfunctory express guards.

While the fresh horses were being brought out, an animal like a dust-covered dog sneaked down toward the chickens that were just going up the road to see the sun rise. "Coyote," said somebody. My first powder-smoke in British Columbia scored a clean miss. Try it yourself on a coyote, or any other streak, some day.

Out in that country the chief problem is transportation. A few years ago a billiard-table went to one of the mining villages, carried on the backs of four mules, at a cost of twenty-five cents a pound. In the bed of the billiard-table was packed a large mirror, which, on the second night after it was placed back of the bar, was broken by a piece of quartz from the hand of a rejoicing miner. Even now, every pound of freight carried to Lillooet by the British Columbia Express Company costs fifteen cents. But as there is a government mail road that far, private freighters take contracts at smaller figures. One of these we passed, whose high-topped wag-



The High Road to Happiness.

on was wrong side up, fifty feet down a sheer bank. We carried the news of this decline in freights to the hotel-keeper in Lillooet that evening, and the price of drinks rose accordingly, for the future supply was mostly in that freighter's wreck.

Lillooet was once a placer mining camp. Its present reason for existence is a large Indian reservation near by, and a new quartz mine eight miles up in the mountains. The wagon road ends

here, and pack trails begin. That evening, by the immense stove in the hotel bar-room, a prospector told of a bunch of mountain goats he had seen that morning, fifteen miles up the trail. The manager of the general store across the street reported that the Indian for whom he had sent would be up from the reservation in the morning, and all was well.

The next day Indian Jimmie came not,



The One Short Street of Lillooet.

as he was putting out his bunch of horses for the winter, but he sent his younger brother Johnnie Dick, and another Indian named Saul, just back from a four-months' pack-train trip to the Peace River. Saul turned out to be one of the best cooks I ever met in the woods. Johnnie Dick, who was only about twenty years old, was

booming down out of one of the wildest mountain tracts in the Cascade range. Up this cañon we turned, on a trail wide enough to accommodate the feet of the careful horses, and soon I began to feel much like a mouse on the side of a church steeple. It was far to the bottom, and the sides of that cañon were



The Business District, Ashcroft.

willing to go with me after sheep and goats, though he said it was rather late in the season. So that very day Saul and Johnnie Dick and I, each on a very solemn little horse, with two freight animals beside, rode out of the one short street of Lillooet, amid the expressed desire of the population that we might have a good time. Do you wish to know the financial basis of this cavalcade? Johnnie Dick, two dollars and a half a day; Saul and his horse, two dollars; the other horses, a dollar and a half; a total of forty-two dollars a week, Sundays included. I think the entire grocery bill at the general store was thirty-eight dollars, and the storekeeper loaned me a tent and blankets. The Indians brought their own. We turned our faces to the north, up the west bank of the Fraser River, where the mountains tower high and higher.

A few miles above Lillooet we came to the place where Bridge River comes

steep. I had a suspicion that my placid animal was losing a shoe, and soon he did. I mentioned it to Johnny Dick, who said it did not matter. After a while I saw that the horse did not seem worried, for he snatched at wisps of grass when we were turning the most outrageous over-hanging corners. The two Indians smoked cheerfully, and sat sidewise in their saddles while they chatted in a tongue which sounded more like men choking than anything else I can think of. When I saw the confidence which they displayed, I forgot to worry about a possible fall, and looked at the wonderful scene around me.

Ahead and on both sides were ranges white with coming winter, but where we were everything was hazy and warm, and there had not been a flake of snow. For a mile or two the trail would be right on the side of a wall as nearly perpendicular as the dirt and broken rock would

stick. Then the path would criss-cross up the side, and the animals would balance carefully as they turned, until in a few minutes we would come out on a flat table-top a quarter of a mile wide and several miles long, covered with long dry grass, or with coarse pines without underbrush, where you could drive a wagon among the trees. It seemed strange that those flat places were not filled with farm-houses.

While our horses were plodding along the trail that first day out, I began to wonder if it was all going to be as easy as this. I recalled other days, in a corner of Canada 3,000 miles away, when I had walked; and I concluded that it was a good thing to have a heavy pack carried on a horse rather than on the back of a man, even if it was some other man.

When the sky was pale with twilight we camped by a little creek, and the bell of old Charlie, the leading pack-horse, was untied. It was to me a new and comforting sound to hear that bell contentedly dangling at night, as the horses grazed near every camping-place. Dry grass was plentiful everywhere.

Johnnie announced on the morning of the second day that we should see "plenty teer." We had brought canned salmon for the Indians' Friday arrangements. Those Jesuits of the early days were thorough, and Friday is hereditary now with the British-American Indian; but this was Wednesday, and fresh meat would be acceptable to us all. "We kill a teer after we camp. Too much trouble to carry," suggested Johnnie, and I attributed the confidence of this boast to the optimism of youth. I knew something about deer, and a man may consider himself lucky, in many places where they are plentiful, if

he gets a shot at all, without putting it off till supper-time. Johnnie seemed to regard it as something akin to cutting night-wood or getting a bucket of water. It was in fact about two o'clock that afternoon before we met a "mowitch," as those descendants of Siberian savages called it in their heathen tongue. It was a small spike buck, and we saw it at a

place where there had been a rock-slide, and there was a sharp bend in the trail. We stopped the horses, Johnnie and I slipped ahead to within fifty yards of the deer, and I got a very fair photograph of him, from almost straight across the bend. The picture also shows one of the places where the trail went, and how it looked from a disinterested point of view. What became of the deer? Almost the instant I made the exposure he saw us, and leaped headlong down the side of the cañon, his feet making a queer hollow bumping sound, and in three jumps he was out of sight below the projecting



Taxidermist's Mounting of a Goat I Shot.

bank. That was the beginning of the most remarkable experience in seeing deer that I ever had in my life. It would not be true to say that they were in sight all the time, but we saw them every day.

We camped about three o'clock that day, and Johnnie and I climbed up the steep mountain 1,000 feet, through a perpendicular ravine filled with scrubby pines, like those that grow in country grave-yards. Suddenly Johnnie froze stiff, and I saw a big, round, mouse-colored body about a hundred feet away, among the green. I wondered, as I raised the rifle, if the jump of its discharge would knock me off my feet, and how far I would fall. I also admired the contrast of the ivory sight against the beautiful coat of the animal. This reflection oc-

cupied perhaps a second, and was broken by Johnnie whispering : "Don't shoot ! Doe." At the same instant I saw the long ears waving about, noted the absence of antlers, and put down the rifle. Mrs. Mowitch concluded there was something wrong, and again I heard that ridiculous thumping sound as she fled down the steep. We got a fine young buck about ten minutes afterward, and he tumbled nearly a hundred feet before he lodged against a little tree. Getting the meat to camp was pretty easy, for it was all down hill.

More than sixty times that I know of in the next fortnight, for I counted that many, I had chances to shoot those fat and prosperous-looking deer at short and certain range, but did not pull trigger.

We shot three during the whole trip, all spike bucks. The day we started for home there were six deer in sight from the tent door while the Indians were packing up. Often, as we were crossing the high mountains covered with snow, where there were no paths except the game-trails, we would see a bunch of deer for a long time, and, if they did not wind us, the sight of the moving horses and men did not disturb them. It was a great pleasure to see almost all of the mother deer attended by half-grown young ones ; nearly always one, if not two, of the graceful creatures trotting along behind, and turning to look at us with timid curiosity.

Saul told me that when the Indians want a supply of venison, several go to-



The Valley of the Fraser.



Mountain-top and Clouds.

gether, generally, and starting from the two ends of a long valley, three or four men move each way toward the centre, along a mountain-side where the deer go for protection from the cold wind. One Indian keeps at the bottom, the others further up, and one hoots like an owl, so that all keep in line, the two parties driving the deer toward each other, often getting as many as fifty in two or three days. But they do not hunt very persistently, as salmon are so plentiful in the Fraser and its tributaries.

One rainy day we were on a mountain at the head of the North Branch of Bridge River, crossing from the valley of one creek to another, the horses picking their way carefully over blow-downs and through the wet snow, when Johnnie Dick, who was riding ahead, suddenly slid from his horse and held up his hand. We stopped, and I heard a dull knocking sound, almost exactly like that of the gavel by which the House of Represent-

atives at Washington is called to order, only faint and distant. Johnnie turned his horse slowly and led him back a few steps, then beckoned to me to come up where he was. I did so, and we peered around the corner of a rock. Across a deep valley, and perhaps a quarter of a mile from us, we saw a number of animals that looked something like dark-colored domestic sheep, with exaggerated horns. Through the glass their heads seemed to be done up in immense curl-papers. Two of the rams were having a dispute, and while we looked they backed off and made a vicious run at each other, heads down, one being knocked fairly off his feet. An instant later that queer whacking noise came to us again. The sheep which lost his footing scrambled up and ran. A third ram, that had been nibbling at a bunch of grass sticking out of the snow, began shaking his curl-papers, pawing and strutting in a conceited manner, and a second fight, an exact dupli-

cate of the first, began among the scattered evergreen bushes. Suddenly there was a cessation of hostilities, the sheep looked intently in our direction, and after standing at a beautiful "attention" pose, with heads in the air, all began scampering away for dear life, toward a high peak which reared its crest through the floating clouds. "Too bad, too bad, they got our wind," said Johnnie. It did not seem possible that the light air blowing could have reached them in so short a time, but I am sure they did not hear us, and we were well concealed by rocks and bushes.

Then Johnnie planned a strategic campaign. First, he and I took off the shoes we wore when riding, and pulled on soft thin moccasins, which would not slip on

the wet rocks. Saul went on down the mountain with the horses, to find a camping-place. Then Johnnie and I started on a long detour, to get on the further side of the sheep we had alarmed. He said at this time of the year the ewes gathered in flocks, and remained quiet, while the rams were fighting to determine family affairs.

We had a hard climb, and many times I had to ask Johnnie to give me a breathing chance. It seemed as though there was no end to the rocky billows by which the great mountain surged heavenward. In some places we braced ourselves by hands and toes, and Johnnie often took both rifles. He would push me over a slippery place, and then hand me the guns, while he crawled up. There were places



A Deer on the Horse trail.

where bits of rock were always falling, and Johnnie would not stop there, but told me to hurry, as there might be a slide at any time. It was wonderful to see that those mountains, at first sight so everlasting, were in reality always falling down, getting the worst of their battle with the clouds that charge unceasingly against them.

We started on our climb about nine

could just make them out. I asked Johnnie how far it was to them, straight down. He said: "Don't know. Maybe a thousand feet." We could almost have dropped a stone on to them.

Gradually the ascent became less trying, and soon we came out on a broken and irregular but nearly flat snowy top, perhaps a mile across. What had appeared to be a pointed peak was really an



The Deer Pastures.

o'clock in the morning, and it was afternoon before Johnnie began to look over each new spot opened to our vision, for the sheep. The mountain that from a distance seemed so symmetrical was full of hills and hollows, so that we could not see very far ahead. When the cloud-banks did not obscure the view, the world behind us seemed to stretch away without end. We were about one hundred miles from the coast, and the mountains rose and the valleys fell to every point of the compass for uncounted miles.

Once in our climb we came to the edge of a high precipice that ran almost straight down, and Johnnie, after looking long, pointed out a doe and fawn lying in the shelter of the rock, so far below that I

elevated field of rocks. It was connected, by an immense ridge, with higher mountains in the distance, the tops of which seemed absolutely bald and dead. Johnnie said that north of us was a valley in which the snow never melted, that no one knew how deep the snow was, but that under the snow was ice, and a stream of muddy green water ran out of the lower end of it in the summer.

These observations were stopped by the discovery of a track in the snow that looked like a large deer track with the hoofs spread out. "Ship," said Johnnie, which was his way of saying "sheep." In fifteen minutes we came to a place where there were many tracks, and flattened beds in the snow. It was foggy up



The Transportation Question.

there, and as I was wringing wet I felt chilly, after the toil of climbing. Now we had come to descending ground again. When I saw the confusion of tracks I forgot to shiver. Johnnie sniffed and said he smelt the sheep, and perhaps he did, for soon after that we saw them, and counted twenty-six, on a projecting flat ledge below us. The rams had suspended hostilities and one or two of them seemed to do a great deal of looking back toward the valley where we had been in the morning. The ewes were lying down, or aimlessly walking about. I wondered why the top-heavy heads of the rams did not tip them over on to their noses. As we worked nearer and nearer to the sheep I thought how restful is the life of wild creatures in a country where feed is plentiful and enemies are few.

Finally the sheep began to move toward us. It had been a long climb to get beyond and above them, but now we had our reward. On they came, only two hundred yards away. I could see their white muzzles, as though they had been sticking their noses into a flour-bag. Now I could see the wrinkles in the horns of

the rams. The hoofs of the advancing flock made a swishing, pattering sound, and they were only fifty yards away. I took the nearest ram, and he never drew breath again. Johnnie's 44 barked spitefully. He made a neat hit on another ram, further away than my already dying victim, but failed to stop it. Those sheep did not sail away like deer, touching here and there a high place. They flattened themselves out, shot around a corner, and were gone. Johnnie followed, and I was alone. In



Throwing the Hitch.

a few seconds I heard Johnnie's gun feebly thumping away. There was no echoing roar, such as you hear in the thick woods. I picked my way cautiously after Johnnie, and when I saw the jumps he had made, and the chances he had taken, I knew there was much for me to learn about hasty mountain travel. Johnnie shot six times, and two hundred yards ahead, on the crooked, rocky descent the sheep had taken, I found him on his knees, by the big ram. Three bullets had struck.

Both sets of horns were freshly chipped from fighting. Johnnie counted the wrinkles, and said one sheep was six years

old, and the other five. We had a short down-hill carry to reach the track made by the horses, and then we followed Saul's trail until we thought he never was going to camp. Deeper down we dropped out of the cold wind, out of the snow, into the shelter of the valley, where we finally heard the welcome sound of the bell on old Charlie, a sure sign that the horses had been turned out to graze. Wet, hungry, and happy, we did not refuse a good dinner.

The keen, shrewd eyes of those sheep did not grow dim, even in death. When I got the camera from the box where I had stored it for safety from the rain that morning, and set the heads up on a bag to photograph them, the wide green eyes looked sharply at me, and seemed to say, "What are you doing to us now?"

But the most charming, innocent creat-

ures I met in those mountains were the white goats. What do you think of a wild animal which, after he knows you are on his track, will stop and turn back, to peer around the corner and see what you are? These stately animals, with their long white aprons, coal-black eyes, and sharp little horns, really seemed to me too unsophisticated to shoot. At Ashcroft and Lillooet people had told me to get my hand in by shooting a goat, and then perhaps I could improve by getting a sheep.

Johnnie and I, as usual, were seeking what we might destroy, though as a fact we let many chances go. We had nearly burst our hearts by climbing for an hour or two up the mansard roof of North America, and high above the deer pasture. The winter on the mountain-tops had driven the game down, and sent the



In the Heart of the Mountains.



Home of the Mountain Sheep.

bears to their winter dens. We found more sheep tracks, and were following along to see where they led, when suddenly we saw four white animals on the edge of an abyss of the kind which Doré has portrayed in illustrating Dante. The goats were not very far from us in a straight line, but it was a long way around the hole. They saw us, and started on a rheumatic gallop, but only went a little way, and, as they reached a turn, huddled up and looked back. "They not go far," said Johnnie. We picked our way over toward their last known place of abode, reaching the opposite side of the cañon by means wholly unsuited to nervous people. There was just snow enough to show their tracks, which led along scandalous precipices. The fever of pursuit was on Johnnie, and he walked uprightly in places where I became a quadruped. This was trying to his patience, for he caught glimpses of the goats which I, by reason of slower progress, was denied. In about half an hour we came to a great chimney of rock in the path, and Johnnie, clinging with fingers and moccasins, went around the face of it, leaning out beyond the vertical wall. When he got across he began beckoning to me like a crazy

man, to hurry to him. I could no more have crossed where he did than he could have written this story, and he knew no penmanship. I had to go up back of the rock, which took some time. I had his rifle and mine. When I came out above him, I saw that he had the goats in a kind of natural trap, and they were all bunched up against a rock which I thought could not be passed. The biggest billy stood faced about, his long white beard and petticoats making him look like the high-priest of some heathen temple. "Don't shoot; he fall down," yelled Johnnie. At the sound of the voice the goat made a desperate attempt at the face of the rock, scrambling up at an obtuse angle, then standing on his hind legs and throwing his fore feet over, from right to left. I thought he surely would fall back, but he did not. The smaller goats followed, and in a moment they were gone. Johnnie, with grinning countenance, crawled back around the chimney. Then I thought goats were not very good things on which to start a beginner.

"Let's see where they go," said Johnnie. We made a flank movement, and perhaps a quarter of a mile from the first round-up we saw those four fool goats



Johnnie Dick.
The aboriginal idea of Art.

again, the big one and a small one looking back around the corner, to see if we were really coming. Then we did shoot, and two of the four fell down and lodged where we could not possibly get them without long ropes, but another one collapsed so completely that he did not have time to get over the edge. The fourth one got away. Curiosity broke up that family.

There was a man who went out of Lillooet the year before last, to shoot a goat. The next day, when his friends looked for him, they found it was not the goat that had fallen down.

The only inconvenience about that November mountain trip was that the daily camping-ground was so far below the range of the game. The Indians said that in the early fall they would make camp on the very top of some mountain, and then there would be less climbing to do. The British Columbia open game season begins August 31st.

The early spring is undoubtedly the best time to go for bear. If one can spend

two months in the mountains then, the range of the grizzly is restricted by the deep snow of the mountain-tops, and getting a shot is not a matter of chance, but of industry. There are grizzlies quite near the settlements. Three were seen on the mountain within a mile of Lillooet last summer.

I stayed in the mountains till winter drove me out, and then I was sorry to go. It was all very beautiful. In the mornings I never tired of seeing the two Indians throw the hitches by which they fastened tents, boxes, heads, or anything at all, to the saw-buck attachments on the pack-saddles. How every region evolves its own methods! The Ottawa canoe-man would be lost here. Yet Saul and Johnnie made complicated adjustments of long ropes in the most off-hand manner, and everything stayed fixed.

I have often wondered why all Canada was not long ago overrun by holiday Americans. They go to the game-stripped Adirondacks, to Maine, to Colorado, and during the legal hunting season thousands

of rifles fill the air with lead. But out where I was, in a country where the sight of game is a certainty, and which anyone can reach comfortably if he can sit on a peaceful horse, there was no other hunting party within many miles. We saw no one at all in the mountains, not even an Indian nor the track of a horse. It seemed like a fairy-tale to be there, with the sheep mountains all around, and no one to worry us. Then, too, the vastness of the wilderness to the north, in that one province, impressed me very much.

Suppose our eastern seaboard, from New York to New Orleans, and from the Atlantic to Lake Erie and the Ohio River, were suddenly to revert into a virgin fastness, with New York a city of thirty thousand people, as its metropolis; with a string of little towns on a railroad crossing a corner of the State of New York and running away to a great republic on the north, a stage line, "the longest in North America," from Utica to a big mining camp, south in the Blue Ridge, with a few pack trails to other mining points. Swell the Appalachian system to several times its present height, powder its tops with snow, and let the mountains cover nearly the whole country. Fill the valleys with deep green lakes and roaring ice-cold rivers. This, in some degree, would represent the physique of the province which is the gem of Victoria's American possessions.

The circumstance which lost half of British Columbia to the United States was a very little thing.

On a bright June day one hundred and seven years ago a Scotch fur-trader, toiling up the Peace River to its southwest-

ern source, came to the place where the stream issued from beneath a great bank of snow. Crossing a little pond, and scarcely disturbing the many wild-fowl and beaver, he lifted his travel-worn birch-bark over piles of drift-wood into an ill-natured streamlet which smashed his canoe, but at last bore him down to a wide unknown river. Learning from the Indians whom he met that this river ran a very long way toward the midday sun, and at last fell into a great water which was not good to drink, Mackenzie made the shrewd but erroneous guess that the river he had found was the Columbia. It was in fact the Fraser.

This mistaken surmise, being printed in a book, was the cause of British claims to the whole Oregon country, only settled when, in 1848, Mr. James Buchanan, Secretary of State, by advice of the United States Senate, quit-claimed to Great Britain all the unexplored region west of the Rocky Mountains which Russia had conceded to the United States, but which went to form the southern half of the province of British Columbia. Thus our fathers lost political control over the country, but to those of us who love to shoot and fish it matters little what flag floats there. When at the command of God those mountains rose out of the sea, He made a country for men to marvel at as long as they inhabit the earth. He created a spacious home for His wild creatures that come at no man's bidding. He piled up a labyrinth of mountains, with snowy tops where the rivers are born that will cease not to chisel the rocks away, until the diminished hills no more intrude above the clouds.





Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

‘ I woke up,’ she said.—Page 284.

TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII

GRIZEL'S JOURNEY



NOTHING could have been less expected. In the beginning of May its leaves had lost something of their greenness, it seemed to be hesitating, but she coaxed it over the hill, and since then it had scarcely needed her hand, almost light-headedly it hurried into its summer clothes, and new buds broke out on it, like smiles, at the fascinating thought that there was to be a to-morrow. Grizel's plant had never been so brave in its little life, when suddenly it turned back.

That was the day on which Elspeth and David were leaving for a fortnight's holiday with his relatives by the sea, for Elspeth needed and was getting special devotion just now, and Grizel knew why. She was glad they were going, it was well that they should not be there to ask questions if she also must set forth on a journey.

For more than a week she waited, and everything she could do for her plant she did. She watched it so carefully that she might have deceived herself into believing that it was only standing still had there been no night-time. She thought she had not perhaps been sufficiently good, and she tried to be better, more ostentatiously satisfied with her lot; never had she forced herself to work quite so hard for others as in those few days, and then when she came home it had drooped a little more.

When she was quite sure that it was dying, she told Corp she was going to London by that night's train. "He is ill, Corp, and I must go to him,"

Ill! But how had he let her know?

"He has found a way," she said, with a tremulous smile. He wanted her to

telegraph, but no, she would place no faith in telegrams.

At least she could telegraph to Elspeth and the doctor. One of them would go.

"It is I who am going," she said, quietly. "I can't wait any longer. It was a promise, Corp. He loves me." They were the only words she said which suggest that there was anything strange about Grizel at this time.

Corp saw how determined she was when she revealed, incidentally, that she had drawn a sum of money out of the bank a week ago, "to be ready."

"What will folk say!" he cried.

"You can tell Gavinia the truth when I am gone," she told him; "she will know better than you what to say to other people," and that was some comfort to him, for it put the burden of invention upon his wife. So it was Corp who saw Grizel off. He was in great distress himself about Tommy, but he kept a courageous face for her, and his last words flung in at the carriage-window were, "Now dinna be down-hearted; I'm nain down-hearted mysel, for we're very sure he'll find a w'y." And Grizel smiled and nodded, and the train turned the bend that shuts out the little town of Thrums. The town vanishes quickly, but the quarry we howked it out of stands grim and red, watching the train for many a mile.

Of Grizel's journey to London there are no particulars to tell. She was wearing her brown jacket and fur cap because Tommy had liked them, and she sat straight and stiff all the way. She had never been in a train since she was a baby, except two or three times to Tilliedrum, and she thought this was the right way to sit. Always when the train stopped, which was at long intervals, she put her head out at the window and asked if this was the train to London. Every

station a train stops at in the middle of the night is the infernal regions, and she shuddered to hear lost souls clanking their chains, which is what a milk-can becomes on its way to the van, but still she asked if this was the train to London. When fellow-passengers addressed her, she was very modest and cautious in her replies. Sometimes a look of extraordinary happiness, of radiance, passed over her face, and may have puzzled them. It was part of the thought that, however ill he might be, she was to see him now.

She did not see him as soon as she expected, for at the door of Tommy's lodgings they told her that he had departed suddenly for the Continent about a week ago. He was to send an address by and by to which letters could be forwarded. Was he quite well when he went away? Grizel asked, shaking.

The landlady and her daughter thought he was rather peakish, but he had not complained.

He went away for his health, Grizel informed them, and he was very ill now. Oh, could they not tell her where he was! All she knew was that he was very ill. "I am engaged to be married to him," she said, with dignity. Without this strange certainty that Tommy loved her at last, she could not have trod the road which faced her now. Even when she had left the house, where at their suggestion she was to call to-morrow, she found herself wondering at once what he would like her to do now, and she went straight to a hotel and had her box sent to it from the station, and she remained there all day because she thought that this was what he would like her to do. She sat bolt upright on a cane-chair in her bedroom, praying to God with her eyes open; she was begging Him to let Tommy tell her where he was, and promising to return home at once if he did not need her.

Next morning they showed her, at his lodgings, two lines in a newspaper, which said that he was ill with bronchitis at the Hôtel Krone, Bad-Platten, in Switzerland.

It may have been an answer to her prayer, as she thought, but we know now how the paragraph got into print. On the previous evening the landlady had met Mr. Pym on the ladder of an omni-

bus and told him, before they could be plucked apart, of the lady who knew that Mr. Sandys was ill. It must be bronchitis again. Pym was much troubled; he knew that the Krone at Bad-Platten had been Tommy's destination. He talked that day, and one of the company was a reporter; which accounts for the paragraph.

Grizel found out how she could get to Bad-Platten. She left her box behind her, at the cloak-room of the railway station, where I suppose it was sold years afterward. From Dover she sent a telegram to Tommy, saying, "I am coming: Grizel."

On entering the train at Calais she had a railway journey of some thirty hours, broken by two changes only. She could speak a little French, but all the use she made of it was to ask repeatedly if she was in the right train. An English lady, who travelled with her for many hours, woke up now and again to notice that this quiet prim-looking girl was always sitting erect with her hand on her umbrella, as if ready to leave the train at any moment. The lady pointed out some of the beauties of the scenery to her and Grizel tried to attend. "I am afraid you are unhappy," her companion said, at last.

"That is not why I am crying," Grizel said, "I think I am crying because I am so hungry."

The stranger gave her sandwiches and claret, as cold as the rivers that raced the train, and Grizel told her, quite frankly, why she was going to Bad-Platten. She did not tell his name, only that he was ill, and that she was engaged to him and he had sent for her. She believed it all. The lady was very sympathetic and gave her information about the diligence by which the last part of Grizel's journey must be made, and also said: "You must not neglect your meals, if only for his sake, for how can you nurse him back to health if you arrive at Bad-Platten ill yourself? Consider his distress if he were to be told that you were in the inn, but not able to go to him."

"Oh," Grizel cried, rocking her arms for the first time since she knew her plant was drooping. She promised to be very practical henceforth, so as to have strength to take her place by his side at once. It

was strange that she who was so good a nurse had forgotten these things, so strange that it alarmed her, as if she feared that, without being able to check herself, she was turning into some other person.

The station where she alighted was in a hubbub of life; everyone seemed to leave the train here and to resent the presence of all the others. They were mostly English. The men hung back, as if now that there was business to be done in some foolish tongue they had better leave the ladies to do it. Many of them seemed prepared if there was dissension to disown their woman-kind and run for it. They looked haughty and nervous. Such of them as had tried to shave in the train were boasting of it and holding handkerchiefs to their chins. The ladies were moving about in a masterful way, carrying bunches of keys. When they had done everything, the men went and stood by their sides again.

Outside the station 'buses and carriages were innumerable and everybody was shouting, but Grizel saw that nearly all her fellow-passengers were hurrying by foot or conveyance to one spot, all desirous of being there first, and she thought it must be the place where the diligence started from, and pressed on with them. It proved to be a hotel where they all wanted the best bedroom, and many of them had telegraphed for it, and they gathered round a man in uniform and demanded that room of him, but he treated them as if they were little dogs and he was not the platter, and soon they were begging for a room on the fourth floor at the back, and swelling with triumph if they got it. The scrimmage was still going on when Grizel slipped out of the hotel, having learned that the diligence would not start until the following morning. It was still early in the afternoon. How could she wait until to-morrow?

Bad-Platten was forty miles away. The road was pointed out to her; it began to climb at once. She was to discover that for more than thirty miles it never ceased to climb. She sat down, hesitating, on a little bridge that spanned a horrible rushing white stream. Poets have sung the glories of that stream, but it sent a shiver through her. On all sides she was

caged in by a ring of splendid mountains, but she did not give them one admiring glance (there is a special spot where the guide-books advise you to stop for a moment to do it); her one passionate desire was to fling out her arms and knock them over.

She had often walked twenty miles in a day, in a hill country too, without feeling tired, and there seemed no reason why she should not set off now. There were many inns on the way, she was told, where she could pass the night. There she could get the diligence next day. This would not bring her any sooner to him than if she waited here until to-morrow, but how could she sit still till to-morrow? She must be moving, she seemed to have been sitting still for an eternity. "I must not do anything rash," she told herself, carefully. "I must arrive at Bad-Platten able to sit down beside him the moment I have taken off my jacket—oh, without waiting to take off my jacket." She went into the hotel and ate some food, just to show herself how careful she had become. About three o'clock she set off. She had a fierce desire to get away from that heartless white stream and the crack of whips and the doleful pine-woods, and at first she walked very quickly, but she never got away from them, for they marched with her. It was not that day but the next that Grizel thought anything was marching with her. That day her head was quite clear, and she kept her promise to herself, and as soon as she felt tired she stopped for the night at a village inn. But when she awoke very early next morning she seems to have forgotten that she was to travel the rest of the way by diligence, for after a slight meal she started off again on foot and she was walking all day.

She passed through many villages so like each other that in time she thought they might be the same. There was always a monster inn whence one carriage was departing as another drove up, and there was a great stone water-tank in which women drew their washing back and forward and a big yellow dog looked on, and at the doors of painted houses children stood. You knew they were children by their size only. The one person she spoke to that day was a child

who offered her a bunch of wild-flowers. No one was looking and Grizel kissed her and then hurried on.

The carriage passed and repassed her. There must have been a hundred of them, but in time they became one. No sooner had it disappeared in dust, in front of her than she heard the crack of its whip behind.

It was a glorious day of sweltering sun, but she was bewildered now and did not open the umbrella with which she had shielded her head yesterday. In the foreground were always the same white road, on both sides the same pine-wood, magnificent with wild-flowers, the same roaring white stream. From somewhere near came the tinkle of cow-bells. Far away on heights, if she looked up, were villages made of match-boxes. She saw what were surely the same villages if she looked down. Or the one was the reflection of the other, in the sky above or in a valley below. They stood out so vividly that they might have been within arm's reach. They were so small that she felt she could extinguish them with her umbrella. Near them was the detestably picturesque castle perched upon a bracket, everywhere that loathly waterfall, here and there squares of cultivated land that looked like door-mats flung out upon the hill-sides. The huge mountains raised their jagged heads through the snow and were so sharp edged that they might have been clipped out of cardboard. The sky was blue, without a flaw, but lost clouds crawled like snakes between heaven and earth. All day the sun scorched her, but the night was very cold.

From early morn till evening she climbed to get away from them, but they all marched with her. They waited while she slept. She woke up in an inn, and could have cried with delight because she saw nothing but bare walls. But as soon as she reached the door, there they all were, ready for her. An hour after she set off she again reached that door, and she stopped at it to ask if this was the inn where she had passed the night. Everything had turned with her. Two squalls of sudden rain drenched her that day, and she forced her way through the first but sought a covering from the second.

It was then afternoon, and she was passing through a village by a lake. Since Grizel's time monster hotels have trampled the village to death, and the shuddering lake reflects all day the most hideous of caravansaries flung together as with a giant shovel in one of the loveliest spots on earth. Even then some of the hotels had found it out. Grizel drew near to two of them, and saw wet halls full of open umbrellas which covered the floor and looked like great beetles. These buildings were too formidable and she dragged herself past them. She came to a garden of hops and evergreens, wet chairs were standing in the deserted walks, and here and there was a little arbor. She went into one of these arbors and sat down, and soon slid to the floor.

The place was St. Gian, some miles from Bad-Platten, but one of the umbrellas she had seen was Tommy's. Others belonged to Mrs. Jerry and Lady Pippinworth.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TWO OF THEM



WHEN Tommy started impulsively on what proved to be his only continental trip he had expected to join Mrs. Jerry and her step-daughter at Bad - Platten. They had been there for a fortnight and "The place is a dream," Mrs. Jerry had said in the letter pressing him to come, but it was at St. Gian that she met the diligence and told him to descend. Bad-Platten, she explained, was a horror.

Her fuller explanation was that she was becoming known there as the round lady.

"Now am I as round as all that?" she said, plaintively, to Tommy.

"Mrs. Jerry," he replied, with emotion, "you must not ask me what I think of you." He always treated her with extraordinary respect and chivalry now, and it awed her.

She had looked too, too round because she was in the company of Lady Pippinworth. Everyone seemed to be too round or too large by the side of that gifted lady, who somehow never looked too thin. She

knew her power. When there were women in the room whom she disliked she merely went and stood beside them. In the gyrations of the dance the onlooker would momentarily lose sight of her ; she went out and in like a candle. Men could not dance with her without its being said that they were getting stout. There is nothing they dislike so much, yet they did dance with her. Tommy, having some slight reason, was particularly sensitive about references to his figure, yet it was Lady Pippinworth who had drawn him to Switzerland. What was her strange attraction ?

Calmly considered she was preposterously thin, but men at least could not think of her thinness only, unless, when walking with her, they became fascinated by its shadow on the ground. She was tall, and had a very clear pale complexion and light brown hair. Light brown, too, were her heavy eyelashes, which were famous for being black-tipped, as if a brush had touched them, though it had not. She made play with her eyelashes as with a fan, and sometimes the upper and lower seemed to entangle for a moment and be in difficulties, from which you wanted to extricate them in the tenderest manner. And the more you wanted to help her the more disdainfully she looked at you. Yet though she looked disdainful she also looked helpless. Now we have the secret of her charm.

This helpless disdain was the natural expression of her face, and I am sure she fell asleep with a curl of the lip. Her scorn of them so maddened men that they could not keep away from her. "Damn !" they said under their breath, and rushed to her. If rumor is to be believed, Sir Harry Pippinworth proposed to her in a fury brought on by the sneer with which she had surveyed his family portraits. I know nothing more of Sir Harry except that she called him Pips, which seems to settle him.

"They will be calling me the round gentleman," Tommy said, ruefully, to her that evening as he strolled with her toward the lake, and indeed he was looking stout. Mrs. Jerry did not accompany them, she wanted to be seen with her trying step-daughter as little as possible, and Tommy's had been the happy proposal that

he should attend them alternately, "fling away my own figure to save yours," he had said, gallantly, to Mrs. Jerry.

"Do you mind ?" Lady Pippinworth asked.

"I mind nothing," he replied, "so long as I am with you."

He had not meant to begin so near the point where they had last left off, he had meant to begin much farther back, but an irresistible desire came over him to make sure that she really did permit him to say this sort of thing.

Her only reply was a flutter of the little fans, and a most contemptuous glance.

"Alice," said Tommy, in the old way.

"Well ?"

"You don't understand what it is to me to say Alice again."

"Many people call me Alice."

"But they have a right to."

"I supposed you thought you had a right to also ?"

"No," said Tommy. "That is why I do it."

She strolled on more scornful and helpless than ever. Apparently it did not matter what one said to Lady Pippinworth, her pout kept it within the proprieties.

There was a magnificent sunset that evening, which dyed a snow-topped mountain pink. "That is what I came all the way from London to see," Tommy remarked, after they had gazed at it.

"I hope you feel repaid," she said, a little tartly.

"You mistake my meaning," he replied. "I had heard of these wonderful effects, and an intense desire came over me to see you looking disdainfully at them. Yes, I feel amply repaid. Did you notice, Alice, or was it but a fancy of my own, that when he had seen the expression on your face the sun quite slunk away ?"

"I wonder you don't do so also," she retorted. She had no sense of humor and was rather stupid, so it is no wonder that the men ran after her.

"I am more gallant than the sun," said he. "If I had been up there in its place, Alice, and you had been looking at me I could never have set."

She pouted contemptuously, which meant, I think, that she was well pleased. Yet though he seemed to be complimenting her, she was not sure of him, she had

never been sure of Tommy, nor, indeed, he of her, which was probably why they were so interested in each other still.

"Do you know," Tommy said, "what I have told you is really at least half the truth? If I did not come here to see you disdaining the sun I think I did come to see you disdaining me. Odd, is it not, if true, that a man should travel so far to see a lip curl up?"

"You don't seem to know what brought you," she said.

"It seems so monstrous," he replied, musing. "Oh, yes, I am quite certain that the curl of the lip is responsible for my being here, it kept sending me constant telegrams; but what I want to know is, do I come for the pleasure of the thing or for the pain? Do I like your disdain, Alice, or does it make me writhe? Am I here to beg you to do it again or to defy it?"

"Which are you doing now?" she inquired.

"I had hoped," he said, with a sigh, "that you could tell me that."

On another occasion they reached the same point in this discussion and went a little beyond it. It was on a wet afternoon, too, when Tommy had vowed to himself to mend his ways. "That disdainful look is you," he told her, "and I admire it more than anything in nature, and yet, Alice, and yet——"

"Well?" she answered, coldly, but not moving, though he had come suddenly too near her. They were on a veranda of the hotel, and she was lolling in a wicker chair.

"And yet," he said, intensely, "I am not certain that I would not give the world to have the power to drive that look from your face. That, I begin to think, is what brought me here."

"But you are not sure," she said, with a shrug of the shoulder.

It stung him into venturing farther than he had ever gone with her before. Not too gently he took her head in both his hands and forced her to look up at him. She submitted without a protest. She was disdainful but helpless.

"Well?" she said again.

He withdrew his hands, and she smiled, mockingly.

"If I thought——" he cried with sudden passion, and stopped.

"You think a great deal, don't you?" she said. She was going now.

"If I thought there was any blood in your veins, you icy woman——"

"Or in your own," said she. But she said it a little fiercely, and he noticed that.

"Alice," he cried, "I know now. It is to drive that look from your face that I am here."

She dropped him a courtesy from the door. She was quite herself again.

But for that moment she had been moved. He was convinced of it, and his first feeling was of exultation as in an achievement. I don't know what you are doing just now, Lady Pippinworth, but my compliments to you, and T. Sandys is swelling.

There followed on this exultation another feeling as sincere, devout thankfulness that he had gone no farther. He drew deep breaths of relief over his escape, but knew that he had not himself to thank. His friends, the little sprites, had done it, in return for the amusement he seemed to give them. They had stayed him in the nick of time, but not earlier; it was quite as if they wanted Tommy to have his fun first. So often they had saved him from being spitted, how could he guess that the great catastrophe was fixed for to-night, and that henceforth they were to sit round him counting his wriggles, as if this new treatment of him tickled them even more than the other?

But he was too clever not to know that they might be fattening him for some very special feast, and his thanks took the form of a vow to need their help no more. Tomorrow he would begin to climb the mountains around St. Gian; if he danced attendance on her dangerous ladyship again, Mrs. Jerry should be there also, and he would walk circumspectly between them like a man with gyves upon his wrists. He was in the midst of all the details of these reforms when suddenly he looked at himself thus occupied and laughed bitterly, he had so often come upon Tommy making grand resolves.

He stopped operations and sat down beside them. No one could have wished more heartily to be anybody else, or have had less hope. He had not even the excuse of being passionately drawn to this woman: he remembered that she had

never interested him until he heard of her effect upon other men. Her reputation as a duellist, whose defence none of his sex could pass, had led to his wondering what they saw in her, and he had dressed himself in their sentiments and so approached her. There were times in her company when he forgot that he was wearing borrowed garments, when he went on flame, but he always knew, as now, upon reflection. Nothing seemed easier at this moment than to fling them aside—with one jerk they were on the floor. Obviously it was only vanity that had inspired him, and vanity was satisfied: the easier, therefore, to stop. Would you like to make the woman unhappy, Tommy? You know you would not; you have somewhere about you one of the softest hearts in the world. Then desist, be satisfied that you did thaw her once and grateful that she so quickly froze again. “I am, indeed I am,” he responds; “no one could have himself better in hand for the time being than I, and if a competition in morals were now going on I should certainly take the medal, but I cannot speak for myself an hour in advance; I make a vow, as I have done so often before, but it does not help me to know what I may be at before the night is out.”

When his disgust with himself was at its height he suddenly felt like a little god. His new book had come into view. He flicked a finger at his reflection in a mirror. “That for you,” he said, defiantly, “at least I can write, I can write at last. What else matters?”

The manuscript lay almost finished at the bottom of his trunk. It could not easily have been stolen for one hour without his knowing. Just when he was about to start on a walk with one of the ladies he would run upstairs to make sure that it was still there; he made sure by feeling, and would turn again at the door to make sure by looking. Miser never listened to the crispness of bank-notes with more avidity, woman never spent more time in shutting and opening her jewel-box.

“I can write at last!” He knew that, comparatively speaking, he had never been able to write before. He remembered the fuss that had been made about his former books. “Pooh!” he said, addressing them contemptuously.

Once more he drew his beloved manuscript from its hiding-place. He did not mean to read, only to fondle, but his eye chancing to fall on a special passage—two hours afterward he was interrupted by the dinner-gong. He returned the pages to the box and wiped his eyes. While dressing hurriedly he remembered with languid interest that Lady Pippinworth was staying in the same hotel.

There were a hundred or more at dinner, and they were all saying the same thing: “Where have you been to-day?—Really! but the lower path is shadier.—Is this your first visit?—The glacier is very nice.—Were you caught in the rain?—The view from the top is very nice.—After all, the rain lays the dust.—They give you two sweets at Bad-Platten and an ice on Sunday.—The sunset is very nice.—The poulet is very nice.” The hotel is open during the summer months only, but probably the chairs in the dining-room and the knives and forks in their basket make these remarks to each other every evening throughout the winter.

Being a new-comer Tommy had not been placed beside either of his friends, who sat apart, “not,” Mrs. Jerry said, “that I am afraid of her in evening dress (at least so long as we are sitting), but she calls me mamma, and I am not going to stand that.” For some time he gave thought to neither of them; he was engrossed in what he had been reading, and it turned him into a fine and magnanimous character. When gradually her ladyship began to flit among his reflections it was not to disturb them, but because she harmonized. He wanted to apologize to her. The apology grew in grace as the dinner progressed; it was so charmingly composed that he was profoundly stirred by it.

The opportunity came presently in the hall, where it is customary after dinner to lounge or stroll if you are afraid of the night-air. Or if you do not care for music, you can go into the drawing-room and listen to the piano.

“I am sure mamma is looking for you everywhere,” Lady Pippinworth said, when Tommy took a chair beside her. “It is her evening, you know.”

“Surely you would not drive me away,” he replied, with a languishing air, and then

smiled at himself, for he was done with this sort of thing. "Lady Pippinworth," said he, firmly—it needs firmness when of late you have been saying "Alice."

"Well?"

"I have been thinking——" Tommy began.

"I am sure you have," she said.

"I have been thinking——" he went on, determinedly. "that I played a poor part this afternoon. I had no right to say what I said to you."

"As far as I can remember," she answered, "you did not say very much."

"It is like your generosity, Lady Pippinworth," he said, "to make light of it, but let us be frank. I made love to you."

Anyone looking at his expressionless face and her lazy disdain (and there were many in the hall) would have guessed that their talk was of where were you today, and what should I do to-morrow.

"You don't really mean that?" her ladyship said, incredulously. "Think, Mr. Sandys, before you tell me anything more. Are you sure you are not confusing me with mamma?"

"I did it," said Tommy, remorsefully.

"In my absence?" she asked.

"When you were with me on the veranda."

Her eyes opened to their widest, so surprised that the lashes had no time for their usual play.

"Was that what you call making love, Mr. Sandys?" she inquired.

"I call a spade a spade."

"And now you are apologizing to me, I understand?"

"If you can in the goodness of your heart forgive me, Lady Pippinworth——"

"Oh, I do," she said, heartily, "I do. But how stupid you must have thought me, not even to know! I feel that it is I who ought to apologize. What a number of ways there seem to be of making love, and yours is such an odd way."

Now to apologize for playing a poor part is one thing, and to put up with the charge of playing a part poorly is quite another. Nevertheless he kept his temper.

"You have discovered an excellent way of punishing me," he said, manfully, "and I submit. Indeed, I admire you the more. So I am paying you a com-

pliment when I whisper that I know you knew."

But she would not have it. "You are so strangely dense to-night," she said. "Surely if I had known, I would have stopped you. You forget that I am a married woman," she added, remembering Pips rather late in the day.

"There might be other reasons why you did not stop me," he replied, impulsively.

"Such as?"

"Well, you—you might have wanted me to go on."

He blurted it out.

"So," said she, slowly, "you are apologizing to me for 'not going on'?"

"I implore you, Lady Pippinworth," Tommy said, in much distress, "not to think me capable of that. If I moved you for a moment, I am far from boasting of it—it makes me only the more anxious to do what is best for you."

This was not the way it had shaped during dinner, and Tommy would have acted wisely had he now gone out to cool his head. "If you moved me?" she repeated, interrogatively; but with the best intentions he continued to flounder.

"Believe me," he implored her, "had I known it could be done, I should have checked myself. But they always insist that you are an iceberg, and am I so much to blame if that look of hauteur deceived me with the rest? Oh, dear Lady Disdain," he said, warmly, in answer to one of her most freezing glances, "it deceives me no longer. From that moment I knew you had a heart, and I was shamed. As noble a heart as ever beat in woman," he added. He always tended to add generous bits when he found it coming out well.

"Does the man think I am in love with him!" was Lady Disdain's inadequate reply.

"No, no indeed," he assured her, earnestly, "I am not so vain as to think that, nor so selfish as to wish it. But if for a moment you were moved——"

"But I was not," said she, stamping her shoe.

His dander began to rise, as they say in the north, but he kept grip of politeness.

"If you were moved for a moment, Lady Pippinworth," he went on in a

slightly more determined voice, "I am far from saying that it was so, but if——"

"But as I was not," she said.

It was no use putting things prettily to her when she snapped you up in this way.

"You know you were," he said, reproachfully.

"I assure you," said she, "I don't know what you are talking about, but apparently it is something dreadful, so perhaps one of us ought to go away."

As he did not take this hint, she opened a tattered Tauchnitz which was lying at her elbow. They are always lying at your elbow in a Swiss hotel, with the first pages missing.

Tommy watched her gloomily. "This is unworthy of you," he said.

"What is?"

He was not quite sure, but as he sat there, misgivings entered his mind and began to gnaw. Was it all a mistake of his? Undeniably he did think too much. After all, had she not been moved? S'death!

His restlessness made her look up. "It must be a great load off your mind," she said, with gentle laughter, "to know that your apology was unnecessary."

"It is," Tommy said, "it is." (S'death!)

She resumed her book.

So this was how one was rewarded for a generous impulse! He felt very bitter. "So, so," he said, inwardly; also, "Very well, ve-ry well." Then he turned upon himself: "Serves you right," he said, brutally, "better stick to your books, Thomas, for you know nothing about women." To think for one moment that he had moved her! That streak of marble moved! He fell to watching her again, as if she were some troublesome sentence to be licked into shape. As she bent impertinently over her book she was an insult to man. All Tommy's interest in her revived. She infuriated him.

"Alice," he whispered.

"Do keep quiet till I finish this chapter," she begged, lazily.

It brought him at once to the boiling-point.

"Alice!" he said, fervently.

She had noticed the change in his voice. "People are looking," she said, without moving a muscle.

There was some subtle flattery to him in the warning, but he could not ask for

more, for just then Mrs. Jerry came in. She was cloaked for the garden, and he had to go with her, sulkily. At the door she observed that the ground was still wet.

"Are you wearing your goloshes?" said he, brightening. "You must get them, Mrs. Jerry, I insist."

She hesitated. (Her room was on the third floor.) "It is very good of you to be so thoughtful of me," she said, "but——"

"But I have no right to try to take care of you," he interposed, in a melancholy voice, "it is true. Let us go."

"I sha'n't be two minutes," said Mrs. Jerry, in a flutter, and went off hastily for her goloshes, while he looked fondly after her. At the turn of the stair she glanced back and his eyes were still begging her to hurry. It was a gracious memory to her in the after years, for she never saw him again.

As soon as she was gone he returned to the hall, and taking from a peg a cloak with a Mother Goose hood brought it to Lady Pippinworth, who had watched her mamma trip upstairs.

"Did I say I was going out?" she asked.

"Yes," said Tommy, and she rose to let him put the elegant thing round her. She was one of those dangerous women who look their best when you are helping them to put on their cloaks.

"Now," he instructed her, "pull the hood over your head."

"Is it so cold as that?" she said, obeying.

"I want you to wear it," he answered. What he meant was that she never looked quite so impudent as in her hood, and his vanity insisted that she should be armed to the teeth before they resumed hostilities. The red light was in his eyes as he drew her into the garden where Grizel lay.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE RED LIGHT



It was an evening without stars, but fair, sufficient wind to make her ladyship cling haughtily to his arm as they turned corners. Many of the visitors were in the garden, some grouped round a quartet of gayly attired minstrels, but more sitting in little arbors or prowling in search of

an arbor to sit in ; the night was so dark that when our two passed beyond the light of the hotel windows they could scarce see the shrubs they brushed against ; cigars without faces behind them sauntered past ; several times they thought they had found an unoccupied arbor at last, when they heard the clink of coffee-cups.

"I believe the castle dates from the fifteenth century," Tommy would then say, suddenly, though it was not of castles he had been talking.

With a certain satisfaction he noticed that she permitted him, without comment, to bring in the castle on emergencies and to drop it the moment they had passed. But he had little other encouragement. Even when she pressed his arm it was only as an intimation that the castle was needed.

"I can't even make her angry," he said, wrathfully, to himself.

"You answer not a word," he said, in great dejection, to her.

"I am afraid to speak," she admitted. "I don't know who may hear."

"Alice," he said, eagerly, "what would you say if you were not afraid to speak?"

They had stopped, and he thought she trembled a little on his arm, but he could not be sure. He thought—but he was thinking too much again, at least Lady Pippinworth seemed to come to that conclusion, for with a galling little laugh she moved on. He saw, with amazing clearness, that he had thought sufficiently for one day.

On coming into the garden with her, and for some time afterward, he had been studying her so coolly, watching symptoms rather than words, that there is nothing to compare the man to but a doctor, who while he is chatting has his finger on your pulse. But he was not so calm now. Whether or not he had stirred the woman, he was rapidly firing himself.

When next he saw her face by the light of a window, she at the same instant turned her eyes on him, it was as if each wanted to know correctly how the other had been looking in the darkness, and the effect was a challenge.

Like one retreating a step, she lowered her eyes. "I am tired," she said. "I shall go in."

"Let us stroll round once more."

"No, I am going in."

"If you are afraid——" he said, with a slight smile.

She took his arm again. "Though it is too bad of me to keep you out," she said, as they went on, "for you are shivering. Is it the night-air that makes you shiver?" she asked, mockingly.

But she shivered a little herself, as if with a presentiment that she might be less defiant if he were less thoughtful. For a month or more she had burned to teach him a lesson, but there was a time before that, when, had she been sure he was in earnest, she would have preferred to be the pupil.

Two ladies came out of an arbor where they had been drinking coffee, and sauntered toward the hotel. It was a tiny building, half concealed in hops and reached by three steps, and Tommy and his companion took possession. He groped in the darkness for a chair for her, and invited her tenderly to sit down. She said she preferred to stand. She was by the open window, her fingers drumming on the sill. Though he could not see her face, he knew exactly how she was looking.

"Sit down," he said, rather masterfully.

"I prefer to stand," she repeated, languidly.

He had a passionate desire to take her by the shoulders and shake her, but put his hand on hers instead, and she permitted it, like one disdainful but helpless. She said something unimportant about the stillness.

"Is it so still?" he said, in a low voice. "I seem to hear a great noise. I think it must be the beating of my heart."

"I fancy that is what it is," she drawled.

"Do you hear it?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear your own heart beat, Alice?"

"No."

He had both her hands now. "Would you like to hear it?"

She pulled away her hands sharply.

"Yes," she replied with defiance.

"But you pulled away your hands first," said he.

He heard her breathe heavily for a moment, but she said nothing. "Yes," he said, as if she had spoken, "it is true."

"What is true?"

"What you are saying to yourself just now—that you hate me."

She beat the floor with her foot.

"How you hate me, Alice!"

"Oh, no."

"Yes, indeed you do."

"I wonder why," she said, and she trembled a little.

"I know why." He had come close to her again. "Shall I tell you why?"

She said "No," hurriedly.

"I am so glad you say No." He spoke passionately and yet there was banter in his voice, or so it seemed to her. "It is because you fear to be told, it is because you had hoped that I did not know."

"Tell me why I hate you!" she cried.

"Tell me first that you do."

"Oh, I do, I do indeed!" She said the words in a white heat of hatred.

Before she could prevent him he had raised her hand to his lips.

"Dear Alice!" he said.

"Why is it?" she demanded.

"Listen!" he said. "Listen to your heart, Alice; it is beating now. It is telling you why. Does it need an interpreter? It is saying you hate me because you think I don't love you."

"Don't you?" she asked, fiercely.

"No," Tommy said.

Her hands were tearing each other, and she could not trust herself to speak. She sat down deadly pale in the chair he had offered her.

"No man ever loved you," he said, leaning over her, with his hand on the back of the chair. "You are smiling at that, I know, but it is true, Lady Disdain. They may have vowed to blow their brains out, and seldom did it; they may have let you walk over them and they may have become your fetch-and-carry, for you were always able to drive them crazy: but love does not bring men so low. They tried hard to love you, and it was not that they could not love, it was that you were unlovable. That is a terrible thing to a woman. You think you let them try to love you, that you might make them your slaves when they succeeded, but you made them your slaves because they failed. It is a power given to your cold and selfish nature in place of the capacity for being able to be loved, with which women, not a hundredth part as beautiful as you, are

dowered, and you have a raging desire, Alice, to exercise it over me as over the others, but you can't."

Had he seen her face then it might have warned him to take care, but he heard only her words, and they were not at all in keeping with her face.

"I see I can't," was what she cried, almost in a whisper.

"It is all true, Alice, is it not?"

"I suppose so, I don't know, I don't care." She swung round in her chair and caught his sleeve. Her hands clung to it. "Say you love me now," she said. "I cannot live without your love after this. What shall I do to make you love me. Tell me, and I will do it."

He could not stop himself, for he mistrusted her still.

"I will not be your slave," he said, through his teeth; "you shall be mine."

"Yes, yes."

"You shall submit to me in everything. If I say 'come,' you shall come to where-soever it may be, and if I say 'stay' and leave you forever you shall stay."

"Very well," she said, eagerly. She would have her revenge when he was her slave.

"You can continue to be the haughty Lady Disdain to others, but you shall be only obedient little Alice to me."

"Very well." She drew his arm toward her and pressed her lips upon it. "And for that you will love me a little, won't you? you will love me at last, won't you?" she entreated.

He was a masterful man up to a certain point only. Her humility now tapped him in a new place, and before he knew what he was about he began to run pity.

"To humiliate you so, Alice! I am a dastard, I am not such a dastard as you think me. I wanted to know that you would be willing to do all these things, but I would never have let you do them."

"I am willing to do them."

"No, no." It was he who had her hands now. "It was brutal, but I did it for you, Alice, for you. Don't you see I was doing it only to make a woman of you? You were always adorable, but in a coat of mail that would let love neither in nor out. I have been hammering at it to break it only and free my glorious Alice. We had to fight and

one of us had to give in, you would have flung me away if I had yielded—I had to win to save you.”

“Now I am lost indeed,” he was saying to himself even as it came rushing out of him, and what appalled him most was that worse had probably still to come. He was astride two horses, and both were at the gallop. He flung out his arms as if seeking for something to check him.

As he did so she had started to her feet, listening. It seemed to her that there was someone near them.

He flung out his arms for help, and they fell upon Lady Pippinworth and went round her. He drew her to him. She could hear no breathing now but his.

“Alice, I love you, for you are love itself; it is you I have been chasing since first it rose like a bird at my feet; I never had a passing fancy for any other woman; I always knew that somewhere in the world there must be you and some time this starless night and you for me. You were hidden behind walls of ice; no man had passed them; I broke them down and love leapt to love, and you lie here, my beautiful love, in the arms of its lover.”

He was in a frenzy of passion now, he meant every word of it, and her intention was to turn upon him presently and mock him, this man with whom she had been playing. Oh, the jeering things she had to say! But she could not say them yet. She would give her fool another moment. So she thought, but she was giving it to herself, and as she delayed she was in danger of melting in his arms.

“What does the world look like to you, my darling? You are in it for the first time. You were born but a moment ago. It is dark, that you may not be blinded before you have used your eyes. These are your eyes, dear eyes that do not yet know their purpose; they are for looking at me, little Alice, and mine are for looking into yours. I cannot see you, I have never seen the face of my love—oh, my love, come into the light that I may see your face.”

They did not move. Her head had fallen on his shoulder. She was to give it but a moment, and then—— But the moment had passed and still her hair pressed his cheek. Her eyes were closed. He seemed to have found the

way to woo her. Neither of them spoke. Suddenly they jumped apart. Lady Pippinworth stole to the door. They held their breath and listened.

It was not so loud now, but it was distinctly heard. It had been heavy breathing, and now she was trying to check it and half succeeding, but at the cost of little cries. They both knew it was a woman and that she was in the arbor, on the other side of the little table. She must have been there when they came in.

“Who is that?”

There was no answer to him save the checked breathing and another broken cry. She moved, and it helped him to see vaguely the outlines of a girl who seemed to be drawing back from him in terror. He thought she was crouching now in the farthest corner.

“Come away,” he said. But Lady Pippinworth would not let him go. They must know who this woman was. He remembered that a match-stand usually stood on the tables of those arbors and groped until he found one.

“Who are you?”

He struck a match. They were those French matches that play an infernal interlude before beginning to burn. While he waited he knew that she was begging him with her hands and with cries that were too little to be words not to turn its light on her. But he did.

Then she ceased to cower. The girlish dignity that had been hers so long came running back to her. As she faced him there was even a crooked smile upon her face.

“I woke up,” she said, as if the words had no meaning to herself, but might have some to him.

The match burned out before he spoke, but his face was terrible. “Grizel!” he said, with a shudder; and then as if the discovery was as awful to her as to him she uttered a cry of horror and sped out into the night. He called her name again and sprang after her, but the hand of another woman detained him.

“Who is this girl?” Lady Pippinworth demanded, fiercely, but he did not answer; he recoiled from her with a shudder she was not likely to forget, and hurried on. All that night he searched for Grizel in vain.



The Midnight Sun.

WITH ARCTIC HIGHLANDERS

By Walter A. Wyckoff

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

WE sailed in midsummer for North Greenland. Ours was but one of a series of related expeditions, and was made notable by the unfailing good fortune which accompanied us into Kane Basin, past the seventy-ninth parallel of north latitude, and throughout the accomplishment of the various objects with which we embarked, and then home again well before our appointed time. With scarcely a mishap and with not an hour's illness on board, we sailed almost unobstructed to points to which earlier expeditions have pressed their way through serious peril and with loss of health and life. Men who know say that there is nothing more incalculable than the moods of the far North, so that it was by sheer luck that we cruised about Inglefield Gulf and the head waters of Baf-

fin Bay, through Smith Sound into Kane Basin, under an unclouded sun and skies like those of the Mediterranean after spring showers. But all this has been done before, and done with even greater success. Our distinctive good fortune lay chiefly, I think, in the intimate association which we had, chance visitors to the North as we were, with an isolated tribe of Esquimaux which inhabits the coast in settlements scattered from Cape York to Foulke Fjord, and is known to science as the Smith Sound Tribe, and which Sir John Ross named the Arctic Highlanders.

Some day there will be given to the world a fund of scientific knowledge relating to this tribe which can scarcely fail to be of value to anthropology, and, when interpreted into the vernacular, will be of absorbing human interest. Complete iden-



One of the Icebergs.

tification with the tribe continued through several years would put a sympathetic, trained observer in possession of a unique chapter of history. My own was but the lightest touch upon the surface of their life, unattended by any antecedent knowledge of the Esquimaux, yet so fortunate in opportunities as to afford glimpses into regions where lie facts which may prove in the end of real significance to more than one of the natural sciences.

I can suggest it all only in the terms of a casual sharer in an expedition equipped for furthering Arctic exploration and utilized for scientific work, and for a summer's shooting.

We sailed from Sydney, Cape Breton Island. From early morning of Friday, July 21, 1899, the *Diana* lay moored to a wharf that was littered with provision-boxes and the heterogeneous kit of scientists and sportsmen and Arctic explorers. She was a strange craft to our eyes; an auxiliary barkentine of eight knots speed and of a little less than three hundred tons burden, built of heavy English oak, her engines well aft and her bows high in consequence and showing a sheathing of steel to protect them when forcing a way through the floe. Along her black freeboard were irregular lines of white where the oak lay bare and polished by friction with the pack ice; for the *Diana* was no stranger to Arctic seas, being a sealing vessel and engaging each spring in the fisheries off the Newfoundland coast. At the head of her foremast and mainmast were crows'-nests with shrouds running to each and trap-doors to admit the men on watch.

The crew, a dozen strong, were working hard to get the equipment on board. They were brawny Newfoundlanders of English descent, with frank, open countenances, and with a rich provincial flavor in their speech. At the after-winch was the boatswain, his ruddy face half hidden by a grizzly beard through which shone the play of native humor like clear sky through rifts of cloud. On the half-deck, in the midst of accumulating stores, stood the mate, directing the movements of his men. The wharf and decks were utter confusion for the time. Barrels and provision-boxes were being passed down the after companionway to the lazaret, and over heaps of motley impedimenta was being raised to the starboard half-deck a dismantled sloop destined as a gift to an American explorer.

In spite of apparent inextricable disorder and unreadiness to sail, the whistle blew, and the members of the crew came hurrying back from a half hour's shore leave; the hawsers were cast off, while the crowds on the wharf began to cheer, after the manner of Anglo-Saxons, and were answered by groups of men on board in their several college cheers. Through the untroubled waters of the harbor—comparable almost to the harbor of the other Sydney at the antipodes of British possession—we dropped slowly in the warm sunlight toward the Government pier. An exquisite green was upon the rolling land that engulfed us. Out of the mass of wooden buildings which form the town rose here and there a stone church or dwelling wearing the stamp of the stately

grace of an earlier day when Cape Breton Island was a crown colony and Sydney the seat of the Governor; when troops were garrisoned in the park, and the families of the officers and of the royal commissioners made up the local gentry. That day has passed, but by no means have the signs of Scottish origin in the colonists. The names over the shop-doors are uniformly Scotch, and Gaelic is still the mother-tongue of numbers of the people; so much so that in one of the Presbyterian

were full to their capacity, and ten tons which were to serve as a winter supply in Ellsemere Land to a party of explorers on board had to be taken on the quarter-deck. With picturesque confusion on our decks, blackened by the dust of bituminous coal and smuts from clouds of smoke, with a more or less loose propeller rattling aft, and the forward stanchions rocking with the motion of the vessel under the weight of lifeboats and dories, and the lumber for an Arctic winter house, we



Scene on the Forward Deck of the Diana.

churches of the town the service is in that rugged speech. But there are not wanting the marks of a newer order. Distant as it seems, Cape Breton Island is yet connected by a railway, most comfortable and well appointed, with the railway systems of Canada and the United States. And the local coaling industry of Sydney, which has long ministered to the demands of relatively local markets, has been joined with the iron-ore producing power of an island in Conception Bay, on the Newfoundland coast, and from the union is springing one of the great iron industries of the continent.

We were in quest of coal at the Government pier. The hold and bunkers

steamed through the mouth of the harbor and northward, the purple bluffs of coastline on our left darkening in the gloom of a threatening evening, and a deep contentment in our hearts. Lying through the fading light in the folds of the jib, half furled at the peak of the royal fore-castle, with a seasoned pipe between one's teeth, listening to the familiar murmur of a quiet sea as it parts to the cut of the bow and recedes in swift eddies and white ripples along the water-line, watching the mast-heads slowly describe eccentric curves against a clouded sky, the blessedness of such a prospect as ours came home to one. Beyond us the mystery of the White North, and the vessel bearing us each moment

through strange seas to a world apart from the common life of men !

There followed a day of rain and storm and of penetrating cold in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, then a Sunday of exquisite serenity and light in the Strait of Belle Isle, and beyond, off the coast of Labrador, where small fishing stations began to appear, and where at evening, in the shelter of a harbor, showing startingly white against black rocks, was the first iceberg. Monday brought them in ever-increasing number and size. All day we sailed in full view of the coast. Very barren and bleak it looked under a blue sky and the mid-summer sun ; dark, treeless promontories with fine harbors between, and with an outlying line of islands of lichen-covered rock forming a protected inside passage, and back of all a line of densely wooded hills. Dancing upon the gleaming sea, in a brisk northwest wind, were the tiny craft of the Newfoundland fishermen, who go in large numbers each summer to these waters after cod. Immovable, apparently, as the hills, and rising sheer from out the sea in lines of restful dignity, were the icebergs, immaculate in unreflecting white, like architectural dreams come true.

Awaking suddenly from sound sleep in the sun on the quarter-deck, with one's blinking eyes full upon the gleaming walls of a great white temple in the sea, so close that every ripple lapping the steel-blue water-line was clear, one had a sense of other worldliness that was almost poignant.

We touched in the afternoon at the fishing station of Domino Run. Letters could be left there, to be picked up later on by the mail steamer from Newfoundland, and a supply of fresh cod and salmon could be had. There was fascinating human interest in this unexpected sight of men.

We headed for an inhospitable coast with no apparent trace of habitation upon it, and, passing through a narrow channel among islands and rounding a bluff, came suddenly upon a scattered group of small, turf-covered cottages perched upon the rocks. At the water's edge, supported by rock and by piles, were the storehouses where the fish are salted and packed. For the members of the crew the scene had the familiarity of long experience. Like all seafaring Newfoundlanders, they were fishermen, and not one among them, I fancy, but had spent many summers on the Labrador coast, and knew it well. Soon the fishermen who happened to be in the harbor were aboard, talking shop with the crew about the price of fish and the scarcity of bait and the distribution of their common friends along the coast.

I went ashore with the boatswain and three of the men on an errand for fresh fish. We landed near one of the storehouses. The boatswain and I walked up a narrow path that wound among rocks and through patches of rich turf toward the nearest cabin. A young woman was outside vigorously chopping wood, but she paid us no heed until the boatswain addressed her.

"We're after fish," he remarked, laconically. The young woman turned toward us a face flushed with exercise and eyes that were brilliant with good health. Perfectly natural and unabashed, she answered directly :

"I'm but a servant girl, sir, and have no right to give it to ye. But if the master says ye may have it, well and good." Being assured, she stepped swiftly down the path to the storehouse and began selecting from a pile of newly salted cod a supply for us, talking cheerily the while and unconsciously giving an impression of life and of simple womanliness that was altogether charming in a setting of barrenness and hardy living.

The moon rose full and clear that night upon a sea of mystery. The sun had set behind a black line of land on our port quarter as we were headed northeast for the passage of Davis Strait to the coast of Greenland. For a moment there was a flush upon the sea, forming a radiance about the icebergs, then across the dark water fell a glittering path of silver,



A Danish-Esquimaux Woman.



Godhavn, Greenland. Showing Houses and Danish-Esquimaux Woman.

and everywhere were vast ghostly figures unmoving in the moonlight. The ice was thickening about us. Ahead and upon our starboard quarter it stood in mass, in irregular, broken outline, and might have been a great white city upon a plain. Very menacing it looked to us who had gained our dread of ice in trips across the North Atlantic. But there was reassuring unconcernedness on the part of those who had been in these waters before, especially the captain and the crew.

At midnight I was wakened by the clash of collision and a shudder which went through the vessel like the shake of ague. There was shouting on the deck, and a loud grating of ice along the vessel's side which sounded like sure destruction. Then followed another clash and quiver and more shouting, but the sense of danger was gone, for it was instantly apparent that we were but forcing a way through the floe. It was interesting then to wait for the moment of impact, and the jar which set the vessel trembling in every fibre, and the heave as her bows rose upon an obstructing pan, and the thunder of the pack along her sides, and over all the crescendo of shouting.

Soon it became intelligible. "Starboard!" came faintly from the forward

crow's-nest, whence the mate was picking a course through the floe. "Starboard!!" next in a ringing order from the captain on the bridge. "Starboard!!!" finally in prolonged response from the two men at the wheel at the head of the companionway. Then, "Steady!" forward from aloft, and "Stead-e-e!!" from the bridge, and a long-drawn "Stead-e-e-e-e!!!" from the men, as the wheel whirled under the release of tension.

From the deck in the morning the ship appeared to be imprisoned in a sea of ice; not the black-blue ice of a fresh-water lake, but ice of unspotted white like that of a glacier. In masses of irregular size, known to the sealers as "pans," and of relatively flat surface, it floated about us, broken in uniformity only here and there by the towering bulk of an iceberg. On every side it spread to the horizon, with threadlike branching blue veins of open water among the pans widening now and again to pools that in the sunlight were sapphires set among diamonds. These channels are "leads," so called, and it is the stamp of experience and skill in Arctic navigation to be able to choose among them a course which will issue eventually in the open sea.

The members of the expedition were at

all points of vantage for every phase of what to us was so novel an experience ; in the unoccupied crow's-nest of the mainmast ; in the top of the foremast ; clinging, with the grip of landsmen, to the shak- ing shrouds ; on the bridge with the cap- tain : and especially on the royal fore- castle, hanging over the monkey-rail in order to see as well as feel the quick an- swer of the vessel to her helm, and the impact with the ice, and the graceful lift of the bow as it climbed upon an unsus- pecting pan and ducked it like a bully and sent it to one side, sput- tering and hiss- ing and impo- tently breathing out threatnings and slaughter in reverberating thunder along the vessel's side. Such are the fortunes of war. The *Diana* was having much her own way in a fast-melting summer floe that drifts from Hud- son Bay in the southward Lab- rador current. Had it been win- ter and had she been nipped in the pack and exposed to its terrible lateral pressure, she would have been crushed like an egg-shell between the lips of a vise.

In the middle of the morning the sharp eyes of the watch caught sight of open water ahead, and at little after noon we steamed clear of the ice and again set a straight northeasterly course.

One day more of calm and of sunlit seas, then two of dark, tempestuous weath- er with dire discomfort in Davis Strait, and we wakened on Saturday to the wel- come sense of an even keel.

I went to the deck at five o'clock in the morning. We were steering almost due north. Twenty miles, perhaps, off our starboard, and parallel to our course, as

far as the eye could see, was the coastline of South Greenland. Rocks dark and in- finitely jagged formed the shore, and be- yond were more rocks of increasing size rising to the bases of yet others that piled themselves abruptly into black mountains whose sharp peaks towered 4,000 feet, and around whose rugged shoulders were graceful mantles of white where the im- prisoned ice-cap of the interior forced an exit toward the sea. Life of any kind seemed impossible in a scene of such ster- ility, fast of all human life ; and yet not

far to the north and south of a rounded moun- tain (Sukkertop- pen by name, because of its resemblance to a sugar loaf) were the two Danish - Esqui- maux settle- ments of Hol- stenborg and Godthaab.

Icebergs were many about us. From their cold surfaces the sun was breeding a fog which, even as I watched, shut out the land, and veiled us in a mist through which we could see only a hundred

yards across the water. Overhead was clear sky, and in the dense fog to port was a luminous point formed by the sun-rays in the mist. This the seamen call a "fog- eater." But the promise of clearing which it held was borne out in the course of the morning only by an occasional thinning of the fog, through which we caught furtive glimpses of the mountain-tops with their heights vastly exaggerated as they ap- peared above the denser mist that hid the shore.

There is an element of adventure in cruising at full speed in a thick fog along an ill-charted coast in waters frequented by icebergs as large as St. Peter's Cathe-



*Louise Z. Hevelius
1874 photo*

Danish-Esquimaux Women.

The women were innocent of skirts but it was easy to distinguish them by the light colors which they wore.



Cape Sabine and the Diana.

dral. The possible excitement of it was realized that morning at about ten o'clock. Most of us were on the quarter-deck smoking and much enjoying the change from the tempest of the two days before. The captain was on the bridge and two men were on watch in the bows, and "little" Sam was at the wheel. We were headed shoreward in the hope of soon running free of fog. From out our easeful attitudes in the sunlight we started suddenly as one man. It was to the call of the captain, who was standing now at the head of the port ladder leading to the bridge, his face livid and his figure bent tensely forward. "Hard a-starboard! Hard a-starboard!" he was shouting to Sam in a voice that carried conviction. In an instant the spokes of the double wheel were thick with hands that urged it over at all speed. With the sensitiveness almost of a skiff the Diana responded, sweeping, in a great curve, to port, while off our starboard, so near that we could almost toss a biscuit upon it from the deck, rose the ragged peak of a rock projecting a few feet above the water that played about it in dancing ripples.

We were thirty-six souls on board, and most of us were strangers to each other at our embarking. A week at sea, however, under the simplest conditions, had fostered association. There was no portion of the vessel that was barred to us. The decks fore and aft, and the rigging and the bridge were all equally accessible. Moreover, we mingled with the crew as

we pleased, and with the greater ease because they were of the type that shows at its best on a frontier; natural, self-respecting men, free from self-consciousness and accustomed to regard themselves and others by no artificial standards. But there was a quality of character belonging to them as a body which was wholly new to our knowledge of gangs of workingmen. One soon discovered that they were religious, and religious in a degree that suggested Puritanism. Not all, for there was not lacking the hard-drinking, hard-cursing type, but the stamp upon them as a class was that of men of personal piety. We all remarked it, and we wondered much at first to hear a ship's crew, of their own initiative, conducting prayer-meetings in the forecabin on Sunday afternoons, and to catch texts of Scripture turned to ready use in their common speech.

There was an odd interest, too, in the intimate intermingling of seamen and scientists, and sportsmen and prospective Arctic explorers. Community of intellectual interest has little to do, apparently, with the grounds of personal liking; as little as diversity of interest with the grounds of personal antagonism. These lie altogether deeper, as deep as race and deeper still to the very nature of individual men, be they strong or weak. Common sense, rather than common interest, is the basis of the best fellowship. Men are strong or weak in the degree in which



An Esquimaux Family. The Real Arctic Highlanders.

they take hold upon reality, and they are satisfying to one another in like measure. An hour with a blue-eyed seaman, who knows a far outlying coast and can tell you from first-hand knowledge of the life of the summer fishermen and of the few permanent settlers, holds sometimes more of companionship than many hours with men whose souls are fed on books. In the grouping and regrouping by subtlest affinities and repulsions there was interest but no surprise at the sight of the friendliest association of scientist and sportsman, the one a man of the world and a trained specialist, the other—his Bachelor's degree in much doubt, perhaps, but his knowledge of men and things true so far as it went.

It was after long, engaging conversation with a scientist who had embarked on the career of an Arctic explorer. He had been telling me what he said was the latest word of his fellow-physicists on the subject of "necessitarianism," and it was not at all encouraging to one who wishes to believe in personality and free will and responsibility. I left him to join a little company of sportsmen who were loafing on the half-deck, and this is what I heard:

A.—"I say, the fog on the water and the icebergs make the whole thing look as if it wasn't real."

B.—"Perhaps it isn't real."

C.—"Come off!"

B.—"Didn't you take Professor ——'s

course and hear him demonstrate the non-existence of the objective world ? ”

C.—“ No, I didn’t hear it, for I slept through his lectures ; but for all practical purposes I exist, and so do you,” and with that there shot out a long right arm which had stroked a Harvard crew to victory, and a clinched fist struck full upon B’s chest until he coughed again and was left in no doubt of his personal identity or of the existence of some part of the objective world.

As suddenly as it closed about us in the early morning the fog lifted in the late afternoon, revealing the coast-line through an atmosphere of singular clearness. The sun was late in setting that night. For more than a week we had marked the lengthening days, and it was in keeping with our general good fortune that, in the few hours of darkness each night, the moon should give us ample light until we reached a point where, at that season, the sun would not set at all. It came slowly to its setting now, sloping obliquely well to the north of west and shedding, far into the night, its level rays across the sea. A faint breeze was blowing from the north, cold from off an ice-cold sea, but surcharged with a quality of vigor that set one’s blood bounding. The wind ruffled the placid water as it reflected the red gold and orange and purple of a sunset which framed the icebergs and the distant snows in a radiance of Italian pink. Fairly in the eye of the setting sun a sportsman in the foretop was first to see a sail, and almost simultaneously he raised a cry of “ Whales to starboard ! ” For half an hour we watched them from the deck. They were three or four “ right ” whales at play about us, their massive black bulks rising from the gorgeous sea in a movement of great dignity and grace, then disappearing with a flap of the tail that lashed the sea into foam only to rise again a moment later exhaling hot breath, which in the cold air turned instantly to vapor and shot upward in white spray like the spout of a fountain.

In the meantime the sail was drawing nearer, and was giving rise to speculation. We were only a little more than eighteen hours from Godhavn, our first stopping place in Greenland. Could this be the Windward that had wintered far to the

north and had at last got free of ice and was homeward bound, or was she a whaler ? She proved to be neither, but an intrepid Gloucester schooner that had ventured into these northern waters.

Most reluctantly we went below that night. There was no darkness. The mystic twilight of the north fell upon us with the disappearing of the sun, the twilight which Pierre Loti alone has expressed in words. The breeze had died away and the restfulness of perfect calm was upon land and sea, while over all, like an impalpable veil, fell the light that dims the sordid face of things and reveals the mystery and the wonder of the world, and fills us with ineffable regret and longing.

All day on Sunday we sailed in view of our first Greenland haven. It was a cloudless day, with radiant sea and air, and a grateful warmth that made each quickening breath almost intoxicating. Far to the north, projecting from the mainland, with blue sky above and blue water beneath, we could see from early morning in clear mirage the precipitous cliffs above the harbor of Godhavn. Slowly, as we drew near in the passage of Disko Bay, the mirage gave way to the actual vision of the walls of igneous metamorphic rock that face the sea at the southern end of Disko Island. Here were low-lying, lichen-covered rocks almost level with the sea, and icebergs innumerable. Two currents, one through the Waigat, the passage between Disko and the mainland, and the other along the western shore of Disko, converging here had collected icebergs in many hundreds about the southern coast. It was an Arctic scene far beyond imagining ; a sky of warmth and color, a sea of the limpid, placid blue of the tropics, while in it “ ice mast high went floating by,” not “ green as emerald,” but white, unmixed, undazzling white, “ so as no fuller on earth could white it.”

The rocks beyond at first appeared black like the charred embers of the fires that gave them birth ; then, at nearer view, we saw their sheer sides all aglow as though they preserved the fervor of the flame, even while supporting the trackless ice desert of the interior.

Nearer and nearer we drew to the rock-ribbed, ice-encompassed shore. Not

a trace of habitation could we see, until someone in the bow sighted a Danish flag flying from a staff planted on a rock-ledge facing the bay. Then we saw what appeared to be cairns built up four square at irregular intervals along the shore, but which we learned were piles of peat.

One always feels a quickening of the pulses in approaching a strange coast, even on the main-travelled highways of the world, but we were nearing now a land which has been visited by relatively few white men since its Norse civilization was destroyed and William Baffin made it known again to the modern world. The Danes possess it, and Danish governors, appointed by the Crown, administer its affairs, and a Danish vessel visits it each summer, bringing mails and supplies and bearing back the accumulated furs and ivory of the year; but to our minds it was associated only with all the romance, and heroism, and adventure of the seekers for the northwest passage and for the Pole by what explorers have called the "American route." A land of unfathomable wonder it seemed to us, where day is an unbroken brightness for half the year, and night a darkness for the other half, tempered only by the light of moon and stars; where a dwarfish race dress themselves in the furs of the animals upon which they feed, and lead a life whose conditions are wholly unrealized in the common lot of men.

We strained our eyes for sight of them. We were threading now a narrow channel among rocks, and a reef projecting from one side seemed to bar the course. A passage was found around it, but only to disclose rocks beyond, and, rounding these, we appeared to be at the limit of navigation there, yet not a dwelling nor any trace of man! Slowly and cautiously we glided on by ways that opened as we went, when suddenly, as by miracle, we were in the midst of a small rock-bound harbor, and off our starboard bow, near at hand, were a score of houses of wood and stone and turf, and a wooden church. Before the most pretentious dwelling, of heavy timber, a Danish flag was flying at full mast, and two small muzzle-loading guns were mounted at the foot of the flag-staff. A life-boat, holding a dozen men, was putting off from a wharf near

low, dark warehouses. Groups of men and women and children were forming along the shore, or running in single file through narrow paths that wound from house to house over smooth surfaces of bare rock, and through patches of thick turf where bright-colored flowers grew, and wolf-like, shaggy dogs were tethered by sealskin thongs. The women were innocent of skirts, but it was easy to distinguish them by the brilliant colors which they wore. A jacket of seal-skin or of cheap print trimmed with fur, seal-skin breeches, highly decorated, and long, seal-skin top boots formed their dress, while many of them had on capes made of threaded glass beads of barbaric color, and nearly all wore their straight, black hair in an elaborate top-knot, tied round with ribbons whose varying shades denoted various conditions of life, whether married, unmarried, or widowed.

Soon the men from the life-boat were aboard. One could see instantly that they were mere half-breeds. In some the Esquimau type was predominant—short, thick-set, moon-faced men, flat-featured, and with dark, oblique eyes and thick, straight, black hair. Others were blue-eyed Danish peasants, fair of skin and flaxen-haired, and cutting an incongruous figure in the hybrid Esquimau dress of their kinsmen. They all took possession of the decks with a stolid air of proprietorship and began to draw from unclean cotton bags well-made models of kayaks and umiaks and knickknacks carved in bone and ivory, and bits of evil-smelling fur. They were followed by other men in other boats and some few who came out in swiftly moving kayaks which gave a momentary Greenlandish flavor to the scene, but all alike they clambered up the gangway ladder or over the bulwarks and opened business on the decks. This was altogether too like any port from Gibraltar to Yokohama. We had steamed a thousand miles toward the frozen north from what appeared to us the end of everything in America, and catching sight of men upon an almost unknown shore, alas! over even them was the trail of the serpent of civilization.

When the commander of the expedition and the captain and the leader of the scientific party had paid their call of cere-

mony upon the Governor we were all free to go ashore, and far into an evening of broad daylight we accepted one after another the pressing invitations of the natives to visit their homes. In low-ceilinged rooms, whose fetid air was almost stifling, and which we entered by long, turf-covered tunnels through which we walked bent double, we sat as long as we could and examined the trifling articles that the government permits the natives to part with on their own account. Outside we breathed again and looked enviously at the warehouses where were the furs and ivories we wanted, but which the Governor was obliged to send to Copenhagen.

This was not at all the free life of primitive man which we had associated with the dwellers in Greenland. It was the vastly regulated existence of dependent half-breeds under a paternal government. And yet one could but realize how admirably suited the administration was to the peculiar needs of the mongrel race. We had the freedom of the Greenland ports, but it had been specially secured by our State Department from the State Department of Denmark. By a most unselfish policy, at a cost which amounts to many thousand dollars above the yearly income from the colony, the Danish Government maintains its hold upon Greenland and protects its ten thousand subjects there from the vice and drunkenness which inevitably would follow the opening of the harbors to the free access of traders and whalers, fosters among them the work of missions, and even supplements their food-supply by stores sent out from Europe.

At noon next day the *Diana* weighed anchor and sailed again for the north. Not one of us, I fancy, but was glad to be off. Danish Greenland was diverting, but it was not the "real thing," and with keener anticipations we looked to the issue of the farther north. Our way lay through the Waigat, which we reached at evening, and through which we steamed all night. There is scarcely in the world more splendid Arctic scenery than in this long, twelve-mile-wide passage between the mainland and Disko. But the night was thick, and all that we saw in the menacing light, like that which precedes a violent thunder-storm, were the mountain-peaks on each side, frowning upon us

from above dull, clinging clouds, and icebergs innumerable, drifting idly in ink-black water.

In the journey north we touched at Upernivik, but were off again in two hours or more. The Governor told us, in passing, that ours was the fifth vessel that had put in there that season; the others were whalers bound for Lancaster Sound, and from their crews he had learned that not for twenty years had they found these waters so early free of ice. This promised well for the passage of Melville Bay. Almost always the pack-ice lingers there until late into the summer, making the journey to Cape York exceedingly uncertain as to time. A way may be forced in a few days; but, on the other hand, weeks may be spent in worming through. Many a whaler and Arctic explorer has been compelled to winter there, especially in the days of sailing vessels, and has counted himself fortunate if, in the returning warmth, he has drifted free with an unimpaired hull.

We had no fear of long delay in our own case, for the *Diana* could make eight knots an hour without sail, which was force enough to insure a passage through a summer pack in Melville Bay in a few days at most. Besides, we learned that our best chance for Polar bear would be on the pack-ice of this bay, where the bear come out after seal, so that we welcomed the prospect of some necessary delay. It was Wednesday, and almost from our leaving Upernivik on Tuesday evening we had been encompassed by fog. We did not sight Duck Island nor could we see The Devil's Thumb. Hour by hour we steamed on, slowing down occasionally to avoid collision with icebergs, and momentarily expecting to encounter the floe. We were certainly in Melville Bay, but quite as certainly there was no pack, and the *Diana* was measuring off eight knots in nearly every hour that passed, until directly ahead, with the lifting of the fog on Thursday morning, we saw the bold outlines of Cape York and we knew that in our running time of twenty-two hours and a half we had broken the record for the passage of Melville Bay.

In leaving Upernivik we left behind us the sphere of Danish influence in Greenland, and in landing at Cape York we set

foot upon a shore whose few scattered inhabitants are in the stone age of man's development. There was no governor here, nor had we to secure, through the channels of diplomatic correspondence, permission to land where we wished. It was as though we had reached another world, whose custom and usage were wholly beyond our ken, and where we could be guided only by our native sense of fitness. In some measure we could realize the feelings of Sir John Ross, who was the first since William Baffin to visit this coast.

But far more interesting was it to try to appreciate the feelings of the natives who saw in him their first visitor from the outside world. They are one in every stamp of race and tongue and tradition with the people which inhabit much of the circumpolar region, and they belong specifically to that branch which passed by a transpolar migration, some men say, from Siberia into Greenland and overwhelmed the Norsemen, who, since Eric's day, had built up a European civilization at the south. Their descendants mixed with Danes are, moreover, the insipid half-breeds whom we saw at Godhavn and Upernivik. The ancestors of this Smith Sound tribe formed, it is supposed, the rear guard in that far-off race migration, and, finding themselves in an oasis which extended two hundred miles and more from Foulke Fjord to Cape York, they settled there. Whether the physical conditions which surrounded them underwent great change after their settlement, it is difficult to say. So much is certain—they became completely isolated from the rest of mankind. To the north were Humboldt Glacier and eight hundred miles of polar sea full of hummock ice. To the north and east and south, moreover, was the ice-cap which completely buries the interior of Greenland in a field a thousand miles long and nine hundred miles at its greatest breadth, and reaches in places an altitude of eight thousand feet, a solid mass that, under the pressure of newly forming ice, issues in glaciers all round the Greenland coast and forms, in Melville Bay, an impassable barrier to men equipped as are the Esquimaux. Baffin Bay lay to the west, and the forbidding coast of Ellesmere Land, with more ice-cap within and sea beyond.

Hemmed in as they were, living upon a stretch of beautiful coast whose animal life yielded the necessities of livelihood, they did not try to break through the barriers which encompassed them, and, being without written characters, their descendants gradually lost tradition of other men and came eventually to regard themselves as the only inhabitants of the world. It was this dream that the coming of Sir John disturbed in an early year of our century, and it was utter amazement at sight of unimagined fellow-men that was the crowning emotion of the simple, active-minded Esquimaux, who saw in him and his followers strange beings in a world which they thought was bounded by their own horizon, and in which they were the only men.

We were now among them, but they have grown measurably accustomed to the visits of white men, especially since Lieutenant Peary began his Arctic explorations and has made close acquaintance and friendship with the Smith Sound tribe, so dominant a factor in his work.

As the *Diana* drew slowly to shore, threading a devious course among gigantic icebergs, the men of the Cape York settlement began to gather about her in their kayaks. Forward and back, and in varying curves, they moved, in perfect command of their frail canoes of seal-skin stretched upon wooden frames and decked over, except for an opening in the middle large enough to admit a man to the waist. With a stroke of much strength and ease they wielded their double-headed paddles, rocking them gracefully from side to side upon wooden or ivory supports. They were talking constantly among themselves; not excitedly, but with a ready fluency in which their soft voices rose and fell in oddest cadences. Now and again they looked up at us, as we stood on deck and leaned over the bulwarks watching them, and then their upturned bronze faces would wreath themselves in smiles as they called out "*Chaimô ! Chaimô !*" (Welcome), and their even white teeth gleamed from between parted lips, until the sight recalled the divers at Aden, and one almost listened for the cry of "*Take a dive ! Take a dive !*"

As soon as the *Diana* was moored to an iceberg and the gangway-ladder was

lowered, the men made fast their canoes and one after another ascended to the deck. Very smiling and affable they were, without a trace of self-conscious restraint or of aggressive manner, and with the utmost good-humor they made answer to the few Esquimau phrases that could be summoned among us.

But they brought with them to the deck something more than native grace and dignity. A position to leeward of an Esquimau, however gracious, is at first disturbing. He is dressed in skins, chiefly seal-skins, that have simply been dried in the sun with fibres broken by chewing, and the range and grip of untanned, undressed seal is such as is possessed by few odors. Besides it has at first a haunting power which recalls the cherished tales of some medical students. Seen at close hand he becomes less engaging, this long-haired, skin-dressed figure that seemed one with his quick-darting canoe, so that, in watching his approach from the shore, one thought instantly of a centaur of some sea-horse kind. The exquisite brown of his skin, the deep red showing through upon the cheeks, is smeared with black dirt. The long, straight, black hair, falling picturesquely to his shoulders, is matted and tangled, and unwashed from his birth. His seal-skin jacket and bear-skin breeches and seal-skin kammiks, or top boots, are oily with the stains of clotted blubber and spotted with the stale blood of his game, and have clinging to them the *débris* of the floor of his tupik. But he is a gentleman, withal, by every gift of nature; a brave, truth-telling man, as natural and unaffected as an unspoiled child, and quite as guileless.

We did not think so at once, in spite of his charm of manner; we sympathized with the earlier explorers who gave to the Smith Sound tribe a wide berth and chose, in preference for guides and hunters, half-breeds whom they took up from Godhavn and Upernivik. First of explorers to come really to know this people and to cast in his lot with them is Lieutenant Peary, and his faith in them has been rewarded by their becoming his loyal and invaluable allies.

Before us, as we pulled to shore that morning, were the dark cliffs of the promontory of Cape York, 2,000 feet high.

Half way down their sides, the talus, in masses of fragmentary rock, sloped to seaward at an angle of forty-five degrees. In the shaded chasms of the cliffs, and half-hidden among huge boulders, were scattered fields of ice whose surface-snow was crimson with countless bacteria. At the foot of the talus was an irregular belt of rich, loam-like soil covered with moss and rank turf, mingled with many flowers and strewn over with rough granite fragments. There were three or four tupiks, or seal-skin tents, pitched upon the turf at the foot of the talus, and in and out among them were moving the fifteen or twenty inhabitants of the settlement. They showed interest in our coming, but no excitement; even the children regarded us with discriminating curiosity, looking wide-eyed at outlandish men, but remaining perfectly undemonstrative.

In the meantime we were picking a way over marshy, oozing soil toward the tupiks. Strewed everywhere were the bones of seal and walrus, and reindeer and polar bear, and the bones and feathers of many birds. Near the open flap of the nearest tupik sat an old man holding in his arms a little child who nestled to him with every sign of affection. He was talking garrulously, and apparently to us, although we could not understand, and presently, as if to explain his sitting still, he pointed to his legs, moving them with evident agony, and held out to us his hands, shrivelled and rigid with rheumatism.

It is not easy to convey a sense of the reek of the summer tents, and the filth of the *débris*-covered soil, and the foul unkemptness of the natives with their glorious good health, showing in the sparkle of dark eyes and the glow of rounded cheeks, in the rich red of lips and tongue that speaks of perfect digestion, and the deep breath that comes hot and pure like that of a meat-fed hound. It is not easy, moreover, to convey a sense of their subtle individual charm. We felt it from the first, although we did not easily master the first physical repulsion. They seemed to us the veritable children of nature; for they were plainly of those who accept life with the unquestioning openness to living ways of little children.

But we left them without regret, and

sailed north at noon for Dalrymple Island, where we were to have our first shooting and where we landed at about nine o'clock in the evening. Two boat-loads put off from the *Diana* in Wostenholme Sound and pulled for the conical island of naked granite which is known as Dalrymple Rock.

The stillness of the strange, sunlit night had fallen. Over us kittiwakes and guillemots were passing swiftly, and burgo-masters were flying with a graceful movement of wings like the measured pulse of racing oars. Soon there was another bird among them, a bird of dull, brownish color, that flew low and fast in the characteristic flight of the duck with neck craned, and we knew it for the eider. In the alarm caused by our near approach to land they came out in scores, flying seaward, then circling homeward to their nests; for it was nesting time with them, and their young, in many hundreds, were among the rocks.

The shooting of this evening was for a definite purpose, as was all the shooting in the course of the expedition. Every pound of meat that was not consumed on board was to furnish Lieutenant Peary's party with food through the coming winter. And this was the more easily possible since, in that climate, game killed in July would still be perfectly good many weeks later, without the necessity of artificial cold storage. And in this instance it was not a little reassuring to discover that the young had reached such a growth as to be able to care for themselves.

A perfect fusillade arose from the boats. Ducks were soon falling into the water, and we were all excitement, uncertain whether to pick them up at once or land for a richer harvest that promised there, and return later for our floating prey. We landed, and the most experienced shots among us had never seen duck-shooting like this. The air vibrated to the whirl of swift-moving wings. Not here an occasional shot after patient waiting in the cold, but shots innumerable, at all angles and aimed at all degrees of flight. Far into the night the shooting went on, until the ducks, effectually frightened, almost ceased to return. Shots became fewer then, and on the growing stillness rose the faint twitter of the young that, in their

fright, had wandered from nests of eider-down among the cliffs.

We took to the boats finally and pulled back into the sound. There we lay upon our oars, awaiting the *Diana's* return. She had run over to a native settlement on Saunders Island, several miles toward the mainland, to pick up some hunters of the tribe and in the hope of securing definite news of Lieutenant Peary. It was well past midnight, and we were floating idly upon an Arctic sea in the full blaze of the sun, which was now climbing the sky in a course eastward from the north. Ah, the beauty and the marvel of it! We sat in stillness, a handful of men in open boats upon a golden sea, near us the dip of stratified, igneous rock showing clear for miles along soft-toned scarped cliffs on Wostenholme Island. Out of a belt of sward, brilliant with yellow poppies, rose the walls of our shooting-ground. A bit of rugged mainland was visible to the south; and to the east of where we lay, rising black on the horizon, was the long, sheer coastline of Saunders Island. Icebergs dotted the blue surface of the sound, and far into the haze of Baffin Bay we could see them drifting southward. The air was as still and clear as on a quiet, moonlit winter night at home, and the level sun-rays streamed through in a glory of Italian pink. Enfolding all, as with the crowning benediction of a god, was the "peace that passeth knowledge," like the serenity of a soul that has won, through toil and storm, the strength and poise of enduring calm.

It was well-nigh overwhelming. In ill-disguised necessity we turned from the vision to the sight of heaps of crumpled dead birds in the boat and talked of shooting, and agreed that nowhere in the world was there promise of better sport than here. Then silence fell again. In spite of us, our eyes were drawn outward; and through all the peaceful beauty we felt once more the poignancy of its awful purity. He would be a man of spotless soul indeed and of assured faith who, seeing the stainless loveliness of the scene, would feel no pang. Not one's self only but one's world came there, as into the presence of the great white throne, and stood condemned in a stillness that was unbroken.

A cloud of black smoke from the funnel of the *Diana* shot upward on the horizon and floated in midair like a messenger of darkness in realms of light. We were glad to see it. There was in it a comfortable sense of the familiar which dispelled the boundless loneliness of that pure, still world. It was a relief to climb on deck and plunge into the life on board; to help the seamen raise the boats to the davits, to see the five natives who had been taken on with their hunting kit, and to read a note from Lieutenant Peary, which was drawn from the recesses of an Esquimau's garments wrapped in many folds of brown paper, and which told us to look for further letters on Littleton Island.

It was two or three o'clock in the morning. Some of us did not turn in that night, and all were up betimes, for we anchored early on Friday in a sheltered harbor of Northumberland Island, where the company of sportsmen left us, taking with them their tents and provisions and a ship's steward as cook, and three natives to act as guides and chief hunters.

We were in the thick now of many associations with Arctic exploration. Our vessel lay in the waters of Whale Sound, at the mouth of Inglefield Gulf. We could almost see Cape Alexander to the north and the faint outlines of Ellesmere Land, where Baffin Bay narrows to the waters of Smith Sound. A few miles to the west, looking much nearer in the clear, dry air, were the cliffs of Hackluyt Island, under which William Baffin landed in 1616, and which mark his farthest north.

At noon we sailed for the post-office on Littleton Island. There was nothing to obstruct our way. The sea was clear, except for icebergs, and as smooth as glass, and there was no fog. The sun shone warm upon the deck, raising the temperature to nearly 50° Fahrenheit. It was a glittering coast-line that we passed, with the dazzle of the ice-cap upon the hills, and through the valleys the gleaming glaciers flowing seaward and ending in ice-cliffs down which poured many waterfalls. But here and there was land that was completely free of ice and snow. In places we could trace it far inland, and, rugged as it was, we knew that soil had formed among the rocks and that vege-

tation grew there in sufficient quantity to support much animal life. There was a mildness about this coast, moreover, which was in sharp contrast with the bleak, ice-covered shore of Ellesmere Land, only a few miles across the sound.

The natives who remained on board showed ready adaptation to new conditions. Their luggage consisted of the skins they wore and the hunting outfit which accompanied their kayaks. All parts of the vessel were free to them, and fore and aft, in the rigging and on the bridge, they climbed at pleasure, but they were never in the way. On the contrary, they evinced a ready willingness to be of use, and were soon engaged in helping the Arctic explorers make gunny-sacks for their supply of coal. The cook fed them, as he fed us all, on good soup and coffee, and tinned beef and bread, all of which they relished heartily, especially the coffee and the hard bread. Their own food is solely in the form of flesh—in wide variety, it is true, yet nothing but flesh, since, at their latitude, no single vegetable product is available for food, unless, in the stress of famine, they should eat mosses and the lichen from the rocks. The ship-biscuits were an evident delight. Their crisp resistance to strong, sound teeth, and the flavor of vegetable food were sensations whose novelty it was difficult to exhaust. From the greasy folds of a "netchie" would come a hard biscuit as large as a saucer and disappear—much of it—into an Esquimau's countenance, over which would steal an expression of ineffable content. But, after all, it was not civilized food that furnished those on board the *pièce de résistance* of their diet. The eider duck were hanging in the rigging, and the Huskies, as the seamen call the Esquimaux, made them ready for the cook. It is something to watch a fur-dressed, long-haired, Husky seated on a hatch strewn round with feather-covered skins which he tears deftly from carcasses of eider duck, and at intervals, as he works, to see him stuff into his mouth slabs of raw meat as large as three fingers of a man. One learned then, without surprise, that a post-mortem examination of a member of the tribe who died in New York disclosed the curious fact that the stomach was not like that of a normal human be-

ing, but the secum resembled closely that of a carnivorous animal.

The Huskies had been up all of Thursday night, and hard at work through most of Friday. They had fared sumptuously, moreover, on raw eider and a variety of strange, cooked food. Somewhere each had picked up a label from a beef tin and had bound it like a frontlet about his forehead. Decorated in this manner they came aft and, with an air of perfect unconsciousness, climbed to the bridge, where a group of us were standing talking to the captain. One of them picked up a pair of binoculars and, adjusting them to his eyes, began to examine the coast-line. Then he passed them to the other hunter, who did likewise. Between them they settled the question of our position, then withdrew to the seat at the port end of the bridge, where they sat down in the sun. They were very sleepy. Beginning to nod, they presently fell on sleep—two stone-age savages come bodily from physical surroundings which belong to the dim twilight of the history of man, and ensconced in this year of Grace upon the deck of a modern steamer, lying there in deep sleep with their brows bound round with red paper labels bearing a legend of "prime roast beef."

In an hour or more one of them awoke and instantly turned his keen, dark eyes to the shore. It was immediately apparent that something interested him. He was not in the least excited as he walked up to the captain, but his eyes wore an expression of unmistakable earnestness. He pointed shoreward and kept repeating something in which we could distinguish only "Etah," the name of a native settlement in Foulke Fjord. We were passing the mouth of the fjord, and only a few miles beyond was Littleton Island. The captain pointed to the island as our destination. By this time the other Esquimaux was among us, and, with the same persistence as the first, was pointing toward the land and urging, evidently, our putting in at Etah. The captain yielded finally to their importunity, and an order of "hard a' port" went down to the wheel. The *Diana* swept about and headed for the dark cliffs which guard the entrance to Foulke Fjord. Presently we saw on the north side of the entrance a small

crimson flag flying from a slender staff. It had escaped us completely before we came about. Then through our glasses we picked up a mound almost the color of the surrounding rock and learned that it was a cache formed of some tons of provisions covered by an old tarpaulin. Near it we could see a heap of coals—a few bushels at the most it seemed, but containing in reality sixty tons. Then, almost indistinguishable from the rocks, we saw two or three tupiks near the water's edge, and the fur-clad forms of natives, looking at that distance and through the clear air like nothing so much as insects moving among miniature boulders.

Foulke is a beautiful fjord with a narrow exit to the sea. It widens to two or three miles, perhaps, at its greatest breadth, then narrows, four or five miles inland, to the lateral moraines of Brother John Glacier, which projects there into the quiet waters that reflect gloriously the granite hills and richly tinted cliffs which completely surround the fjord. But, beautiful as is their harbor, we were wondering, as we watched the natives, how human beings could possibly find the means of life even in this the least forbidding spot that we had seen upon the coast of North Greenland. As we looked we were aware that a craft which was putting off from shore was not a kayak. There were three figures in her, and she was propelled by oars. As she drew nearer, we made out the lines of a dory. It was clear from the first that the men on board were Esquimaux in dress, but at nearer view we saw that the one who was steering with a sculling oar wore an old sombrero.

We were watching them intently from the quarter-deck.

"That's no Husky in the stern," remarked the captain, and a moment later he cried out "Why, it's Mat Henson!" and he raised a shout of "Hello, Mat!" which was instantly taken up by those on board who knew Lieutenant Peary's negro servant, who has proved, Virginia darky as he is, so notably good an Arctic explorer.

Mat was an assured hero at that moment. The commander of the expedition hurried down the ladder and shook his hand heartily as Mat stepped from the dory, then led him to the after companion-



Esquimaux Child and a Winter House (Called Egloo) in the Background.

way through a group of eager spectators, and down into the cabin, where for an hour they were closeted, while Charlie, the steward, bustled about for suitable supplies.

The news brought by Mat spread rapidly on deck. He had left the *Windward* a month before still fast in the ice in Kane Basin, and, in company with some natives, had come down in a dory to Etah to await our arrival. All on board the *Windward* were safe and well, which was exceedingly welcome news on the *Diana*, for, apart from our interest in the success of the expedition, there were a number of near relatives among the officers and crews of the two vessels, and no word of the *Windward* had been had for a year. Lieutenant Peary had recovered remarkably from the effects of a sharp frost-bite on a last day's march to Fort Conger, though it had

cost him seven toes. Indomitable as ever, he was walking again, and was, apparently, none the worse for the loss.

We did not go on at once to Littleton Island. Instead, we anchored for the night in the fjord, and most of us went ashore. It is mere convention to say that "we anchored for the night." From the time we left Upernivik we had had no darkness, but the period of the twenty-four hours when from six o'clock of one day until eight of the next no regular meals were served, while the sun was encircling the northern sky, we called night. Sleep was a matter of pure convenience, under the necessity of enough of it, for we could darken the cabins and sleep when we chose.

There was little inclination to turn in that night. We visited the tupiks on shore and examined the cache, and the coal pile,

and Mat's camp, standing a little apart from the skin tents of the natives, and a mass of walrus meat that lay stored for winter, and the sledge-dogstethered among the rocks; but we always returned to the tupiks. Familiarity with this tribe of Esquimaux breeds, instead of contempt, a growing liking. Certainly we found it so in our short experience. Untanned seal-skin is not a savory dress, but the savor of it is of a kind to which one grows readily accustomed. I have even heard a man of squeamish taste profess, after strong disgust, an ultimate liking for it, as Captain Hall declared, after living for years as an Esquimaux on Cumberland Sound, that the fetid flesh of seal had become to him a delicacy for which he longed. But, in whatever garb, a people who possess something of the exquisite charm of the Japanese, recalling constantly, in look and tone and manner, their inborn elusive grace touched with simple joyousness and with sadness so deep that one can read it in their eyes and in the fine reserve which seems to a Westerner to speak of ages of inherited serenity of soul—to such a people, in whatever dress, one could not remain long indifferent. Besides, it was soon evident that we had reached a world where there must be a readjustment to common physical facts; where, for example, there is little decay as we know decay, and where germs have a precarious hold; but where, for seven months of the year, there is no water except so much as, by greatest economy of heat, can be had by melting snow for the vital necessities of drink and food, while none can be spared for washing. Cleanliness, as all men know who know little or much of rougher life, is a relative condition, and uncleanness here—not the uncleanness of the lazar, but of active, quick-witted men living the life of hunters near the pole—has none, or almost none, of the accompanying horrors of habitual uncleanness in warm climates.

Besides, we were making acquaintance now, not with groups of natives in a moment of passing, as at Cape York, but with individuals with whom we were to spend much of the remaining summer.

It was there that we met for the first time Tong-Wee, one of the best hunters of the tribe, whose courage and experience and skill were to serve us admirably in our walrus shooting. Tong-Wee was a notable figure at first sight. Well above the average height of the Esquimaux, he stood perhaps five feet ten in kamiks, with his muscular frame well set off by a suit of skins, and his thick, black hair, parted in the middle, falling to his shoulders and framing a strong, young face strikingly Indian in type. His was the tupik nearest our point of landing, and there was more to attract us to it than the engaging personality of Tong-Wee. Mrs. Tong-Wee was at home that evening, and so was her daughter, Eebaloo. Mrs. Tong-Wee's name is A-wing-wa-o-náh, with the accent on the *nah*, and she is adorable in seal-skins, but she looks for all the world as though she was born to wear a richly flowered *kimono* and an *obi*, and as though her name were surely *O Haru San* or some other equally floral title which might suggest her charm, for A-wing-wa-o-náh is a lady to her delicate finger-tips and in every tone of her soft, sweet voice.

The next day's steaming carried us to our farthest north. When I reached the deck we were well within Kane Basin, and just ahead was the pack-ice stretching from shore to shore and as far north as could be seen. The *Diana* had put in at Littleton Island, in passing, and had taken off the letters which were found in a split bamboo that stood erect in a cairn at the topmost point of land. They had added only details to the information which we gained from Mat. Our latest word from the *Windward* was still more than a month old, and so we struck into the ice in the hope of soon seeing her making a way to the south. Progress was slow, however, and in an hour or two we came about and headed for Cape Sabine, where the party of explorers on board wished to land. Cape Sabine was to be their head-quarters for a year. There they were to build a winter house and store provisions and coal, and make ready for exploring the coast of Ellesmere Land in the returning light of the new year.



The SLAVE TRADE *in* AMERICA

by John R. Spears
illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark



SECOND PAPER *Afloat with the slavers*

PEOPLE who know the sea as the old-time sailors knew it—those who have crossed the wide water in the old-style ships, with sails only to drive them on—can best appreciate the evidence now extant regarding the conditions that prevailed in the slavers when crossing from Africa to the market in the West, in the journey through the midst of the trade-wind belt that gained such horrible notoriety under the name of the Middle Passage. Nevertheless, so numerous are the details, and so clearly are they told, that even readers who never saw a ship can form sufficiently accurate mental pictures of what occurred there. Moreover, there are a few illustrations that were drawn by competent artists.

To begin with the ship itself, it is assumed that everybody understands what is meant when it is said that every vessel regularly in the trade was decked over—was covered over by a deck that corresponds, in a way, to the flat roof of a one-story city house. But some ships were larger and deeper—there was a second deck between the upper one and the bottom of the ship.

As has been already said, only small ships with one deck were used in the slave-traffic in the earlier years (down to the middle of the eighteenth century);

and we may very well consider first how these were fitted out to receive their living cargoes.

When the slaver started for the coast her cargo of rum, food, and arms was stowed in the hold, as any cargo would have been, and the passage out was in no way different from any other over-sea trip. But no sooner was the coast reached than yards and topmasts were sent down, and one yard was lashed fore and aft to the masts to form a ridge-pole for a roof over the deck. Other spars were lashed to the shrouds, and poles cut ashore were laid from these to the ridge-pole, with a palm-leaf thatch over all. A stout lattice-work was very often built along the sides to connect the rails with the eaves of the roof. This done, a barricade eight feet high, like the fence around a base-ball ground, was built across the deck and two feet out over the sides abaft the main-mast; no negro man was allowed on the ship abaft that fence, except as the head men were invited there. There was a door in this fence, and a cannon loaded with grapeshot guarded it, while loop-holes for musketry pierced the fence at close intervals. This fence served a double purpose. The slaves were brought on board through a door in the lattice forward of this fence. There they were exchanged for goods, after which the women were taken to the after or cabin side of the



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

fence, while the men were kept forward. A similar fence or bulkhead was built in the hold beneath the deck, to keep the sexes separated there. But another, and commonly the most important use of the barricade, was to give the armed crew a safe command over both traders and male slaves, and prevent piracy by the former and insurrections among the latter. The women were, with the rarest of exceptions, entirely docile.

These barricades and temporary pole-and-thatch houses were in universal use during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when slaves were purchased a few at a time, and a ship might lie on the coast from four to eight months before collecting a full cargo. In later years, when the trade was illegal and great haste was necessary, neither fence nor house was built, though the bulkhead to separate the sexes was nearly always placed in the ship's hold.

On going into the hold of a slaver it was found, even in the old days, very well filled with casks of rum. When arms and ammunition came more into favor, the hold was filled still higher, because it was necessary to have as many hogsheads and casks as before, in order to carry water for the slaves, and the other goods were piled on the casks. Then many barrels of food—rice and beans were the favorite articles—had to be taken also. It is an important matter to remember that the hold was kept almost filled with barrels and casks, even after all the rum or other trade goods had been sold to the native slavers. So full, indeed, was it at all times, and in all ships, that the greatest space, according to the records, found between the top of the cargo and the under side of the deck was about five feet, while the ordinary space was from two and a half to three feet. And yet in this space, between barrels and deck, the captain had to stow his cargo of slaves.

Recalling now the fact that these slaves were wild men, were rarely devoid of courage, and that they had been, as a rule, kidnapped or enslaved by murderous raids, it is readily seen that the captain would not dare allow them to crawl around at will on the casks. The stronger would get together and plan insurrections. They would find means of breaking into water-

casks. They would quarrel and kill one another. So scantling and boards were used in laying a floor all over the cargo, and this floor was the slave-deck of which mention is made so often in the books relating to the trade.

On this slave-deck the slaves must be secured. Here was found a use for the handcuff and other irons, so often described. The men were locked together, two and two; the right wrist and right ankle of one man to the left of the other, by means of iron rings connected by a short chain. They were then taken to the hold, and after crawling in between the slave-deck and the real deck of the ship, they were placed on their backs, side to side, feet outboard and as close together as it was possible to squeeze them. Then the chain that connected the two together at the ankles was locked to a bar of iron or a long chain, running fore and aft on the ship's side, while the wrist-chain was sometimes locked to a similar bar supported by eye-bolts in the slave-deck. And there they had to lie, unable materially to change their position, during all the weary weeks and months that the ship was on the coast completing her cargo, save only as they were brought on deck in small gangs, well chained together, for an airing every day at meal-times. And their condition grew steadily worse as the cargo was filled, because those first purchased were stowed far away from the hatches, and those sent down later on shut off much of the air that could reach them.

Captain Lindsay, of the *Sanderson*, in the voyage previously mentioned, had but fifty-six on his slave-deck, but Captain Scott left the coast, in a ship no larger, with one hundred and twenty-nine there. The truth is, as the price of slaves rose the whole deck was covered with slaves, and they lay so close together that not enough space was found anywhere between them for a man to place his foot.

But worse crowding than that was known even as early as 1770. In the larger ships, as already told, the space between the top of the cargo and the under side of the deck was sometimes as much as five feet. To devote all that space to air was, in the mind of the thrifty slaver, sheer waste. So he built a shelf or gallery six feet wide all the way around the

ship's hold, between the deck and the slave-floor that was laid on top of the cargo. On this shelf was placed another layer of slaves, thus increasing the number carried by nearly fifty per cent.

The crowding in the big ships, having two decks regularly, was still worse, for a slave-deck was built clear across between these two, and the galleries or shelves were built both under and above the slave-deck. There were ships where four layers of slaves were placed thus between permanent decks that were only eight feet apart, and there are records of cases where smaller ships—ships having but three feet or so of space between cargo and deck—were fitted with galleries, so that the slaves stretched on their backs had but a foot or less of air-space between their faces and the deck or the next layer above them.

To increase the number carried, when stretched out on deck or shelf, the slaves were sometimes placed on their sides, breast to back—"spoon fashion," as the slavers called it—and this made room for a considerable per cent. extra.

However, in the eighteenth century the usual practice was to place them on their backs, and to allow about two and a half feet of air-space above the faces of the slaves, and in this way cargoes of over three hundred were carried.

And yet even the worst crowding known to those days was to be exceeded when the profits rose above \$200 net per head. To stretch the slave on his back was to waste stowage room then. Instead of placing the slaves on their backs with feet to the side of the ship, they were compelled to sit in rows, backs to the ship's side. A row having been placed on deck or gallery, shoulder to shoulder, and back to the wall, another row was seated before them. A third row before these, and so on until deck and gallery were covered with a solid mass of human beings in a sitting posture, unable to move bodies or limbs, and barely able to wag their heads, or move their arms over the shoulders of those in front; nor was there any extra space allowed between gallery and deck. Indeed, the space was so low in some cases that the slaver captain in stowing had to see that his slaves were placed so that the deck-beams would be above the shoulders of the rows—the heads of the slaves

rose between the beams. The slaves could not sit upright when placed directly under the beams. The air from the hatches had to pass through the narrow space between the rows of heads to reach the slaves stowed out at the sides and in the ends of the ships.

The atrocity of this style of stowage was never exceeded as a regular practice, and slaves were never kept in a worse condition for the whole voyage, simply because they could not be. But in the days when the trade was illegal, and the slavers had to make haste while on the coast, worse conditions prevailed very often for a day or two. In the nineteenth century many slavers chose children rather than adults—boys and girls ranging from ten to sixteen years of age. These could be tortured without fear of revolt. When the ship was loaded these children were thrown into the hold until they were literally piled on top of one another. The slavers calculated on losing perhaps five per cent. from suffocation while this condition lasted, and as soon as the ship was outside of the cruiser-ground the unfortunate little ones were usually placed sitting in orderly rows, after the fashion already described. I say usually, because there was, sometimes, a lack of that care for the slave-cargoes which was demanded even by a prudent regard for escape from an unprofitable voyage. There was one case on record, in later years, where a slaver went to sea without having filled the water-casks.

This story is so remarkable that it must be given in full as told by Captain Richard Drake, who was surgeon of the crew. The slaver was the Brazilian brig *Gloria*. After five successful voyages to the African coast, she ran down from the Cape Verd Islands for a sixth, carrying barrels full of sea-water for ballast. It was the intention of her master, Captain Ruiz, to substitute fresh-water for the salt when the slaves were shipped. On the route down a Portuguese schooner was met, with one hundred and ninety slaves and a large quantity of gold-dust on board. On learning, through a friendly visit, what the Portuguese carried, Captain Ruiz attacked and captured her, killing every one of her crew, and transferring her cargo to his own ship. He then scuttled the schooner and went on to Papoe, a town belonging

to a Dahoman chief, where six hundred slaves had been gathered for a Spanish slaver soon to arrive.

Ruiz promptly bought four hundred of these, paying for them with gold-dust taken from the Portuguese schooner.

Now Ruiz was not only a pirate, but a roysterer. Captain and crew were constantly under the influence of liquor, and the result was that only a part of the barrels in the hold were filled with fresh-water. "We were drawing from the last casks," says Drake, "before this discovery was made; and the horror of our situation sobered Captain Ruiz. He gave orders to hoist the precious remnant abaft the main grating, and made me calculate how long it would sustain the crew and cargo. I found that a half-gill a day would hold out to the Spanish Main; and it was decided that in order to save our cargo, we should allow the slaves a half-gill and the crew a gill each day. Then began a torture worse than death to the blacks. Pent in their closed dungeons, to the number of nearly five hundred (many had already died), they suffered continual torment. Our crew and drivers were unwilling to allow even the half-gill per diem, and quarrelled fiercely over their own stinted rations. Our cargo had been stored on the platforms closer than I ever saw slaves stowed before or since. Instead of lowering buckets of water to them as was customary, it became necessary to pour the water in half-pint measures. Those farthest from the grating never got a drop, and became raving mad for drink. Presently diseases of various kinds added to their misery. Matters grew worse daily, for the dead were not thrown overboard, nor the living served with water, or even food, except the rotten yams that could be reached where they lay. At last Captain Ruiz ordered the hatches down, and swore he would make the run on our regular water-rations, and take the chances of his stock. That night we caroused and satisfied our thirst, whilst the negroes suffocated below. Next morning came a storm which drove us on our course a hundred knots. Two days afterward Ruiz and four of the men were taken suddenly ill with a disease that baffled my medical knowledge . . . and in six hours they were dead. The first mate went next, and then three others of

the crew, and a black driver." It was discovered that the terrible conditions had "generated the plague." "I began to notice . . . a low heavy fog on deck almost like steam. It was a death-mist that I saw rising. At this time all but three of the men and myself had been attacked, and we abandoned the *Gloria*, in her long boat, taking the remnant of water, a sack of biscuit and a rum beaker, with what gold-dust and other valuables we could gather up. We left nine of our ship-mates dead and five dying on the *Gloria*." Drake and the three eventually landed on Tortola, one of the Leeward Islands. This happened in the year 1826, or thereabouts.

This case was probably not the only one where water was forgotten, and there were many cases like that of the early Dutch slaver *St. John*, where rotten food and leaking water-casks placed both crew and slaves in such straits that the death-rate was terrible.

To give statistical figures of slave-storage in the days when the trade was not only legal, but as a Liverpool preacher styled it, "very genteel":—the measurements of slavers show that in the best ships each slave was so placed that he had from twenty-four to twenty-seven cubic feet of air-space in the hold during the eighteen or twenty hours he was chained there every day in pleasant weather. That, too, was in the dead humid air of the worst season of the torrid zone, as well as in pleasanter weather. For the sake of comparison, it may be recalled that by the law of New York the keepers of cheap lodging-houses are compelled to allow six hundred cubic feet air-space for each bed.

But to tell how closely the slaves were packed is merely to begin the story of their sufferings in the slaver's hold. Every one knows how wearisome it is to lie for any great length of time in one position, even on a well-made bed. We must needs turn over when we are awakened in the night. But the slaves were chained down naked on the planks of the decks and shelves—planks that were rough just as they came from the saw, and had cracks between them. No one could turn from side to side to rest the weary body. They must lie there on their backs for eighteen hours at a stretch, even in pleasant weather in port.

Hard as that fate was, new tortures were added with the first jump of the ship over the waves. For she must roll to the pressure of the wind on the sails, so that those on the weather-side found their heels higher than their heads, and when the ship's angle increased under the weight of a smart breeze, the unfortunates sometimes sagged down to leeward, until they were stopped by the irons around ankle and wrist. They were literally suspended—crucified in their shackles.

Even that was not the worst of their sufferings that grew out of the motion of the ship, for she was rarely steady when heeled by the wind. She had to roll, and as she did so the slaves sometimes slid to and fro, with naked bodies on the rough and splintery decks. There was never a voyage even in the best of ships where the slaves did not suffer tortures from mere contact with the slave-deck.

To the sufferings due to these causes were added other torments, when the weather was stormy. For then it was necessary to cover the hatches lest the waves that swept across the deck pour down and fill the ship. The slaves were confined in utter darkness, and the scant ventilation afforded by the hatchways was shut off. Serious as that was, still worse must be told. The negroes were made violently seasick more readily than white people even—they sometimes died in their convulsions. The heat and foul air quickly brought on more serious illness; but there the slaves were kept in their chains for days at a stretch, wholly helpless and wholly unattended.

"If ever there was anything on earth which, for revolting, filthy, heartless atrocity, might make the devil wonder and hell recognize its own likeness, then it was on any one of the decks of an old slaver." So wrote the devout Admiral Foote, after he had gazed into the hold of a slave-ship. It was asserted by other naval officers, who had had experience on the slave-coast, that they could detect the odor of a slaver farther than they could see her at night—even on a clear night. There were cases where the coast-guard went hunting slavers, guided literally and entirely by the nose. In certain states of the air the odor was unmistakable, five miles away down wind. And it should be kept in mind that such conditions as these

prevailed on even the best ships commanded by captains who were, relatively speaking, humane—where the slaves were brought on deck as often as possible for an airing, and to permit the sailors to scrub and clean the decks.

For food the slaves had, usually, rice, beans and yams; but because the slavers were in the business to get rich as fast as possible, the slaves were fed on the scantiest possible allowance. The measure of water was small, because not enough could be carried in the overcrowded ships. Two meals were served each day on deck, if the weather permitted. The slaves were brought up in gangs and secured in rows to long chains, stretched fore and aft, or to iron rods, or the ship's rail, or to the rigging. After every meal each slave got half a pint of water. That was the pleasant-weather routine. In foul weather they were fed down on the slave-deck by certain of their own number, who were released for the purpose. At such times, however, feeding the slaves but added to their pains, for the men with the food had to crawl over the bodies of those in chains to reach the ones far from the hatches, and as the ship rolled and plunged, the steaming food was often spilled over the writhing wretches. As to the allowance of water, it was so often spilled that the presence of the water-carriers was but an aggravation. As said before, these conditions prevailed on the best of the slavers. I shall try to give some idea of what happened on the others through the careless or deliberate inhumanity of the officers—some idea only, because fully to portray the life there is utterly impossible.

Having been captured in the midst of fire and bloodshed, the slaves of the interior were hurried to the sea. *En route* they saw their relatives and friends hacked to pieces for lagging. They were herded in pens on the beach, where they saw other friends and relatives perish under harsh treatment. They were sold not by families, but by chance, and so members of one family went on board different ships, separated forever. Here they saw some of their numbers rejected for physical defects, and the rejected ones were often murdered before the eyes of the others. They were stowed in loathsome holds, bound to a region of which they could



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

She . . . walked to the ship's side, and . . . dropped the body into the sea.—Page 310.

know nothing, and of which they could imagine only the most fearsome evils.

"The ships," said Dr. Alexander Falconbridge, of the slaver *Tartar*, "were fitted up with a view of preventing slaves jumping overboard." There was a netting stretched above the rails, but an opening was left in one place that refuse might be dumped overboard, and through this many a slave, suffering from homesickness, plunged to his death. They stole rope-yarns that they might hang themselves. They refused to eat, that they might starve to death. The first care of the slavers was to prevent revolts, but little less was the vigilance needed to prevent suicide.

In connection with this vigilance we find further tortures. Because the slave often refused to eat, the tube-like instrument which surgeons use in feeding lock-jaw patients was carried on almost every ship. Hot coals and red-hot irons were used by more cruel ship-masters to open the stubborn mouths, and lest this seem incredible, I must remind the reader that branding slaves was as common then as branding cattle is now, and that the civilization of even this age is not likely to end the torture of cattle for many years to come.

One of the most pitiful stories known to these annals is told in connection with the slaver habit of compelling his slaves to eat. There was a child, less than a year old, that could not eat the boiled rice prepared for it, and the captain decided that it was stubborn, rather than sick. Getting angry as the little one repeatedly turned its head from the food, he grabbed it from its mother's arms. He tied a twelve-pound stick of wood to its neck as a punishment, and thereafter flogged it with the cat at each meal-time until the fourth day, when, after the whipping, it died.

To make complete his work, the captain, whip in hand, then called the child's mother to pick up the little body and throw it over the rail. She refused at first, but, tortured by the cat, she took up the child, walked to the ship's side, and turning her head away dropped the body into the sea.

Of the truth of the story there is no doubt. It was told under oath before a

committee of Parliament, and of all the tales of inhuman deeds perpetrated by the slavers, none had more effect in ridding the earth of the traffic than this.

Because of the persistent attempts of the slaves on one ship to kill themselves, the captain had the body of a slave who had hanged himself stretched out on deck and beheaded in the presence of the others. Then the body was thrown overboard, while the head was stowed away on the ship. The captain hoped the slaves would believe that the spirit of the dead one would return headless to its old home in Africa. But the slaves only smiled in contempt when the interpreter told them this. It was a heathen race. They had never learned the Christian's hope, but something had told them that the body, though it be "sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption," and they trusted implicitly the light that had been given to them.

From one point of view the picture of a gang of slaves when on deck for an airing was one of the most shocking known to the trade. For the slaver captain knew how much brooding over their wrongs tended to promote disease, and his chief object in bringing them on deck was to cheer them. He wanted them to sing and dance, and he saw that they did it too—he applied the lash not only to make them eat, but to make them sing. There they stood in rows and as the brawny slaver, whip in hand, paced to and fro, they sang their home-songs, and danced, each with his free foot slapping the deck. Never was a more pitiful mockery of mirth known to the history of the world. And that, too, was done under captains who were relatively humane.

What happened under the careless, and under those who found pleasure in the sufferings of the unfortunates, may be suggested only. That the cat was the common instrument of torture will be recalled without the saying. Another form of whip was a long tapering strip of walrus hide, which in the hands of an expert could raise a welt or bury itself a quarter of an inch into the flesh at every blow. Thumb-screws were carried on almost every ship, while some captains of an inventive turn of mind devised original tortures.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

He applied the lash not only to make them eat, but to make them sing.—Page 310.



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Every soul on board but one man was blind.—Page 313.

That every appeal to fear cultivates cruelty is shown very clearly in the history of the slave-trade. Every conceivable form of torture was adopted to repress and punish insurrections. In spite of the market value of the slaves, the leaders of insurrections were always executed. In one of the milder cases related in detail several slaves were hanged to the yard-arms. As it happened two or three of those hanged were shackled to mates who were not to be killed. The leg-irons, instead of being locked, were riveted fast. So to separate the two slaves, the ankle of the condemned was cut off above the iron before he was hoisted to the yard-arm.

The effect of the treatment received by the slaves has been told very often by means of figures, and in song and story. The slaver always considered the figures only—the per cent. of loss. A per cent. of loss was inevitable, he said, and so he loaded his ship to almost incredible limits, thinking thus to land still greater numbers, even if the crowding did raise this proportion. A time came when recuperating pens were built on the American coast for the reception of the negroes who were worn down by the Middle Passage. Diarrhœa and ophthalmia were the most common diseases generated by the foulness of the slaver hold. The diarrhœa carried off, on an average, from twenty to twenty-five per cent. when the trade was legal. The per cent. increased with the crowding, of course. Both diseases spread to the whites, and detestable as were the characters of most of the crews in the trade, one cannot help feeling pity, at least, for the men in the fore-castle. The percentage of deaths there, and the suffering from the cruelty of the officers, were but little less than among the slaves.

The ophthalmia was particularly virulent in its attack on the whites. Whittier's poem, "The Slave Ship," will be recalled by the reader. It was founded on the story of the slaver *Le Rodeur*, that, with a crew of twenty-two men and one hundred and sixty slaves, sailed from Bonny in April, 1819. The slaves were the victims of melancholy to an unusual degree. So many jumped overboard and killed themselves that the captain resorted to tortures in the cases of those detected in trying to kill themselves.

Then ophthalmia appeared and spread with such virulence that in a short time every soul on board but one man was blind. And then came one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of sea commerce. As the *Rodeur* was crawling along with this one man at the helm, another ship, with all sails set, was seen. That was a glad moment on the *Rodeur*, and she was quickly headed for the stranger, hoping to get men who could navigate the ship. Drawing near, the *Rodeur's* lone helmsman observed that the stranger was steering wildly, and that no one could be seen on board. But the moment the *Rodeur* had arrived within hailing distance men came to the stranger's rail, and in frantic tones said that every one on board had become blind, and begged for the help that the *Rodeur* had come to secure. The stranger was the Spanish slaver *Leon*. The *Rodeur* reached Guadaloupe on June 21st, when the remaining man, who had steered her into port, became blind also. The *Leon* was never heard of afterward.

But a more widespread physical evil was to come to the Americas with the slave-trade. "The coast fever of Africa, bad enough where it has its birth, came in these vessels," said Admiral Foote. "No fairer sky or healthier climate were there on earth than in the beautiful bay and amid the grand scenery of Rio de Janeiro in Brazil. But it became the haunt of slavers, and the dead of Africa floated on the glittering waters, and were tumbled upon the sands of its harbor. The shipping found in the summer of 1849 that death had come with the slavers. Thirty or forty vessels were [soon] lying idly at their anchors because their crews had mostly perished. The pestilence swept along the coast of that empire with fearful malignity. Cuba, for the same crime, met the same retribution." The yellow fever, that has carried off hundreds of thousands of innocent victims, originated in the slave-trade.

The most remarkable story in the history of maritime insurance companies involves a British slaver the *Zong*, Captain Luke Collingwood. The *Zong* sailed from the island of St. Thomas on the African coast, on September 6, 1781, for Jamaica, with four hundred and forty slaves on board. Having made a fair passage for

those days, Captain Collingwood found himself late in November off the south coast of Jamaica, but he had overrun his reckoning and supposed the land he saw was Hayti.

Meantime sixty slaves had died, and so many others were in a dying condition that Captain Collingwood became alarmed lest the voyage yield no profits. On casting about for some means of averting financial disaster, it occurred to him that the insurance companies were always compelled to pay for all cargo jettisoned—that is, thrown overboard in order to lighten the ship or to provide in any way for the safety of such cargo as was retained and for the safety of the ship. In short, if slaves died from disease, the loss would fall on the ship; if some were thrown overboard in order to provide for the safety of those retained, the insurers would have to pay for the jettisoned slaves.

Accordingly, Captain Collingwood brought on deck one hundred and thirty-two slaves, choosing those in the worst health, and deliberately threw them into the sea. Ten of the number, on seeing the water, got on their feet, in spite of cramp and weakness, and threw themselves overboard, but thirty resisted, struggling for life, and had to be more securely ironed before they could be disposed of.

When Captain Collingwood returned home his action was approved by the owners of the ship, but the insurance companies refused to pay for the jettisoned slaves. So suit was brought, and in the court of first resort the action of the captain was sustained and judgment was rendered against the insurers.

The truth is that by a fair interpretation of the laws of England, in 1781, the murder of the slaves was "a case of throwing over goods; for to this purpose and the purpose of insurance they are goods and property." The Solicitor-General, Mr. I. Lee, used the words quoted. The case was taken before Lord Mansfield on appeal, and he granted a new trial solely on the ground that "it is a very shocking case." Then the higher law prevailed.

On first consideration the student of slaver history is likely not only to find the stories of atrocious cruelty shocking; he is sure to ask how it was possible for a captain to use the slaves so when the prof-

its of the trade were large enough to warrant smaller cargoes with ample supplies and decent quarters—when, in short, it was often short-sighted from a business point of view to crowd the ship so badly as to kill off from a fourth to a half of those purchased.

Ships might have been fitted and provisioned so that each slave could have had a comfortable hammock to sleep in, and a plenty of good food—a plenty of plum-duff, for that matter—without destroying the profits. In proof of this is the fact that the freight-rate, when slaves were carried for other people than the owners of the ship, was never more than one-fifth of the average profit on a slave. Thus, when slaves, in 1786, sold at £50 per head, the freight-rate was £3 5s 3¼d per head on the average for the whole year, with 10s added for maintenance.

Ship-owners in any other trade would have counted £1,000 a liberal price for the charter of a vessel fit to carry three hundred slaves as slaves were stowed at the end of the eighteenth century, when profits of from £20 to £26 per head were realized. With a profit of but £20 each, a hundred slaves would have paid the ship-owner twice what she could have earned in any other trade, and a hundred could have been carried in health and comfort. Slave-cargoes were, indeed, landed without the loss of one life. Captain Hugh Crow, a noted one-eyed slaver of Liverpool, was able to boast of doing this. Before him was Captain John Newton, with a similar record. Captain Newton was a very religious slaver, who eventually became a preacher and opposed the traffic. He wrote of his lucky voyage that he had had "some remarkable deliverances and answers to prayers" while it lasted, and that, "I had the pleasure to return thanks in the churches for an African voyage without the loss of a single man." He adds, "I question if it is not the only instance of the kind."

The atrocities of the trade were not necessary incidents of a profitable voyage, but greed merely worked itself out with viler aspects in that trade than in others known then or now. Aside from this, there was nothing to be said against the slave-trade that might not be said with equal truth against slave-owning.

“WHOM THE WORLD CALLS IDLE”

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

HE is brother-born to the wind. Its song in his heart implanted
Stirs and wakes when the morning breaks and the wide horizon burns :
He is brother-born to the sea, and visions of isles enchanted
Slowly rise to his dreaming eyes from the furrow his labor turns.
Child of fate, be it soon or late that his heart he learns to know,
Not his to say if he roam or stay when the summons bids him go :
Brother-born to the wind of morn, he must share its endless quest
Who once hath heard the sovereign word of the Gods of Great Unrest !

The stretch of the open road, the challenge of heights unmounted,
The distant cry of the beasts that lie at the mouth of some latent lair,
The sweep of the pathless plain and the speeding of miles uncounted
When the rangers ride, with a star for guide, in the face of the battling air !
These are his whose fortune is, like the tireless tide's, to roam,
Brother-born to the wind of morn, with the whole wide world for home :
Child of the soil, he must turn from toil to the dim and dreamt-of west,
Who once hath heard the sovereign word of the Gods of Great Unrest !

Song of the stately pines to the winds of northward highlands,
Song of the palms across the calms that sleep on the long lagoon,
Glamour of breathless dawns on the shores of southward islands,
And the mystical light that tells the night of the birth of the tardy moon :
These at the gate of his future fate, where the earthly questings end
And the shadows fall, he hath learned to call by the sacred name of friend,
These in the strife of his hapless life he hath learned to love the best
Who once hath heard the sovereign word of the Gods of Great Unrest !

Then shall it be for us, who have dreamed no dream Elysian,
To cry the ban of our fellow-man who brings no grist to mill ?
'Tis the verve of his viking sires that awakes the ploughboy's vision,
And the rover roil in the child of toil is the roil of the rover still !
What is it all, this thrill and thrall, that hath mapped his earthly plan,
Unless some gain we may not explain in the onward march of man ?
Brother-born to the wind of morn, may his lot be not the best
Who once hath heard the sovereign word of the Gods of Great Unrest ?

TITO

THE STORY OF THE COYOTE THAT LEARNED HOW

By Ernest Seton-Thompson

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

VIII



HE lovely Hiawathan spring was touching all things in the fairy Badlands. Oh, why are they called Badlands? If Nature sat down deliberately on the eighth day of creation and said, "Now work is done, let's play. Let's make a place that shall combine everything that is finished and wonderful and beautiful. A paradise for man and bird and beast," it was surely then that she made these wild, fantastic hills, teeming with life, radiant with gayest flowers, varied with sylvan groves, bright with prairie sweeps and brimming lakes and streams. In foreground, offing, and distant hills that change at every step, we find some proof that Nature squandered here the riches that in other lands she used as sparingly as gold. With colorful sky above, and colorful land below, and the distance blocked by sculptured buttes that are built of precious stones and ores, and tinged as by a lasting and unspeakable sunset. And yet for all this ten times gorgeous wonderland enchanted, blind man has found no better name than one which says "*the road to it is hard.*"

The little hollow west of Chimney Butte was freshly grassed. The dangerous looking Spanish bayonets, that through the bygone winter had waged war with all things, now sent out their contribution to the peaceful triumph of the spring, in flowers that have stirred even the chilly scientists to name them "*Gloriosa*;" and the cactus, poisonous, most reptilian of herbs, surprised the world with a splendid bloom as little like itself as the pearl is like its mother shell-fish. The sage and the greasewood lent their gold, and the sand anemone tinged the Badland hills like bluish snow: and in the air and earth

and hills on every hand was felt the fecund promise of the spring. This was the end of the winter famine, the beginning of the summer feast, and this was the time by the All-Mother ordained when first the little coyotes should see the light of day.

A mother doesn't have to learn to love her helpless, squirming brood. They bring the love with them. Not much or little, not measurable, but perfect love. And in that dimly lighted warm abode she fondled them and licked them and cuddled them with heartfelt warmth of tenderness that was as much a new epoch in her life as in theirs.

But the pleasure of loving them was measured in the same measure as anxiety for their safety. In bygone days her care had been mainly for herself. All she had learned in her strange puppyhood, all she had picked up since, was bent to the main idea of self-preservation. Now she was ousted from her own affections by her brood. And her chief care was to keep their home concealed. And this was not very hard at first, for she left them only when she must, to supply her own wants.

She came and went with great care, and only after spying well the land so that none should see and find the place of her treasure. If it were possible for the little ones' idea of their mother and the cowboys' idea to be set side by side they would be found to have nothing in common, though both were right in their point of view. The ranchmen knew the coyote only as a pair of despicable, cruel jaws, borne around on tireless legs, steered by incredible cunning, and leaving behind a track of destruction. The little ones knew her as a loving, gentle, all-powerful guardian. For them her breast was soft and warm, and infinitely tender. She fed and warmed them, she was their wise and watchful keeper. She was always at hand

with food when they hungered, with wisdom to foil the cunning of their foes, and with a heart of courage tried to crown her well-laid plans for them with absolute success.

A baby coyote is a shapeless, senseless, wriggling, and—to everyone but its mother—a most uninteresting little lump. But after its eyes are open, after it has developed its legs, after it has learned to play in the sun with its brothers, or run at the gentle call of its mother when she brings home game for it to feed on, the baby coyote becomes one of the cutest, dearest little rascals on earth. And when the nine that made up Coyotito's brood had reached this stage, it did not require the glamour of motherhood to make them objects of the greatest interest.

The summer was now on. The little ones were beginning to eat flesh meat, and Tito, with some assistance from Saddleback, was kept busy to supply both themselves and the brood. Sometimes she brought them a prairie-dog, at other times she would come home with a whole bunch of gophers and mice in her jaws. And once or twice, by the clever trick of relay chasing, she succeeded in getting one of the big northern jack-rabbits for the little folks at home.

After they had feasted they would lie around in the sun for a time. Tito would mount guard on a bank and scan the earth and air with her keen, brassy eye, lest any dangerous foe should find their happy-valley; and the merry pups played little games of tag or chased the butterflies or had apparently desperate encounters with each other, or tore and worried the bones and feathers that now lay about the threshold of the home. One, the least, for there is usually a runt, stayed near the mother and climbed at her back, or pulled at her tail. They made a lovely picture as they played, and the wrestling group in the middle seemed the focus of it all at first; but a keener, later look would have rested on the mother. Quiet, watchful, not without anxiety, but above all with a face full of motherly tenderness. Oh! she was so proud and happy, and she would sit there and watch them and silently love them till it was time to go home, or until some sign of distant danger showed. Then with a low growl she

gave the signal and all disappeared from sight in a twinkling, after which she would set off to meet and turn the danger, or go on a fresh hunt for food.

IX

WOLVER JAKE had several plans for making a fortune, but each in turn was abandoned as soon as he found that it meant work. At one time or other most men of this kind see the chance of their lives in a poultry farm. They cherish the idea that somehow the poultry do all the work. And without troubling himself about the details, Jake devoted an unexpected windfall to the purchase of a dozen turkeys for his latest scheme. The turkeys were duly housed in one end of Jake's shanty, so as to be well guarded, and for a couple of days were the object of absorbing interest, and had the best of care—too much, really. But Jake's ardor waned about the third day; then the recurrent necessity for long celebrations at Medora and the ancient allurements of idle hours spent lying on the tops of sunny buttes and of days spent sponging on the hospitality of distant ranches swept away the last pretence of attention to his poultry farm. The turkeys were utterly neglected—left to forage for themselves; and each time that Jake returned to his uninviting shanty, after a few days' absence, he found fewer birds, till at last none but the old gobbler was left.

Jake cared little about the loss, but was filled with indignation against the thief.





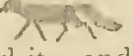

He was now installed as wolver to the Broad-arrow outfit. That is he was supplied with poison, traps, and horses, and was also entitled to all he could make out of wolf bounties. A reliable man would have gotten pay in addition, for the ranchmen are generous, but Jake wasn't reliable.

Every wolver knows, of course, that his business naturally drops into several well-marked periods.

In the late winter and early spring—the love season—the hounds will not hunt a she-wolf. They will quit the trail of a he-wolf at this time to take up that of a she-wolf, but when they do overtake her, they, for some sentimental reason, invariably let

her go in peace. In August and September the young coyotes and wolves are just beginning to run alone, and they are then easily trapped and poisoned. A month or so later the survivors have learned how to take care of themselves, but in the early summer the wolver knows that there are dens full of little ones all through the hills. Each den has from five to fifteen pups, and the only difficulty is to know the whereabouts of these family homes.

One way of finding the dens is to watch from some tall butte for a coyote carrying food to its brood. As this kind of wolvering involved much lying still, it suited Jake very well. So, equipped with a Broad-arrow horse and the boss's field-glasses, he put in week after week at den-hunting—that is, lying asleep in some possible lookout, with an occasional glance over the country when it seemed easier to do that than to lie still.

The coyotes had learned to avoid the open; they generally went homeward along the sheltered hollows, but this was not always possible, and one day, while exercising his arduous profession in the country west of Chimney Butte, Jake's glasses and glance fell by chance on a dark spot which moved along an open hill-side. It was gray and it looked like this:  and even Jake knew that that meant coyote. If it had been a gray wolf it would have been so:  with tail up. A fox would  have looked so,  the large ears and tail and the  yellow color would have marked it; and a deer would have looked so.  That dark shade from the front end meant something in his mouth—probably something being carried home—and that would mean a den of little ones.

He made careful note of the place and returned there next day to watch, selecting a high butte near where he had seen the coyote carrying the food. But all day passed, and he saw nothing. Next day, however, he descried a dark coyote—old Saddleback, carrying a large bird, and by the help of the glasses he made out that it was a turkey, and then he knew that the yard at home was quite empty and he also knew where the rest of them had gone, and vowed terrible vengeance when

he should find the den. He followed Saddleback with his eyes as far as possible, and that was no great way, then went to the place to see if he could track him any farther; but he found no guiding signs, and he did not chance on the little hollow that was the playground of Tito's brood.

Meanwhile Saddleback came to the little hollow and gave the low call that always conjured from the earth the unruly procession of the nine riotous little pups, and they dashed at the turkey and pulled and worried till it was torn up, and each that got a piece ran to one side alone and silently proceeded to eat, seizing his portion in his jaws when another came near, and growling his tiny growl as he showed the brownish whites of his eyes in his effort to watch the intruder. Those that got the softer parts to feed on were well fed. But the three that did not turned all their energies on the frame of the gobbler, and over that there waged a battle royal. This way and that they tugged and tusselled, getting off occasional scraps, but really hindering each other feeding, till Tito glided in and deftly cut the turkey into three or four, when each dashed off with a prize over which he sat and cheered and smacked his lips and jammed his head down sideways to bring the backmost teeth to bear, while the baby runt scrambled into the home den, carrying in triumph his share—the Gobbler's grotesque head and neck.

X

JAKE felt that he had been grievously wronged, indeed ruined, by that coyote that stole his turkeys. He vowed he would skin them alive when he found the pups, and found pleasure in thinking about how he would do it. His attempt to follow Saddleback by trailing was a failure, and all his searching for the den was useless, but he had come prepared for any emergency. In case he found the den he had brought a pick and shovel; in case he did not he had brought a living white hen.

The hen he now took to a broad open place near where he had seen Saddleback and there he tethered her to a stick of

wood that she could barely drag. Then he made himself comfortable on a lookout that was near and lay still to watch. The hen, of course, ran to the end of the string and then lay on the ground flopping stupidly. Presently the clog gave enough to ease the strain, she turned by mere chance in another direction, and so for a time stood up to look around.

The day went slowly by and Jake lazily stretched himself on the blanket in his spying place. Toward evening Tito came by, on a hunt; this was not surprising, for the den was only half a mile away. Tito had learned among other rules this, "Never show yourself on the skyline." In former days the coyotes used to trot along the tops of the ridges for the sake of the chance to watch both sides. But men and guns had taught Tito that in this way you are sure to be seen. She therefore made a practice of running along near the top, and once in awhile peeping over.

This was what she did that evening as she went out to hunt for the children's supper, and her keen eyes fell on the white hen, stupidly stalking about and turning up its eyes in a wise way each time a harmless turkey-buzzard came in sight against a huge white cloud.

Tito was puzzled. This was something new. It *looked* like game, but she feared to take any chances. She circled all around without showing herself, then decided that whatever it was, it was better let alone. As she passed on a faint whiff of smoke caught her attention. She followed cautiously, and under a butte far from the hen she found Jake's camp. His bed was there; his horse was picketed, and on the remains of the fire was a pot which gave out a smell, which she well knew about men camps—the smell of coffee. Tito felt uneasy at this proof that a man was staying so near her home, but she went off quietly on her hunt, keeping out of sight, and Jake knew nothing of her visit.

About sundown he took in his decoy hen, as owls were abundant, and went back to his camp.

XI

NEXT day the hen was again put out, and late that afternoon Saddleback came

trotting by. As soon as his eye fell on the white hen he stopped short, his head on one side, and gazed. Then he circled to get the wind and went cautiously sneaking nearer—very cautiously—somewhat puzzled till he got a whiff that reminded him of the place where he had found those turkeys. The hen took alarm and tried to run away, but Saddleback made a rush, seized the hen so fiercely that the string was broken and away he dashed toward the home valley.

Jake had fallen asleep, but the squawk of the hen happened to awaken him, and he sat up in time to see her borne away in old Saddleback's jaws.

As soon as they were out of sight Jake took up the white-feather trail. At first it was easily followed, for the hen had shed plenty of plumes in her struggles, but once she was dead in Saddleback's jaws, very few feathers were dropped except where she was carried through the brush. But Jake was following quietly and certainly, for Saddleback had gone nearly in a straight line home to the little ones with the dangerous telltale prize. Once or twice there was a puzzling delay when the coyote had changed his course or gone over an open place, but one white feather was good for fifty yards, and when the daylight was gone Jake was not two hundred yards from the hollow, in which at that very moment were the nine little pups, having a perfectly delightful time with the hen pulling it to pieces, feasting and growling, sneezing the white feathers from their noses or coughing them from their throats.

If a puff of wind had now blown from them toward Jake, it might have carried a flurry of snowy plumes or even the merry cries of the little revellers, and the den would have been discovered at once. But, as luck would have it, the evening lull was on and all distant sounds were hidden by the crashing that Jake made in trying to trace his feather guides through the last thicket.

About this time Tito was returning home with a magpie that she had captured by watching till it went to feed within the ribs of a dead cow, when she ran across Jake's trail. Now a man on foot is always a suspicious character in this country. She followed the trail for a little to see where he was going, and

that she knew at once from the scent. How it tells her no one can say, yet all hunters know that it does. And Tito marked that it was going straight toward her home. Thrilled with new fear she hid the bird she was carrying, then followed the trail of the man. Within a few minutes she could hear him in the thicket and Tito realized the terrible danger that was threatening. She went swiftly, quietly around to the den hollow, came on the heedless little roysterers, after giving the signal call, which prevented them taking alarm at her approach, but she must have had a shock when she saw how marked the hollow and the den were now, all drifted over with feathers white as snow. Then she gave the danger-call that sent them all to earth, and the little glade was still.

Her own nose was so thoroughly and always her guide that it was not likely she thought of the white feathers being the telltale. But now she realized that a man, one she knew of old as a treacherous character, one whose scent had always meant mischief to her, that had been associated with all her own troubles and the cause of nearly all her desperate danger, was close to her darlings—was tracking them down—in a few minutes would surely have them in his merciless power.

Oh! the wrench to the mother's heart at the thought of what she could foresee. But the warmth of the mother-love lent life to the mother-wit. Having sent the little ones out of sight, and by a sign conveyed to Saddleback her alarm, she swiftly came back to the man, then she crossed before him, thinking, in her half-reasoning way, that the man *must* be following a foot-scent just as she herself would do, but would of course, take the stronger line of tracks she was now laying. She did not realize that the failing daylight made any difference. Then she trotted to one side and to make doubly sure of being followed, she uttered the fiercest challenge she could, just as many a time she had done to make the dogs pursue her.

Grrr—wow—wow—wa—a—a—a—h, and stood still. Then ran a little nearer and did it again, and then again much nearer and repeated her bark. She was

so determined that the wolver should follow her.

Of course the wolver could see nothing of the coyote, for the shades were falling. He had to give up the hunt anyway. His understanding of the details was as different as possible from that the mother coyote had, and yet it came to the same thing. He recognized that the coyote's bark was the voice of the distressed mother, trying to call him away. So he knew the brood must be close at hand and all he now had to do was return in the morning and complete his search. So he made his way back to his camp.

XII

SADDLEBACK thought they had won the victory. He felt secure, because the foot-scent that he might have supposed the man to be following would be stale by morning. Tito did not feel so safe. That two-legged beast was close to her home and her little ones—had barely been turned aside—might come back yet.

The wolver watered and repicketed his horse, kindled the fire anew, made his coffee and ate his evening meal, then smoked awhile before lying down to sleep, thinking occasionally of the little woolly scalps he expected to gather in the morning.

He was about to roll up in his blanket when, out of the dark distance, there sounded the evening cry of the coyote; the rolling challenge of more than one voice. Jake grinned in fiendish glee and said: "There you are—all right. Howl some more. I'll see you in the morning."

It was the ordinary, or rather *one* of the ordinary, camp-calls of the coyote; it was sounded once, and then all was still. Jake soon forgot it in his loggish slumber.

The callers were Tito and Saddleback, the challenge was not an empty bluff. It had a distinct purpose behind it—to know for sure whether the enemy had any dogs with him, and because there was no responsive bark Tito knew that he had none.

Then Tito waited for an hour or so till the flickering fire had gone dead, and the only sound of life about the camp was the cropping of the grass by the picketed



Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

Tito and Her Brood.—Page 318.

horse. Tito crept near softly, so softly that the horse did not see her till she was within twenty feet, then he gave a start that swung the tightened picket-rope up into the air, and snorted gently. Tito went quietly forward, and opening her wide gape took the rope in, almost under her ears, between the great scissor-like back teeth, then chewed it for a few seconds. The fibres quickly frayed and, aided by the strain the nervous horse still kept up, the last of the strands gave way and the horse was free. He was not much alarmed; he knew the smell of coyote, and after jumping three steps and walking six, he stopped.

The sounding thumps of his hoofs on the ground awoke the sleeper. He looked up, but, seeing the horse standing there, he went calmly off to sleep again, supposing that all went well.

Tito had sneaked away, but she now returned like a shadow; avoided the sleeper, but came around, sniffed doubtfully at the coffee, and then puzzled over a tin can; while Saddleback examined the frying-pan full of "camp-sinkers" and then scattered both cakes and pan with dirt. The bridle hung on a low bush; the coyotes did not know what it was, but just for luck they cut it into several pieces, then, taking the sacks that held Jake's bacon and flour, they carried them far away and buried them in the sand.

Having done all the mischief she could, Tito, followed by her mate, now set off for a wooded gully some miles away, where was a hole that had been made first by a chipmunk, but enlarged by several other animals, including a fox that had tried to dig out its occupants. Tito stopped and looked at many possible places before she settled on this. Then she set to work to dig. Saddleback had followed in a half-comprehending way, till he saw what she was doing. Then when she, tired with digging, came out, he went into the hole, and after snuffing about went on with the work, throwing out the earth between his hind legs; and when it was piled up behind he would come out and push it yet farther away.

And so they worked for hours, not a word said, and yet with a sufficient comprehension of the object in view to work in relief of each other. And by the time

the morning came they had a den big enough to do for their home, in case they must move, though it would not compare with the one in the grassy hollow.

XIII

It was nearly sunrise before the wolver awoke. With the true instinct of a plainsman he turned to look for the horse. *It was gone.* What his ship is to the sailor, what wings are to the bird, what money is to the merchant, the horse is to the plainsman. Without it he is helpless, lost at sea, wing broken, crippled in business. Afoot on the plains is the sum of earthly terrors. Even Jake realized this, and ere his foggy wits had fully felt the shock he sighted the steed afar on a flat, grazing and stepping ever farther from the camp. At a second glance Jake noticed that the horse was trailing the rope. If the rope had been left behind Jake would have known that it was hopeless to try to catch him; he would have finished his den hunt, and found the little coyotes, but, with the trailing rope, there was a good chance of catching the horse; so Jake set out to try.

Of all maddening things there is nothing worse than to be almost, but not quite, able to catch your horse. Do what he might Jake could not get quite near enough to seize that short rope, and the horse led him on and on until at last they were well on the homeward trail.

Now Jake was afoot anyhow, so seeing no better plan he set out to follow that horse right back to the ranch.

But when about seven miles were covered Jake succeeded in catching him. He rigged up a rough hackamore with the rope and rode barebacked in fifteen minutes over the three miles that lay between him and the sheep-ranch, giving vent all the way to his pent-up feelings in cruel abuse of that horse. Of course it didn't do any good, and he knew that, but he considered it was heaps of satisfaction.

Here Jake got a meal and borrowed a saddle, and a mongrel hound that could run a trail, and returned late in the afternoon to finish his den-hunt. Had he known it he now could have found it



Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson.

Tito's Race for Life. --Page 324.

without the aid of the cur, for it was really close at hand when he took up the feather-trail where last he had left it. Within one hundred yards he rose to the top of the little ridge; then just over it, almost face to face, he came on a coyote, carrying in its mouth a large rabbit. The coyote leaped just at the same moment that Jake fired his revolver, and the dog broke into a fierce yelling and dashed off in pursuit, while Jake blazed and blazed away, without effect, and wondered why the coyote should still hang on to that rabbit as she ran for her life with the dog yelling at her heels. Jake followed as far as he could and fired at each chance, but scored no hit. So when they had vanished among the buttes he left the dog to follow or come back as he pleased while he returned to the den, which of course was plain enough now. Jake knew that the pups were there yet. Had he not seen the mother bringing a rabbit for them?

So he set to work with pick and shovel all the rest of that day. There were plenty of signs that the den had inhabitants, and, duly encouraged, he dug on, and after several hours of the hardest work he had ever done, he came to the end of the den—*only to find it empty*. After cursing his luck at the first shock of disgust he put on his strong leather glove and groped about in the nest. He felt something firm and drew it out. It was the head and neck of his own turkey gobbler, and that was all he got for his pains.

XIV

TITO had not been idle during the time that the enemy was horse-hunting. Whatever Saddleback might have done, Tito would live in no fool's paradise. Having finished the new den she trotted back to the little valley of feathers, and the first young one that came to meet her at the door of this home was a broad-headed one much like herself. She seized him by the neck and set off, carrying him across country toward the new den, a couple of miles away. Every little while she had to put her offspring down to rest and give it a chance to breathe. This made the moving slow, and the

labor of transporting the pups occupied all that day. For Saddleback was not allowed to carry any of them, probably because he was too rough.

Beginning with the biggest and brightest, they were carried away one at a time, and late in the afternoon only the runt was left. Tito had not only worked at digging all night; she had also trotted over thirty miles, half of it with a heavy baby to carry. But she did not rest. She was just coming out of the den carrying her youngest in her mouth, when over the very edge of this hollow appeared the mongrel hound and a little way behind him Wolver Jake.

Away went Tito holding the baby tight, and away went the dog behind her.

Bang! bang! bang! said the revolver.

But not a shot touched her. Then over the ridge they dashed where the revolver could not reach her, and sped across a flat, the tired coyote and her baby and the big fierce hound behind her bounding his hardest. Had she been fresh and unweighted she could soon have left the clumsy cur that now was barking furiously on her track, and rather gaining than losing in the race. But she put forth all her strength, careered along a slope, where she gained a little, then down across a brushy flat where the cruel bushes robbed her of all she had gained. But again into the open they came, and the wolver laboring far behind got sight of them and fired again and again with his revolver, and only stirred the dust, but still it made her dodge and lose time and it also spurred the dog. The hunter saw the coyote, his old acquaintance of the bob-tail, carrying still, as he thought, the jack-rabbit she had been bringing to her brood, and wondered at her strange persistence. "Why doesn't she drop that weight when flying for her life?" But on she went and gamely bore her load over the hills—the man cursing his luck that he had not brought his horse and the mongrel bounding in deadly earnest but thirty feet behind her. Then suddenly in front of Tito yawned a little cut-bank gully. Tired and weighted she dared not try the leap; she skirted around, but the dog was fresh; he cleared it easily, and the mother's start was cut down by half, but on she went, straining to hold the little one high above the scratching

brush and the dangerous bayonet-spikes. But straining too much, for the helpless cub was choking in his mother's grip. She must lay him down or strangle him—with such a weight she could not much longer keep out of reach. She tried to give the howl for help, but her voice was muffled by the cub, now struggling for breath, and as she tried to ease her grip on him a sudden wrench jerked him from her mouth into the grass—into the power of the merciless hound. Tito was far smaller than the dog. Ordinarily she would have held him in fear, but her little one—her baby—was the only thought now, and as the brute sprang forward to tear it in his wicked jaws she leaped between and stood facing him with all her mane erect, her teeth exposed, and plainly showed her resolve to save her young one at any price. The dog wasn't brave, only confident that he was bigger and had the man behind him. But the man was far away, and balked in his first rush at the trembling little coyote, that tried to hide in the grass, the cur hesitated a moment and Tito howled the long howl for help—the muster call,

*“Yap Yap Yap Yah Yah Yah—h—h—h—h
Yap Yap Yap Yah Yah Yah—h—h—h—h,”*

and made the buttes around re-echo so that Jake could not tell where it came from, but someone else there was that heard and did know whence it came. The dog's courage revived on hearing something like a faraway shout. Again he sprang at the little one, but again the mother balked him with her own body, and then they closed in deadly struggle. “Oh! if Saddleback would only come,” but no one came and now she had no further chance to call. Weight is everything in a closing fight, and Tito soon went down, bravely fighting to the last, but clearly worsted, and the hound's courage grew with the sight of victory, and all he thought of now was to finish her and then kill her helpless baby in its turn. He had no ears or eyes for any other thing, till out of the

nearest sage there flashed a streak of gray, and in a trice the big-voiced coward was hurled back by a foe almost as heavy as himself. Hurled back, with a crippled shoulder—dash—chop—and stanch old Saddleback sprang on him again. Tito struggled to her feet, and they closed on him together. His courage fled at once when he saw the odds, and all he wanted now was safe escape—escape from Saddleback whose speed is like the wind—escape from Tito whose baby's life was at stake. Not twenty jumps away did he get—not breath enough had he to howl for help to his master in the distant hills—not fifteen yards away from her little one that he meant to tear, they tore him all to bits.

And Tito lifted the rescued young one, and travelling as slowly as they wished they reached the new-made den. There the family safely reunited far away from danger of further attack by Wolver Jake or his kind.

And there they lived in peace till their mother had finished their training, and everyone of them grew up wise in the ancient learning of the plains—wise in the later wisdom that the ranchers' war has forced upon them, and not only they but their children's children, too. The buffalo herds have gone; they have succumbed to the rifles of the hunters. The antelope droves are nearly gone; hound and lead were too much for them. The blacktail bands have dwindled before axe and fence. The ancient dwellers of the Badlands have faded like snow, under the new conditions, but the coyotes are no more in fear of extinction. Their morning and evening song still sounds from the level buttes, as it did long years ago when every plain was a teeming land of game. They have learned the deadly secrets of traps and poisons. They know how to baffle the gunner and hound, they have matched their wits with the hunter's wits. They have learned how to prosper in a land of man-made plenty, in spite of the worst that man can do, and it was Tito that taught them how.

THE CHICKAMAUGA CRISIS

By Jacob D. Cox



It is very evident that at the close of September, 1863, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton had become satisfied that a radical change must be made in the organization of the Western armies. The plan of sending separate armies to co-operate, as Rosecrans's and Burnside's had been expected to do, was in itself vicious. It is, after a fashion, an attempt of two to ride a horse without one of them riding behind. Each will form a plan for his own army, as indeed he ought to do, and when one of them thinks the time has come for help from the other, that other may be out of reach or committed to operations which cannot readily be dropped. It is almost axiomatic that in any one theatre of operations there must be one head to direct. In the present case it ought to have been evident to the authorities at Washington that as soon as Burnside occupied East Tennessee, both distance and the peculiar conditions of his problem would forbid any efficient co-operation with Rosecrans. The latter was the junior in rank and knew that, whatever might be Burnside's generosity, there were many possible contingencies in such a campaign in which the War Department might find it the easy solution of a difficulty to direct the senior officer to assume the command of both armies. So long as matters went well, Rosecrans had little or no communication with Burnside; but as soon as the enemy began to show a bold front, he became impatient for assistance. The perplexities of his own situation made him blind to those of Burnside. This is human nature, and was, no doubt, true of both in varying degrees. Halleck, at Washington, was in no true sense a commander of the armies. He had given peremptory orders to advance in June, and again in July, but when asked whether this relieved the subordinate of responsibility and took away his discretion, could make no distinct answer. The unpleasant

relations thus created necessarily affected the whole campaign. Halleck hesitated to advise a halt when he learned that Longstreet had gone to reinforce Bragg, and Rosecrans dreaded the blame of halting without such suggestion. So the battle had to be fought and the ill consequences had to be repaired afterward as best they could.

The official correspondence of the summer shows a constantly growing faith in Grant. His great success at Vicksburg gave him fame and prestige, but there was besides this a specific effect produced on the President and the War Department by his unceasing activity, his unflagging zeal, his undismayed courage. He was as little inclined to stop as they at Washington were inclined to have him. He was as ready to move as they were to ask it, and anticipated their wish. He took what was given him and did the best he could with it. The result was that the tone adopted toward him was very different from that used with any other commander. It was confidently assumed that he was doing all that was possible, and there was no disposition to worry him with suggestions or orders.

When the operations in the Mississippi Valley were reduced to secondary importance by the surrender of Vicksburg, it was certain that Grant would be called to conduct one of the great armies which must still make war upon the rebellion. In a visit to New Orleans to consult with Banks, he had been lamed by a fractious horse and was disabled for some days. As soon as he was able to ride in an ambulance he was on duty, and was assured by General Halleck that plenty of work would be cut out for him as soon as he was fully recovered. At the beginning of October he was ordered to take steamboat and go to Cairo, where he would find special instructions. This despatch reached him on the 9th, and the same day he sailed for Cairo, arriving there on the 16th, when he learned that an officer of the War Department would

meet him at Louisville. Hastening to Louisville by rail, he met Mr. Stanton himself on the way, who had travelled *incognito* from Washington. The Secretary of War produced the formal orders which had been drawn at the War Department creating the Division of the Mississippi, which included Rosecrans's, Burnside's, and Grant's departments, and put the latter in supreme command of all. The order was drawn in two forms, one relieving Rosecrans and putting Thomas in command of the Department of the Cumberland, and the other omitting this. After consultation with Mr. Stanton the order relieving Rosecrans was issued and Grant published his own assumption of command. His staff had accompanied him, on a hint contained in an earlier despatch, and after a day spent with the Secretary of War (October 18-19) he immediately proceeded to Chattanooga. He was hardly able to mount a horse, and when on foot had to get about on crutches.

It has been commonly assumed that the choice whether he would remove Rosecrans was submitted to Grant as a personal question affecting his relations with his subordinates, and that he decided it on the ground of his dislike of Rosecrans. The records of the official correspondence seem to me to show the fact rather to be that Rosecrans's removal was thought best by the Secretary, the doubt being whether Grant would prefer to retain him instead of meeting the embarrassments incident to so important a change in the organization of the beleaguered army. Grant was always disposed to work with the tools he had, and through his whole military career showed himself averse to meddling much with the organization of his army. He had strong likes and dislikes, but was very reticent of his expression of them. He would quietly take advantage of vacancies or of circumstances to put men where he wanted them, but very rarely made a sweeping reorganization. If anyone crossed him or became antagonistic without open insubordination, he would bear with it till an opportunity came to get rid of the offender. He hated verbal quarrelling, never used violent language, but formed his judgments and bided his time for acting on them. This

sometimes looked like a lack of frankness, and there were times when a warm but honest altercation would have cleared the air and removed misunderstandings. It was really due to a sort of shyness which was curiously blended with remarkable faith in himself. From behind his wall of taciturnity he was on the alert to see what was within sight, and to form opinions of men and things that rooted fast and became part of his mental constitution. He sometimes unbent and would talk with apparent freedom and ease; but, so far as I observed, it was in the way of narrative or anecdote, and almost never in the form of discussion or comparison of views. It used to be said that during the Vicksburg campaign he liked to have Sherman and McPherson meet at his tent, and would manage to set them to discussing the military situation. Sherman would be brilliant and trenchant; McPherson would be politely critical and intellectual; Rawlins would break in occasionally with some blunt and vigorous opinion of his own; Grant sat impassable and dumb in his camp-chair, smoking; but the lively discussion stimulated his strong common sense and gave him more assured confidence in the judgments and conclusions he reached. He sometimes enjoyed, with a spice of real humor, the mistaken assumption of fluent men that reticent ones lack brains. I will venture to illustrate it by an anecdote of a date subsequent to the war. One day during his presidency he came into the room where his Cabinet was assembling, quietly laughing to himself. "I have just read," said he, "one of the best anecdotes I have ever met. It was that John Adams, after he had been President, was one day taking a party out to dinner, at his home in Quincy, when one of his guests noticed a portrait over the door and said, 'You have a fine portrait of Washington there, Mr. Adams.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'and that old wooden head made his fortune by keeping his mouth shut,'" and Grant laughed again with uncommon enjoyment. The apocryphal story gained a permanent interest in Grant's mouth, for though he showed no consciousness that it could have any application to himself, he evidently thought that keeping the mouth shut was not enough in itself to insure fortune, and at

any rate was not displeased at finding such a ground of sympathy with the Father of his country. Grant's telling the story seemed to me, under the circumstances, infinitely more amusing than the original.

During the month which followed the battle of Chickamauga, Rosecrans had elaborated his report of the campaign. On October 15th he ordered General Garfield to proceed to Washington with it and to explain personally to the Secretary of War and the General-in-Chief the details of the actual condition of the army, its lines of communication, the scarcity of supplies, and especially of forage for horses and mules, with all other matters which would assist the War Department in fully appreciating the situation. Garfield's term as member of Congress began with the 4th of March preceding, but the active session would not commence until the first Monday of December. There was some doubt as to the status of army officers who were elected to Congress. General Frank P. Blair had been elected, as well as Garfield, and it was in Blair's case that the issue was made by those who objected to the legality of what they called a duplication of offices. Later in the session of Congress it was settled that the two commissions were incompatible, and that one must choose between them. Blair resigned his seat in Washington and returned to Sherman's army. Garfield, who had found camp life a cause of oft-recurring and severe disease of his digestive system, resigned his army commission and retained his place in Congress. When he left Rosecrans, however, he was still hopeful that the two duties might be found consistent, and looked forward to further military employment.

On his way to Nashville, Garfield made a careful inspection of the road to Jasper and Bridgeport, and reported it with recommendations for the improvement of the transportation service. He arrived at Nashville on October 19th and was met by the rumor that the Secretary of War and General Grant were at Louisville, and that Grant would come down the road by special train next day. He telegraphed the news to Rosecrans with the significant question, What does it mean? Rosecrans knew what it meant, for Grant's order

assuming command and relieving him had been earlier telegraphed to him, and he had already penned his dignified and appropriate farewell order to the Army of the Cumberland.

Mr. Stanton awaited Garfield's coming at Louisville, and there was a full and frank interview between them. The order relieving Rosecrans ended Garfield's official connection with him, and, even if it had not been so, it would have been his duty to make no concealments in answering the earnest and eager cross-questioning of the Secretary. Mr. Stanton had not only had dispatches full of information from General Meigs, who now also met him at Louisville, but his assistant, Mr. Charles A. Dana, had gone early to Chattanooga, had been present at the battle of Chickamauga, and had there some perilous experiences of his own. Dana was still with Rosecrans and had sent to the Secretary a series of cipher dispatches giving a vivid interior view of affairs and of men. The talented journalist had known how to give his communications the most lively effect, and they had great weight with the Secretary. They were not always quite just, for they were written at speed, under the spell of first impressions, and necessarily under the influence of army acquaintances in whom he had confidence. There is, however, no evidence that he was predisposed to judge harshly of Rosecrans, and the unfavorable conclusions he reached were echoed in Mr. Stanton's words and acts.* The Secretary of War was consequently prepared to show such knowledge of the battle of Chickamauga and the events which followed it, that it would be impossible for Garfield to avoid mention of incidents which bore unfavorably upon Rosecrans. He might have been silent if Mr. Stanton had not known so well how to question him, but when he found how full the information of the Secretary was, his duty as a military subordinate coincided with his duty as a responsible member of Congress, and he discussed without reserve the battle and its results. Mr. Stanton also questioned General Steedman, who was on his way home, and wrote to his assistant

* Since this was written Mr. Dana has published his *Recollections*, based on his dispatches, but the omissions make it still important to read the originals.

in Washington, for the information of the President, that his interviews with these officers more than confirmed the worst that had reached him from other sources as to the conduct of Rosecrans, and the strongest things he had heard of the credit due to Thomas.

Garfield came from Louisville to Cincinnati, where I was on duty at headquarters of my district, and found me, as may easily be believed, full of intensest interest in the campaign. I had been kept informed of all that directly affected Burnside, my immediate chief, but my old acquaintance with Rosecrans and sincere personal regard for him made me desire much more complete information touching his campaign than was given the public. Garfield's own relations to it were hardly less interesting to me, and our intimacy was such that our thoughts, at that time, were common property. He spent a day with me and we talked far into the night, going over the chief points of the campaign and his interview with Mr. Stanton. His friendship for Rosecrans amounted to warm affection and very strong personal liking, yet I found he had reached the same judgment of his mental qualities and his capacity as a commander which I had formed at an earlier day. Rosecrans's perceptions were acute and often intuitively clear and able. His fertility was great. He lacked poise, however, and the steadiness of will necessary to handle great affairs successfully. Then there was the fatal defect of the liability to be swept away by excitement and to lose all efficient control of himself and of others in the very crisis when complete self-possession is the essential quality of a great general.

We sat alone in my room, face to face, at midnight as Garfield described to me the scene on the 20th of September on the battle-field, when, through the gap in the line made by the withdrawal of Wood's division, the Confederates poured. He pictured the astonishment of all who witnessed it, the doubt as to the evidence of their own senses, the effort of Sheridan farther to the right to change front and strike the enemy in flank, the hesitation of the men, the wavering, and then the breaking of the right wing into a panic-stricken rout, each man running for life to the Dry

Valley road, thinking only how he might reach Chattanooga before the enemy should overtake him; officers and men swept along in that most hopeless of mobs, a disorganized army. He described the effort of Rosecrans and the staff to rally the fugitives and to bring a battery into action under a shower of flying bullets and crashing shells. It failed, for men were as deaf to reason in their mad panic as would be a drove of stampeded cattle. What was needed was a fresh and well-organized division to cover the rout, to hold back the enemy, and to give time for rallying the fugitives. But no such division was at hand, and the rush to the rear could not be stayed. The enemy was already between the head-quarters group and Brannan's division, which Wood had joined, and these, throwing back the right flank, were presenting a new front toward the west, where Longstreet, preventing his men from pursuing too far, turned his energies to the effort to break the curved line of which Thomas at the Snodgrass house was the centre.

The staff and orderlies gathered about Rosecrans and tried to make their way out of the press. With the conviction that nothing more could be done, mental and physical weakness seemed to overcome the General. He rode silently along, abstracted, as if he neither saw nor heard. Garfield went to him and suggested that he be allowed to try to make his way by Rossville to Thomas, the sound of whose battle seemed to indicate that he was not yet broken. Rosecrans assented listlessly and mechanically. As Garfield told it to me he leaned forward, bringing his excited face close to mine, and his hand came heavily down upon my knee as, in whispered tones, he described the collapse of nerve and of will that had befallen his chief. The words burned themselves into my memory.

Garfield called for volunteers to accompany him, but only a single orderly with his personal aide-de-camp followed him, and he made his way to the right, passed through the gap at Rossville, saw Granger, who was preparing to move Steedman's division to the front, and rode on to join Thomas, running the gantlet of the enemy's fire as he passed near them on the Kelley farm. He never tired of telling of

the calm and quiet heroism of Thomas, holding his position on the horseshoe ridge till night put an end to the fighting, and then retiring in perfect order to the Rossville gap, to which he was ordered. This part of the story has been made familiar to all.

An eye-witness has told how, when Rosecrans reached Chattanooga, he had to be helped from his horse. His nerves were exhausted by the strain he had undergone, and only gradually recovered from the shock. His first dispatch to Washington was the announcement that his army had met with a serious disaster, the extent of which he could not himself tell. The most alarming feature of the news was that he was himself a dozen miles from the battle-field and had evidently lost all control of events. The truth turned out to be that two divisions would include all the troops that were broken, viz., Sheridan's, two brigades of Davis's, and one of Van Cleve's, while seven other divisions stood firm and Thomas assumed command of them. As these retired in order, and as the enemy had suffered more in killed and wounded than our army, Bragg was entitled to claim a victory only because the field was left in his hands with large numbers of wounded and numerous trophies of cannon. It was then claimed by some of our best officers (and it is still an open question) that, if Rosecrans had been with Thomas, and, calling to him Granger's troops, had resumed the offensive, the chances were in our favor, and Bragg might have been the one to retreat.

Unfortunately there was no doubt that the General was defeated, whether his army was or not. The most cursory study of the map showed that the only practicable road by which the army could be supplied was along the river from Bridgeport. Lookout Mountain commanded this, and not to hold Lookout was practically to announce a purpose to retreat into middle Tennessee. Dana informed the Secretary of War that Garfield and Granger had urged Rosecrans to hold the mountain, but that he would not listen to it.

The problem which the President and Secretary of War pondered most anxiously was the capacity and fitness of Rosecrans to conduct the new campaign.

Would he rise energetically to the height of the great task, or would he sink into the paralysis of will which so long followed the battle of Stone's River? Dana's dispatches were studied for the light they threw on this question, more than for all the other interesting details they contained. For the first three or four days they teemed with impressions of the battle itself and the cause of the disaster to the right wing. Then came the assurance that Chattanooga was safe and could withstand a regular siege. Next, in logical order as in time, was the attempt to look into the future and to estimate the commander by the way he grappled with the difficulties of the situation. On the 27th of September Dana discussed at some length the army feeling toward the corps and division commanders who had been involved in the rout, and the embarrassment of Rosecrans in dealing with the subject. "The defects of his character," he wrote, "complicate the difficulty. He abounds in friendliness, approbateness, and is greatly lacking in firmness and steadiness of will. He is a temporizing man, and dreads so heavy an alternative as is now presented." On the 12th of October he returned to the subject of Rosecrans's characteristics, mentioning his refusal to listen to the urgent reasons why he should hold Lookout Mountain to protect his supply line. "Rosecrans," he said, "who is sometimes as obstinate and inaccessible to reason as at others he is irresolute, vacillating, and inconclusive, rejected all their arguments, and the mountain was given up." Picturing the starvation of the horses and mules and the danger of it for the soldiers, he added: "In the midst of this the commanding General devotes that part of the time which is not employed in pleasant gossip to the composition of a long report to prove that the Government is to blame for his failure. It is my duty to declare that, while few persons exhibit more estimable social qualities, I have never seen a public man, possessing talent, with less administrative power, less clearness and steadiness in difficulty, and greater practical incapacity than General Rosecrans. He has inventive fertility and knowledge, but he has no strength of will and no concentration of purpose. His mind scatters. There is no system in the

use of his busy days and restless nights, no courage against individuals in his composition, and, with great love of command, he is a feeble commander."

It needs no proof that such a report would have great influence at Washington, and if it at all harmonized with the drift of impressions caused by the inaction and the wrangling of the summer, it would be decisive. It was with it in his pocket that Mr. Stanton had cross-questioned Garfield, and drew out answers which, as he said, corroborated it. The same correspondence had set forth the universal faith in Thomas's imperturbable steadiness and courage, and the abiding trust in him which had possessed the whole army. The natural and the almost necessary outcome of it all was that Thomas should be placed in command of the Department and Army of the Cumberland, and Grant in supreme control of the active operations in the whole valley of the Mississippi. As to Rosecrans's removal, Grant did not bring it about; he only acquiesced in it—willingly, no doubt, but without initiative or suggestion on his part.*

It may be well to say here a word upon the subsequent relations of Garfield and Rosecrans. In the next winter a joint resolution was offered in Congress thanking General Thomas and the officers and men under his command for their conduct in the battle of Chickamauga. The established etiquette in such matters is to name the general commanding the army, whose services are recognized, and not his subordinates; these are included in the phrase "officers and men under his command." To omit Rosecrans's name and to substitute Thomas's was equivalent to a public condemnation of the former. Garfield had been promoted to be major-general for his conduct in the battle, and it was popularly understood that this meant his special act in volunteering to make his way to Thomas after Rosecrans and the staff were swept along the Dry Valley road in the rout. The promotion was recognized as a censure, by implication, on his chief. As Garfield was now Chairman of the Committee of the House of Representatives on Military Affairs, he was placed in a peculiarly em-

barrassing position. His sincere liking for Rosecrans made him wish to spare him the humiliation involved in the passage of such a resolution, and his generosity was the more stimulated by the knowledge that his own promotion had been used to emphasize the shortcoming of his friend. He could not argue that on the battle-field itself there had been no faults committed, but he was very earnest in insisting that the general strategy of the campaign had been admirable, and the result in securing Chattanooga as a fortified base for future operations had been glorious. He therefore moved to amend the resolution by inserting Rosecrans's name and modifying the rest so as to make it apply to the campaign and its results. He supported this in an eloquent speech which dwelt upon the admirable parts of Rosecrans's generalship and skilfully avoided the question of personal conduct on the field. He carried the House with him, but a joint resolution must pass the Senate also, and it never came to a vote in that body.

When, in 1880, Garfield was elected President, and in the midst of a heated campaign had to run the gantlet of personal attacks infinitely worse than the picket fire under which he had galloped across the Kelley farm, a letter was produced which he had written to Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, in June, 1863, when he was urging Rosecrans to terminate the inglorious delays at Murfreesboro by marching on Tullahoma. In his letter to Mr. Chase he had expressed in warmest terms his personal affection for Rosecrans, but had also condemned the summer's delays as unnecessary and contrary to military principles. In the violence of partisan discussion the letter was seized upon as evidence of a breach of faith toward his chief, who was now acting with the political party opposed to Garfield's election. The letter was a personal one, written in private friendship to Mr. Chase, with whom Garfield had kept up an occasional correspondence since the beginning of the war. I had done the like, for Mr. Chase had admitted us both to his intimacy when he was Governor of Ohio. It cannot for a moment be maintained that military subordination is inconsistent with temperate and respectful criticism

* "Grant's Personal Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 18.

(for such this was) of a superior, in private communications to a friend. But it was argued that the relation of chief of staff involved another kind of confidence. It unquestionably involved the duty of observing and maintaining perfectly every confidence actually reposed in him. But the public acts of the chief were anything but confidential. They were in the face of all the world, and these only were the subject of his private and friendly criticism. That criticism he had, moreover, expressed to Rosecrans himself as distinctly as he wrote it to Mr. Chase, and had declared it publicly in the written consultation or council of war to which the corps and division commanders were called.

But Garfield was also at that time a member of Congress, having duties to the President, the Cabinet, and his colleagues and fellow-members growing out of that relation. Rosecrans not only knew this, but was supposed by many to have invited Garfield to take the staff appointment partly by reason of it. Under all the circumstances, therefore, the ground of complaint becomes shadowy and disappears. Rosecrans, however, was made to think he had suffered a wrong. He forgot the generosity with which Garfield had saved him from humiliation in the session of 1863-64, and said bitter things which put an end to the friendly relations which had till then been maintained.

To return to Chattanooga in October, 1863; one thing remained to be done before a new campaign could begin. A better mode of supplying the army must be found. Thomas had answered Grant's injunction to hold Chattanooga at all hazards by saying: "I will hold the town till we starve." The memorable words have been interpreted as a dauntless assurance of stubborn defence; but they more truly meant that the actual peril was not from the enemy, but from hunger. Rosecrans had begun to feel the necessity of opening a new route to Bridgeport before he was relieved, and on the very day he laid down the command he had directed Brigadier-General W. F. Smith (sent to him since the battle, to be chief engineer of his army) to examine the river-banks in the vicinity of Williams Island, six or seven miles below the town, by the river, and to report upon the feasibility of laying a pontoon

bridge there which could be protected. The expectation had been that Hooker would concentrate his two corps at Bridgeport, make his own crossing of the Tennessee, and push forward to the hills commanding Lookout Valley.

Hooker had shown no eagerness to take the laboring oar in this business, and excused his delay in concentrating at Bridgeport by the lack of wagons. General Smith's reconnoissance satisfied him that Brown's ferry, a little above the island, would admirably serve the purpose. A roadway to the river on each side already existed. On the south side were a gorge and a brook, which sheltered the landing there, and would cover and hide troops moving toward the top of the ridge commanding Lookout Valley. Smith reported his discovery to Thomas and suggested that pontoons be built in Chattanooga and used to convey a force by night to the ferry, where they might be met by Hooker coming from below. Thomas approved the plan, and as soon as Grant arrived he inspected the ground in company with Thomas and Smith, and ordered it to be executed. The boats were completed by the end of a week, and on the night of the 26th of October the expedition started under the command of General Smith in person. Brigadier-Generals Hazen and Turchin and Colonel T. R. Stanley of the Eighteenth Ohio* were assigned to command the three detachments of troops and boats assigned to the duty, and reported to Smith. Covered by the darkness and in absolute silence they were to float down the stream which flowed around Mocassin Point in a great curve under the base of Lookout, on which batteries commanded long reaches of the river both above and below. Reaching the ferry on the enemy's side they would land and carry the picket posts with a rush, Hazen to move to the left and seize the ridge facing the mountain, and Turchin to do the like toward the right, facing down stream. Colonel Stanley's detachment had charge of the boats, which were fitted with rowlocks and oars, and these were to do the ferrying when the proper place was reached. Each boat

* Colonel Stanley had been one of my associates in the Ohio Senate in the winter of 1860-61. On the origin and development of the plan and its complete execution, see reports of General Smith and others, *Official Records* xxxi, pt. 1., pp. 77-137.

contained a corporal and four men as a crew, and twenty-five armed soldiers. They were fifty in number, besides two flat-boats to be used as a ferry to cross the artillery. The whole force consisted of five thousand men and three batteries of artillery. The boats carried about a third of the whole, and the principal columns marched by the road on the north bank to the place assigned and were concealed in the forest. The plan worked beautifully. Starting at three o'clock in the morning of the 27th, the darkness of the night and a slight fog hid the boats from the Confederate pickets. The oars were used only to keep the boats in proper position in the current, and great care was taken to move silently. Colonel Stanley took the lead with General Hazen in one of the flat-boats, having a good guide. The landing on the south bank was found, and the troops drove off the enemy's picket, which was taken completely by surprise. The boats were swiftly pulled to the north bank, where the troops which marched by the road were already in position. The ferrying was hurried with a will, and before the Confederates had time to bring any considerable force to oppose, strong positions were taken covering the ferry; these were covered by an abatis of slashed forest trees and entrenched. The surprise had been complete, and the success had been perfect.

Hooker crossed the river on the bridge at Bridgeport, and on the morning of the 28th marched, by way of Running Waters and Whitesides, to Wauhatchie. The enemy made a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt to dislodge him; his position was made strongly defensible, Bragg did not again venture to disturb it, and the easy lines of supply for Chattanooga were opened. The subsistence problem was solved.

One of the first questions which General Grant had to decide was that of the continuance of the three separate departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee. It was very undesirable to concentrate the ordinary administrative work of these departments at his own head-quarters. It would overburden him with business routine which need not go

beyond a department commander. He needed to be free to give his strength to the conduct of military affairs in the field. It was also convenient to have the active army under a triple division of principal parts. All these reasons led him to a prompt determination to preserve the department organizations if the War Department would consent. The very day of his arrival at Chattanooga (October 23d) he recommended Sherman for the Department of the Tennessee, and the continuance of the others. His wish was approved at Washington, and acted upon, so, from this time to the end of the war, the organization in the West remained what he now made it.

Before reaching Chattanooga, Grant had telegraphed to Burnside, and had received from him a detailed statement of the numbers and positions of his troops. Burnside also laid before him the dearth of supplies and short stock of ammunition, with the great need of clothing. The problem of supplies for him was as difficult as for the Cumberland army, and was not so soon solved. It grew more serious still when the siege of Knoxville interrupted for a month all communication with a base in Kentucky, in middle Tennessee, or at Chattanooga.

In reply to an inquiry from General Grant, Burnside, on the 22d, gave his opinion as to the relative importance of positions in East Tennessee, pointing out that unless communication with Kentucky were to be wholly abandoned, the valley must be held nearly or quite to the Virginia line; Knoxville would be the central position, and Loudon would be the intermediate one between him and Chattanooga. In a dispatch to the President, of the same date, Burnside said that his command had been on half rations of everything but fresh beef ever since his arrival in the valley. He also explained that he was improving the wagon-road along the line of projected railway down the south fork of the Cumberland, so that sections of it could be laid with rails and the wagoning gradually shortened. He had been able to make an arrangement with the railroad company in Kentucky to assume the cost of the extension of the line from the northward, and by using his military power to call out negro

laborers, and to provide the engineering supervision, was making considerable progress without any money appropriations from Congress for this specific purpose. The Quartermaster's department had taken issue with the General as to his authority to do this, but the President and Secretary of War sanctioned his acts, and would not allow him to be interfered with. The work stopped when he was relieved of command; but so long as he was in power, his clear apprehension of the vital necessity of a railway line to feed and clothe his army kept him persistent and indomitable in his purpose. The withdrawal of the enemy southward from Chattanooga, and the conversion of that place into a great military depot in the spring, superseded Burnside's plan, but he had been right in concluding that East Tennessee could not be held if the troops depended upon supply by wagon trains.

Grant had hardly reached Chattanooga when Halleck informed him that it was pretty certain that Ewell's corps of twenty or twenty-five thousand men had gone from Lee's army toward East Tennessee by way of southwestern Virginia. There thus seemed to be strong confirmation of rumors which Burnside had before reported. Before the end of the month there were also signs of a concentration south of Loudon, and the question became a pressing one, what line of action should be prescribed for Burnside if the Confederates should thus attack him from both ends of the valley. He did not credit the rumor as to Ewell's corps, but began to think that a large detachment from Bragg's army would attack him from the south. It is curious to find the report rife that Longstreet would march against Burnside, even before Bragg had issued orders to that effect. Burnside himself proposed to take up the pontoon bridge at Loudon and move it to Knoxville, for both the Holston and the little Tennessee were now unfordable, and would protect his flank against small expeditions of the enemy. His plan was to hold all the country he could, and to concentrate at Knoxville and stand a siege whenever the enemy should prove too strong for him in the open field. Grant was not yet persuaded that this was best, and wanted the line of the Hiwassee held for

the present, so that Burnside should draw nearer to Thomas rather than increase the distance before the Cumberland army should be prepared for active work in the field.

Bragg's order to Longstreet to march against Burnside was issued on November 4th. Railway transportation was provided for the first stages of the movement, but it was not efficiently used. Longstreet had no confidence in the result of the expedition, as his correspondence with Bragg very plainly shows. Stevenson's division of Hardee's corps was at Sweetwater, the end of the railway at that time, and about a day's march from the crossing of the Holston at Loudon. Ten days had been wasted in getting Longstreet's corps to Sweetwater, and Bragg and he each charged the other with the responsibility for it. Longstreet asserted that he had been given no control over the railway, and Bragg insisted that the control was ample. Then the former had urged that Stevenson's division should be attached to his command, saying this was his understanding at the start. Bragg replied that he never had any such intention, and that Stevenson could not be spared. Longstreet retorted that with his present force it would be unreasonable to expect great results.

Meanwhile Sherman was hastening to Chattanooga, and the chances for making the diversion against Burnside profitable to the Confederate cause were rapidly diminishing. They soon vanished entirely, and Grant's great opportunity came instead. Longstreet's corps consisted of nine brigades of infantry in two strong divisions under Major-General McLaws and Brigadier-General Jenkins, two battalions of artillery, aggregating nine batteries, and a cavalry corps of three divisions and three batteries of artillery under Major-General Wheeler. Besides these troops a force was collected in the upper Holston valley to operate from the northeast in conjunction with Longstreet and under his command. At its head was Major-General Ransom, and it consisted of three brigades of infantry and three of cavalry, with six batteries of artillery. The column with Longstreet numbered 14,000 infantry and artillery, and about 6,000 cavalry. It was strengthened when

before Knoxville by Buckner's division, about 3,300 strong. Ransom's forces numbered 7,500. On November 22d, Bragg wrote to Longstreet that nearly 11,000 reinforcements were moving to his assistance, but of what these were made up (except Buckner's division) does not clearly appear.

The information Halleck collected at Washington indicated that Longstreet's column was a strong one, possibly numbering 40,000, but he urged that Burnside should not retreat. The national forces in East Tennessee consisted, first, of the troops under General Willcox at Cumberland Gap and the vicinity, 4,400; the Ninth Corps, Brigadier-General Potter commanding, 6,350; part of the Twenty-third Corps, 7,800, with two bodies of cavalry numbering 7,400. Willcox's troops and part of the cavalry were ordered to hold in check the Confederates under Ransom; one brigade of cavalry under Colonel Byrd was posted at Kingston to keep up communication with Chattanooga, and the rest was available to meet Longstreet, either in the field or behind entrenchments at Knoxville, as Grant should direct.

Longstreet's army was considerably overrated in the information received from Washington, but not unnaturally. It was assumed that he had with him all three divisions of his corps, and it was not known that Walker's division was detached. It had also been known that Stevenson's division was at Sweetwater two or three weeks before Longstreet assembled his forces there, and it seemed certain that it was the advance-guard of his whole command. Indeed, Longstreet himself supposed so, and complained because it was not allowed to remain with him. Concluding, therefore, that Burnside could not safely meet Longstreet in the field, Grant proposed that he should hold the Confederates in check, retreating slowly. He believed that in a week from the time Longstreet showed himself at the Holston river he could assume the aggressive against Bragg so vigorously as to bring Longstreet back at speed and relieve Burnside of the pressure. Bragg also expected this, and had ordered that the railway connection should be maintained as far as possible, looking for a crushing blow

at Burnside and a quick reassembling of his forces. The delays between the 4th and 14th of November had been fatal to this plan, and it would have been the part of wisdom to abandon it frankly.

Neither the authorities at Washington nor Grant gave Burnside credit, at first, for the cheerful courage with which he was ready to take the losing side of the game, if need be, and thus give a glorious opportunity to the co-operating army. His chivalrous self-forgetfulness in such matters was perfect, when it was likely to lead to the success of the larger cause he had at heart. To reach a more perfect understanding than could be had by correspondence, Grant sent Colonel J. H. Wilson, of his staff, to Knoxville to consult personally with Burnside. This officer was accompanied by Mr. Dana, and their despatches to Grant and to the Secretary of War give a clear and vivid picture of the situation. Burnside plainly saw the importance of making his stand at Knoxville, and proposed to fortify that place so that he could stand a siege there. He proposed to draw back slowly from the Holston at Loudon, tolling Longstreet on and getting him beyond supporting distance of Bragg. When Grant should have disposed of the weakened enemy in his front, he could easily drive Longstreet out of East Tennessee into Virginia. Grant approved, without qualification, the course taken by Burnside. During the siege which followed there was a good deal of solicitude about Burnside, but it should be remembered, in justice to him, that his own confidence never faltered and was fully justified by the result.

Prior to the visit of Wilson and Dana he had sent his engineer, Captain O. M. Poe, to Loudon to remove the pontoon bridge before the occupation of the south bank of the Holston by the enemy should make it impossible to save it. The bridge had been made of unusually large and heavy boats, and it was a difficult task to haul them out of the water and drag them half a mile to the railway. The south end of the bridge was loosened and the whole swung with the current against the right bank, when the dismantling and removal of the boats was successfully accomplished under the eyes of a cavalry force of the enemy which watched the performance

from the opposite bank. The bridge was carried to Knoxville and laid across the Holston there. Its size and weight proved to be great points in its favor for this special use, and it was of inestimable value during the partial investment of the town.

On November 13th Longstreet brought up his own pontoons and laid a bridge near Loudon, and the next day began a vigorous advance upon Knoxville. Burnside had matured his plans, and opposed the advance of Longstreet with one division, Hartranft's, of the Ninth Corps, and another, White's of the Twenty-third Corps. He was weak in cavalry, however, and could only meet Wheeler's corps with a single division under Brigadier-General Sanders. Burnside had secured Sanders's promotion from Mr. Stanton when the Secretary was at Louisville in October, in recognition of the ability and gallantry shown in the expedition to East Tennessee in June, and his other services during the campaign. By giving Shackelford charge of the cavalry operating in the upper valley, and putting Sanders in command of that resisting Wheeler, Burnside was sure of vigor and courage in the leadership of both divisions. Longstreet kept Wheeler on the left bank of the Holston, directing him to overwhelm Sanders and move directly opposite Knoxville, taking the city by surprise if possible. But Sanders opposed a stubborn resistance, falling back deliberately, and held the hills south of Knoxville near the river. Wheeler was thus baffled, and returned to Longstreet on November 17th. The absence of his cavalry had been a mistake, as it turned out; for the Confederate infantry, after crossing at Loudon to the right bank, had not been able to push Burnside back as fast as Bragg's plans required, nor had they succeeded at all in getting in the rear of the national forces.

As soon as it was definitely known at Knoxville that Longstreet was over the Holston, Burnside went to the front at Lenoir's to take command in person. He left General Parke as chief-of-staff in general charge of affairs at head-quarters, with Captain Poe in charge of the engineer work of preparing lines of defence connecting the forts already planned and partly constructed. Wilson and Dana stayed in Knoxville till the 15th, and then

rode rapidly to the westward, passing around Longstreet's columns and rejoining Grant at Chattanooga on the night of the 17th, with latest assurances from Burnside that he would hold Knoxville stubbornly. Longstreet's tactics were to move one of his infantry divisions directly at Burnside's position, while with the other he turned its flank and sought to get in the rear. Burnside met the plan by the analogous one of alternate withdrawals of a division, one holding the enemy at bay, while the other took post in *echelon* in the rear and opposed the flanking column till a concentration could be made.

At Campbell's Station Longstreet attacked with vigor, determined to finish matters with the force before him. Ferrero's division of the Ninth Corps had now joined. Hartranft repulsed an attack by McLaws, whilst the trains and the division of Ferrero passed on, and Ferrero took a strong position half a mile in the rear, covering the junction of roads. White then retired and came into line on Ferrero's left. When these were solidly in place, Hartranft took an opportune moment to withdraw, and came into line on the left of White. The manœuvres were perfectly performed, and the fighting of our troops had been everything that could be desired, meeting and matching Longstreet's veterans in a way to establish the soldierly reputation of all. The comparatively new organization of the Twenty-third Corps proved itself equal to the best, and Burnside declared that he could desire no better soldiers. The same tactics were continued through the day, and Burnside followed the hard labor and the fighting of the day with a night march which brought him to Knoxville on the morning of the 17th. He had personally handled his little army through the day with coolness and success, and had raised to enthusiasm the confidence and devotion of his men. Each side had a casualty list of about three hundred.

Wheeler had marched back along the left bank of the Holston, half way to Lenoir's, and crossed at Louisville, joining Longstreet again near Knoxville on the 17th, as has been already stated. He now took the advance and pressed sharply in upon the town. General Sanders had been recalled by Burnside from the south, and

entering Knoxville by the pontoon bridge, passed out to the westward on the Loudon road, meeting the enemy as he advanced, and gradually falling back to a position a mile beyond the lines, where he made a stubborn stand and held Wheeler at bay till night closed the combat. From the fortified points about the city the cavalry engagement had been in full view, and the heroism of Sanders and his men was in the presence of a cloud of witnesses. They made little barricades of rail piles, and though these were frequently sent flying by the cannon-balls and shells with which Alexander's artillery pounded them all day, they held at night-fall the line Sanders had been directed to hold in the morning, and had not given back an inch.

Knoxville was so situated that its outline was a sort of parallelogram of high ground, averaging a hundred and fifty feet or more above the river which ran along the town on the south. Two creeks ran through the town in little valleys, and in the northern suburbs, where the land was much lower than the town, it had been practicable, by damming these streams, to make inundations which covered a considerable part of the northern front and added very materially to the defences. At the four corners of the parallelogram, enclosed works had been planned for use by small garrisons, and these had been partly constructed. Captain Poe, the chief-engineer, had staked out infantry lines connecting these forts, with epaulements for artillery at intervals, and work had been hastened during the days from the 13th of November, as soon as Burnside's plan of holding the city had been approved. When the troops approached the city on the morning of the 17th, the position for every brigade and every battery had been assigned, and officers were in waiting to lead each to its place. All the infantry was put in line, except Reilly's brigade of the Twenty-third Corps, which was placed in reserve in the streets of the town.

The most important of the forts was at the northwest angle of the works, upon a commanding hill. It was afterward called Fort Sanders, in honor of the cavalry commander who lost his life in front of its western face.

As soon as the infantry took position, the men were set industriously to work to strengthen the defences. The first infantry trench between the forts had been a mere rifle-pit, two and one-half feet deep, with the dirt heaped up in front as it was thrown out, to raise a parapet. Every hour made the line stronger, and work on it was continued till nearly every part of it was a good cover against artillery fire. The critical time was during the 18th of November, when as yet there was practically no cover between the forts. The cavalry was ordered to oppose the most determined resistance to the establishment of close investing lines by the enemy, and Sanders set his men a most inspiring example. He was a classmate of Captain Poe at West Point, and on the night of the 17th he shared Poe's blanket. Before dawn he went to the front, and passed from one to another of the little barricades held by his dismounted troopers. The Confederates increased the vigor of their attacks, and if any of our men were driven back by the hot fire, Sanders would walk deliberately up to the rail-pile and stand erect and exposed till his men rallied to him. For hours he did this, and his life seemed to be charmed, but about the middle of the afternoon he was mortally wounded, and the screen he had so resolutely interposed between the enemy and our infantry digging in the trenches was rolled aside. The time thus gained had been precious, though it was bought at so high a price. The lines were already safe against a *coup de main*.

Longstreet's principal lines were north of Knoxville, beyond the railway and the station buildings. He also occupied a line of hills, but pushed forward strong skirmish lines and detachments to cover the making of intrenchments closer to the town. There were frequent bickering combats, but no general engagement. The enemy made efforts to destroy the pontoon bridge by sending down logs and rafts from above. These were met by an iron cable-boom stretched across the river above the bridge, borne on wooden floats to keep it at the surface. Several efforts were made to drive Burnside's men from the hills covering the town on the south side of the river, but

they were defeated, and communication was kept up with the valley of the French Broad River, and supplies enough were brought in to make it certain that Burnside could not be starved out, although the rations were reduced to the smallest quantity and the fewest elements which would support life.

A week passed thus, Burnside being shut off from all communication with the outer world. The 25th of November came with the almost miraculous storming of Missionary Ridge by the army under Grant at Chattanooga. Bragg retreated southward, and Longstreet had no longer a possibility of rejoining him. Yet Burnside knew nothing of it, and did not dream of the more than complete justification his slow defensive campaign was having in the rout and demoralization of the Confederate army in Georgia during Longstreet's absence. The latter was now forced to attack the fortifications or to raise the siege of Knoxville. He knew at least by rumor (what Burnside was ignorant of) not only the defeat of Bragg, but that a force was already moving from Grant's army to the relief of Knoxville. Bragg had also sent to him a staff-officer with exhortations to prompt action. For a day or two Longstreet tried to attract Burnside's attention to the south of the river and to other parts of the lines, and then on the 28th prepared a desperate assault upon the great salient of Fort Sanders.

The artillery in the fort was under the command of Lieutenant Samuel N. Benjamin, Second United States Artillery, whose battery of twenty-pounder Parrotts had done good service at South Mountain and Antietam. The infantry was of Ferrero's division of the Ninth Corps. There was a slight abatis in front of the fort, and on the suggestion of Mr. Hoxie, an officer of the railway, some old telegraph-wire, left at the depot, was used by Captain Poe to make an entanglement by fastening it between the small stumps of a grove which had been felled along the slope northwest of the bastion at the salient. Longstreet's plan of assault was to attack the northwest angle of the fort with two columns of regiments, consisting of Wofford's and Humphrey's brigades of McLaw's division. Anderson's brigade was to attack

the infantry trench a little east of the fort. Longstreet's instructions were to make the assault at break of day on the 29th. The columns were to move silently and swiftly without firing, and endeavor to carry the parapet by the bayonet. The determined advance of the enemy's rifle-pits by his skirmishers on the night of the 28th gave warning of what was to be expected. The morning of the 29th was damp and foggy, but the watchful pickets detected the formation of the enemy's columns. About six o'clock the Confederate batteries opened a heavy fire on the fort, which did not reply, ammunition being too precious to be wasted. In about twenty minutes the cannonade ceased and the columns moved to the assault. The fire of our lines was concentrated upon them and they lost heavily, but they kept on, somewhat disordered by the entanglement as well as by their losses, and came to the ditch. No doubt its depth and the high face of the parapet surprised them, for they had no scaling ladders. They jumped into the ditch and tried to scramble up the slope of the earthwork. Some got to the top, only to be shot down or captured. The guns flanking the ditch raked it with double charges of canister. Shells were lighted and thrown as hand-grenades into the practically helpless crowd below. Those who had not entered the ditch soon wavered and fell back, at first sullenly and slowly, then in despair running for life to cover. Those who remained and could walk surrendered, and were marched to the southwest angle of the fort, where they were brought within the lines.

The remnants of the broken columns were rallied behind their outer lines, but no effort was made to renew the assault. They had done all that was possible for flesh and blood. The casualties in the assault had been about a thousand, while within the fortifications, only thirteen killed and wounded were reported. Buckner's division had joined Longstreet a day or two before the assault, but took no active part in it. Their absence from Missionary Ridge still further reduced Bragg's army, while it did not give to Longstreet any practical benefit. The division of the Confederate forces had thus proved to be a great military mistake. Its only chance had been in a swift attack upon Burnside

and a prompt return, and this chance had vanished with the delays in the railroad transportation of Longstreet's men to Sweetwater. Prudence dictated that the expedition should be abandoned on the 13th of November; but the fear of seeming vacillating, a weakness of second-rate minds as great as vacillation itself, had made Bragg order the column forward. Burnside's well-conducted retreat, on the other hand, had lured Longstreet forward, and the patient endurance of a siege had kept the enemy in front of Knoxville and even led to the further depletion of Bragg by the detachment of Buckner, giving to Grant the very opportunity he desired. The good fortunes of the national commander culminated at Missionary Ridge. Soldiers believe in good luck as much as in genius, and follow a leader whose star is in the ascendant with a confidence

which is the guaranty of victory. Great opportunities, however, come to all. The difference between a great soldier and an inferior one, is that the great man uses his opportunities to the full, and so fortune seems to be in league with him.

When Grant had driven Bragg back on Dalton the latter could realize what he had lost by his errors. It was now impossible for Longstreet to rejoin him. It was even doubtful if Wheeler's cavalry could do so. The whole national army was between the widely separated Confederate wings, and nothing was left to Longstreet but a humiliating march back to Lee by way of the upper Holston and the head-waters of the James River. Pride delayed it, and the depth of winter favored the delay; but it was a foregone conclusion from the hour that Wood's and Sheridan's divisions crowned Missionary Ridge.

THE SEA-GULL INLAND

By Joseph Russell Taylor

COLD inland hills and misty corn,
What thunder round your feet was born,
What foam of breakers on the sand
Glimmered, a hundred leagues inland?

Pale shallows where the swallows dipped,
What was the point of white that slipped,
A beating twinkle of silver, blown
By hill and phantom meadow alone?

Muskingum, hushed for rain all day,
My melancholy river gray,
I saw the flashing breakers rolled
Under the sunset, gold on gold.

O for the full orchestral tone
And the ocean's organ-thunder blown!
Alas, the sparrow tinkling dim
By shallows where the swallows skim!

Cold ghostly hills and inland corn,
Muskingum banks, remote, forlorn,
A long-winged spirit beat from me
A hundred leagues away to sea.

TO THE BREAKS OF SANDY

By John Fox, Jr.



DOWN in the southwestern corner of Virginia, and just over the Kentucky line, are the Gap and "The Gap"—the one made by nature and the other by man.

One is a ragged gash down through the Cumberland Mountains, from peak to water level, and the other is a new little, queer little town, on a pretty plateau which is girdled by two running streams that loop and come together like the framework of an ancient lute. North-east the Range runs, unbroken by nature and undisturbed by man, until it crumbles at the Breaks of Sandy, seventy miles away. There the bass leaps from rushing waters, and there, as nowhere else this side of the Rockies, is the face of nature wild and shy.

It was midsummer, the hour was noon, and we were bound for the Breaks of Sandy, seventy miles away.

No similar aggregate of man, trap, and beast had ever before penetrated those mountain wilds. The wagon was high-seated and the team was spiked, with Rock and Ridgling as wheel horses, Diavolo as leader, and Dolly, a half-thoroughbred, galloping behind under Sam, the black cook, and a wild Western saddle, with high pommels, heavily hooded stirrups, hand-worked leather, and multitudinous straps and shaking rawhide strings; and running alongside, Tiger, bull-terrier. Any man who was at Andover, Cornell, or Harvard during certain years will, if he sees these lines, remember Tiger.

As for the men—there was Josh, ex-captain of a Kentucky Horse Guard, ex-captain of the volunteer police force back at "The Gap," and, like Henry Clay, always captain whenever and wherever there was anything to be done and more than one man was needed to do it; now, one of the later-day pioneers who went back over the Cumberland, not many years ago, to reclaim a certain wild little corner of old Virginia, and then, as now, the

first man and the leading lawyer of the same. There was another Kentuckian, fresh from the Bluegrass—Little Willie, as he was styled on this trip—being six feet three in his bare feet, carrying one hundred and ninety pounds of bone and muscle; champion heavyweight with his fists in college (he could never get anybody to fight with him), centre rush in football, with this gruesome record of broken bones: collar-bone, one leg, one knee three times, and three teeth smashed—smashed by biting through his nose guard against each other when he set his jaws to break through a hostile line. Also, Willie was ex-bugler of a military school, singer of coon songs unrivalled, and with other accomplishments for which there is no space here to record. There was Dan, boy-manager of a mighty coal company, good fellow, and of importance to the dog-lover as the master of Tiger. I include Tiger here, because he was so little less than human. There are no words to describe Tiger. He was prepared for Yale at Andover, went to Cornell in a pet, took a post-graduate course at Harvard, and, getting indifference and world-weariness there, followed his master to pioneer in the Cumberland. Tiger has a white collar, white-tipped tail, white feet; his body is short, strong, close-knit, tawny, ringed; and his peculiar distinctions are intelligence, character, magnetism. All through the mountains Tiger has run his fifty miles a day behind Dolly, the thoroughbred; so that, in a radius of a hundred miles there is nobody who does not know that dog. Still, he never walks unless it is necessary, and his particular oscillation is between the mines and "The Gap," ten miles apart. Being a coal magnate, he has an annual pass and he always takes the train—alone if he pleases—changing cars three times and paying no attention until his stations are called. Sometimes he is too weary to go to a station, so he sits down on the track and waits for the train. I have known the engineer of a heavily laden freight



Along Roads Scarcely Wide Enough for One Wagon.—Page 342.

train to slacken up when he saw Tiger trotting ahead between the rails, and stop to take him aboard, did Tiger but nod on him. I have never seen man, woman, or child, of respectable antecedents, whom that dog didn't love, and nobody, regardless of antecedents, who didn't love that dog.

Being such, we rattled out of "The Gap" that midsummer noon. Northward, through the Gap, a cloud of dun smoke hung over the Hades of coke ovens that Dan had planted in the hills. On the right was the Ridge, heavy with beds of ore. Straight ahead was a furnace, from which the coke rose as pale blue smoke and the ore gave out a stream of molten iron. Farther on, mountains to the right and mountains to the left came together at a little gap, and toward that point we rattled up Powell's valley—smiling back at the sun; furnace, ore-mine, coke-cloud, and other ugly signs of civilization dropping behind us fast, and our eyes set toward one green lovely spot that was a shrine of things primeval.

In the wagon we had a tent, and things to eat, and a wooden box that looked like a typewriter case, under lock and key, and eloquently inscribed:

"Glass, 2 gal." It is a great way to carry the indispensable—in a wagon—and I recommend it to fishermen.

At the foot of the first mountain was a spring and we stopped to water the horses and unlock that case. Twenty

yards above, and to one side of the road, a mountaineer was hanging over the fence, looking down at us.

"Have a drink?" said Josh.

"Yes," he drawled, "if ye'll fetch it up."

"Come an' get it," said Josh, shortly.

"Are you sick?" I asked.

"Sort o' puny."

We drank.

"Have a drink?" said Josh once more.

"If ye'll fetch it up."

Josh drove the cork home with the muscular base of his thumb.

"I'm damned if I do."

Dan whistled to Diavolo, and we speculated. It was queer conduct in the mountaineer—why didn't he come down?

"I don't know," said Dan.

"He really came down for a drink," I said, knowing the mountaineer's independence, "and he wanted to prove to himself and to us that he didn't."

"A smart Alec," said Little Willie.

"A plain damn fool," said Josh.

Half an hour later we were on top of the mountain, in the little gap where the mountains came together. Below us the valley started on its long, rich sweep southward, and beyond were the grim shoulders of Black Mountains, which we were to brush now and then on our way to the "Breaks."

There Dan put Tiger out of the wagon and made him walk. After three plaintive

whines to his master to show cause for such an outrage, Tiger dropped nose and eyes to the ground and jogged along with such human sullenness that Willie was led to speak to him. Tiger paid no attention. I called him and Dan called him. Tiger never so much as lifted eye or ear, and Willie watched him, wondering.

"Why, that dog's got a grouch," he said at last, delightedly. "I tell you he's got a grouch." It was Willie's first observation of Tiger. Of course he had a "grouch" as distinctly as a child who is old enough to show petulance with dignity. And having made us feel sufficiently mean, Tiger dropped quite behind, as though to say: "I'm gettin' kind o' tired o' this. Now 'It's come here, Tiger,' and 'Stick in the mud, Tiger,' and straightway again 'Tiger, come here.' I don't like it. I'd go home if it weren't for Dolly and this nigger here, whom I reckon I've got to watch. But I'll stick in the mud." And he did.

At dusk we passed through Norton, where Talt Hall, desperado, killed his thirteenth and last man, and on along a rocky, muddy, Stygian-black road to Wise Court House, where our police guard from "The Gap," with Josh as Captain, guarded Talt for one month to keep his Kentucky clan from rescuing him. And there we told Dan and the big Kentuckian how banker, broker, lawyer, and doctor left his business and his home, cut port-holes in the court-house, put the town under martial law, and, with twenty men with Winchesters in the rude box that enclosed the scaffold, and a cordon of a hundred more in a circle outside, to keep back a thousand mountaineers, thus made possible the first hanging that the county had ever known. And how, later, in the same way we hung old Doc Taylor, Hall's enemy—Swedenborgian preacher, herb doctor, revenue officer, and desperado—the "Red Fox of the Mountains," who wore moccasins with the heels forward, so that no one could tell which way he had gone; who preached his own funeral sermon, was hung in a suit of white, made by his wife of damask tablecloth—as an emblem of the purple and fine linen he was to put on above—and who had his body kept up for three days, saying that he would arise and go about preaching. He never rose, but his ghost

still traverses lonely paths of the Cumberland. The two listeners were much interested, for, in truth, that police guard of gentlemen who hewed strictly to the line of the law, who patrolled the streets of "The Gap" with billy, whistle, and pistol, knocking down toughs, lugging them to the calaboose, appearing in court against them next morning, and maintaining a fund for the prosecution of them in the higher courts, was as unique and successful an experiment in civilization as any borderland has ever known.

Next day we ran the crests of long ridges and struck good roads, and it was then that we spiked Rock and Ridgling, with Diavolo as leader.

"Tool 'em!" shouted Willie, and we "tooled" joyously. A coach-horn was all that we lacked, and we did not lack that long. Willie evolved one from his unaided throat, in some mysterious way that he could not explain, but he did the tooting about as well as it is ever done with a horn. It was hot, and the natives stared. They took us for the advance-guard of a circus.

"Where are you goin' to show?" they shouted. We crossed ridges, too, tooling recklessly about the edges of precipices and along roads scarcely wide enough for one wagon—Dan swinging to the brake with one hand and holding Josh in the driver's seat with the other—Willie and I speculating, meanwhile, how much higher the hind wheel could go from the ground before the wagon would overturn. It was great fun, and dangerous.

"Hank Monks is not in it," said Willie.

The brake required both of Dan's hands just then and Josh flew out into space and landed on his shoulder, some ten feet down the mountain, unhurt.

Rock, though it was his first work under harness, was steady as a plough-horse. Ridgling now and then would snort and plunge and paw, getting one foot over the wagon tongue. Diavolo, like his master, was a born leader, or we should have had trouble indeed.

That night we struck another county-seat, where the court-house had been a brick bone of contention for many, many years—two localities claiming the elsewhere undisputed honor, for the reason

that they alone had the only two level acres in the county on which a court-house could stand. A bitter fight it was, and they do say that not many years ago, in a similar conflict, the opposing factions met to decide the question with fist and skull—one hundred and fifty picked men on each side—a direct and curious survival of the ancient wager of battle. The women prevented the fight. Over in Kentucky there would have been a bloody feud. At that town we had but fitful sleep. Certain little demons of the dark, which shall be nameless, marked us, as they always mark fresh victims, for their own.

"I'll bet they look over the register every night," said Willie—baring a red-splotched brawny arm next morning.

"Wingless victory!" he said further.

And then on. Wilder and ever wilder, next day, grew the hills and woods and the slitting chasms between them. First one hind wheel dished—we braced it with hickory saplings.

Then the other—we braced that. The harness broke—Dan mended that. A horse cast a shoe—Josh shod him then and there. These two were always tinkering, and were happy. Inefficiency made Willie and me miserable—it was plain that we were to be hewers of wood and drawers of water on that trip, and we were.

And still wilder and ever wilder was the face of Nature, which turned primeval—turned Greek. Willie swore he could see the fleeting shapes of nymphs in the dancing sunlight and shadows under the

beeches. Where the cane-rushes shivered and shook along the bank of a creek it was a satyr chasing a dryad through them; and once—it may have been the tinkle of water—but I was sure I heard her laugh float from a dark little ravine high above, where she had fled to hide. No wonder! We were approaching the

most isolated spot, perhaps, this side of the Rockies. If this be hard to believe, listen. Once we stopped at a cabin, and Sam, the black cook, went in for a drink of water. A little girl saw him and was thrown almost into convulsions of terror. She had never seen a negro before. Her mother had told her, doubtless, that the bad man would get her some day and she thought Sam was the devil and that he had come for her. And this in Virginia. I knew there were many white people in Virginia, and all throughout the Cumberland, who had never seen a black man, and why they hate him as they do has always been a mystery, especially



"Yes," he drawled, "if ye'll fetch it up."—Page 341.

as they often grant him social equality, even to the point of eating at the same table with him, though the mountaineer who establishes certain relations with the race that is still tolerated in the South, brings himself into lasting disgrace. Perhaps the hostility reaches back to the time when the poor white saw him a fatal enemy, as a slave, to the white man who must work with his hands. And yet, to say that this competition with the black man, along with a hatred of his aristocratic master, was the reason for the universal Union sentiment of the Southern mountaineer

during the war is absurd. Competition ceased nearly a century ago. Negro and aristocrat were forgotten—were long unknown. No historian seems to have guessed that the mountaineer was loyal because of 1776. The fight for the old flag in 1812 and the Mexican War helped, but 1776 was enough to keep him loyal to this day; for to-day, in life, character, customs, speech, and conviction, he is practically what he was then. But a change is coming now, and down in a little hollow we saw, suddenly, a startling sign—a frame house with an upper balcony, and, moving along that balcony, a tall figure in a pink ungirded Mother Hubbard. And, mother of all that is modern, we saw against the doorway below her—a bicycle. We took dinner there and the girl gave me her card. It read:

AMANDA TOLLIVER,

EXECUTRIX TO JOSIAH TOLLIVER

Only that was not her name. She owned coal lands, was a woman of judgment and business, and realizing that she could not develop them alone had advertised for a partner in coal, and, I was told, in love as well. Anyhow there were numerous pictures of young men around, and I have a faint suspicion that as we swung over the brow of the hill we might have been taken for suitors four. She had been to school at the county-seat where we spent the first night, and had thus swung into the stream of Progress. She had live gold fish in a glass tank and jugs with plants growing out of the mouth and out of holes in the sides. And she had a carpet in the parlor and fire-screens of red calico and red plush albums, a birthday book, and, of course, a cottage organ. It was all prophetic, I suppose, and the inevitable American way toward higher things; and it was at once sad and hopeful.

Just over the hill, humanity disappeared again and Nature turned primeval—turned Greek again. And again nymphs and river gods began their play. Pretty soon a dryad took human shape in some blackberry bushes, and Little Willie proceeded to take mythological shape as a

faun. We moderns jollied him on the metamorphosis.

The Breaks were just ahead. Somewhere through the green thickness of poplar, oak, and maple, the river lashed and boiled between gray bowlders, eddied and danced and laughed through deep pools, or leaped in waves over long ripples, and we turned toward the low, far sound of its waters. A slip of a bare-footed girl stepped from the bushes and ran down the wood-path, and Willie checked her to engage in unnecessary small talk and to ask questions whereof he knew the answers as well as she—all leading to the final one.

"What's your name?" Unlike her hill-sisters, the girl was not shy.

"Melissa."

Shades of Hymettus, but it was fitting. There were blackberry-stains about her red lips. Her eyes had the gloom of deep woods and shone from the darkness of her tumbled hair—tumbled it was, like an oat-field I had seen that morning after a wind and rain storm had swept it all night long.

"Melissa!" Willie said softly, once, twice, three times; and his throat gurgled with poetic delight in the maid and the name. I think he would have said "Prithee" and addressed her some more, but just then a homespun mother veered about the corner of a log cabin, and Melissa fled. Willie thought he had scared her.

"On the way to the Breaks," he said—"my first." We hurried the stricken youth on and pitched camp below the cabin, and on a minnow branch that slipped past low willows and under rhododendrons and dropped in happy waterfalls into the Breaks, where began a vertical turreted ledge, hundreds of feet high, that ran majestically on—miles on.

There Willie at once developed unwonted vim. We needed milk and butter and eggs, so he left me to hew wood and draw water while he strode back to the cabin, and Melissa after them; and he made contracts for the same daily—he would go for them himself—and hired all Melissa's little brothers and sisters to pick blackberries for us.

Then came the first supper in the woods and draughts from the typewriter case,



They Took Us for the Advance-guard of a Circus.—Page 342.

the label of which Willie proceeded to alter, because the level of the fluid was sinking, and as a tribute to Melissa.

"Glass—1 gal."

It takes little to make humor in the woods. Followed sweet pipes under the stars, thickening multitudinously straight overhead, where alone we could see them.

Something was troubling Josh that night and I could see that he hesitated about delivering himself—but he did.

"Have you fellows—er—ever noticed—er—that when men get out in the woods they—er—at once begin to swear?" Each one of us had noticed that fact. Josh looked severely at me and severely at Dan and at Willie—not observing that we were looking severely at him.

"Well," he said, with characteristic decision, "I think you ought to stop it."

There was a triangular howl of derision.

"We?" I said.

"We!" said Dan.

"We!" yelled Willie.

Josh laughed—he had not heard the rattling fire of picturesque expletives that we had been turning loose on Rock and Ridgling since we left the Gap.

However, we each agreed to be watchful—of the others.

By and by Willie knocked the ashes from his pipe and picked up a pail—the mother's pail in which he had brought the milk down to camp.

"I reckon they'll need this," he said, thoughtfully. "Don't you think they'll need this?" I was sure they would, and as Willie's colossal shoulders disappeared through the bushes we chuckled, and at the fire Sam, the black cook, snickered respectfully. Willie did not know the lark habits of the mountaineer. We could have told him that Melissa was in bed, but we wickedly didn't. He was soon back, and looking glum. We chuckled some more.

That night a snake ran across my breast—I suppose it was a snake—a toad

beat a tattoo on Willie's broad chest, a horse got tangled in the guy-ropes, Josh and Dan swore sleepily, and long before the sun flashed down into our eyes a mountaineer, Melissa's black-headed sire, brought us minnows which he had insisted on catching without help. Willie wondered at his anxious spirit of lonely accommodation, but it was no secret to the rest of us. The chances were 1,000 to 1 that he was a moonshiner, and that he had a "still" within a mile of our camp—perhaps within a hundred yards; for moonshine stills are always located on little running streams like the one into which we dipped our heads that morning.

After breakfast we went down that shaded little stream into the Breaks, where, æons ago, the majestic Cumberland met its volcanic conqueror, and, after a heaving conflict, was tumbled head and shoulders to the lower earth, to let the pent-up waters rush through its shattered ribs, and where the Big Sandy grinds through them to-day, with a roar of freedom that once must have shaken the stars. It was ideal—sun, wind, rock, and stream. The water was a bit milky; there were eddies and pools, in sunlight and in shadow, and our bait, for a wonder, was perfect—chubs, active cold-water chubs and military minnows—sucker-shaped little fellows, with one brilliant crimson streak from gill to base of tail. And we did steady, faithful work—all of us—including Tiger, who, as Willie said, was a "fisher-dog to beat the band." But is there any older and sadder tale for the sportsman than to learn, when he has reached one happy hunting-ground, that the game is on another, miles away? Thus the Indian's idea of Heaven sprang! For years and years Josh and I had been planning to get to the Breaks. For years we had fished the three forks of the Cumberland, over in Kentucky, with brilliant success, and the man who had been to the Breaks always smiled indulgently when we told our tales, and told, in answer, the marvellous things possible in the wonderful Breaks. Now we were at the Breaks, and no sooner there than we were ready, in great disgust, to get away. We investigated. There had been a drought, two years before, and the mountaineers had sledged the bass under the rocks and had slaughtered them. There had been saw-

mills up the river and up its tributaries, and there had been dynamiting. We found catfish a-plenty, but we were not after catfish. We wanted that king of mountain waters, the black bass, and we wanted him to run from one pound to five pounds in weight and to fight, like the devil that he is, in the clear cold waters of the Cumberland. Nobody showed disappointment more bitter than Tiger. To say that Tiger was eager and expectant is to underrate that game little sport's intelligence and his power to catch moods from his master. At first he sat on the rocks, with every shining tooth in his head a finished cameo of expectant delight, and he watched the lines shaking in the eddies as he would watch a hole for a rat, or another dog for a fight. When the line started cutting through the water and the musical hum of the reel rose, Tiger knew as well as his master just what was happening.

"Let him run, Dan," he would gurgle, delightedly. We all knew plainly that that was what he said. "Give him plenty of line. Don't strike yet—not yet. Don't you know how he's just running for a rock. Now he's swallowing the minnow—head first. Off he goes again—now's your time, man, now—wow!"

When the strike came and the line got taut and the rod bent, Tiger would begin to leap and bark at the water's edge. As Dan reeled in and the fish would flash into the air, Tiger would get frantic. When his master played a bass and the fish cut darting circles forward and back, with the tip of the rod as a centre for geometrical evolutions, Tiger would have sprung into the water, if he had not known better. And when the bass was on the rocks Tiger sprang for him and brought him to his master, avoiding the hook as a wary lad will look out for the sharp horns of a mud-cat. But the bass were all little fellows, and Tiger gurgled his disgust most plainly.

That night Josh and I comforted ourselves, and made Dan and Willie unhappy, with tales of what we had done in the waters of the Cumberland—sixty bass in one day—four four-pounders in two hours, not to mention one little whale that drew the scales down to the five-pound notch three hours after I had him from the water. We recalled—he and I—how we



At the Breaks.

had paddled, dragged, and lifted a clumsy canoe, for four days, down the wild and beautiful Clinch (sometimes we had to go ahead and build canals through the ripples), shooting happy, blood-stirring rapids, but catching no fish, and how, down that river, we had foolishly done it again. This was the third time we had been enticed away from the Cumberland, and then and there we resolved to run after the gods of strange streams no more. Fish stories followed. Dan recalled how Cecil Rhodes got his start in South Africa, illustrating thereby the speed of the shark. Rhodes was poor, but he brought to a speculator news of the Franco-Prussian War in a London newspaper of a date five days later than the speculator's mail. The two got a corner on some commodity and made large money. Rhodes had got his paper from the belly of a shore-cast shark that had beaten the mail steamer by five round days. That was good, and Willie thereupon told a tale that he knew to be *true*.

"You know how rapidly a bass grows?"

We did not know.

"You know how a bass will rise in the same hole year after year?"

That we did know.

"Well, I caught a yearling once, and I

bet a man that he would grow six inches in a year. To test it, I tied a little tin whistle to his tail. A year later we went and fished for him. The second day I caught him." Willie knocked the top-ashes from his pipe and puffed silently.

"Well?" we said.

Willie edged away out of reach, speaking softly.

"That tin whistle had grown to a fog-horn." We spared him, and he quickly turned to a poetico-scientific dissertation on birds and flowers in the Bluegrass and in the mountains, surprising us. He knew, positively, what even the great Mr. Burroughs did not seem to know a few years ago, that the shrike—the butcher-bird—impales mice as well as his feathered fellows on thorns, having found a nest in a thorn-tree up in the Bluegrass which was a ghastly, aerial, Indian-like burying-place for two mice and twenty song sparrows. So, next day, Willie and I turned unavailingly to Melissa, whom we saw but once speeding through the weeds along the creek bank for home and, with success, to Nature; while the indefatigable Josh and Dan and Tiger whipped the all but responseless waters once more.

We reached camp at sunset—dispirited all. Tiger refused to be comforted until

we turned loose two big cat-fish in a pool of the minnow branch and gave him permission to bring them out. With a happy wow Tiger sprang for the outsticking point of a horn and with a mad yelp sprang clear of the water. With one rub of his pricked nose against the bank he jumped again. Wherever the surface of the water rippled he made a dash, nosing under the grassy clumps where the fish tried to hide. Twice he got one clear of the water, but it was hard to hold to the slippery, leathery skins. In ten minutes he laid both, gasping, on the bank.

Next morning we struck camp. Willie said he would go on ahead and let down the fence—which was near Melissa's cabin. He was sitting on the fence, with a disconsolate pipe between his teeth, when we rattled and shook over the stony way up the creek—sitting alone. Yet he confessed. He had had a brief farewell with Melissa. What did she say?

"She said she was sorry we were going," said modest Willie, but he did not say what he said; and he lifted the lid of the typewriter case, the label of which was slowly emptying to a sad and empty lie.

"Thus pass the flowers," he said, with a last backward look to the log cabin and the black-haired, blackberry-stained figure watching at the corner. "Such is life—a lick and a promise, and then no more." The wagon passed under the hill, and Melissa, the maid of the Breaks, had come and Melissa had gone forever.

Only next day, however—for such, too, is life—the aching void in Willie's imagination, and what he was pleased to call his heart, was nicely filled again.

That night we struck the confluence of Russell's Fork and the Pound, where, under wide sycamores, the meeting of swift waters had lifted from the river-beds a high beach of white sand and had considerably overspread it with piles of dry drift-wood. The place was ideal—why not try it there? The freedom of gypsies was ours, and we did. There was no rain in the sky, so we pitched no tent, but slept on the sand, under the leaves of the sycamore, and by the light of the fire we solaced ourselves with the cheery game of "draw." It was a happy night, in spite of Willie's disappointment with the game.

He played with sorrow, and to his cost. He was accustomed to table stakes; he did not know how to act on a modest fifty-cent limit, being denied the noble privilege of "bluff."

"I was playing once with a fellow I knew slightly," he said, reminiscently and as though for self-comfort, "and with two others whom I didn't know at all. The money got down between me and one of the strangers, and when the other stranger dealt the last hand my suspicions were aroused. I picked up my hand. He had dealt me a full house—three aces and a pair. I made up my mind that he had dealt his confederate four of a kind, and do you know what I did? I discarded the pair and actually caught the remaining ace. When it came to a show-down he had four deuces. I scooped in all the gold, pushed over to my acquaintance what he had lost—in their presence—and left the table." Perhaps it was just as well that we denied Willie his own game, and thus kept him shorn of his strength.

Next day was hard, faithful, fruitless—Josh and I fishing up-stream and Dan and Willie wading down the "Pound"—and we came in at dark, each pair with a few three-quarter pound bass, only Willie having had a bigger catch. They had struck a mill, Dan said, which Willie entered—reappearing at once and silently setting his rod, and going back again, to reappear no more. Dan found him in there with his catch—a mountain maid, fairer even than Melissa, and *she was running the mill*.

Dan had hard work to get him away, but Willie came with a silent purpose that he unveiled at the camp-fire—when he put his rod together. He was done fishing for fish, the proper study of mankind being man; his proper study, next day, would be the maid of the mill, and he had forged his plan. He would hire a mule, put on jean trousers, a slouch hat, and a homespun shirt, buy a bag of corn, and go to the mill. When that bag was ground, he would go out and buy another. All his life he had wanted to learn the milling business, and while we fished he would learn. But we had had enough, and were stern. We would move on from those hard-fished, fishless waters next day. In silent acquiescence

Willie made for the wooden box and its fluid consolation, and when he was through with label and jug the tale of the altered title was doubly true.

"No gal."

It takes very little to make humor in the woods.

We did move on, but so strong is hope and so powerful the ancient hunting instinct in us all, that we stopped again and fished again, with the same result, in the Pound. Something was wrong. Human effort could do no more. So, after sleep on a high hill, through a wind-storm, it was home with us, and with unalterable decision this time we started, climbing hills, sliding down them, tooling around the edge of steep cliffs—sun-baked, bewhiskered, and happy, in spite of the days of hard, hard luck.

Tiger rode on the camp-chest just in front of me. Going up a hill the wagon jolted, and the dog slipped and fell between the wheels. The hind wheel, I saw, would pass over the dog's body, and if Tiger had been a child, I couldn't have been more numb with horror. The wheel ran squarely over him, crushing him into the sand. The little fellow gave one short, brave, surprised yelp. Then he

sprang up and trotted after us—unhurt. It was a miracle, easier to believe for the reason that that particular hind wheel was a wheel of kindly magic. Only an hour before, it had run squarely over a little haversack in which were a bottle, a pipe, and other fragile things, and not a thing was broken. I do not believe it would have been possible to so arrange the contents and let the wheel run over it as harmlessly again.

Another night, another hot day, and another, and we were tooling down into the beautiful little valley, toward the sunset and "The Gap"—toward razor, bathtub, dinner, Willie's guitar and darkey songs, and a sound, sweet sleep in each man's own bed—through dreams of green hills, gray walls, sharp peaks, and clear, swift waters, from which no fish flashed to seductive fly or crimson-streaked minnow. But with all the memories, no more of the Breaks for Josh or Dan or for me; and no more, doubtless, for Willie, though Melissa be there waiting for him, and though the other maid, with the light of mountain waters in her eyes, be dreaming of him at her mill.

After the gods of strange streams we would run no more.



A DAUGHTER OF THE STATE

By Charles Warren



YOU talk of the corruption of our legislatures, the influence of the lobby. The papers are full of such charges. You yourselves make them lightly in your own houses, to your neighbors. You deplore the fact that so many dishonest men can be elected to the Legislature. That is all very well. But what do you say of the men who make them dishonest? What do you say of the great corporations which put the temptation in the way of the weak, well-meaning, poor man who is sent by his constituents to the State House? What do you say of the so-called honest business men who unite to employ the lobbyist in order to gain, perhaps a town division, perhaps an electric railroad franchise, or in order to defeat a bill which may destroy the pleasure or beauty in their estates? What do you say to your city counsel and your city officials who dangle political advantages before some ambitious representative in order to push through some city job? I tell you I am sick, sick and tired of hearing our legislators assailed as corrupt, as yielding to bribes. Supposing we are—what then? Who makes us so? It is not a novel sentiment; but I, for one, consider the briber more guilty than the bribed.

"It is easier perhaps for you gentlemen to assail us than to assail your own business associates, but I tell you, if you want to find the real corruption in its most insidious form, go right among the men you meet every day on the Street, the men who are responsible for the municipal, the corporate, the business concerns that come up and waylay us night and day at the State House."

Robert Clinton stopped suddenly as he realized for the first time his monopoly of the entire conversation and the hush which had spread round the table. Up to this moment Mrs. Noble's dinner-party had not been strikingly successful; for the hostess had an unfortunate faculty for assembling in her hospitable house many interesting

persons, and yet for seating them in the most ill-assorted combinations. And so it was that Eleanor Randall, after having introduced and immediately exhausted thirty-four distinct subjects of conversation with the young broker who had taken her down to dinner, was relieved to hear a manly and resonant voice ring out above the monotonous hum.

"Who is that strong-willed looking man, Mr. Train?" she asked, looking up the table with interest; "I didn't meet him before dinner."

"I think it is Clinton," replied Train, "the lawyer who is making all this fuss up at the Legislature. I don't know him, but I believe the fellows on the Street think he is more or less an ass. He's trying to advertise himself, I rather think. They tell me he hadn't much of a practice. Are you going to Miss Stanwood's ball Friday?"

Miss Randall turned impatiently away, and looked again at Clinton. He was not a handsome man; but his smooth-shaven, clearly cut features were so glowing with enthusiastic expression that he compelled attention, as he emphasized his remarks every now and then with a firm, bulldog-like thrust of his head. As she listened intently to what he was saying, she felt that she had never heard a man whose words carried so vivid a sense of absolute conviction on the speaker's part. To many older persons at the dinner, young Clinton's remarks were crude, and evoked a tolerating smile; but to her they opened a new field of interest in public affairs.

Then someone said to him, "It is all very well, Mr. Clinton, for you to make general remarks about corporate corruption. That is what some newspapers are doing all the time. But the real question is, is there any more definite proof of this than there is of the charge that most of our legislators are for sale? For my part I don't believe in either. I believe the whole thing is vastly exaggerated. What cases of bribery have you yourself actually known of?"

Clinton paused a moment before replying. "I must apologize," he said, turning to Mrs. Noble, "for introducing here and now so serious a subject. I do not feel that this is the place for a political speech."

Mrs. Noble smiled around the table in an impersonal and indefinite manner; and a few of the guests murmured an unintelligible dissent, apparently expecting Clinton to continue. Mr. Train, however, muttered,

"Why doesn't Clinton keep to the stump and not inflict himself on an innocent dinner-party? Politics are a bore, don't you think so?"

"No, I don't," said Miss Randall, rather rudely, and again she listened to Clinton as he answered, earnestly,

"I don't agree with you in thinking matters exaggerated. I won't speak of the ordinary methods of corruption. I won't speak of the influence of the lobby upon many a good-natured, weak old grocer or farmer who comes up to the capital, friendless, obliged to live at a hotel, having few resources, knowing little where to spend his time or gain his pleasures. That form of corruption is too well known. I won't speak either of the contributions made by certain corporations in this State, in various elaborate and concealed ways, to the campaign fund of certain aspirants to the Legislature. Contributions are not made out of pure goodwill, we all know. But what do you say to the following instances where the corruption is hard to trace, but none the less existent? I know of a vote changed by the appointment of the legislator's cousin as a motorman on a certain street railway. I know that in this session a legislator whose mother had an accident suit against a certain railroad voted 'nay' on one vote, and before the next vote was taken, that suit was settled for a handsome sum. The sum may or may not have been more than was due. Who knows? The man voted 'yea' on the next vote."

One or two of the women around the table had begun to lose their interest in the subject and had relapsed into exchange of light commonplaces with their neighbors. Clinton perceived, however, that a stately, fair-haired girl at the other end of the table was still gazing intently at him,

and he continued, "I know of a man on whose store was a heavy mortgage, overdue. After a certain vote that mortgage was assigned by the mortgagee to a man who occasionally did minor work in a prominent gas company. It has never been foreclosed. I know of a hack journalist who in the middle of the session found time to write a history of the House of Representatives. There might ordinarily be a possible sale of fifteen hundred copies to old legislators of such a book. It would interest no other persons. A bill affecting the estates of a number of wealthy men, our 'leading citizens,' in a certain street, was introduced. The journalist was doubtful how to vote. Finally he voted against it. I have heard from his publishers that the sale of his book amounts to ten thousand copies. Curious, isn't it? I could tell my own experience, but I don't wish to obtrude myself at all into this."

Clinton stopped suddenly, for he noticed that the hostess was signalling for the retirement of the feminine portion of the party.

When the ladies were gathered in the music-room Miss Randall said: "Why haven't I ever met your Mr. Clinton before, and who is he? Tell me about him."

One or two of the ladies laughed at her evident interest, and Mrs. Noble said, lightly:

"My dear Eleanor, he is what I call a brilliant bore; he's not much of a society man and goes out little, but I captured him for to-night because they tell me he will make his mark; although Mr. Noble says that no man with a conscience like his can make anything except mistakes."

"What has Mr. Clinton done?" asked Miss Randall.

"Well, now, you've got me," Mrs. Noble laughingly said. "I'm sure I don't know what he's done and I shouldn't understand it if I did. I only know Mr. Noble says he's created a great stir up at the State House over some kind of a bill, or whatever they call it."

"I wish you'd introduce Mr. Clinton to me," said Miss Randall, still serious.

"Why, certainly, I will," replied Mrs.

Noble, "and from the looks of the others I think it will be a great relief if you will undertake the mission of absorbing his attention. And you won't have to do that simply by what you say, my dear—that is, if he isn't blind."

When the men came in from their smoke, Mrs. Noble disengaged Robert Clinton from the crowd, and much to his surprise led him up to the young, fair-haired girl whose gaze he had noticed at the table. After mumbling a hasty and indistinct introduction she left them together.

"Now, Mr. Clinton," said Eleanor Randall, "you just said you wouldn't talk about your own experience to the general dinner-party, perhaps you will to me, alone. Tell me what it has been?"

Clinton paused and then he said, abruptly, "Do you know anything about politics? Do you genuinely want to know what I have to say, or are you merely saying this in order to start conversation?"

"No, not at all," said the girl, rather amazed at the calm, almost rough, frankness of his remark. "I want to know whether you have ever had the temptations you speak of put in your way."

"I have," Clinton replied, slowly.

"Well, tell me about them," she said.

Clinton paused again, and, after looking searchingly at his companion, he said, soberly, "I was elected to the Legislature last fall by my town for the first time. I did not know much about the details of public affairs. But I had a few pretty decided ideas as to some public questions. Some of my ideas proved right and some wrong. On one matter I hope I have never changed. I made up my mind from the beginning that I would have nothing to do with any measure that was tainted or touched in any way, even by suspicion, with deceit or bargaining or corruption. I am a poor man, with little or no personal influence or pull. I have a small practice at the law. But by some chance I happened to have been placed by the Speaker on a rather important committee. The most important bill of the session, a bill to amend the charter of a great business corporation, came up for consideration by that committee. After a long discussion and hearings the committee was practically a tie, with my vote as the deciding one. I was in doubt at

first, but I gradually became convinced that the franchise asked for was purely a gambling operation and that the terms of it were an outrage on the people of this State. I haven't the faintest idea whether you understand a word of what I am saying—" Clinton suddenly said, interrupting his long, confidential story.

"I think I do," his companion said; "at any rate tell me what you have done."

"Well," Clinton continued, "whatever the merits of the bill were, or rather are, because it is still pending, I began to hear reports that members of the Legislature were not likely to consider the bill on its merits, and that other inducements were being held out to them. I could get hold of nothing definite. And I felt sure that the promoters of the bill would not dare to approach me in any way. I was wrong in that belief. I was sitting in my office late one afternoon about a month ago, feeling a good deal depressed about business and worried over my proper course on one or two other matters at the State House, when a gentleman came in, and, to make a long matter short, informed me that he desired to retain me in behalf of a certain large water company in a neighboring city. I knew several of the directors of the company slightly, but not well enough not to make the offer most surprising as well as flattering. The matter was a very important one, meaning a great amount of work and large fees. It was a case involving the price that the city should pay for the water-works which it had taken. I considered it for a few days, and decided to take it up, and was given a large retainer. Within a week I found out that the controlling stockholders and practically the sole owners of the company were the President and the General Manager of the company which I was fighting at the State House. I felt there was but one thing for me to do. It may have been foolish, and I won't attempt to conceal the fact that it meant a good deal of sacrifice, but I wrote to the water company, resigning from their case and returning the retainer. In a few days I heard that another member of my committee at the State House, who was depended on to vote "nay" in committee, had taken up the case; and a week ago,

when a vote was taken in committee, he voted "aye," giving the necessary majority to report the bill.

"Now, that is my own experience. Am I wrong in saying that corruption may be insidious?"

"You are giving me an entirely new idea of the questions that confront you men. It is interesting indeed," said Miss Randall. "But what are you doing now about this bill that you speak of?"

"I am fairly confident," replied Clinton, "that I can defeat it. I have some proof, though not as direct as I could wish, of bribery. I am working night and day to get more certain evidence of the methods that are being employed to tempt our weaker members, and, God willing, I shall succeed." As he said this, Clinton raised his voice in his earnestness, and several persons across the room looked up and smiled in a somewhat scornful way.

"And this measure is really a bad one?" Miss Randall asked. Clinton almost seemed to forget that he was talking to a young girl, for he dashed into a long description of the iniquities of the bill, until he was finally cut short by the girl's sudden remark:

"But it is all horrible. It is terrible to think what a lot of evil a few rich men can do in this way. But tell me, why did you speak of it to-night at this dinner? What can any of us do about it?"

"What can be done?" repeated Clinton. "Much. If you are a stockholder, vote against the officers of any company using these methods. If you know the men personally, have no relations with them. It is remarkable how a man as an official or as a member of a company will do acts which he would not dream of doing in his own personal business. But dishonesty is dishonesty everywhere. If you meet with dishonesty even in your dearest friends it is your duty, the duty which you owe to the State, not to overlook it, not to avoid the trouble of correcting it, but to see that the law is enforced."

"I can understand your view as a man," said Miss Randall, "but what can a woman do? Can she help it?"

"A woman can always help," Clinton replied, seriously. "She can learn of these things, and impress her opinion on

the men she knows, the men she can influence—her callers, her brothers, her father, her husband."

"But what a bore she would be thought," the girl said, laughingly. "Did a woman ever try to influence you in such a thing? Did a woman ever affect your life or your acts in that way?"

"No," Clinton said. "I can't say that any woman ever has. But who knows what could be done?"

Just then Eleanor Randall, noticing that the other members of the dinner-party were preparing to leave, rose, and, putting out her hand to the young man, said, "What you have told me I am really interested in. If you're not too tired of the subject why won't you call some afternoon and give a poor, ignorant girl a little more idea of how we are governed? Any afternoon after five I am at home, at 317 Lawrence Avenue, you know."

Clinton looked pleased, and accepted her invitation with eagerness. Just as he was taking his leave she said, "By the way, what was that bill you've been telling me about?"

"Oh," he replied, "you probably won't remember, but if you want to know, it is a bill to amend the charter of the General Pneumatic Power Company."

As he said this he thought that the girl looked startled, and seemed about to say something; but before she could reply a number of other ladies had swept her away toward the hostess, and Clinton did not see her again.

As he walked down the street, after the dinner, with a number of men, he said to one of them, "Harry, what was the name of that girl I was talking to after dinner? She asked me to call, but Mrs. Noble introduced her so indistinctly that I couldn't catch her name."

"Well," said Harry Follard, "I thought you were treading on rather dangerous ground during dinner when I saw her looking curiously at you; but I was nearly paralyzed when I saw you delivering oration after oration at her after dinner. You don't mean to say that you didn't know who she was! Why, that's a good joke on you!"

"What's the joke?" asked Clinton. "I don't see it."

"Why, that's Nellie Randall, old Nick

Randall's daughter. There can't be much love lost between you and him as President of the General Pneumatic Power Company."

"Good heavens! what an ass I've made of myself!" groaned Clinton. And all the way to his rooms he regretted deeply his stupidity in not having ascertained the girl's name earlier in the evening. He felt heartily sorry that he should have given pain so unwittingly to any woman by making what she would undoubtedly consider a vicious assault upon her father. For she could not but believe that he had known all the while who she was. And yet he hoped faintly that she might have still believed him gentleman enough not to be capable of doing such a thing, and that she might have still supposed him to be ignorant of her relationship. He might never see the girl again; yet until he did see her, he would have a very uncomfortable feeling. Then he suddenly remembered that he had eagerly accepted her invitation to call. That, of course, was out of the question now; on the other hand, he certainly owed her some kind of an apology. Altogether, the situation was certainly disagreeable.

When he reached his room, however, he tried to dismiss the matter from his mind by dashing vigorously at the preparation of the speech which he was soon to deliver. The speech was to be his great effort against the Power Bill. There was to be no mincing of language. The attack was to be bold—so direct that no one could fail to understand its meaning. He did not underestimate the forces against him. He knew that many believed in the bill on its merits. He knew that others would never vote against it until after the clearest proofs of corruption. There was the chief difficulty. Evidence of bribery enough to satisfy his own mind he had in plenty. But would it satisfy others more prejudiced in favor of the company? If he only had one bit of clear, direct proof, he felt that his position would be impregnable. He was too clear-headed, too canny, to make charges of corruption without having the evidence to sustain them. That was one of the easiest methods for a newly fledged representative to gain a flitting newspaper notoriety. He had seen it done often

by ambitious politicians—charges made, pressed earnestly, an investigation ordered, a joint investigating committee from the Senate and from the House appointed, hearings held, excited openings made by the politician, weak, inconclusive evidence introduced, the charges not sustained, a committee report whitewashing the corporation, the corporation posing in the rôle of a triumphant martyr, its bill receiving the support due to injured virtue, the collapse and premature retirement from public life of the representative. Clinton had no desire to follow that well-worn path. He realized that in his case there must be no failure. His political future depended on the soundness of the position taken by him in his speech, and upon the success which should attend his attack. He mentally writhed, however, at his inability to make the charges of what he was morally certain were facts, or rather at the inadvisability of his so doing.

It was hard for Eleanor Randall that night to explain to herself just what her real feelings were. The shock of the discovery that all Mr. Clinton's charges, all his passionate array of the evils done and proposed to be done by this corporation, referred to something in which her own father was intimately concerned was very great. Believing implicitly in her father, in his benevolence, his honesty, and his honor, she was at first angry that anyone should have had the presumption to assail them. The idea, however, that Clinton had known of her relationship never entered her mind. But even granting his mistake, which she took for granted, she could not at first conceive how anyone could believe that her father would be engaged in any such enterprise as Clinton had represented the company to be. When the first burst of soreness and of wrath began to die away, she was forced to admit to herself, however unwillingly, that Mr. Clinton's tones, his words, his facts, at least sounded true. Had she been perfectly frank with herself, Eleanor Randall would have confessed that she had never before in her life been so deeply impressed by the views of any man. For the first time the girl was beginning to realize the rough trials that lay before men—not the kind she met at parties, but

men who were doing something in the world—their weaknesses, the enthusiasms of those who felt that there was something for them still to do—all these things, which had hitherto been as strange and unknown to her girl's life as the habits of the dwellers in Mars, had been partially revealed to her that night. Of Robert Clinton personally as a man she was thinking little. But for what he had said and was doing she felt a great longing to see him again. Of course, Clinton was all wrong as to her father. She could make that perfectly clear if he should call—and yet, would it be so easy for her to contradict him? She knew, only too well, what the effect would be if she should approach her father upon any business question. She had tried once or twice, only to be met with a jesting rebuff which implied positively that such things were not for girls.

It took Robert Clinton just three days to make up his mind to call on Miss Randall. It was evident that he must call at least once, and offer the proper apology for his words. It was just as evident that, for the present, that call must be the last. It would not at all do for him to be seen or known as a frequent caller at the house of the President of the company of which he was supposed to be the bitter enemy. When he finally went up the steps of 317 Lawrence Avenue, he did so with a good deal more nervousness than when he made his maiden speech in the House. He was shown into the reception-room. In a few minutes Miss Randall came in and greeted him as easily and gracefully as when she had first met him at Mrs. Noble's, the preceding Monday. Noticing, perhaps, his slight feeling of constraint, she said, "Won't you come into the library? There is a fire there which is most grateful this cool April day." Clinton followed her into the comfortable-looking room lighted by an open wood-fire. It was evidently Mr. Randall's den. As Clinton's eyes lighted on the large square table heaped with books and confused masses of papers, Miss Randall said, "You must excuse the looks of the room. Papa has been at home all day with a bad attack of neuralgia and has been working here. He's only just gone out, and I know he'll be sorry not to see you."

Clinton hesitated a minute; then he said, "I don't think he will, Miss Randall. You must know why, after our talk the other night. Before I say another word I must beg your pardon for what must have seemed outrageous impertinence on my part. My only excuse is my stupidity in not asking Mrs. Noble to repeat your name to me when we were introduced." Miss Randall stopped him, with a smile.

"Don't say anything about it, Mr. Clinton. It gave me a refreshing chance to hear a man say frankly what he believed to be true. I think I can convince you that some of your remarks were not true."

"I hope you can," said Clinton. In a few minutes their conversation almost resembled a mere continuance of that which had been broken off at the dinner. They then drifted on to the subject of painting, in which Clinton found, to his pleasure, that Miss Randall was as interested as he himself was. She happened to mention a book on modern French art. He had never read it. She volunteered to go upstairs for her copy and let him see it. While she was gone Clinton wandered aimlessly around the room for a minute or so. Then he picked up a book from the square table and looked idly at it. As he laid it down he glanced at a pile of papers lying before him across which was carelessly thrown a pen-holder. The top paper with some writing on it in red ink unconsciously attracted his attention, and before he realized what he had done he had read a line upon it at its head. As he did so he almost staggered back against the revolving chair behind the table. The words that he had read were burning deep into his brain. He felt a curious lump in his throat, and gasped as if it was hard for him to breathe. He tried to look away from the table, but that sheet of paper fascinated his gaze like a snake. Every impulse in him seemed to urge him to go back to his chair by the fire, but his legs refused to stir. He stepped toward the table again, and, giving a quick look around the room, took up the sheet of paper. The words that he had read were as follows: "*Legislative Expense for the G. P. P. Co.*" He knew the handwriting. It was Nicholas Randall's. He put the paper back upon the table and went to the door. He heard

no sound in the hall, and, rapidly darting to the table, he seized the paper and eagerly ran his eye over the page.

"Legislative Expense for the G. P. P. Co."

Cowan.....	\$175 00
Dalrymple	140 00
Murphy.....	75 00
McGlashen.....	280 00
Peters	350 00
Follingsbee	1,200 00
Fulton.....	800 00
S., B., R., K., G.....	250 00

He needed no key to its meaning. The few words and figures written in red ink burned and burned. Follingsbee was one of the lawyers of the Pneumatic Company. The other names were those of fellow-members of the Legislature, three of Senators, four of Representatives. Clinton tried to put the paper down upon the table, but it seemed to stick to his fingers. He began to fold it in the middle, and then stopped. He walked to the end of the room with it and listened; but he heard no one. He walked back to the table still holding it. As he gazed at it, his whole future seemed to lie written on it. He saw the triumph of himself, of his party, the defeat of the bill, the waves of popular enthusiasm and newspaper praise which would carry forward anyone who should expose such a transaction; he saw his re-election, his possible accession to still higher offices, and then—he saw himself branded in his own mind as a thief, as a betrayer of his trust in the house of a friend, of the disgrace of a young girl and her family. He looked again at the paper and every thought was swept away, except that he held in his hand the one thing for which he had worked for weeks, the one thing which was certain to establish his career. It would be the easiest thing in the world to take that small sheet of paper. Was it not his duty to protect the interests of the State by taking it and making it public? What were anyone's private interests compared to the people's welfare? Then he heard Miss Randall's footstep on the staircase outside. His hand trembled so that the paper nearly fell upon the floor. Grasping the paper tightly, he moved around the table toward his chair by the fire. He heard her descend quickly. He hesitated a second, and then with a gasp he laid the

paper back upon the table, face downward, so that he should not be obliged to see the writing on it. It seemed now but a blank sheet. Then he fell back into his chair, his heart throbbing violently from the strain of his emotion.

"I'm sorry," said Miss Randall as she entered the room, "but I can't find that book."

Clinton looked up and his face was very flushed, as if he had been looking long at the fire. "Oh, don't trouble at all about it," he said as he rose. He wished he could hold his eyes away from that piece of paper, but they kept wandering toward the table.

"But I want you to read it. I tell you what I'll do. I'll write the title down for you and you can get it from the library; I know you'll be interested after what you've said." Miss Randall looked carelessly around, picked up a pencil, and then, seeing the blank sheet of paper near the edge of the table, "Ah, here's a piece of paper," she said, and, drawing it toward her, she wrote the title and the name of the author upon it. Clinton tried to speak, but found that he could not utter a word of protest. He tried to reach for another sheet of paper, but instead he stood motionless. He watched her write. He waited to see if she would look upon the other side. He watched her hand the sheet just as it was to him. He involuntarily held out his hand, took the paper, looked mechanically at the words she had written, held it extended toward her; and then, with a rapid motion, folded it twice and placed it in his breast-pocket. He had tried his best to struggle, but the fates seemed against him. Robert Clinton never knew how he passed through the rest of that call or what was said by him or by Eleanor Randall. He only remembered that he talked rapidly and wildly on anything that came into his mind.

On leaving the house his one idea was to reach his office, to lock the door, and to formulate some plan of action.

The die was cast. He had had his temptation—a different kind from that put before others—and like the others he had gone down before it. It was all done now, however, and the only thing was to make the most of it. Still he had one consolation. Unlike the case of the others, what he was doing was not for himself alone;

it was for the Public, the State as well. He had sacrificed his honor, but he had done so for the People. Must there not be some circumstances under which it would be right for a man not only to lay down his life, but also his honor, for his country? He tried to persuade himself of the strength of these arguments, but underneath whatever he said to himself by way of justification or palliation there lay a little, uneasy feeling that he was deceiving himself—that in reality it was the desire for personal advancement alone which had influenced him. This he tried to drive away by persuading himself that he had not taken the paper, but that Eleanor Randall had freely and of her own accord given it to him. His well-trained legal mind would not allow such an argument even a minute's resting-place. Had he not himself recently argued a case of fraudulent delivery of a note, the circumstances of which differed little from this?

But after all had been said, after all arguments had been gone over, the one great fact remained. The deed was done. He locked the fateful sheet of paper carefully in his safe.

While Mr. Randall was driving in his closed carriage that afternoon he remembered that he had carelessly left exposed upon his library-table a bit of memoranda which he had jotted down that morning as a calculation. Upon his return he hurried to look for the paper, and not finding it inquired anxiously of his butler and of his family if they had seen a piece of paper lying on his table. He could hardly conceal his consternation when Eleanor Randall replied after a moment's thought that she had written for Mr. Robert Clinton a book title on what she had supposed to be a blank sheet of paper—she hoped that was not it and that it was not very important. Mr. Randall succeeded in controlling himself.

"Oh, not very," he stammered. When his daughter left the room he fell back in his chair and gazed helplessly into the fire. That bit of paper in the hands of Robert Clinton meant ruin to him and to his company. Would the young man make use of it? Of course he would. Mr. Randall knew well what a fool he should consider Clinton if he did not use it. The gall-

ing thing about the whole affair was that it was due to Randall's own carelessness. That was going to be the hard matter to explain to the directors of the company.

The next morning Clinton had decided upon his course of action. He would deliver his speech a day earlier than he had intended, and would incorporate in it this damning piece of evidence. First, however, he would give the guilty President of the General Pneumatic Power one chance to save his reputation. About ten o'clock he walked into the building where the company's offices were situated.

"Is Mr. Randall in?" he asked of a clerk in the outer office.

"Yes, sir, but he is very busy and can't see anyone now," was the reply.

"Tell him Mr. Robert Clinton wants to see him at once," Clinton answered, roughly. Hardly had he spoken when the door to Mr. Randall's private office opened and Nicholas Randall appeared.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Clinton," he said. "Come right in." As the door closed he said, "Well, now, what can I do for you?" Clinton hesitated; there was no need, however, for any preliminary circumlocution.

"What can you do for me? You can withdraw the Pneumatic Power Bill from before the Legislature," he said, sternly.

"And why should I do that?" asked Mr. Randall, suavely.

"Because it is an outrage on the people of this State, a steal and a gamble."

"And is that all the reason why I should withdraw it, my young friend?"

"No, sir; it is not all the reason. The chief reason is because I shall make you do so," Clinton said, still calm and stern.

"Aren't you possibly a little confident of your powers?" Randall quietly replied.

"How will you make us?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, if you insist," cried Clinton, raising his voice slightly, "by means of that," and he took out of his pocket the sheet of paper with the words in red ink upon it. Randall made a visible effort to control himself, and succeeded, while his voice became still more soothing.

"I don't think you will make use of that, my friend," he said.

"Not make use of it?"

"No, I do not think you will make that public," persisted Randall.

"Not make it public? do you think I care for your reputation or your company?" Clinton asked, excitedly.

"No, but I think you care for your own reputation."

"H'mph," muttered Clinton.

"I believe, Clinton, you're an honest man. In fact, I know you are. I believe you'll remain one. I honor you for it. I know you've stood one professional test, which I shouldn't expect to apply to many members of the bar and see them refuse the offer made to you. I wish you were fighting for us instead of against us. But I believe, from the bottom of my heart, that you will never fight unless you can do so fairly. And you know, as well as anyone, that after the manner in which you obtained that paper, these are neither fair nor honest means."

"It doesn't lie in the mouth of the President of the General Pneumatic Power Company to prate about fair or honest means," Clinton replied, with some warmth, as he flushed at Mr. Randall's accusation.

"However that may be, Clinton," was the reply, "I am confident you'll not make any use of any piece of evidence obtained by fraud—yes, sir," as he saw Clinton rise as if to interrupt him, "by fraud," and he brought his hand sharply upon his desk.

"I give you until ten o'clock to-morrow morning, Mr. Randall, to withdraw that bill," Clinton replied; "after that the ill-fame of you and your company shall ring through every town and city in this State. In this fight, if in no other, the People's interests shall be protected. Good-morning, sir." Clinton walked out the door. Mr. Randall sat back in his chair.

"I think I know my man," he murmured to himself, "and I do not believe he will use that piece of paper."

Clinton returned to his office feeling triumphant and yet at the same time distinctly uncomfortable. He tried to work at a brief; but could not drive his recollection of that interview out of his mind. Mr. Randall had said, "I know you are an honest man. I honor you for it. I

believe you will remain one." Clinton ran over again and again the arguments with which he had securely propped the course of action that he had fixed upon. He probably to this day does not fully understand the reasons which prompted him to write the following letter; but at five o'clock that afternoon he took up his pen and wrote these words:

NICHOLAS RANDALL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: I herewith enclose a sheet of paper with the name of a French work written in pencil on the back which was given me by Miss Randall yesterday afternoon apparently in the belief that it was a sheet of blank paper. I find that the other side contains certain memoranda which I presume relate to some business matter of yours and which may be of some value to you. As the paper was delivered to me undoubtedly by mistake, I take pleasure in returning the same to you, having copied off simply that which relates to the aforesaid French book.

Yours truly,

ROBERT CLINTON.

Then he went to his safe, took out a folded sheet of paper, and without reading it again enclosed it with the letter in an envelope, addressed the letter to 317 Lawrence Avenue rather than to Mr. Randall's business address, walked to the mail-shute, and dropped it in. As he did so he gave a bitter laugh. "That's the beginning of the end of my political career," he said to himself.

Fortune, however, was playing a tricky game with Robert Clinton. It happened that the next morning Mr. Randall woke up suffering so greatly with neuralgia in his forehead and eyes that it was manifestly impossible for him to go to his office. On ringing up his private clerk he found that the clerk also was detained at home by illness. And so it happened that for the first time in his life he asked his daughter to help him in his business and to open and read to him his morning mail, both that which came to his house and that sent down from the office.

After having read to him a large number of business letters containing technical expressions which she little understood, Eleanor Randall took up one letter and noticed, with great surprise and some curiosity, that it bore on the outside the words, "Return in 3 days to Robert Clinton, Attorney-at-Law, 783 City Bank Build-

ing." Wondering what communication he could have with her father, she opened it quickly and took out first a sheet of paper on which she recognized her own handwriting. As she unfolded it she saw there was writing on the other side, and supposing Clinton had written on the back, she read what was there. At first, she did not realize what the words meant. Then she took out the accompanying letter from the envelope and started to read it to her father. Mr. Randall, who had been moving uneasily in his chair as twinges of pain would seize him, had paid but little attention to the last few letters read to him. But the moment Eleanor let fall the first words of this letter he suddenly straightened up in his chair, and saying, roughly, "That's enough. I'll take care of that letter," he seized the letter and its enclosed paper out of her hand. As he took the latter, however, she had a chance to look again rapidly at the words and figures in red ink.

"You needn't bother any longer, Eleanor," her father said, in a voice that seemed to her to tremble a little, "I'll attend to the rest. You can go now."

When she returned to her own room, somewhat dazed by what had taken place, she ran over in her mind what was written on the paper. And then gradually there began to steal into her mind a faint idea of its significance. At first she would not admit that the possible meaning could be the true one. It was too terrible. "*Legislative expenses.*" That could mean any number of things. The names of men with figures attached, that might mean several things. But taken in connection with Mr. Clinton's conversation, with the statements which he had earnestly made and which she had as vigorously refused to accept, their probable meaning, nay their actual meaning, became only too clear. Why should her father have been so excited at recovering it if it were only a piece of a wholly innocent business transaction?

But if by any possibility it should have been the direct piece of evidence of which he had spoken so longingly, why had Mr. Clinton sent it back? Why had he not kept it and made forceful use of it?

Something, however, down deep in her heart told her that the man of whom she

was thinking was too honest to have taken advantage of the unconscious confidence she had placed in him when she unwittingly gave him the fateful sheet.

Before lunch-time she had made up her mind as to the facts, terrible as they were to her in their revelation of the part her own father was playing.

In the afternoon in the solitude again of her own room, as she sat trying to gain any comfort possible, there suddenly flashed into her mind the question she had asked of Clinton, "What can any of us do about it?"

He had said, and she was surprised to find how clearly and precisely his very words came back to her, "If you meet with dishonesty, even in your dearest friends, it is your duty, the duty which you owe to the State, not to overlook it—but to see that the law is enforced." And he had said, she also recalled, that a woman even could have some influence against the evils he was describing. "Her duty." A woman might well have a duty in a case like this. What was her duty? Clinton could not, or rather was too honest, too generous, to take advantage of this chance to preserve the public welfare. The chance now lay in her hands. Was it her duty to sacrifice her own father? What could she do? Or to whom could she go? As these thoughts passed through her mind she suddenly remembered that the present Governor of the State had been twice a guest at her house, at dinner a year ago. Might he not help her to do what was right?

On Monday morning Robert Clinton made his great speech in the House of Representatives against the Pneumatic Power Bill. It was eloquent, powerful, scathing, unanswerable; but to the disappointment of the sensational newspapers he made no direct charges of bribery against the company. He was complimented on his masterly effort by many prominent business men; and the leading journals praised it highly.

The lobbyists and the supporters of the bill, however, did not seem at all worried.

After that the course of the bill was so rapid and bewildering as to puzzle everyone. On Monday a vote was taken and the bill passed the House by a moderate

but safe majority. The result in the Senate was a foregone conclusion. Clinton accepted the result as definitive of his political career. He had staked all on winning the fight, and knew too well the temper of his constituents to believe that they would renominate him.

On Monday afternoon the Executive Messenger announced to the Private Secretary of the Governor that a lady who did not wish to give her name desired to see the Governor. The Private Secretary went into the outer lobby, and after a few minutes' conversation admitted a lady darkly veiled into the Executive Chamber, thus avoiding the crowd of newspaper reporters and importunate callers awaiting their chance in his own room. The lady's conference lasted twenty minutes. Then the Private Secretary was told that the Governor desired to see him.

"Will you kindly show this lady out by my private staircase, Mr. Mason," the Governor said. Mr. Mason bowed, and looked curiously at the handsome girl with the pale face and tense lips who stood watching the Governor's face.

When he returned, the Governor was pacing up and down the room. "Most extraordinary, a most extraordinary affair!" he was muttering; then seeing the Private Secretary, he said, "Mr. Mason, will you write to Nicholas Randall, the President of the General Pneumatic Power Company, and ask him to call at the Executive Chamber to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock."

Later that afternoon the Pneumatic Power Bill passed on second reading and was ordered to a third reading in the Senate.

At ten o'clock the next morning the Governor was in close consultation with two leading Senators, one an opponent, one a supporter, of the bill.

At eleven o'clock the professional politicians hanging around the lobbies were much excited at seeing the tall form of Mr. Nicholas Randall coming down the corridor and passing on into the Executive Chamber. Several members of the Legislature exchanged glances full of meaning. Two newspaper reporters hastened to dash off copy.

When Randall had received the note from the Private Secretary, he, of course,

had formed no idea of what the Governor desired to see him for. He came up to the State House jubilant at the success of his bill and confident of its future. The Governor's first words, however, chilled him, and later filled him with anger and terror. After three-quarters of an hour Randall came out of the Executive Chamber, pale, wild-eyed, and uncertain in his gait. He refused to say a word to the numerous reporters and legislators who surrounded him and besieged him with questions. Even to Senator Vogel, who was the leading supporter of the bill, he shook his head, when the Senator said, "Well, Nick, what did the Governor have to say?"

The following, in short, was what the Governor had had to say during that interview. He had told Randall that the General Pneumatic Power Bill must be withdrawn; that Randall might frame any excuse he desired for the withdrawal, but the withdrawal must occur; that although he, the Governor, was not of the same political faith as Randall, he had, up to yesterday, intended to give his signature to the bill; that, however, since yesterday, certain uncontrovertible facts had been brought to his attention, such evidence of bribery and corruption as would compel him to veto the bill if it should come to him for his signature; that he had promised the person who divulged the facts to conceal that person's name; that the disclosure had only been made by that person from the strongest sense of public duty and at the greatest sacrifice of personal feeling; that he, the Governor, would respect his pledge so far as it was compatible with his official oath, but that, if Mr. Randall insisted on pressing the bill, he would, in his veto, state the facts which had been disclosed to him, and that ~~he~~ he would lay the matter before the Legislature for investigation and before the Attorney-General for prosecution; that the evidence involved Mr. Randall himself as well as others; that he was well aware that this particular bit of evidence could not be obtained in a criminal court because Mr. Randall was not obliged to incriminate himself. If it were not for this fact the Governor would feel that he was failing in his duty not to press the matter at once criminally; that, however, he did not sup-

pose that Mr. Randall would desire an investigation to be made of all the facts, even if this particular bit of evidence could not be produced.

At this point Mr. Randall, who had listened with difficulty to what the Governor had been saying, had broken out in uncontrollable anger. "You need not try to shield your informant, Governor. I know him. It is that d——d scoundrel, Clinton."

The Governor had looked at him a moment in surprise. "My informant was not Mr. Clinton," he had replied, "neither was he any member of the Legislature. How much Mr. Clinton knows I have no idea, nor do I care. The evidence given to me comes from an entirely different source—such a source, Mr. Randall," he had continued, with impressive severity, "that I advise you from the bottom of my soul to believe in my informant's knowledge of the true facts—such a source that I advise you most earnestly to withdraw your bill before it is too late to save your reputation and to protect your family name. Your bill, I am told, comes up for a third reading at two o'clock this afternoon. You have two hours in which to consult your directors, your counsel, and your own conscience. Good-day, sir."

Randall hastened to the office of the company and locked himself in his private office. From what quarter this blow had come he could not conceive. It was perfectly plain to him, however, that there was but one course to pursue.

A little after two o'clock that afternoon the members of the Senate were given one of the greatest surprises in their existence when Senator Vogel rose from his seat, and dryly stated that, at the request of the General Pneumatic Power Company, House Bill No. 137 was withdrawn from the present consideration of the honorable Senate owing to a change in the plans of the company which rendered the passage of the bill in its present state unnecessary.

The rumor of this ran through the corridors of the State House. The lobbyists could not believe it possible. The newspaper men were all at sea.

Word was brought to Robert Clinton in the House of Representatives. He sat still as if stunned. He was aroused by a fellow-member who hastened up to congratu-

late him on this outcome of his fight. "But this isn't due to me," stammered Clinton.

"You'll get the credit of it all right," was the hearty reply.

That evening was a sober one in the Randall household. Mr. Randall had come home morose and irritable, and did not say a word during dinner. Although his wife was most curious to hear whether the bill in which her husband was so greatly interested had passed, she thought it wiser in his present frame of mind not to ask any questions.

After dinner Eleanor Randall took up the paper and read, in large type, the following headlines:

THE PNEUMATIC BILL PUNCTURED.—SHELVED AT THE REQUEST OF THE COMPANY.—THE REAL REASON UNKNOWN.—RUMORS OF BRIBERY AGAIN AFLOAT.—THE GOVERNOR HAD A HAND IN THIS.

Eleanor Randall leaned back in her chair and gave a little sigh, as she said to herself, "A woman can do her duty sometimes as well as a man. But he'll never know." And although she was filled with sorrow for her father's disappointment, and extremely desirous that the part she had taken should not be discovered by him, the "he" in her thoughts was Robert Clinton and not Nicholas Randall.

The General Pneumatic Power Bill was not brought up again during that session of the Legislature. It became an issue in the campaign of the succeeding fall, and Robert Clinton, speaking through his district upon that issue, was re-elected to the Legislature with ease. So large a number of opponents of the bill were also elected that the company clearly saw the futility of bringing it forward again; so that, as a political question, it was never revived.

Eight years after, Mrs. Henry Follard was taken down to dinner at Mrs. Noble's by the newly elected Governor—Governor Robert Clinton.

"You don't remember me, I fear," she said to him, "and yet it was at this house that we met." Governor Clinton looked searchingly at her.

"Pardon me," he said, "I confess I did not at first. But do you think I could forget permanently Miss Eleanor Randall?"

Do you think I could forget the first girl who ever pretended to be really interested in my life work ? ”

“ I think you were very successful in forgetting,” Eleanor Follard replied, slowly ; “ you never called again.”

The Governor paused, started to speak, then waited for several minutes. At last he said, very slowly and very seriously, “ No—I—never—called—again.”

“ And why didn’t you ? ” she asked, a little puzzled at his solemnity. “ It was not very flattering to me.”

“ I wish I could tell you,” he said, “ but you will never know why. I can only say that it was not from choice that I stayed away. It was from fate. But,” he added, “ if you will allow me now I shall only be too glad to make up for neglected opportunities.”

Eleanor Follard laughed. “ I am at home, Governor,” she said, “ every afternoon after five. And now tell me about yourself, and how you have reached your present position since I last saw you.” The Governor still looked preoccupied. Thoughts of the temptation, so long past, were surging in his mind.

“ Do you remember that bill which I was fighting when I last saw you ? ” he replied, with hesitation.

“ Yes, I think I do,” said Eleanor Follard, becoming in turn serious.

“ Well, that was my starting-point. The curious and unaccountable withdrawal of that bill by your father was somehow attributed to my efforts. I really had nothing

to do with it, you know, or rather you don’t know, because I suppose you had little knowledge of such things in those days.” Eleanor Follard smiled a little bitterly.

“ I think I knew a little about it,” she said.

“ Yes, I remember now. I believe that night eight years ago I did enlighten you in an unconsciously harsh way.”

“ Do you remember something else you said that night ? ” she suddenly asked. “ Do you remember telling me that a woman might have an influence in public matters ? ”

“ Yes,” said the Governor.

“ Do you remember my asking you if any woman had ever affected your life or your political actions ? ”

“ I think I do,” was the answer, “ and I believe I had to admit that no woman had done so.”

“ Well, Governor,” Mrs. Follard said, lightly, “ eight years have passed. Can you say the same thing now ? ”

Governor Clinton thought a moment. “ Yes,” he replied, “ it may seem ungracious, but I cannot recall that any woman has ever had anything to do with my political career.”

In after days, when Eleanor Follard noticed the respect, honor, and love in which the Governor was held by everyone, she found herself thinking, with mingled feelings of pride and of regret, “ And I made that man ! ”



A PERSONAL RETROSPECT OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

By W. D. Howells



IN some former papers printed elsewhere I have spoken of my earliest meetings with Lowell at Cambridge when I came to New England on a literary pilgrimage from the West in 1860. I saw him more and more after I went to live in Cambridge in 1866; and I now wish to record what I knew of him during the years that passed between this date and that of his death. If the portrait I shall try to paint does not seem a faithful likeness to others who knew him, I shall only claim that so he looked to me, at this moment and at that. If I do not keep myself quite out of the picture, what painter ever did?

I

It was in the summer of 1865 that I came home from my consular post at Venice, and went out from Boston to see Lowell at Elmwood and give him an inkstand that I had brought him from Italy. The bronze lobster, whose back opened and disclosed an inkpot and a sand-box, was quite ugly; but I thought it beautiful then, and if Lowell thought otherwise he never did anything to let me know it. He put the thing in the middle of his writing-table (he nearly always wrote on a pasteboard pad resting upon his knees) and there it remained as long as I knew the place—a matter of twenty-five years; but in all that time I suppose the inkpot continued as dry as the sand-box.

My visit was in the heat of August, which is as fervid in Cambridge as it can well be anywhere, and I still have a sense of his study windows lifted to the summer night, and the crickets and grasshoppers crying in at them from the lawns and the gardens outside. Other people went away from Cambridge in the summer to the sea

and to the mountains, but Lowell always stayed at Elmwood, in an impassioned love for his home and for his town. I must have found him there in the afternoon, and he must have made me sup with him (dinner was at two o'clock) and then go with him for a night of talk in his study. He liked to have someone help him idle the time away, and keep him as long as possible from his work; and no doubt I was impersonally serving his turn in this way, *à côté* from any pleasure he might have had in my company as someone he had always been kind to, and as a fresh arrival from the Italy dear to us both.

He lighted his pipe, and from the depths of his easy-chair invited my shy youth to all the ease it was capable of in his presence. It was not much; I loved him, and he had given me reason to think that he was fond of me, but I was always aware in him of an older and closer and stricter civilization, an unbroken tradition, a more authoritative status. His democracy was more of the head and mine more of the heart, and his denied the equality which mine affirmed. But his nature was so noble and his reason so tolerant that whenever in our long acquaintance I found it well to come to open rebellion, as I more than once did, he admitted my right of insurrection, and never resented the outbreak. He even suffered being taxed with inconsistency, and where he saw that he had not been quite just he would take punishment for his error, with a contrition that was sometimes humorous and always touching.

Just then it was the dark hour before the dawn with Italy, and he was interested but not much encouraged by what I could tell him of the feeling in Venice against the Austrians. He seemed to reserve a like scepticism concerning the fine things I was hoping for the Italians in literature, and he confessed an interest in the facts

treated which in the retrospect, I am aware, was more tolerant than participant of my enthusiasm. That was always Lowell's attitude toward the opinions of people he liked, when he could not go their lengths with them, and nothing was more characteristic of his affectionate nature and his just intelligence. He was a man of the most strenuous convictions, but he loved many sorts of people whose convictions he disagreed with, and he suffered even prejudices counter to his if they were not ignoble. In the whimsicalities of others he delighted as much as in his own.

II

OUR associations with Italy held over until the next day, when after breakfast he went with me toward Boston as far as "the village"; for so he liked to speak of Cambridge in the custom of his younger days when wide tracts of meadows separated Harvard Square from his home at Elmwood. We stood on the platform of the horse-car together, and when I objected to his paying my fare in the American fashion, he allowed that the Italian usage of each paying for himself was the politer way. He would not commit himself about my returning to Venice (for I had not given up my place yet, and was away on leave), but he intimated his distrust of the flattering conditions of life abroad. He said it was charming to be treated *da signore*, but he seemed to doubt whether it was well; and in this, as in all other things, he showed his final fealty to the American ideal.

It was that serious and great moment after the successful close of the Civil War when the republican consciousness was more robust in us than ever before or since; but I cannot recall any reference to the historical interest of the time in Lowell's talk. It had been all about literature and about travel; and now, with the suggestion of the word village, it began to be a little about his youth. I have said before how reluctant he was to let his youth go from him; and perhaps the touch with my juniority had made him realize how near he was to fifty, and set him thinking of the past which had sor-

rows in it to age him beyond his years. He would never speak of these, though he often spoke of the past. He told once of having been a brief journey when he was six years old, with his father, and of driving up to the gate of Elmwood in the evening, and his father saying, "Ah, this is a pleasant place! I wonder who lives here—what little boy!" At another time he pointed out a certain window in his study, and said he could see himself standing by it when he could only get his chin on the window-sill. His memories of the house, and of everything belonging to it, were very tender; but he could laugh over an escapade of his youth when he helped his fellow-students pull down his father's fences, in the pure zeal of good-comradeship.

III

My fortunes took me to New York, and I spent most of the winter of 1865-66 writing in the office of *The Nation*. I contributed several sketches of Italian travel to that paper; and one of these brought me a precious letter from Lowell. He praised my sketch, which he said he had read without the least notion who had written it, and he wanted me to feel the full value of such an impersonal pleasure in it. At the same time he did not fail to tell me that he disliked some pseudo-cynical verses of mine which he had read in another place; and I believe it was then that he bade me "sweat the Heine out of" me, "as men sweat the mercury out of their bones."

When I was asked to be assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and came on to Boston to talk the matter over with the publishers, I went out to Cambridge and consulted Lowell. He strongly urged me to take the position (I thought myself hopefully placed in New York on *The Nation*); and at the same time he seemed to have it on his heart to say that he had recommended someone else for it, never, he owned, having thought of me.

He was most cordial, but after I came to live in Cambridge (where the magazine was printed, and I could more conveniently look over the proofs), he did not call on me for more than a month, and seemed quite to have forgotten me. We

met one night at Mr. Norton's, for one of the Dante readings, and he took no special notice of me till I happened to say something that offered him a chance to give me a little humorous snub. I was speaking of a paper in the magazine on the Claudian Emissary, and I demanded (no doubt a little too airily) something like "Who in the world ever heard of the Claudian Emissary?" "*You are in Cambridge*, Mr. Howells," Lowell answered, and laughed at my confusion. Having put me down, he seemed to soften toward me, and at parting he said, with a light of half-mocking tenderness in his beautiful eyes, "Good - night, fellow-townsmen." "I hardly knew we were fellow-townsmen," I returned. He liked that, apparently, and said he had been meaning to call upon me, and that he was coming very soon.

He was as good as his word, and after that hardly a week of any kind of weather passed but he mounted the steps to the door of the little house in which I lived, two miles away from him, and asked me to walk. These walks continued, I suppose, until Lowell went abroad for a winter in the early seventies. They took us all over Cambridge, which he knew and loved every inch of, and led us afield through the straggling, unhandsome outskirts, bedrabbled with squalid Irish neighborhoods, and fraying off into marshes and salt meadows. He liked to indulge an excess of admiration for the local landscape, and though I never heard him profess a preference for the Charles River flats to the finest Alpine scenery, I could well believe he would do so under provocation of a fit listener's surprise. He had always so much of the boy in him that he liked to tease the over-serious or over-sincere. He liked to tease and he liked to mock, especially his juniors, if any touch of affectation or any little exuberance of manner gave him the chance; when he once came to fetch me, and the young mistress of the house entered with a certain excessive elasticity, he sprang from his seat, and minced toward her, with a burlesque of her buoyant carriage—which made her laugh. When he had given us his heart in trust of ours, he used us like a younger brother and sister, or like his own children. He included our

children in his affection, and he enjoyed our fondness for them as if it were something that had come back to him from his own youth. I think he had also a sort of artistic, a sort of ethical pleasure in it, as being of the good tradition, of the old honest, simple material, from which pleasing effects in literature and civilization were wrought. He liked giving the children books, and writing tricky fancies in these, where he masked as a fairy prince; and as long as he lived he remembered his early kindness for them.

IV

IN those walks of ours I believe he did most of the talking, and from his talk then and at other times there remains to me an impression of his growing conservatism. I had in fact come into his life when it had spent its impulse toward positive reform, and I was to be witness of its increasing tendency toward the negative sort. He was quite past the storm and stress of his anti-slavery age; with the close of the war which had broken for him all his ideals of inviolable peace, he had reached the age of misgiving. I do not mean that I ever heard him express doubt of what he had helped to do, or regret for what he had done; but I know that he viewed with critical anxiety what other men were doing with the accomplished facts. His anxiety gave a cast of what one may call reluctance from the political situation, and turned him back toward those civic and social defences which he had once seemed willing to abandon. I do not mean that he lost faith in democracy; this faith he constantly then and signally afterward affirmed; but he certainly had no longer any faith in insubordination as a means of grace. He preached a quite Socratic reverence for law, as law, and I remember that once when I had got back from Canada in the usual disgust for the American custom-house, and spoke lightly of smuggling as not an evil in itself, and perhaps even a right under our vexatious tariff, he would not have it, but held that the illegality of the act made it a moral offence. This was not the logic that would have justified the attitude of the anti-slavery men

toward the fugitive-slave act ; but it was in accord with Lowell's feeling about John Brown, whom he honored while always condemning his violation of law ; and it was in the line of all his later thinking. In this, he wished you to agree with him, or at least he wished to make you ; but he did not wish you to be more of his mind than he was himself. In one of those squalid Irish neighborhoods I confessed a grudge (a mean and cruel grudge, I now think it) for the increasing presence of that race among us, but this did not please him ; and I am sure that whatever misgiving he had as to the future of America, he would not have had it less than it had been the refuge and opportunity of the poor of any race or color. Yet he would not have had it this alone. There was a line in his poem on Agassiz which he left out of the printed version, at the fervent entreaty of his friends, as saying too bitterly his disappointment with his country. Writing at the distance of Europe, and with America in the perspective which the alien environment clouded, he spoke of her as "the Land of Broken Promise." It was a splendid reproach, but perhaps too dramatic to bear the full test of analysis, and yet it had the truth in it, and might, I think, have usefully stood, to the end of making people think. Undoubtedly it expressed his sense of the case, and in the same measure it would now express that of many who love their country most among us. It is well to hold one's country to her promises, and if there are any who think she is forgetting them it is their duty to say so, even to the point of bitter accusation. I do not suppose it was the "common man" of Lincoln's dream that Lowell thought America was unfaithful to, though as I have suggested he could be tender of the common man's hopes in her ; but he was impeaching in that blotted line her sincerity with the uncommon man : the man who had expected of her a constancy to the ideals of her youth and to the high martyr-moods of the war which had given an unguarded and bewildering freedom to a race of slaves. He was thinking of the shame of our municipal corruptions, the debased quality of our national statesmanship, the decadence of our whole civic tone, rather than of the

increasing disabilities of the hard-working poor, though his heart when he thought of them was with them, too, as it was in "the times when the slave would not let him sleep."

He spoke very rarely of those times, perhaps because their political and social associations were so knit up with the saddest and tenderest personal memories, which it was still anguish to touch. Not only was he

not of the race

That hawk their sorrows in the market-place,

but so far as my witness went he shrank from mention of them. I do not remember ever hearing him speak of the young wife who influenced him so potently at the most vital moment, and turned him from his whole scholarly and aristocratic tradition to an impassioned championship of the oppressed ; and he never spoke of the children he had lost. I recall but one allusion to the days when he was fighting the anti-slavery battle along the whole line, and this was with a humorous relish of his Irish servant's disgust in having to wait upon a negro whom he had asked to his table.

He was rather severe in his notions of the subordination his domestics owed him. They were "to do as they were bid," and yet he had a tenderness for such as had been any time with him, which was wounded when once a hired man long in his employ greedily overreached him in a certain transaction. He complained of that with a simple grief for the man's indelicacy after so many favors from him, rather than with any resentment. His hauteur toward his dependents was theoretic ; his actual behavior was of the gentle consideration common among Americans of good breeding ; and that recreant hired man had no doubt never been suffered to exceed him in shows of mutual politeness. Often when the maid was about weightier matters, he came and opened his door to me himself, welcoming me with the smile that was like no other. Sometimes he said, "*Siete il benvenuto*," or used some other Italian phrase, which put me at ease with him in the region where we were most at home together. Looking back I must confess that I do not see what it was he found to make him

wish for my company, which he presently insisted upon having once a week at dinner. After the meal we turned into his study where we sat before a wood fire in winter, and he smoked and talked. He smoked a pipe which was always needing tobacco or going out, so that I have the figure of him before my eyes constantly getting out of his deep chair to rekindle it from the fire with a paper lighter. He was often out of his chair to get a book from the shelves that lined the walls, either for a passage which he wished to read or for some disputed point which he wished to settle. If I had caused the dispute, he enjoyed putting me in the wrong; if he could not, he sometimes whimsically persisted in his error, in defiance of all authority; but mostly he had such reverence for the truth that he would not question it even in jest.

If I dropped in upon him in the afternoon I was apt to find him reading the old French poets, or the plays of Calderon, or the "*Divina Commedia*," which he magnanimously supposed me much better acquainted with than I was because I knew some passages of it by heart. One day I came in quoting—

Io son, cantava, io son dolce Sirena,
Che i marinai in mezzo al mar dismago.

He stared at me in a rapture with the matchless music, and then uttered his adoration and despair in one word. "Damn!" he said, and no more. I believe he instantly proposed a walk that day, as if his study-walls, with all their vistas into the great literatures, cramped his soul liberated to a sense of ineffable beauty by the verse of the *sommo poeta*. But commonly he preferred to have me sit down with him there among the mute witnesses of the larger part of his life. As I have suggested in my own case, it did not matter much whether you brought anything to the feast or not. If he liked you he liked being with you, not for what he got, but for what he gave. He was fond of one man whom I recall as the most silent man I ever met. I never heard him say anything, not even a dull thing, but Lowell delighted in him, and would have you believe that he was full of quaint humor.

V

WHILE Lowell lived there was a superstition which has perhaps survived him, that he was an indolent man, wasting himself in barren studies and minor efforts instead of devoting his great powers to some monumental work worthy of them. If the robust body of literature, both poetry and prose, which lives after him does not yet correct this vain delusion, the time will come when it must; and in the meantime the delusion cannot vex him now. I think it did vex him, then, and that he even shared it, and tried at times to meet such shadowy claim as it had. One of the things that people urged upon him was to write some sort of story, and it is known how he attempted this in verse. It is less known that he attempted it in prose, and that he went so far as to write the first chapter of a novel. He read this to me, and though I praised it then, I have a feeling now that if he had finished the novel it would have been a failure. "But I shall never finish it," he sighed as if he felt irremediable defects in it, and laid the manuscript away, to turn and light his pipe. It was a rather old-fashioned study of a whimsical character, and it did not arrive anywhere, so far as it went; but I believe that it might have been different with a Yankee story in verse such as we have fragmentarily in "*The Noon-ing*" and "*FitzAdam's Story*." Still, his gift was essentially lyrical and meditative, with the universal New England tendency to allegory. He was wholly undramatic in the actuation of the characters which he imagined so dramatically. He liked to deal with his subject at first hands and to indulge, through himself, all the whim and fancy which the more dramatic talent indulges through its fictitious personages.

He enjoyed writing such a poem as "*The Cathedral*," which is not of his best, but which is more immediately himself, in all his moods, than some better poems. He read it to me soon after it was written, and in the long walk which we went hard upon the reading (our way led us through the Port far toward East Cambridge, where he wished to show me a tupelo-tree of his acquaintance, because I said I had

never seen one), his talk was still of the poem which he was greatly in conceit of. Later his satisfaction with it received a check from the reserves of other friends concerning some humorous lines which seemed to them too great a drop from the higher moods of the piece. Their reluctance nettled him; perhaps he agreed with them; but he could not change his lines, and they stand as he first wrote them. In fact most of his lines stand as he first wrote them; he would often change them in revision, and then in a second revision go back to the first version.

He was very sensitive to criticism, especially from those he valued through his head or heart. He would try to hide his hurt, and he would not let you speak of it, as though your sympathy unmanned him, but you could see that he suffered. This notably happened in my remembrance from a review in a journal which he greatly esteemed; and once when in a notice of my own I had put one little thorny point among the flowers, he confessed a puncture from it. He praised the criticism hardily, but I knew that he winced under my recognition of the didactic quality which he had not quite guarded himself against in the poetry otherwise praised. He liked your liking, and he openly rejoiced in it; and I suppose he made himself believe that in trying his verse with his friends he was testing it; but I do not believe that he was, and I do not think that he ever corrected his judgment by theirs, however he suffered from it.

In any matter that concerned literary morals he was more than eager to profit by another eye. One summer he sent me for the magazine a poem which, when I read it, I trembled to find in motive almost exactly like one we had lately printed by another writer. There was nothing for it but to call his attention to the resemblance, and I went over to Elmwood with the two poems. He was not at home, and I was obliged to leave the poems, I suppose with some sort of note, for the next morning's post brought me a delicious letter from him, all one cry of confession, the most complete, the most ample. He did not trouble himself to say that his poem was an unconscious

reproduction of the other; that was for every reason unnecessary, but he had at once rewritten it upon wholly different lines; and I do not think any reader was reminded of Mrs. Akers's "Among the Laurels" by Lowell's "Foot-path." He was not only much more sensitive of others' rights than his own, but, in spite of a certain severity in him, he was most tenderly regardful of their sensibilities when he imagined them: he did not always imagine them.

VI

AT this period, between the years 1866 and 1874, when he unwillingly went abroad for a twelvemonth, Lowell was seen in very few Cambridge houses, and in still fewer Boston houses. He was not an unsocial man, but he was most distinctly not a society man. He loved chiefly the companionship of books, and of men who loved books; but of women generally he had an amusing diffidence; he revered them and honored them, but he would rather not have had them about. This is oversaying it, of course, but the truth is in what I say. There was never a more devoted husband, and he was content to let his devotion to the sex end with that. He especially could not abide difference of opinion in women; he valued their taste, their wit, their humor, but he would have none of their reason. I was by one day when he was arguing a point with one of his nieces, and after it had gone on for some time, and the impartial witness must have owned that she was getting the better of him, he closed the controversy by giving her a great kiss, with the words, "You are a very good girl, my dear," and practically putting her out of the room. As to women of the flirtatious type, he did not dislike them; no man, perhaps, does; but he feared them, and he said that with them there was but one way, and that was to run.

I have a notion that at this period Lowell was more freely and fully himself than at any other. The passions and impulses of his younger manhood had mellowed, the sorrows of that time had softened; he could blamelessly live to himself in his affections and his sobered

ideals. His was always a duteous life ; but he had pretty well given up making man over in his own image, as we all wish some time to do, and then no longer wish it. He fulfilled his obligations to his fellow-men, as these sought him out, but he had ceased to seek them. He loved his friends and their love, but he had apparently no desire to enlarge their circle. It was that hour of civic suspense, in which public men seemed still actuated by unselfish aims, and one not essentially a politician might contentedly wait to see what would come of their doing their best. At any rate, without occasionally withholding open criticism or acclaim Lowell waited among his books for the wounds of the war to heal themselves, and the nation to begin her healthfuller and nobler life. With slavery gone, what might not one expect of American democracy !

His life at Elmwood was of an entire simplicity. In the old colonial mansion in which he was born, he dwelt in the embowering leafage, amid the quiet of lawns and garden-plots broken by few noises ruder than those from the elms and the syringas where

The oriole clattered and the cat-bird sang.

From the tracks on Brattle Street, came the drowsy tinkle of horse-car bells ; and sometimes a funeral trailed its black length past the corner of his grounds, and lost itself from sight under the shadows of the willows that hid Mount Auburn from his study windows. In the winter the deep New England snows kept their purity in the stretch of meadow behind the house, which a double row of pines guarded in a domestic privacy. All was of a modest dignity within and without the house, which Lowell loved but did not imagine of a manorial presence ; he could not conceal his annoyance with an over-enthusiastic account of his home in which the simple chiselling of some panels was vaunted as rich wood-carving. There was a graceful staircase, and a good wide hall, from which the dining-room and drawing-room opened by opposite doors ; behind the last, in the southwest corner of the house, was his study.

There, literally, he lived during the six

or seven years in which I knew him after my coming to Cambridge. Summer and winter he sat there among his books, seldom stirring abroad by day except for a walk, and by night yet more rarely. He went to the monthly mid-day dinner of the Saturday Club in Boston ; he was very constant at the fortnightly meetings of his whist club, because he loved the old friends who formed it ; he always came to the Dante suppers at Longfellow's, and he was familiar in and out at Mr. Norton's, of course. But otherwise he kept to his study, except for some rare and almost unwilling absences upon university lecturing at Johns Hopkins or at Cornell.

For four years I did not take any summer outing from Cambridge myself, and my associations with Elmwood and with Lowell are more of summer than of winter weather meetings. But often we went our walks through the snows, trudging along between the horse-car tracks which enclosed the only well-broken-out paths in that simple old Cambridge. I date one memorable expression of his from such a walk, when, as we were passing Longfellow's house, in mid-street, he came as near the declaration of his religious faith as he ever did in my presence. He was speaking of the New Testament, and he said the truth was in it ; but " They had covered it up with their hagiology." Though he had been bred a Unitarian, and had more and more liberated himself from all creeds, he humorously affected an abiding belief in hell, and similarly contended for the eternal punishment of the wicked. He was of a religious nature, and he was very reverent of other people's religious feelings ; he expressed a special tolerance for my own inherited faith, no doubt because Mrs. Lowell was also a Swedenborgian ; but I do not think he was interested in it, and I suspect that all religious formulations bored him. In his earlier poems are many intimations and affirmations of belief in an overruling providence, and especially in the God who declares vengeance His and will repay men for their evil deeds, and will right the weak against the strong. I think he never quite lost this, though when in the last years of his life I asked him if he believed there was a moral government of

the universe, he answered gravely and with a sort of pain. "The scale was so vast, and we saw such a little part of it."

As to the notion of a life after death, I never had any direct or indirect expression from him; but I incline to the opinion that his hold upon this weakened with his years, as it is sadly apt to do with men who have read much and thought much. Mystical Lowell was, as every poet must be, but I do not think he liked mystery. One morning he told me that when he came home the night before and had seen the *Doppelgänger* of one of his household: though, as he joked, he was not in a state to see double. He then said he used often to see people's *Doppelgänger*; at another time, as to ghosts, he said, he was like Coleridge: he had seen too many of 'em. Lest any weaker brethren should be caused to offend by the restricted oath which I have reported him using in a moment of transport it may be best to note here that I never heard him use any other imprecation, and this one seldom.

Any grossness of speech was inconceivable of him; now and then, but only very rarely, the human nature of some story "unmeet for ladies" was too much for his sense of humor, and overcame him with amusement which he was willing to impart, and did impart, but so that mainly the human nature of it reached you. In this he was like the other great Cambridge men, though he was opener than the others to contact with the commoner life. He keenly delighted in every native and novel turn of phrase, and he would not undervalue a vital word or notion picked up out of the road even if it had some mud sticking to it.

He kept as close to the common life as a man of his patrician instincts and cloistered habits could. I could go to him with any new find about it sure of delighting him; after I began making my involuntary and all but unconscious studies of Yankee character, especially in the country, he was always glad to talk them over with me. Still, when I had discovered a new accent or turn of speech in the fields he had cultivated, I was aware of a subtle grudge mingling with his pleasure; but this was less envy than a fine regret.

At the time I speak of there was certainly nothing in Lowell's dress or bearing that would have kept the common life aloof from him, if that life were not always too proud to make advances to anyone. In this retrospect, I see him in the sack coat and rough suit which he wore upon all outdoor occasions, with heavy shoes and a round hat. I never saw him with a high hat on till he came home after his diplomatic stay in London; then he had become rather rigorously correct in his costume, and as conventional as he had formerly been indifferent. In both epochs he was apt to be gloved, and the strong, broad hands, which left the sensation of their vigor for some time after they had clasped yours, were notably white. At the earlier period, he still wore his auburn hair somewhat long; it was darker than his beard, which was branching and full, and more straw-colored than auburn, as were his thick eyebrows; neither hair nor beard was then touched with gray, as I now remember. When he uncovered, his straight, wide, white forehead showed itself one of the most beautiful that could be; his eyes were gay with humor and alert with all intelligence. He had an enchanting smile, a laugh that was full of friendly joyousness and a voice that was exquisite music. Everything about him expressed his strenuous physical condition: he would not wear an overcoat in the coldest Cambridge weather; at all times he moved vigorously, and walked with a quick step, lifting his feet well from the ground.

VII

It gives me a pleasure which I am afraid I cannot impart, to linger in this effort to materialize his presence from the fading memories of the past. I am afraid I can as little impart a due sense of what he spiritually was to my knowledge. It avails nothing for me to say that I think no man of my years and desert had ever so true and constant a friend. He was both younger and older than I by inasmuch as he was a poet through and through, and had been out of college before I was born. But he had already come to the age of self-distrust when a man likes to take counsel with his juniors

as with his elders, and fancies he can correct his perspective by the test of their fresher vision. Besides, Lowell was most simply and pathetically reluctant to part with youth, and was willing to cling to it wherever he found it. He could not in any wise bear to be left out. When Mr. Bret Harte came to Cambridge, and the talk was all of the brilliant character-poems with which he had then first dazzled the world, Lowell casually said, with a most touching, however ungrounded sense of obsolescence, "He could remember when the Biglow Papers were all the talk." I need not declare that there was nothing ungenerous in that. He was only too ready to hand down his laurels to a younger man; but he wished to do it himself. Through the modesty that is always a quality of such a nature, he was magnanimously sensitive to the appearance of fading interest; he could not take it otherwise than as a proof of his fading power. I had a curious hint of this when, one year in making up the prospectus of the magazine for the next, I omitted his name because I had nothing special to promise from him, and because I was half ashamed to be always flourishing it in the eyes of our public. "I see that you have dropped me this year," he wrote, and I could see that it had hurt, and I knew that he was glad to believe the truth when I told him.

He did not care so much for popularity as for the praise of his friends. If he liked you he wished you not only to like what he wrote, but to say so. He was himself most cordial in his recognition of the things that pleased him. What happened to me from him, happened to others, and I am only describing his common habit when I say that nothing I did to his liking failed to bring me a spoken or oftener a written acknowledgment. This continued to the latest years of his life when the effort to give pleasure must have cost him a physical pang.

He was of a very catholic taste; and he was apt to be carried away by a little touch of life or humor, and to overvalue the piece in which he found it; but mainly his judgments of letters and men were just. One of the dangers of scholarship was a peculiar danger in the Cambridge keeping, but Lowell was almost as averse

as Longfellow from contempt. He could snub, and pitilessly, where he thought there was presumption, and apparently sometimes merely because he was in the mood; but I cannot remember ever to have heard him sneer. He was often wonderfully patient of tiresome people, and sometimes celestially insensible to vulgarity. In spite of his reserve he really wished people to like him; he was keenly alive to neighborly good-will or ill-will; and when there was a question of widening Elmwood Avenue by taking part of his grounds, he was deeply hurt by hearing that someone who lived near him had said he hoped the city would cut down Lowell's elms—his English elms, which his father had planted, and with which he was himself almost one blood!

VIII

IN the period of which I am speaking, Lowell was constantly writing and pretty constantly printing, though still the superstition held that he was an idle man. To this time belongs the publication of some of his finest poems, if not their inception: there were cases in which their inception dated far back, even to ten or twenty years. He wrote his poems at a heat, and the manuscript which came to me for the magazine was usually the first draft, very little corrected. But if the cold fit took him quickly it might hold him so fast that he would leave the poem in abeyance till he could slowly live back to a liking for it.

The most of his best prose belongs to the time between 1866 and 1874, and to this time we owe the several volumes of essays and criticisms called "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows." He wished to name these more soberly, but at the urgency of his publishers he gave them titles which they thought would be attractive to the public, though he felt that they took from the dignity of his work. He was not a good business man in a literary way; he submitted to others' judgment in all such matters. I doubt if he ever put a price upon anything he sold, and I dare say he was usually surprised at the largeness of the price paid him; but sometimes if his need was for a larger sum, he thought it too little, with-

out reference to former payments. This happened with a long poem in the *Atlantic*, which I had urged the counting-room authorities to deal handsomely with him for. I did not know how many hundred they gave him, and when I met him I ventured to express the hope that the publishers had done their part. He held up four fingers, "*Quattro*," he said, in Italian, and then added, with a disappointment which he tried to smile away, "I thought they might have made it *cinque*."

Between me and me I thought *quattro* very well, but probably Lowell had in mind some end which *cinque* would have fitted better. It was pretty sure to be an unselfish end, a pleasure to someone dear to him, a gift that he had wished to make. Long afterward when I had been the means of getting him *cinque* for a poem one-tenth the length, he spoke of the payment to me. "It came very handily; I had been wanting to give—a watch."

I do not believe at any time Lowell was able to deal with money

Like wealthy men, not knowing what they give.

More probably he felt a sacredness in the money got by literature, which the literary man never quite rids himself of, even when he is not a poet, and which made him wish to dedicate it to something finer than the every-day uses. He lived very quietly, but he had by no means more than he needed to live upon, and at that time he had pecuniary losses. He was writing hard, and was doing full work in his Harvard professorship, and he was so far dependent upon his salary that he felt its absence for the year he went abroad. I do not know quite how to express my sense of something unworldly, of something almost womanlike, in his relation to money.

He was not only generous of money, but he was generous of himself, when he thought he could be of use, or merely of encouragement. He came all the way into Boston to hear certain lectures of mine on the Italian poets, which he could not have found either edifying or amusing, that he might testify his interest in me, and show other people that they were worth coming to. He would go care-

fully over a poem with me, word by word, and criticise every turn of phrase, and after all be magnanimously tolerant of my sticking to phrasings that he disliked. In a certain line,

The silvern chords of the piano trembled,

he objected to *silvern*. Why not silver? I alleged leathern, golden, and like adjectives in defence of my word; but still he found an affectation in it, and suffered it to stand with extreme reluctance. Another line of another piece—

And what she would, would rather that she would
not—

he would by no means suffer. He said that the stress falling on the last word made it "public-school English," and he mocked it with the answer a maid had lately given him when he asked if the master of the house was at home: "No, sir, he is *not*," when she ought to have said, "No, sir, he *isn't*." He was appeased when I came back the next day with the stanza amended so that the verse could read,

And what she would would rather she would not
so—

but I fancy he never quite forgave my word *silvern*. Yet, as I have noted in a former paper, he professed not to have prejudices in such matters, but to use any word that served his turn, without wincing; and he certainly did use and defend words, as *undisprivacied* and *disnatured*, that made others wince.

He was otherwise such a stickler for the best diction that he would not have had me use slovenly vernacular even in the dialogue in my stories: my characters must not say they *wanted* to do so and so, but *wished*, and the like. In a copy of one of my books which I found him reading, I saw he had corrected my erring Western *woulds* and *shoulds*; as he grew old he was less and less able to restrain himself from setting people right to their faces. Once, in the vast area of my ignorance, he specified my small acquaintance with a certain period of English poetry, saying, "You're rather shady there, old fellow." But he would not have had me too learned, holding that he

had himself been hurt for literature by his scholarship.

His patience in analyzing my work with me might have been the easy effort of his habit of teaching; and his willingness to give himself and his own was, no doubt, more signally attested in his asking a brother man of letters who wished to work up a subject in the college library, to stay a fortnight in his house, and to share his study, his beloved study, with him. This must truly have cost him dear, as any author of fixed habits will understand. Happily the man of letters was a good fellow, and knew how to prize the favor done him, but if he had been otherwise, it would have been the same to Lowell. He not only endured, but did many things for the weaker brethren, which were amusing enough to one in the secret of his inward revolt. Yet in these things he was considerate also of the editor whom he might have made the sharer of his self-sacrifice, and he seldom offered me manuscripts for others. The only real burden of the kind that he put upon me was the diary of a Virginian who had travelled in New England during the early thirties, and had set down his impressions of men and manners there. It began charmingly, and went on very well under Lowell's discreet pruning, but after awhile he seemed to fall in love with the character of the diarist so much that he could not bear to cut anything.

IX

HE had a great tenderness for the broken and ruined South, whose sins he felt that he had had his share in visiting upon her, and he was willing to do what he could to ease her sorrows in the case of any particular Southerner. He could not help looking askance upon the dramatic shows of retribution which some of the Northern politicians were working, but with all his misgivings he continued to act with the Republican Party until after the election of Hayes; he was away from the country during the Garfield campaign. He was in fact one of the Massachusetts electors chosen by the Republican majority in 1876, and in that most painful hour when there was question of the policy and justice of counting Hayes in for the presi-

dency, it was suggested by some of Lowell's friends that he should use the original right of the electors under the Constitution, and vote for Tilden, whom one vote would have chosen President over Hayes. After he had cast his vote for Hayes, he quietly referred to the matter one day, in the moment of lighting his pipe, with perhaps the faintest trace of indignation in his tone. He said that whatever the first intent of the Constitution was, usage had made the presidential electors strictly the instruments of the party which chose them, and that for him to have voted for Tilden when he had been chosen to vote for Hayes would have been an act of bad faith.

He would have resumed for me all the old kindness of our relations before the recent year of his absence, but this had inevitably worked a little estrangement. He had at least lost the habit of me, and that says much in such matters. He was not so perfectly at rest in the Cambridge environment; in certain indefinable ways it did not so entirely suffice him, though he would have been then and always the last to allow this. I imagine his friends realized, more than he, that certain delicate but vital filaments of attachment had frayed and parted in the alien air, and left him heart-loose, as he had not been before.

I do not know whether it crossed his mind after the election of Hayes that he might be offered some place abroad, but it certainly crossed the minds of some of his friends, and I could not feel that I was acting for myself alone when I used a family connection with the President, very early in his term, to let him know that I believed Lowell would accept a diplomatic mission. I could assure him that I was writing wholly without Lowell's privity or authority, and I got back such a letter as I could wish in its delicate sense of the situation. The President said that he had already thought of offering Lowell something, and he gave me the pleasure, a pleasure beyond any other I could imagine, of asking Lowell whether he would accept the mission to Austria. I lost no time in carrying his letter to Elmwood, where I found Lowell over his coffee after dinner. He saw me at the threshold, and called to me through the open door to come in, and I handed him

the letter, and sat down at table while he ran it through. When he had read it, he gave a quick "Ah!" and threw it over the length of the table to Mrs. Lowell. She read it in a smiling and loyal reticence, as if she would not say one word of all she might wish to say in urging his acceptance, though I could see that she was intensely eager for it. The whole situation was of a perfect New England character in its tacit significance; after Lowell had taken his coffee we turned into his study, without further allusion to the matter.

A day or two later he came to my house to say that he could not accept the Austrian mission, and to ask me to tell the President so for him and make his acknowledgments, which he would also write himself. He remained talking a little while of other things, and when he rose to go he said, with a sigh of vague reluctance, "I *should* like to see a play of Calderon," as if it had nothing to do with any wish of his that could still be fulfilled. "Upon this hint I acted," and in due time it was found in Washington that the gentleman who had been offered the Spanish mission would as lief go to Austria, and Lowell was sent to Madrid.

X

WHEN we met in London, seven years later, he came almost every afternoon to my lodging, and the story of our old-time Cambridge walks began again in London phrases. There were not the vacant lots and outlying fields of his native place, but we made shift with the vast, simple parks, and we walked on the grass as we could not have done in an American park, and were glad to feel the earth under our feet. I said how much it was like those earlier tramps; and that pleased him, for he wished, whenever a thing delighted him, to find a Cambridge quality in it.

But he was in love with everything English, and was determined I should be so too, beginning with the English weather, which in summer cannot be overpraised. He carried, of course, an umbrella, but he would not put it up in the light showers that caught us at times, saying that the English rain never wetted

you. The thick, short turf delighted him; he would scarcely allow that the trees were the worse for foliage blighted by a vile easterly storm in the spring of that year. The tender air, the delicate veils that the moisture in it cast about all objects at the least remove, the soft colors of the flowers, the dull blue of the low sky showing through the rifts of the dirty white clouds, the hovering pall of London smoke, were all dear to him, and he was anxious that I should not lose anything of their charm.

He was anxious that I should not miss the value of anything in England, and while he admitted that the aristocracy had the corruptions of aristocracies everywhere, he insisted upon my respectful interest in it because it was so historical. Perhaps there was a touch of irony in this demand, but it is certain that he was very happy in England. 'He had come of the age when a man likes smooth, warm keeping, in which he need make no struggle for his comfort; disciplined and obsequious service; society, perfectly ascertained within the larger society which we call civilization; and in an alien environment, for which he was in no wise responsible, he could have these without a pang of the self-reproach which at home makes a man unhappy amidst his luxuries, when he considers their cost to others. He had a position which forbade thought of unfairness in the conditions; he must not wake because of the slave, it was his duty to sleep. Besides, at that time Lowell needed all the rest he could get, for he had lately passed through trials such as break the strength of men and bow them with premature age. He was living alone in his little house in Lowndes Square, and Mrs. Lowell was slowly recovering from the effects of the terrible typhus which she had barely survived in Madrid. He was yet so near the anguish of that experience that he told me he had still in his nerves the expectation of a certain agonized cry from her which used to rend them. But he said he had adjusted himself to this, and he went on to speak, with a patience which was more affecting in him than in men of more phlegmatic temperament, of how we were able to adjust ourselves to all our trials and to the constant presence of pain. He said he was

never free of a certain distress, which was often a sharp pang, in one of his shoulders, but his physique had established such relations with it that though he was never unconscious of it he was able to endure it without a recognition of it as suffering.

He seemed to me, however, very well, and at his age of sixty-three I could not see that he was less alert and vigorous than he was when I first knew him in Cambridge. He had the same brisk, light step, and though his beard was well whitened and his auburn hair had grown ashen through the red, his face had the freshness and his eyes the clearness of a young man's. I suppose the novelty of his life kept him from thinking about his years; or perhaps in contact with those great, insenscent Englishmen, he could not feel himself old. At any rate he did not once speak of age, as he used to do ten years earlier, and I, then half through my forties, was still a "young dog" to him. It was a bright and cheerful renewal of the early kindness between us, on which indeed there had never been a shadow, except such as distance throws. He wished apparently to do everything he could to assure us of his personal interest; and we were amused to find him nervously apprehensive of any purpose, such as was far from us, to profit by him officially. He betrayed a distinct relief when he found we were not going to come upon him even for admissions to the houses of Parliament, which we were to see by means of an English acquaintance. He had not perhaps found some other fellow-citizens so considerate; he dreaded the half-duties of his place, like presentations to the Queen, and complained of the cheap ambitions he had to gratify in that way.

He was so eager to have me like England in every way, and seemed so fond of the English, that I thought it best to ask him whether he minded my quoting, in a paper about Lexington, which I was just then going to print in a London magazine, some humorous lines of his expressing the mounting satisfaction of an imaginary Yankee story-teller who has the old fight terminate in Lord Percy's coming

To hammer stone for life in Concord jail.

It had occurred to me that it might possibly embarrass him to have this patriotic picture presented to a public which could not take our Fourth of July pleasure in it, and I offered to suppress it, as I did afterward quite for literary reasons. He said, "No, let it stand, and let them make the worst of it;" and I fancy that much of his success with a people who are not gingerly with other people's sensibilities came from the frankness with which he trampled on their prejudices when he chose. He said he always told them, when there was question of such things, that the best society he had ever known was in Cambridge, Mass. He contended that the best English was spoken there; and so it was, when he spoke it.

We were in London out of the season, and he was sorry that he could not have me meet some titles who, he declared, had found pleasure in my books; when we returned from Italy in the following June, he was prompt to do me this honor. I dare say he wished me to feel it to its last implication, and I did my best, but there was nothing in the evening I enjoyed so much as his coming up to Mrs. Lowell, at the close, when there was only a title or two left, and saying to her, as he would have said to her at Elmwood, where she would have personally planned it, "Fanny, that was a fine dinner you gave us." Of course, this was in a tender burlesque; but it remains the supreme impression of what seemed to me a cloudlessly happy time for Lowell. His wife was quite recovered of her long suffering, and was again at the head of his house, sharing in his pleasures, and enjoying his successes for his sake: successes so great that people spoke of him seriously, as "an addition to society" in London, where one man more or less seemed like a drop in the sea. She was a woman perfectly of the New England type and tradition: almost repellantly shy at first, and almost glacially cold with new acquaintance, but afterward very sweet and cordial. She was of a dark beauty, with a regular face of the Spanish outline; Lowell was of an ideal manner toward her, and of an admiration which delicately burlesqued itself and which she knew how to receive with smiling irony. After her death, which occurred while he was still in England,

he never spoke of her to me, though he used to be always bringing her name in, with a young, lover-like fondness.

XI

IN the hurry of the London season I did not see so much of Lowell on our second sojourn as on our first, but once when we were alone in his study, there was a return to the terms of the old meetings in Cambridge. He smoked his pipe, and sat by his fire and philosophized; and but for the great London sea swirling outside and bursting through our shelter, and dashing him with notes that must be instantly answered, it was a very fair image of the past. He wanted to tell me about his coachman, whom he had got at on his human side with great liking and amusement, and there was a patient gentleness in his manner with the footman who had to keep coming in upon him with those notes which was like the echo of his young faith in the equality of men. But he always distinguished between the simple unconscious equality of the ordinary American and its assumption by a foreigner. He said he did not mind such an American's coming into his house with his hat on; but if a German or Englishman did it, he wanted to knock it off. He was apt to be rather punctilious in his shows of deference toward others, and at one time he practised removing his own hat when he went into shops in Cambridge. It must have mystified the Cambridge salesmen, and I doubt if he kept it up.

With reference to the doctrine of his young poetry, the fierce and the tender humanity of his storm and stress period, I fancy a kind of baffle in Lowell, which I should not, perhaps, find it easy to prove. I never knew him by word or hint to renounce this doctrine, but he could not come to seventy years without having seen many high hopes fade, and known many inspired prophecies fail. When we have done our best to make the world over, we are apt to be dismayed by finding it in much the old shape. As he said of the moral government of the universe, the scale is so vast, and a little difference, a little change for the better, is

scarcely perceptible to the eager consciousness of the wholesale reformer. But with whatever sense of disappointment, of doubt as to his own deeds for truer freedom and for better conditions, I believe his sympathy was still with those who had some heart for hoping and striving. I am sure that though he did not agree with me in some of my own later notions for the redemption of the race, he did not like me the less but rather the more because (to my own great surprise, I confess) I had now and then the courage of my convictions, both literary and social.

He was probably most at odds with me in regard to my theories of fiction, though he persisted in declaring his pleasure in my own fiction. He was in fact, by nature and tradition, thoroughly romantic, and he could not or would not suffer realism in any but a friend. He steadfastly refused even to read the Russian masters, to his immense loss, as I tried to persuade him; and even among the modern Spaniards, for whom he might have had a sort of personal kindness from his love of Cervantes, he chose one for his praise the least worthy of it, and bore me down with his heavier metal in argument when I opposed to Alarcon's factitiousness the delightful genuineness of Valdés. Ibsen, with all the Norwegians, he put far from him; he would no more know them than the Russians; the French naturalists he abhorred. I thought him all wrong, but you do not try improving your elders when they have come to three score and ten years, and I would rather have had his affection unbroken by our difference of opinion than a perfect agreement. Where he even imagined that this difference could work me harm, he was anxious to have me know that he meant me none; and he was at the trouble to write me a letter when a Boston paper had perverted its report of what he said in a public lecture to my disadvantage, and to assure me that he had not me in mind. When once he had given his liking, he could not bear that any shadow of change should seem to have come upon him. He had a most beautiful and endearing ideal of friendship; he desired to affirm it and to reaffirm it as often as occasion offered, and if occasion did not offer, he made

occasion. It did not matter what you said or did that contraried him ; if he thought he had essentially divined you, you were still the same ; and on his part he was by no means exacting of equal demonstration, but seemed not even to wish it.

XII

AFTER he was replaced at London by a minister more immediately representative of the Democratic administration, he came home. He made a brave show of not caring to have remained away, but in truth he had become very fond of England, where he had made so many friends, and where the distinction he had, in that comfortably padded environment, was so agreeable to him. It would have been like him to have secretly hoped that the new President might keep him in London, but he never betrayed any ignoble disappointment, and he would not join in any blame of him. At our first meeting after he came home he spoke of the movement which had made Mr. Cleveland President, and said he supposed that if he had been here, he should have been in it. All his friends were, he added, a little helplessly ; but he seemed not to dislike my saying I knew one of his friends who was not : in fact, as I have told, he never disliked a plump difference—unless he disliked the differer.

For several years he went back to England every summer, and it was not until he took up his abode at Elmwood again that he spent a whole year at home. One winter he passed at his sister's home in Boston, but mostly he lived with his daughter at Southborough. I have heard a story of his going to Elmwood soon after his return in 1885, and sitting down in his old study, where he declared, with tears, that the place was full of ghosts. But four or five years later it was well for family reasons that he should live there ; and about the same time it happened that I had taken a house for the summer in his neighborhood. He came to see me, and to assure me, in all tacit forms, of his sympathy in a sorrow for which there could be no help ; but it was not possible that the old intimate relations should be resumed. The affection was there, as

much on his side as on mine, I believe ; but he was now an old man and I was an elderly man, and we could not without insincerity approach each other in the things that had drawn us together in earlier and happier years. His course was run ; my own, in which he had taken such a generous pleasure, could scarcely move his jaded interest. His life, so far as it remained to him, had renewed itself in other air ; the later friendships beyond seas sufficed him, and were without the pang, without the effort that must attend the knitting up of frayed ties here.

He could never have been anything but American, if he had tried, and he certainly never tried ; but he certainly did not return to the outward simplicities of his life as I first knew it. There was no more round-hat-and-sack-coat business for him ; he wore a frock and a high hat, and whatever else was rather like London than Cambridge ; I do not know but drab gaiters sometimes added to the effect of a gentleman of the old school which he now produced upon the witness. Some fastidiousnesses showed themselves in him, which were not so surprising. He complained of the American lower class manner ; the conductor and cabman would be kind to you, but they would not be respectful, and he could not see the fun of this in the old way. Early in our acquaintance he rather stupefied me by saying, "I like you because you don't put your hands on me," and I heard of his consenting to some sort of reception in those last years, "Yes, if they won't shake hands."

Ever since his visit to Rome in 1875 he had let his heavy mustache grow long till it drooped below the corners of his beard, which was now almost white ; his face had lost the ruddy hue so characteristic of him. I fancy he was then ailing with premonitions of the disorder which a few years later proved mortal, but he still bore himself with sufficient vigor, and he walked the distance between his house and mine, though once when I missed his visit the family reported that after he came in he sat a long time with scarcely a word, as if too weary to talk. That winter, I went into Boston to live, and I saw him only at infrequent intervals, when I could go out to Elmwood. At such times I found him

sitting in the room which was formerly the drawing-room, but which had been joined with his study by taking away the partitions beside the heavy mass of the old colonial chimney. He told me that when he was a new-born babe, the nurse had carried him round this chimney, for luck, and now in front of the same hearth, the white old man stretched himself in an easy-chair, with his writing-pad on his knees and his books on the table at his elbow, and was willing to be entreated not to rise. I remember the sun used to come in at the eastern windows full pour, and bathe the air with its warmth.

He always hailed me gayly, and if I found him with letters newly come from England, as I sometimes did, he glowed and sparkled with fresh life. He wanted to read passages from those letters, he wanted to talk about their writers, and to make me feel their worth and charm as he did. He still dreamed of going back to England the next summer, but that was not to be. One day he received me not less gayly than usual, but with a certain excitement, and began to tell me about an odd experience he had had, not at all painful, but which had very much mystified him. He had since seen the doctor, and the doctor had assured him that there was nothing alarming in what had happened, and in recalling this assurance, he began to look at the humorous aspects of the case, and to make some jokes about it. He wished to talk of it, as men do of their maladies, and very fully, and I gave him such proof of my interest as even inviting him to talk of it would convey. In spite of the doctor's assurance, and his joyful acceptance of it, I doubt if at the bottom of his heart there was not the stir of an uneasy misgiving; but he had not for a long time shown himself so cheerful.

It was the beginning of the end. He recovered and relapsed, and recovered again; but never for long. Late in the spring I came out, and he had me stay to dinner, which was somehow as it used to be at two o'clock; and after dinner we went out on his lawn. He got a long-handled spud, and tried to grub up some dandelions which he found in his turf, but after a moment or two he threw it down, and put his hand upon his back with a groan. I did not see him again till I came

out to take leave of him before going away for the summer, and then I found him on the little porch in a western corner of his house, with a volume of Scott closed upon his finger. There were some other people, and our meeting was with the constraint of their presence. It was natural in nothing so much as his saying, very significantly to me, as if he knew of my heresies concerning Scott, and would have me know he did not approve of them, that there was nothing he now found so much pleasure in as Scott's novels. Another friend, equally heretical, was by, but neither of us attempted to gainsay him. He talked very little, but he told of having been a walk to Beaver Brook, and of having wished to jump from one stone to another in the stream, and of having had to give it up. He said, without completing the sentence, "If it had come to *that* with him!" Then he fell silent again; and with some vain talk of seeing him again when I came back in the fall, I went away sick at heart. I was not to see him again, and I shall not look upon his like.

I am aware that I have here shown him from this point and that in a series of sketches which perhaps successively impart, but which do not assemble, his character in one impression. He did not, indeed, make one impression upon me, but a thousand impressions, which I should seek in vain to embody in a single presentment. What I have cloudily before me is the vision of a very lofty and simple soul, perplexed, and as it were surprised and even dismayed, at the complexity effects from motives so single, but escaping always to a clear expression of what was noblest and loveliest in itself at the supreme moments, in the divine exigencies. I believe neither in heroes nor in saints; but I believe in great and good men, and among such men Lowell was the richest nature I have known. His nature was not always serene and pellucid; it was sometimes roiled by the currents that counter and cross in all of us; but it was without the least alloy of insincerity, and it was never darkened by the shadow of a selfish fear. His genius was an instrument that responded in affluent harmony to the power that made him a humorist and that made him a poet, and appointed him rarely to be quite either alone.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE French have long been fond of calling us Anglo-Saxons hypocrites ; which compliment we return by calling them shameless. Of course, in treating of such matters as racial traits, one has to speak in sweeping generalities, admitting all possible individual exceptions on both sides. This much should be premised.

Cynisme *vs.*
Hypocrisy. Hypocrisy is a vice which has probably as few admirers as any in the list ; but what contempt we Anglo-Saxons may have for it is as nothing compared to the horror with which the French find it convenient to regard it. In a Frenchman's eyes it is *anathema maranatha*, the one unpardonable sin. This mental attitude of his is, after all, not unnatural.

The Frenchman is nothing if not logical ; he is so both by instinct and by education. To his perception the most disreputable product of a civilized brain is a lame syllogism. Indeed, it is not going too far to say that his instinct for logic is the dominant one of his whole nature, the only one which he allows himself to follow unreservedly ; all other instincts he is prone to distrust and examine critically, until he has proved to his own satisfaction that they are logically defensible. In the matter of sound premises he may be less careful ; but his logic (as such) is irrefragable, and he positively deifies it.

To his acute logical sense any discrepancy that may exist between a man's principles and his actions is, *per se*, ridiculous. For, says he, if your principles are logical—which they must be, else you are no rational being at all—your practice must necessarily be illogical, if it does not accord with them ; and to act illogically is to act foolishly, nay, criminally. To establish perfect harmony between his practice and his principles is, accordingly, his great ethical aim in life. Now, we all know that to do this, when principles are of adamantine rigidity, demands more self-denial than is always pleasant ; and the Frenchman very acutely sees that the desired accord can be brought about far more conveniently by making concessions on both sides, especially on the side

where it will cause the least friction ; he sees that, if Principle is not absolutely a mountain, but something more flexible and elastic, it can be made to meet the Mahomet of Practice half way. So, when he finds it too onerous to pin down his practice to exact conformity with rigid principles, he can, with considerably less trouble, make his elastic principles agree with his practice—and the logic of life will have been satisfied.

Having thus satisfied his logical needs, by bringing his principles and practice into harmonious agreement, our Frenchman naturally finds it illogical to be in any way ashamed of the latter. Neither does he deem it logical to condemn in others what he excuses in himself. He is, accordingly, perfectly frank about all he does, firm in the conviction that his actions, no matter how base or intrinsically blameworthy, are strictly logical, and that their inherent logic will be as keenly appreciated by his fellows as by himself—and this is all he really cares about. He thus finds hypocritical concealment utterly superfluous, his temptation to hypocrisy is null ; and this is perhaps one reason for his adding an extra touch of acerbity to the general contempt for this vice, because he can safely condemn it in others, without the uncomfortable eventuality of being called into court himself.

We Anglo-Saxons, on the other hand, instinctively look upon the matter from a diametrically opposite point of view. To our perception strict logic is not a thing of life-and-death importance ; indeed, we incline to distrust it as a guide (either ethical or practical) in life. We recognize that the strict logician is ever a slave to his premises ; and as in this imperfect world, premises are never entirely sound, all logical deduction from them must lead to a false result. The usefulness of the strict logician's reasoning is vitiated by the unavoidable unsoundness of his premises ; whereas the illogical man, reasoning a-wrong from unsound premises, has at least a chance of coming out right. So, for strict logic we have no very overwhelming respect ; but for rigid principles

we have, and hold them to be matters of too vital import to be safely tampered with. It seems at times as if we inclined to impute to fixity and purity of principle something of the saving grace which the Roman Catholic imputes to divinely revealed dogma. To us it is a thing of ethical value in itself. I do not mean to say that it actually is this; but our instinct to regard it as such is unquestionable.

Now, if, as sometimes happens, our power of self-denial is insufficient to enable us to live practically up to our principles, we doubtless deplore the discrepancy quite as sincerely as the Frenchman. But not for his reason; its lack of logic does not trouble us half so much as its indicating a falling-short of an established ideal. Neither can we satisfy ourselves with that peculiar logic by which he so cleverly juggles the discrepancy out of sight and eliminates it. We are consequently ashamed of it, in our heart of hearts; and, should the only feasible way of obliterating it—by modifying our practice until it conforms with our principles—prove too onerous for our slight power of self-denial, we seek refuge in secrecy and say as little about it as possible, although we do not always find it indispensable to be equally reticent about the shortcomings of others. This is what the Frenchman—and with no little justice, too—calls our hypocrisy. Which hypocrisy seems to him not only damnable but essentially ludicrous; for he can see no logic at all in that last feeble unction we lay to our souls; that we have not allowed the imperfection of our practice to cast a stain upon the purity of our principles.

Yet, if there is justice in this charge of hypocrisy the Frenchman brings against us, may it not also have something of the boomerang in it? Is there not, in the last analysis, a certain amount of hypocrisy underlying that nonchalant frankness of his, of which he claims to be so proud, and the lack of which in us he so severely condemns? It

seems to me, at least, that, unless a man's devotion to logic has completely blinded him to the value of sound premises, he must see that the artificial accord he has established between his principles and his practice—by making the latter the constant, and the former the variable, in his life's formula—is fundamentally false and ethically worthless. For one of his premises is evidently unsound. His assumption that complete harmony between principles and practice is, of itself, sufficient to solve the ethical problem is untenable. It ignores the fact that, although it is most true that the exact agreement of practice with principle is of the highest ethical value, the converse proposition is not true at all. The agreement of principle with practice is ethically valueless. And I leave it to the Frenchman himself to lay his hand upon his heart and solemnly swear that he is not conscious of this. If he is, he is in a bad way; for consciously reasoning from weak premises is no more nor less than sophistry; and, in so able a logician as the Frenchman undoubtedly is, sophistry is dangerously akin to hypocrisy. The two are so alike that it is futile to distinguish between them.

And herein really lies the Frenchman's hypocrisy; of a far more subtle sort than ours. What is worse he cannot admit it, as we can ours; if he did, all the vaunted logic of his life's formula would vanish at once into thin air, and he would have no ground (ethical or otherwise) left to stand on. His formula *pêche par la base*, sins at the base. And, he being logically unable to admit this, his only available resource is to carry the war into the enemy's country, rail at our hypocrisy, and, should we retort, face us down with an effrontery so completely and inalienably his own that it takes a French word adequately to designate it, with ungarnished *cynisme*. Between this *cynisme* of his and our hypocrisy anyone is free to choose.

THE FIELD OF ART

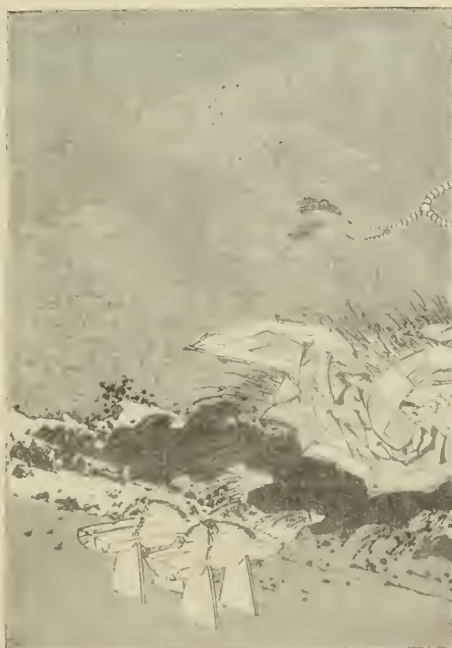
A STUDY IN JAPANESE PERSPECTIVE.

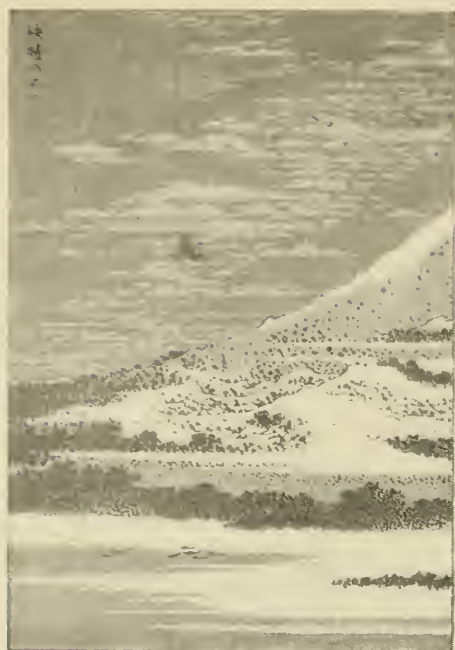
THERE is nothing more axiomatic than that if an object is twice as far away it will appear half the size; indeed, we may epitomize the laws of perspective by saying that distance and apparent size are in exact inverse proportion. And yet, though the artists of Japan preserve this relation, it is commonly said that they know nothing of perspective. It is true, they do not make parallel lines "vanish" in their drawings; and this seems to us a serious defect. Possibly there is a spot in the Eastern retina which is blind, and *it is the particular spot in which we are very sensitive*. If we may say that perspective consists in making lines which are parallel to each other in nature approach each other in our drawings, then the Japanese know nothing of perspective. It is not well, however, to be hasty in making conclusions; deaf people sometimes hear whispers.

The European system of perspective, it would seem, was made especially for the rendering of these parallel lines, and in order to accomplish this, we take one "point of sight" for all the architectural lines in our picture, though for each figure an individual "point of sight" is used. This is the evident difference between the Japanese method and ours; they not only take an individual "point of sight" for each figure, but they do likewise for each line. And before taking exception to their method, it may be well to recall words of a distinguished authority of our own on the subject. Professor William R. Ware tells us that

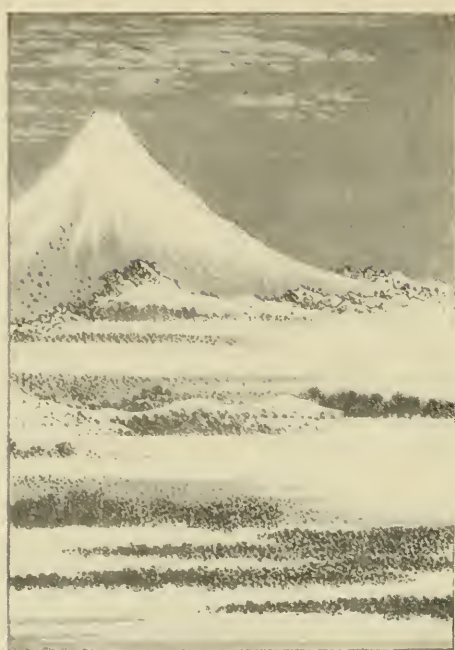
"by the very theory of perspective only the object just opposite, seen along the axis of the picture, just at its centre, is drawn as it looks. Everything else, so to speak, is distorted. . . . This distortion is inevitable, and every object in a perspective drawing, except the one at the centre, is always distorted." This being so, the desire to move that "centre" about (and by "centre" Professor Ware, of course, refers to "point of sight") is not so irrational. Why not have as many points of accuracy as possible?

Since the especial strength of our system may be said to be in the rendering of buildings (Professor Ware says, "Any treatise on perspective is of course mainly directed to meet the wants of the architect"), and the evident weakness of the Japanese method seems to be at just this point, if we confine the art exclusively to the use of the architect, discretion should need but little assistance in choosing. But the painter "sees through" quite as truly as his architectural brother. Mr. La Farge says: "You know that what you see is translated to you by some effect of colored light, and you know that that effect is placed within certain laws of arrangement which we study out in





11

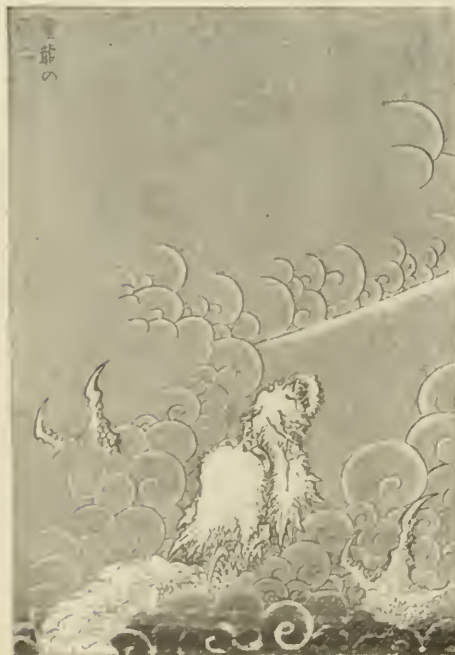


some cases and call perspective." He also tells us that our way of looking at things is composition. "For a rough example," he says, "in looking at a waterfall, we choose some place whence we can feel the under curve, and the masses of the upper water, their curves and breaking, and the return curves of the splashing water. . . . So that it might be said we compose in our very way of looking at nature, without ever thinking of any copy, any imitation of this appearance of nature in art."

You see, when we walk about the waterfall we are really composing, and, of course, "what we see is placed within certain laws of arrangement" which we call perspective.

resented" is called inverse perspective, we might get an insight into Hokūsai's ability by testing some of his drawings by this inverse process.

The picture of the venerable priest (Fig. 1) brings us at once face to face with a delightful evidence of his perspicacity. If the cloud forms which we there see were above the spectator's eyes, the larger forms would be at the top of the picture, and they would gradually lessen in size as they receded toward the horizon; but the larger forms are in the lower part of the sky and lessen in size as they go to the upper part of the picture; so we know that our eyes must be above the clouds; while the presence of the solid



13



So, when Hokūsai, the great Japanese artist, made his celebrated hundred views of the mountain Fuji, these laws were either used or violated. And since we know that "the art of interpreting pictures so as to ascertain the proper position of the eye, and the relative positions and forms of all the objects rep-

earth tells us that the priest must be on the mountain, since 'tis only mountain tops that are above the clouds. Without some such application of the laws of perspective we would simply have the picture of a priest seated on the ground, which would be very different from seeing him seated on the mountain top.

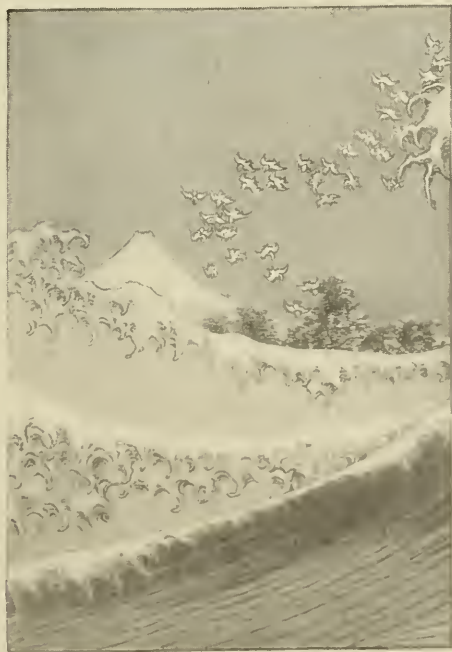
And the gen-

eral view of the mountain is taken from a considerable distance (Fig. 2); this we know, because the trees about the base are drawn very much of a size, though considerable distance separates them. If one tree appeared very much larger than another, which we knew to be approximately of the



same size, it would tell us we were near the larger tree, consistent with the general law of the inverse proportion of distance and size. Hokūsai presents us very respectfully to his beloved mountain at a distance, and it is his consummate knowledge of the art of perspective that enables him to do it so gracefully.

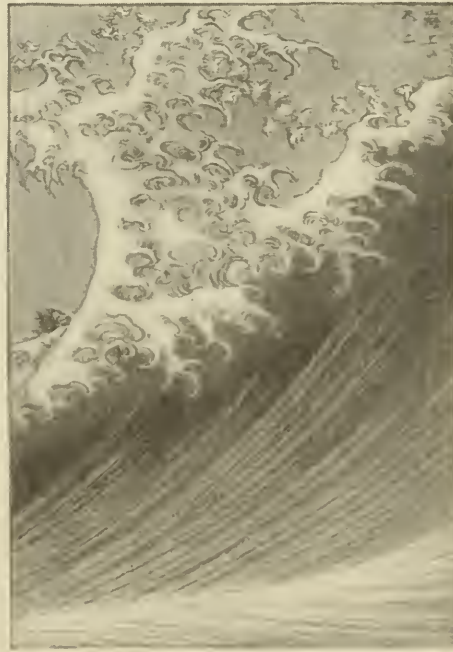
To the view of the dragon in the clouds near Fuji (Fig. 3) I am much indebted, for it recently gave a suggestion for the perspective points of a panel I was commissioned to paint. It was necessary to represent the thunders being from Jove, so my "point of sight" was taken up in the clouds as Hokūsai's was; Jove's eagle was shown in anger, and the first suggestion of Mount Olympus which Fuji made, was changed to a glimpse of Jove's palace in the clouds; while of course the earth below, which was suffering from the eagle's tantrums, would seem quite small. In this particular instance, certain of the laws of composition



IV

might very distinctly be called perspective, and I most certainly took the "points" from the great Japanese.

And can a more delightful instance be shown of an artist's use of the art of aerial perspective than we find in the picture of the mountain seen in a fog (Fig. 4)? By the relative sizes of the trees in the foreground and those on the mountain side we get a suggestion as to distance and station point, while the rapid diminution of clearness of detail in such comparatively short distance tells us unmistakably that we are looking at Fuji in a fog. If these further trees were very much smaller, which would indicate their greater distance from us, this indistinctness would



V



We know how the Caucasian uses two "points of sight" and marries his result without hindrance; Hokusai shows us how to use two horizon lines and join the result happily. In the drawing of the mountain seen through the two celebrated pine-trees, which growing togeth-

occur with the atmosphere in normal condition. Their *size* and *indistinctness*, tell us of the fog. We may not say that Hokusai knew this law of perspective in words, but we do know that the end of his brush was properly instructed, and actions speak louder than words.

And of the drawing of Fuji seen across the wave (Fig. 5). M. Edmond de Goncourt has said it might be called the prototype of those pictures which we now see so often, called "the wave." An inverting of its perspective will give us a "station point" very near the water level, and the comparative sizes of the waves, which we know to be very near each other, will tell us we are very close to the larger wave. Those of us that enjoy swimming will readily recognize the position.

er afford a bridge on which to build a little tea-house (Fig. 6), we know the eye must be above the top of the trees, otherwise the under side of the foliage would be seen. But the horizon of Fuji is in the lower part of the picture. Were it the same as that of the pines, we should lose completely the suggestion of height which we gain by seeing the clouds through the opening under the bridge.

But those parallel lines! It may be possible that the Japanese, naturally avoiding obtrusive rectangularity, lacks interest in its representation; while the Caucasian, having such an affection for that which can be drawn with the T square and triangle, as naturally perfects means of representing it. This intrudes, however, on the ground of the metapsychologist. W. B. VAN INGEN.

NOTE.—The double pictures which illustrate this article are from the three-volume work by Hokusai, Fugaku Hiaikei, "One Hundred Views of Fuji." Each half-picture occupies a page of the Japanese book; hence the two halves of each composition are divided by the joint and the double margin; and some students are accustomed to fold one of the leaves so as to bring the two halves close together, on occasion. Without this, the mind has to exert

itself to bring together the continuous lines of the composition. In European designs it is generally thought better to suppress a part of the picture, as when the mullion of a pictorial window replaces some details, and seems to cover and conceal what would otherwise occupy its place. European designers object to dislocation of the parts; but the Eastern imagination may be counted on to bring even these separated panels into one.



Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

SHE NODDED AND PUT HER FINGER TO HER LIPS AS A SIGN THAT HE MUST
BE CAUTIOUS.

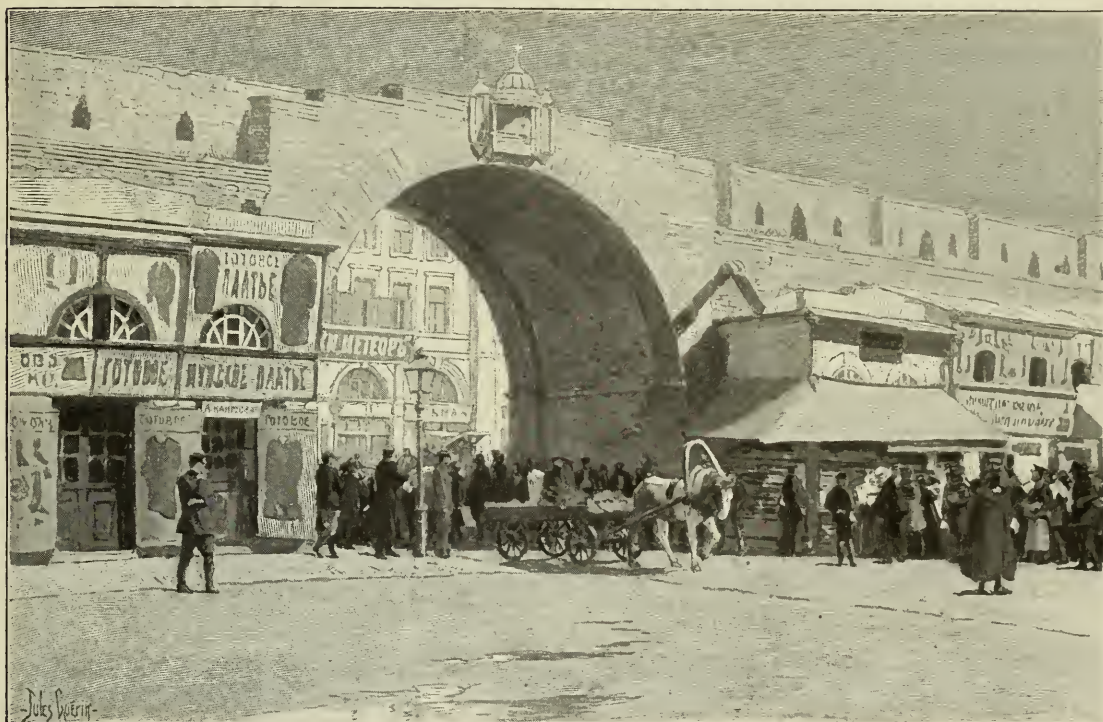
—"Tommy and Grizel," page 423.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII

OCTOBER, 1900

NO. 4



A Gate of the Old City, Moscow.

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN

I

THE TWO CAPITALS

RUSSIA !
What a flock of thoughts take wing as the word strikes the ear ! Does any word in any language, except the dear name of one's own land, mean as much to-day ?

What *is* Russia ? The unfettered, irresponsible, limitless, absolute rule of one man over a hundred millions of his fellows—is that it ? The *ikon* in the corner of every room where the language is spoken, the blue-domed basilica in every street of great cities, the long-haired

priests chanting in deep bass, the pedestrian ceaselessly crossing himself, the Holy Synod, whose God-given task it is to coerce or to cajole a heathen world to orthodoxy—is *that* Russia ? Or is it the society of the capital, speaking all languages, familiar with all literatures, practising every art, lapped in every luxury, esteeming manners more highly than morals ? Or is it the vast and nearly roadless country, where settlements are to distances like fly-specks to window-panes ; where the conveniences, the comforts and the decencies of civilization may be sought in vain outside the towns and away from the lines of railway ; where entire villages are the prey of unnamable disease ; where seven people

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out of every ten can neither read nor write ?

Siberia is Russia—five million square miles, in which whole countries are a quivering carpet of wild-flowers in spring, a rolling grain-field in autumn, an ice-bound waste in winter, stored full of every mineral, crossed by the longest railway in the world, and chiefly inhabited by a population of convicts and exiles.

Central Asia is Russia—a million and a half square miles of barren desert and irri-

from their borders, comes ever the same reply—

“ Who goes there ? ”

“ *Russia !* ”

A *troika* dashes down the Nevski Prospect, the horse in the shafts trotting desperately, the others galloping on either side, their heads bent outward. Over the housetops rise the five blue bulbous domes, like inverted balloons, that crown the church now standing where Alexander II.



The Fortress and Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Petersburg.

gated oasis, the most famous cities of Asia and the greatest river, a few years ago the hot-bed of Mussulman fanaticism, probably the cradle of the human race, and possibly the scene of its most fateful conflict.

The Eastern Question is—how will Russia try again to get Constantinople ? The Far Eastern Question is—will Russia succeed in dominating China ? The question of questions for the British Empire is—will Russia attempt to invade India ?

The Triple Alliance is a league against Russia. The Dual Alliance is Russia's reply. Russia called the nations to the Conference of Peace.

It would be easier to say what is *not* Russia. In world-affairs, wherever you turn you see Russia ; whenever you listen you hear her. She moves in every path ; she is mining in every claim. The “creeping murmur” of the world is her footfall—the “poring dark” is her veil. To the challenge of the nations, as they peer

fell. At the corner of the great bazaar is a little votive chapel to the saint who caused people to subscribe so liberally to rebuild the bazaar when it was burned, and as they pass, the well-to-do cross themselves and the poor doff their caps. All these are incongruities. They look as odd as a leather bottel would amid silver and cut-glass. They are bits of real Russia—St. Petersburg is a foreign city, and a hybrid one to boot. Any quarter of it would be at home in Paris or Potsdam or Pesth. Peter the Great built it in the Neva swamps as “a window toward Europe,” in Algarotti's memorable phrase ; and that is precisely what it remains. For a long time every educated Russian wished to make his country like western Europe ; he resented above all things being called uncivilized, and civilization meant to him French architecture and English manners. St. Petersburg is the embodiment of this wish. Provincial Russians still hugely admire their capital, but if it were to be re-



The Nevski Prospect, St. Petersburg.



The Kremlin, Moscow, from the Kamenny Bridge.

built now it would resemble Moscow and not Milan. The fashion of imitating the West has passed ; to-day to be patriotic is to be Russian, and so far from following the mode of the outside world, to wait confidently till the outside world shall learn that the Russian mode is better and shall lay aside its heathenism, its parliamentarianism, its socialism, the license it calls liberty, and all its other wickednesses, and walk in the only path of religious truth and social security. So to the Russian, St. Petersburg is no longer Russia, while to the visitor it is cosmopolitan and therefore, as a whole, uninteresting.

I say, as a whole, for the city of Peter the Great and all his successors cannot fail to contain many things to arrest the attention. Its churches, for example, are the most splendid of any modern churches in the world. In other countries cathedrals are magnificent through the faith and the munificence of men of old time ; here our contemporaries have set their creed in gold and gems. St. Isaac's Cathedral, from whose magnificent dome the best view of the city is obtained, whose gloom hides untold wealth upon its altars, whose four sides of great granite monoliths are

unsurpassed, and whose pillars of malachite and lapis lazuli are unapproached elsewhere, was consecrated the year in which I was born. A semicircular colonnade leads from the Nevski to the cathedral of our wonder-working Lady of Kazan, where the name of the Almighty blazes in diamonds, where half a ton of silver marks an outburst of Cossack piety, where pearls and sapphires seem to have no value, so lavishly are they strewed, and it dates from 1811. One church only, meagrely endowed in comparison, is profoundly rich in association. A spire like a needle rises almost from the Neva, and at its base are the heavy casemates where the water laps drearily forever at inscrutable dungeons behind. This is the island where Peter first established his camp, and where his original little log cabin, enclosed in protective roof and walls, still stands. The church and the dungeons are alike dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. All you can see of the prison whose name has been made a synonym of horror are the dank walls, the water-gate, and the long row of one-storied barracks inside. And it is useless to ask questions. Very few people know what passes within, and these few

never open their lips. But the horror has departed from this place, for nowadays prisoners of State are carried to the fortress of Schlüsselburg, also an island in the Neva, forty miles away. Concerning this prison absolute secrecy prevails. I made the acquaintance of an intimate relation of the Governor, and he assured me that never in the closest family talk had he ever heard a syllable concerning it. So far as silence goes, it is indeed a living grave, the stony replica of the closed lips of autocracy. But all the world may drive through the low red-brick gate of the citadel to the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, and gaze through its narrow gloom upon all the mouldering flags of conquered enemies and all the rusting keys of surrendered towns. These are but poor things, however, to what lies below them—the long rows of square white marble tombs, where, each under the same gilt cross and with nothing but a name to mark the difference, repose forever all the Tsars,

save one, of all the Russias, since Tsars and Russia were

Of this long line, two only impress their personality in St. Petersburg to-day. One, the first, the great Peter, who did everything, designed everything, foresaw everything. The other, the emancipator, whose blood stained the street nineteen years ago, impressive because of the contents of one little room. At the Hermitage, once Catharine's pavilion, but since 1850 the magnificent home of the world-famous collection of pictures, you may see Peter in his habit as he lived. A life-size wax portrait model, sitting in his own chair, dressed in the very clothes he wore, grasping the sword given to him by that deposed ruler of Poland once called "the strong," shows you his great height and his vigilant black eyes. In a glass case is the yellow charger he rode on that July day at Pultava when he founded Russia upon the ruins of Sweden, and beside it, almost as big—for the moth-eaten handi-



The Kremlin Square and Memorial of Alexander III., Moscow.



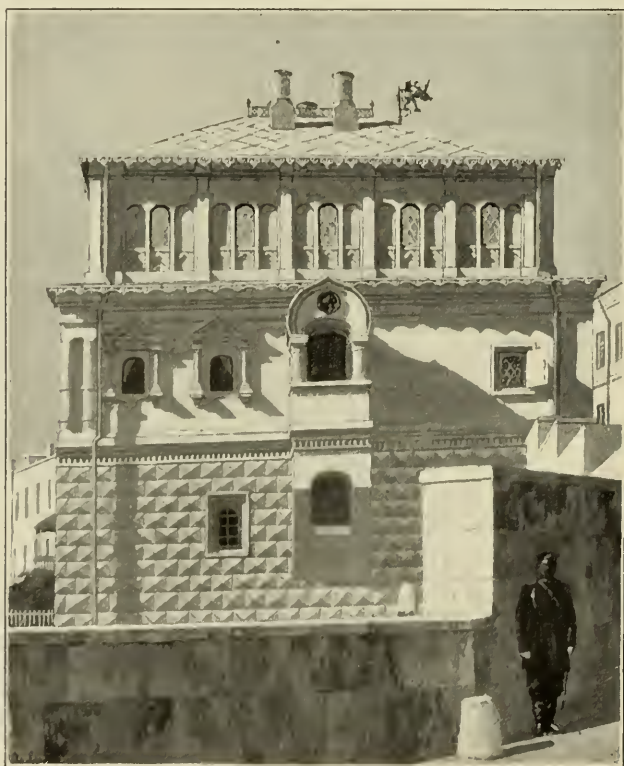
Gate and Chapel of the Old City, Moscow.

work of this early taxidermist must have shrunk pitifully since it bore that royal load—runs his favorite yellow hound. All around are hundreds of his instruments and lathes and tools, and the things those strong busy hands made with them. And an attendant, observing with pleased anticipation your great interest, selects from a group of walking-sticks his heavy iron staff, and catches it as it falls from your unready grasp, and then, placing a tall stick upright beside you, shows you the notch at Peter's height a foot above your head.

Since Peter the Great foresaw so many things, it is possible enough that when he crushed the aboriginal frogs of the Neva marshes beneath his heel he foresaw the Island Parks too. The Neva, with its broad, slow, silver flood, stealing to the sea by many ways, holds netted certain flat islands, called Kamennoi and Yelagin, in its watery strands, and these have been laid out and planted with an art which worked hand in hand with nature. The result is a series of parks, among which summer villas, called *datchas*, nestle and sandy roads wind fancifully, but all with an artlessness of which other European parks have lost the secret. But with what a prodigal-

ity it has been done, these smooth roads, these solid embankments to protect the edges of the lagoons, these miles of silver birches and furs and other graceful trees! Indeed, this is a reflection that rises often to one's lips in Russia, meaning not only what money—and money has always weltered forth—but what time, what labor, what tenacious clinging to an ideal seen afar off! Flying along these soft roads come the Russian horses, beautiful black stallions, flecked with white foam, driven with outstretched arms by a coachman of Gargantuan size in his wadded gown of blue cloth. He calls out as he goes, he leans over his beasts, his narrow waistbelt of eastern silk emphasizes his enormous girth, the reins, half of leather and half of blue or orange webbing, flap their buckled sides upon the horses' flanks—he scorns a whip. The master or mistress of all this sits firmly back in the

diminutive dark blue or green drosky—a light phaëton with tiny front wheels—and the big Orloff plunges forward, his wooden arched collar framing his proud head, his flowing tail streaming out behind—it is the most familiar sight in St. Petersburg and an exhilarating one.



The Home of the Romanoffs, Moscow.



The Cathedral of St. Basil the Beatified, Moscow—Sixteenth Century.

Napoleon ordered his soldiers to "destroy that Mosque," but they used it as a cavalry stable instead.

Suddenly, "B-r-r-r!" says the driver, the horse pulls up and you are at the Point, with one of the loveliest water-views in the world before you. From the end of the farthest island you gaze toward Kronstadt down the Neva, so shallow in her vast width that only a few yachts flutter across her breast, for the steamers may not venture out of a dredged channel between close-set buoys. After the green shade of the woods and the little eye-like pools looking out of their seclusion, the open of blue sky seems enormous, the water is a silver floor, and something in this peep into the infinite—it may be the tumble of opalescent clouds piled upon the horizon—reminds you of the other great water-view of Europe, down the Sea of Marmora. To my eye, the island parks of Petersburg—they are within half an hour of the centre of the city

—are the most beautiful town drive in Europe.

But though the Neva brings beauty, it brings misery, too. Along its quays in the populous parts of the city are thousands of cellar-dwellings, where the poor live. When a certain wind blows back from the sea the river rises and floods these tenements, and the wretched inhabitants have to forsake them till the water subsides, when they return with their bits of furniture to their reeking homes. A paternal government, however, thoughtfully causes a gun to be fired from the citadel when the river is rising, and its boom across the waters warns the cellar-dwellers to escape. St. Petersburg, it is perhaps needless to add, is an unhealthy place, damp and depressing, and in summer, when water is low and sewage is high, the canals with which it is intersect-

ed smell horribly. Only in winter, when damp and other evil things are frozen solid, is it bracing and clean, and even then, you must remember, that every window in every house is hermetically sealed.

The little room I have spoken of as conveying the impression of the second personality is in the Winter Palace. After endless marchings through the countless chambers, great and small, from the Throne Room to the private apartments of visiting royalties, which seem in almost all the palaces of continental Europe to have been designed by the same archi-

tect and furnished by the same upholsterer, the official with you knocks at a door and retires. The door is slowly opened by an old man with many medals. He is the keeper of the private apartments of Alexander II., which have been sacredly preserved exactly as he left them. On Sunday morning, March 13, 1881, the Tsar was writing in his room, smoking a cigarette. It was his custom to inspect some regiment on Sunday mornings, and on this day he was due at the parade of the marines in the Michael Riding School. Five times had the Nihilists tried to kill him, and at least twice they had nearly



Count Tolstoy at Home.

succeeded. They almost blew up the Imperial train, and they actually blew up the guard-room and dining-room of the Winter Palace and failed only because the Imperial dinner had been arranged

are his toilet articles—a plain small set of bottles and brushes, from a rusty morocco folding case, evidently bought in England before we invented the modern luxurious dressing-bag. It is all modest beyond belief, and the brushes are half worn. Here was a monarch who did not care to spend any of his incalculable wealth upon personal luxuries. The walls of the room are covered by bookcases, all quite full of books obviously read. Among them, just behind his chair, I noticed the two volumes of Drumont's *La France Juive*, showing signs of much hand-



for half an hour later than usual, in order that a royal visitor, Prince Alexander of Hesse, might be present. The air was once more full of terrorist threats, and the Tsar's son and heir and his most trusted adviser, begged him not to go to the inspection. But Alexander, brave and obstinate and fatalistic, was not to be deterred. He laid his half-smoked cigarette upon an ash-tray, picked up a loosely folded clean handkerchief from the table, slipped his little silver-plated, ivory-handled revolver into his pocket, buckled on his sword and left the room. An hour later he was carried back, fast bleeding to death, one leg shattered to the thigh, the other to the knee, and placed upon the narrow iron bed in the recess, and there he breathed his last.

As the room was, so it remains. The half-smoked cigarette lies upon the ash-tray in a glass tube. The little revolver lies before the mirror. Upon each of the tables and several of the chairs is a loosely folded clean handkerchief, for it was the Tsar's wish to have one of these always within reach of his hand. Here



Yasnaya Polyana, Count Tolstoy's Home (front and back).

ling. Opposite the foot of the camp-bed hangs a portrait, rather crudely painted, of a little daughter who died, and below the portrait, neatly folded, lies the last frock she wore, which her father kept always by him. It is all extraordinarily affecting. Had he lived, I could never by any chance have thus known his private life and looked at his intimate belongings. He would have been merely the great remote Tsar, the Liberator of the Serfs, the suppressor of Poland, the war-maker against Turkey, the object of the Nihilists' bloodthirsty pursuit. But because he died a royal martyr, I may see him for the man he was, learn his little personal ways, see what he carried in his pockets.



The Gateway of Yasnaya Polyana.

know how simple a life he chose to live inside his outer shell of impenetrable pomp, and be permitted to discern how he worshipped the memory of his little dead child. By more vivid means still, however, is the memory of Alexander II. nourished in St. Petersburg. In three places is his actual shed blood to be seen. As I stood by his bed, my own guide, taking advantage of the old official's back being turned, lifted the coverlet and pointed silently to the broad rusty stain upon the faded linen. The act was an outrage, and I reproved him sharply. Again, in a glass case by the altar of the Cathedral of the Transfiguration is the uniform Alexander wore upon the day of his death, and the scabbard of his sword bears a wide splash of rusty red. Finally, the very paving stones and soil upon which his torn body lay and bled have been preserved and will remain forever in the gorgeous Memorial Church of the Resurrection, built over them. His descendants have indeed determined that here, too, the populace, as Antony would have it do in Rome, shall mark the blood of Cæsar.

St. Petersburg might be anywhere, and without turning one's self into a guide-book (precisely what I would wish to avoid) there is hardly anything in it to describe. My impressions of it have only covered a few pages ; but it would be easy to write for a year about Moscow. Here is Russia indeed—every bit of her faithfully represented. The magnificent white railway station, with "God save the Tsar" in permanent gas-letters over the portal, is where the Great Trans-Siberian train starts for Vladivostok and Port Arthur. (We shall steam out of it, together, reader, you and I, before long.) These strange, dark-robed men, sitting by themselves at the bourse, turbaned or fur-hatted, are Russian subjects from Central Asia. (We shall see them at home by and by.) Russia is a great manufacturing country now; Moscow is one of the manufacturing cities of the world, and her cotton-spinning mills think nothing of paying sixty per cent. dividends. Napoleon looms large in Russian history; from those low hills a few miles away he looked down upon the splendid prey he was about to seize ;

through this gate he entered the citadel ; in that church his horses were stabled. A Romanoff Tsar rules Russia ; this is the house where the first Romanoff to become a Tsar lived, as a simple seigneur ; and here are the tombs of all the Ruriks and Romanoffs who ruled when St. Petersburg was a swamp. Russia is a theocracy ; Moscow is the holy city, consecrated and consecrating. Under whatever aspect Russia of to-day presents herself to you, in Moscow you may find it embodied, for Russia sprang from Moscow and the Dukes of Muscovy laid her foundation-stones.

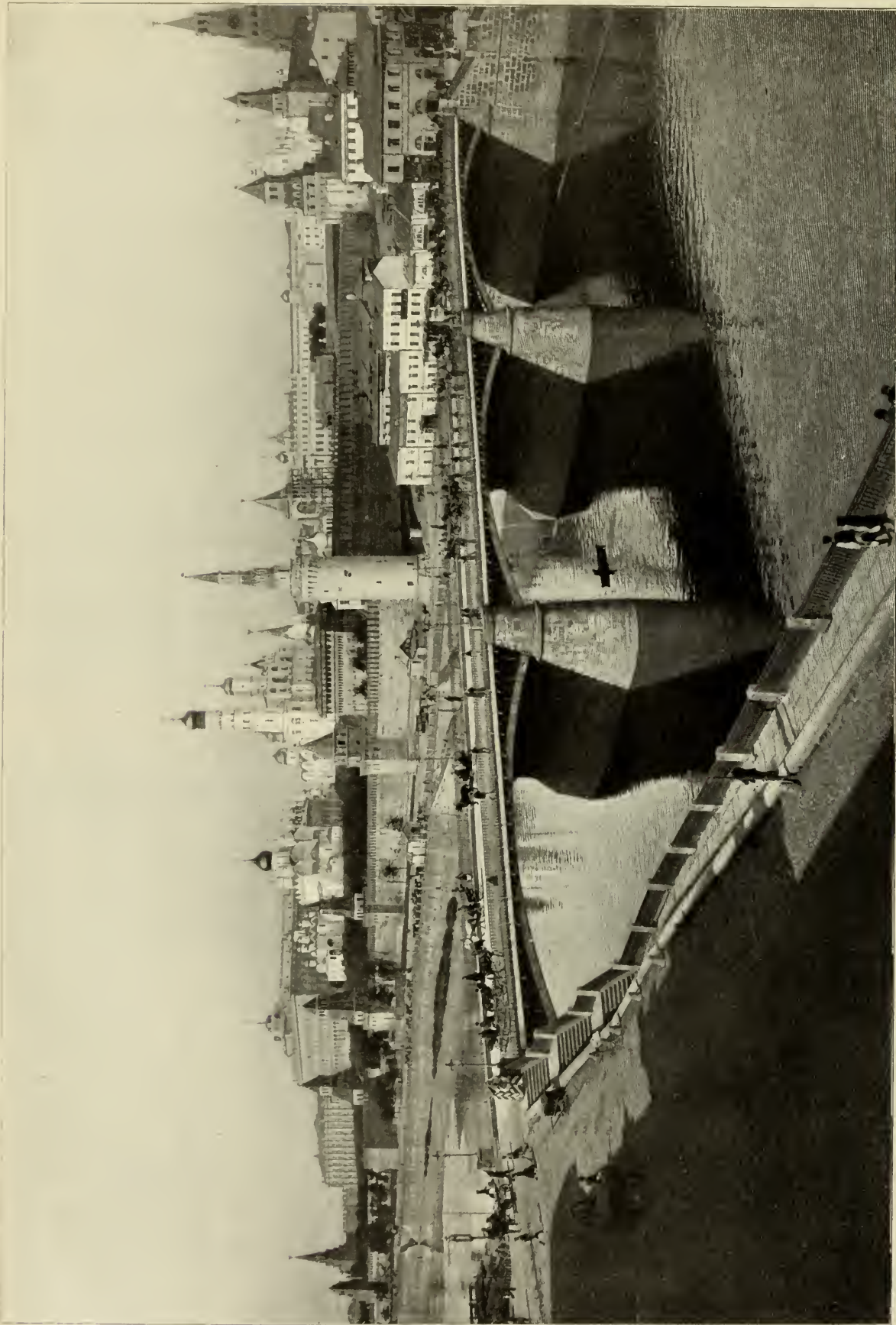
It is the most highly colored city in Europe, to begin with, and it displays the quaintest architecture. To me it recalled at once, of course with many differences, Seoul, the capital of Korea. Sometimes, when its old buildings rise above trees, it suggests the embowered eaves and ridges of Peking, seen from the walls. Its many white-washed buildings remind you of the towns of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Its pavement, rough stones on which the wheels make so deafening a noise that conversation is impossible as you drive, is

almost as bad as that of Belgrad, where you may quite well fracture your skull in a drive down the main street in a closed carriage. But what you notice first in Moscow and forget last is its ecclesiastical red and blue and green and gold.

The second capital of Russia has a population of a million, it is the commercial centre, and the greatest Russian manufacturing town, and it has four hundred and fifty churches ; but to the visitor Moscow is the Kremlin, and the Kremlin is Moscow. The remaining forty-nine fiftieths of the city do not count. The learned have not yet agreed what "Kremlin" means—probably fortress, or Acropolis, or central official quarter, for many other towns have one. Actually it is an isosceles triangle, one side resting upon the river Moskva, and all three marked by enormous pyramidal walls of pale pink brick, broken at intervals by square watch-towers and pierced by five gates. One of these leads from the river—a prison or secret gate—and everybody who passes under another, the Gate of the Redeemer, so called from the miracle-working portrait over it, must remove his hat. The best



Women in the Sunday Market, Moscow.



The Kremlin, Moscow.

view is from the Kamenny Bridge, and is shown in my photograph [p. 390]. Without color, however, the Kremlin loses half its charm. Inside the triangle, the visitor is conducted through the arsenal square, past eight hundred and seventy-five cannons of all shapes and sizes which Russia has at one time or another captured from her enemies (Napoleon contributed three hundred and sixty-five); to the top of the tower of Ivan Veliki, otherwise the Englishman, John Villiers, who designed it, whence the multi-colored panorama surpasses anything of the kind you have ever seen or will see; through the Great Palace, built upon the stone basements which are older than Tsars; to the tombs of the Ruriks and Roman-

offs; and to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where Tsars first wear their crown. It is an area of infinite interest, and he must be dull indeed who is not brought to a standstill more than once by the pressure of his own reflections. My object in these papers, however, is not to re-describe well-known sights and places, but to seek, in both familiar and unfamiliar scenes, the underlying facts and motives and meanings which go to make the Russia of to-day, and from which the Russia of to-morrow may be inferred. Therefore I leave the Kremlin and old Moscow to the guide-books and many previous travellers, and speak only of the longer thoughts this Holy Mother-City suggests.

The name of Moscow will always bring back to my mind, before anything else, my visit to Tolstoy. And indeed, he is as much a part of Russia, as significant of Russian character, as prophetic of Russian development, as the Kremlin itself. At the bottom of every Russian

is a stratum of enthusiastic idealism, of disbelief in the thing that is and belief in the thing that may be. Scratch a Muscovite and you find a transcendentalist. Drop into conversation with your neighbor in the railway carriage and in ten minutes you will be disputing hotly over some purely abstract proposition, connected,

nine times out of ten, with the possibility of a perfect social state. With us the classes of those who do things and those who dream them are sharply dissevered; the typical Russian is doer and dreamer in one, and Tolstoy is the dreamer incarnate in every Russian heart.

Tula, "at once the Sheffield and the Birmingham of Russia," as a guide-book pretentiously informs you, is a night's



Broken Down on the Steppe—Tapping the Telegraph for Help.

journey from Moscow, and Yasnaya Polyana, Count Tolstoy's estate, is seven miles from Tula. It is a delightful drive in the crisp bright autumn morning; there is actually some good farming to be seen—a rare thing in this country—long plantations of little forest trees, miles of half-grown wood. Then over a hill-top comes an aspect of very modern Russia—the huddle of buildings forming a great ironworks, huge chimneys belching smoke, the clang of the rolling-mill, the enormous slag heaps. An ant-like stream of men pours out, and across the road are the long barracks and the half-underground hovels where they live. They are not attractive men, either, and we are glad to be in the green country once more, with the quiet figures of browsing beasts, the rumble of springless carts jerking along, a peasant asleep, his boots dangling, on each one, the horses with bits beneath their chins, thoughtfully picking their way and giving elbow-room to passing vehicles. For six miles a fair road, then



Broken Down on the Steppe.

our driver turns sharply aside into a mere wheel-track and for a mile the little carriage is thrown from side to side as it plunges in and out of the ruts. At last something which at home would be called a village green, and two little white-washed towers forming the end of an avenue of old birches. This is Count Tolstoy's famous place—not, by the way, that he is "Graf Tolstoy," to anybody hereabouts, as I found when I hired the carriage. He is just "Lef Nikolaievitch," Leo, the son of Nicholas. The birches are hoary as is their master's head, and great in stature even as himself, and their way winds upward, past an exquisite willow grove by a lake, till it brings you in sight of a white low-spreading chateau, with roof painted green, like almost all roofs in Russia, close set round with trees.

Tolstoy works in his room till one o'clock, and nothing is ever allowed by his devoted family to disturb him. Miss Tolstoy, a woman whom it is a privilege to have met even for so short a time, takes us round the farm. It is not like the farms of England, still less like the West; it resembles more the neglected homesteads of New England. The tillage is of the roughest, two ploughs by the

barn door might have been fashioned by Tubal Cain, there is no stored wealth in a yellow stack-yard, the fields are deserted. No landowner can live by his land, Miss Tolstoy assures me, and estate by estate is passing out of the hands of those who inherited it from a long line of ancestors, into the possession of the rich merchants and manufacturers of the city, who are careless as to produce and seek only the social prestige that land alone gives in old countries. She is pessimistic this morning, for she goes on to say that even of these, the third generation is always ruined and has to begin again. "No Russian," she avers, "ever 'founds a family,' as you say. A man makes a fortune, his son lavishes it, his grandson disperses it." I suggest modern agricultural machinery, pedigree crops and stock, chemical fertilizers. She shakes her head—"It would never pay here." In his youth, Tolstoy was a mad sportsman, from dawn to nightfall in the saddle, or with gun and hound. Then the estate was watched and cherished for the chase's sake; now he thinks of it but as an appanage of the people which he monopolizes. But here he comes, walking sturdily down the narrow woodway, his dogs leaping joyously about him.

The photograph reproduced here [p. 394], which he afterward permitted me to take, shows him precisely as he appeared that day. The prophet's brow, the patriarch's beard, the peasant's blouse—they are familiar to all the world. He was wearing an old black cap, round his waist was a leather strap, his shoes were unblackened and split—a strange negligence in practice for the advocate of manual labor, who made himself a cobbler on principle. But the lens cannot portray the infinite sweetness of his expression, nor the pen convey the exceeding gentleness of his words. For him the law and the prophets, the ten commandments and the categorical imperative, are all comprised in the one word—Love. Who has it, has everything—religion, ethics, law, politics; who has it not, has nothing. "Write me as one who loved his fellowmen," would be also Tolstoy's request to the recording angel, if he were not far too modest to wish to be written down at all. And his devotion to the race marks his attitude to the individual. He greets you with genuine pleasure, he asks your opinion almost with deference, he considers your answer with respect. Your personality is evidently a thing he regards as sacred. You struggle in vain to reverse the relationship, but without much success, for his soul dwells apart and you cannot get on the same plane with him—there is so little common ground between you. To your question about his view of some matter of current interest he replies as a mathematician might reply to a question about the rotation of crops. I asked him if he sympathized with M. Witte's fostering of Russian manufactures at the expense of agriculture—that seemed a home-query that he must consider. Vain expectation! He replied that he did not see what difference it makes to the engine that does the work whether it is painted red or green. Not until next day did I interpret that Delphic reply. He meant that in comparison with the question whether the relations of man to man and man to men are inspired by love, all matters of tariffs and bounties are as infinitely irrelevant as the paint on the boiler is to the stroke of the piston. But I ran him to earth, so to speak, over the

Dreyfus case, at that moment being reheard at Rennes. And to my unspeakable astonishment I found him a believer in the preposterous "secret dossier," a defender of the egregious General Staff, accepting the guilt of Dreyfus as an easier alternative than the conspiracy of his fellow-officers against him.

"The people are hypnotized," he said; "they know nothing and they all shout the same thing. After all, why should I concern myself with Dreyfus—are there no innocent men in the prison of Tula?" He asked me to tell him of the progress of socialism in England, and could not understand my reply that there was no progress at all. "Then what is said now about the Single Tax?" "Nothing is said about it," I replied. "It is very strange," was his comment.

So far as the authorities are concerned, Tolstoy seems to bear a charmed life. The story about the Tsar meeting him at a railway station and holding a long conversation with him, was a pure invention. Indeed when an important official from St. Petersburg came to Tula in the course of certain investigations, and desired to ask Tolstoy's advice, the latter refused to receive him. But except the suppression of some of his writings, the authorities leave Lef Nikolaievitch alone, though his views must seem to them the quintessence of subversive propagandism. "Three things I hate," he said to me: "autocracy, orthodoxy, and militarism," and these are the three pillars of the Russian State. I asked him point-blank, "How is it that the government has never arrested or banished you?" "I cannot tell," he answered, and then, after a moment's pause he added, slowly, in a tone of much solemnity: "I wish they would. It would be a great joy to me." The general opinion among advanced Russians is that the police are restrained in this instance by the world-wide scandal that any harsh treatment of Tolstoy would cause. But I am inclined to think that Tolstoy's influence, which is probably greater out of Russia than in it, being almost confined to the spiritual sphere, is not found running athwart the administration in practical life. How should it? Here, for example, is one of his proposals. "My land here," he said to me, when I pressed

him for some immediate practical reform, "is worth to me, let us say, six roubles an acre a year. I would have the Government impose upon this land a tax of nine roubles. I could not pay it. Very well, let them take it away from me and give it in cultivation to peasant families in small quantities sufficient to support them. They could well pay the higher rate for it." Such views as this do not endanger the Russian social fabric.

Tolstoy's influence, indeed, is first that of his noble personal character; and second, that of the artist. It is in this latter light that educated Russians esteem him. I have often heard people speak with profound respect of his work as a creative artist, and in the next breath laugh at his theories of reform. What are these, in a word? I tried to summarize them, immediately after my conversation with him, as follows: No more nations and frontiers and patriotism, but the world; no more rulers and laws and compulsion, but the individual conscience; no more multitudinous cities and manufactures and money, but simply the tiller of the soil, eating of the fruit of his toil, exchanging with his neighbor the work of his hands, and finding in the changing round of natural processes alike the nourishment of his body and the delight of his eyes; while, like some directing angel poised above, the law of love, revealed in Christ, lights each man's path, and so illumines the world.

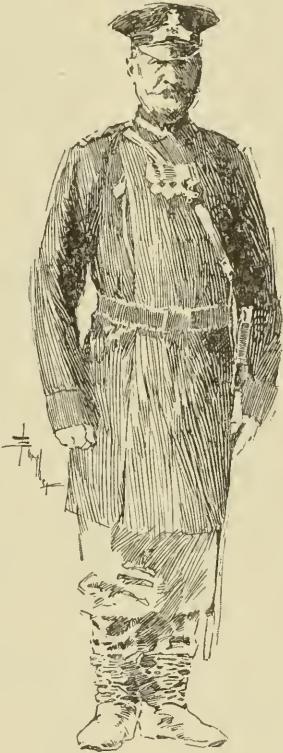
It is, of course, a species of nihilism, for realization of it would mean the annihilation of science, of invention, of art, of literature, but it is the nihilism of the visionary, and has no terrors for the autocrat, the priest, or the major-general.

I have dwelt thus long upon my visit to Yasnaya Polyana, partly because Tolstoy is one of the most striking of living figures, and anything at first hand about him, especially now that we can hardly hope he will be included in this category much longer, is probably of interest, and partly because, in his vague and facile idealism, he is the typical Russian. There are, of course, compact groups of Russian reformers working directly for practical ends which they keep steadily in view. Among these the bimetallists are not the least numerous or energetic. But the

vast majority of reformers, so far as I could judge from my own experience, are dreamers. Almost every serious student, for instance, is a socialist, but a pure theorist, seeking the line of development along which human nature can perfect itself. No doubt of this perfectibility ever occurs to him. Half of them label themselves Marxists, and the other half—some local name I have forgotten. When any new solution of the social problem is advocated anywhere, it immediately finds disciples in Russia. Thus during the last American Presidential Election a Populist group of students sprang up, and still exists. As Sir Donald Wallace has pointed out, Russians, having received their political education from books, naturally attribute to theoretical considerations an importance which seems exaggerated to those who have been educated by political experience. "When any important or trivial question arises, they at once launch into the sea of philosophical principles." So far as the students are concerned, the result of this national habit is that they, the best educated and most intelligent class of the community, exert little influence in the direction of change. When the next liberalizing movement comes—and such a movement is being unconsciously prepared from above—not they, but an entirely different class, will have constrained it. This forecast, however, belongs to a later article.

The Russian has an affection for things which are new, therefore when he enters the great Square of the Kremlin his enthusiasm vents itself upon the gorgeous green and gold memorial of Alexander III. The foreigner, on the other hand, though he is charmed with the towers on the wall embowered in trees, delighted with the quaint monastery and the nunnery where the Tsaritsas are buried, dazzled by the treasury, and duly impressed by the Great Palace, is not halted by emotion until he finds himself in the painted gloom and amid the buried patriarchs of the little Cathedral of the Assumption, "fraught with recollections, teeming with worshippers, bursting with tombs and pictures from pavement to cupola," as Dean Stanley said. But his emotion is not for these. Then it is because the Tsar is crowned amid these

“infinite riches in a little room?” Not at all. It is because the Tsar crowns himself there. He is so incomparably greater than all other men that nobody but himself can hallow and ordain him King. So exalted and remote and sacred is he that not even the chief servant of God is high enough to place the crown upon his brow. Therefore, in the holiest spot of the Holy City, amid all the pomp of the living and all the solemnity of the dead, surrounded by the royalty of the world, while bells clash and cannon roar and multitudes throng without, the hereditary heir of the Romanoffs—though but a trace of real Romanoff blood is left—crowns and consecrates himself Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, and—for the whole list is well worth recalling—of Moscow, of Kiev, of Vladimir, of Novgorod; Tsar of Kazan, of Astrakhan, of Poland, of Siberia, of Kherson-Taurida, of Grusi; Gosudar of Pskov; Grand Duke of Smolensk, of Lithuania, of Volynia, of Podolia and of Finland; Prince of Esthonia, of Livonia, of Kurland; of Semigalia, of the Samoyeds, of Bielostok, of Korelia, of Foer, of Ingor, of Perm, of Viatka, of Bulgaria, and of other countries; Master and Grand Duke of the Lower Countries in Novgorod, of Tchernigov, of Riazan, of Polotsk, of Rostov, of Yaroslav, of Bielosersk, of Udork, of Obodsk, of Kondisk, of Vitelsk, of Mstilav, and of all the countries of the North; Master Absolute of Iversk, of Kastalnisk, of Kabardinsk, and of the territory of Armenia; Sovereign of the Mountain Princes of Tcherkask; Master of Turkestan, Heir Presumptive of Norway, and Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, of Stormarne, of Dithmarschen, and of Oldenburg. And it is sober truth that to the majority of the people who live in these places the man who thus crowns himself in the House of God becomes thereby something more than human—a semi-divine person. One is reminded of the vigil of Festus:



The Russian Policeman.

—those bright forms
We clothe with purple, crown, and call to
thrones,
Are human, but not his; those are but men
Whom other men press round and kneel before—
Those palaces are dwelt in by mankind;
Higher provision is for him you
seek
Amid our pomp and glories: see it
here!
Behold earth's paragon! Now, raise
thee, clay!

There is nothing like it in the world; probably no such claim has ever been put forth elsewhere as is regularly made in this church when Tsar succeeds Tsar—certainly no such claim has ever been so widely and so sincerely allowed. And to understand Russia it is absolutely necessary to appreciate this fact. Unless you realize that in Russia the Tsar is everything, literally everything; that not only is his will law but that it is also heaven-inspired right, that his land and his subjects are his to dispose of wholly as he will—I am speaking, of course, of the masses of the people—you will not grasp the fundamental condition of Russia to-day. In a Russian battle not so long ago, the artillery, urgently needed in front to save the day, was stopped by a deep ditch. The soldiers thereupon flung themselves in until the ditch was full, and the artillery galloped over their bodies. The incident illustrates the relation of the common people of Russia to their Sovereign. As you go higher in the scale the fact remains, but on a different basis. Official rank—*tchin*—is the standard of position—a greater or less *tchin* determines a man's honor and influence, and of course all conceivable *tchin* culminates in the Tsar. If you have not yourself a high *tchin*, you must be “protected” by somebody who has. Officials of high rank will hardly deign to notice you at one minute, and the next they are wholly at your service, if they have learned that you are well “protected.” And in the highest society of all, whatever views they may privately hold and express, the Tsar, as the source

of promotion and the fountain of honors and emoluments, dwells still alone upon the heights.

In material things it is the same. I was once discussing with a Russian administrator the military capabilities of the Trans-Siberian railroad, and I remarked that there would not be rolling-stock enough to convey masses of troops in a short time. "Every engine and carriage in Russia would be put there if necessary," was the reply. "But," I objected, "that would disorganize the whole commerce of the country, and bring tens of thousands to ruin." "You don't understand," answered this official; "if the Tsar gave the word to take every railway carriage in Russia and run it across the Siberian Railway and throw it into the China Sea at the other end, who, I should like to know, would prevent it?" The influence of the throne is increasing rather than diminishing, for I heard many complaints from educated Russians that certain Ministers of State were taking their proposals direct to the Tsar, whose signature made them irrevocably law, instead of submitting them first, as is customary, to the Council of Ministers. The Tsar alone determined to build the Trans-Siberian Railway; it will cost five hundred million dollars. Tradition alone is more powerful than autocracy; if it were not, the world would have even greater reason to admire the aspirations of Nicholas II. He cannot command a policy which no Minister will undertake to carry out; he is unable to control and helpless to set aside a mass of statistics or unfavorable information which they lay before him. Sometimes, as in the case of Alexander III., he is deliberately overwhelmed with details in order that he may not espouse principles. Thus a Tsar might possibly not be able to preserve peace against all the facts and warnings and arguments brought to bear upon him. But he could declare war, by a word, at any time. And it is to the everlasting honor of Alexander III. that he set his face so steadfastly against war, waged either by himself or by others, and of Nicholas II., that his first great act should be to call a Conference of Peace, although his Ministers both by private word and official deed made it almost a mockery.

From ruler to ruled is a natural transition, and especially so in Russia, where there is no middle class in which the two qualities coalesce. Indeed this is the most striking aspect of Russian society: at the top, the imperial family, surrounded by the nobility; at the bottom, the "common people." The development of industrialism, with its rapidly made fortunes, is changing this condition so far as the large towns are concerned, but it still remains true of the country as a whole. What impressions of the Russian people does one gather from several months' travel through the whole empire—a journey of fifteen thousand miles? The first thing that attracts your attention in the two capitals themselves, is a curious detail. All the shops which offer wares to the people do so, not in words, as with us, but with pictures. The provision-merchant's shop is a veritable picture-gallery of sausages and cheeses and bread and butter and hams and everything eatable. The ironmonger hangs out illustrations of knives and forks and scissors and chisels and foot-rules and the like. The tailor shows paintings of coats and trousers. Why is this? Simply because a majority of potential customers cannot read! I noticed the same thing later in going over barracks. In one large frame, for instance, is a series of "penny dreadful" pictures showing all the duties of a sentry—what the good sentry does if a fire breaks out, if a burglar is seen entering a house, if a citizen is attacked, if a sportsman comes shooting birds near a powder-magazine, and so on. Very few of the soldiers can read, and this is the only way to impart information. In a class-room at another barracks was a schoolmaster teaching the letters of the alphabet on a blackboard to a large number of men. "This is the class for me to join," I remarked, to the great glee of these good-tempered grown-up children. The Russian people, then, is illiterate, in the strict sense of the word. And millions upon millions of people who read no books and no newspapers, write and receive no letters, must inevitably be the helpless victims of superstition and prejudice. This is, of course, the fact. Russia is the home of more religious manias and crazy notions than could be enumer-

ated. Not a month passes without some almost incredible instance of religious fanaticism. The end of the world is a constantly recurring belief. The horrible *skoptsi*, whose practices one cannot more nearly describe than by saying that they carry out literally the exhortation, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," are represented all over Russia, and in spite of the severest measures the police cannot stop their abominable propaganda. A friend told me of a travelling impostor he had seen, who went from village to village offering, for a small fee, to show some hairs from the head of the Virgin Mary. One person at a time was admitted, a small parcel was produced and many wrappings taken off in succession, until in the last paper of all the visitor was invited to gaze upon the miraculous hairs. The paper was quite empty and the peasant would aver that he saw nothing. Then the impostor would sorrowfully explain that the hairs were invisible to sinful eyes, and that only the pious could see them. In order to escape the reproach, his customers would loudly and proudly assert that they saw them clearly, and so he did a brisk trade. The Russian Government is anxious to change its old Gregorian Calendar to that of the rest of the world (the Russian date is now twelve days behind our own), but it cannot do so, because the peasants would be furious if the favorite saints were robbed of their proper birthdays. Sunday, by the way, is a person to the Russian lower classes.

Poverty and illiteracy naturally go hand in hand. In no other great country of the world is poverty—universal, monotonous, hopeless poverty—the national characteristic of the people. The only parallels I know are in some of the Balkan States. At almost any point in rural Russia you might think yourself in the interior of Servia or Bulgaria, except that even in these countries the poor peasant is not quite so poor, and his bearing is more independent. Long train journeys in Russia are depressing experiences. Once past the limits of the towns, every village is the same—a wide street or two—not really streets, of course, but deep dust or mud, according to the season, and from a score to a couple of hundred gray, one-story wooden houses, usually dilapidated, and a

church. Russia is still first and foremost an agricultural country; she produces (including Poland) two thousand million bushels of grain, and grain products form more than half her total exports to Europe; therefore at the right season there are great stretches of waving fields, and later the huge mounds of straw, whence the grain has been threshed. But it is in her most fertile districts that the worst famines occur, for famine—a little one every year, a big one every seven years—has now become a regular occurrence. And the country as one flies across it, leaves the general impression of indigence. In sharp and painful contrast with western Europe, there are virtually no fat stack-yards, no cosy farm-house, no château of the local land-owner, no squire's hall—pitiful assemblages of men and women just on the hither side of the starvation line. And, from all one learns, disease is rife. Whole villages, I was told by men who knew them well, are poisoned with syphilis, and the authorities, gravely alarmed at this terrible state of things, have appointed of late several commissions of inquiry to devise remedial measures. Drunkenness, too, is a national vice, the peasant having his regular bout whenever he has saved up a small sum. The new government monopoly of the sale of vodka, which is gradually coming into force over the whole country, will, I believe, exert a beneficial influence in this matter, and much of the denunciation levelled at it is, in my opinion, unjust. Nothing is more common in the towns than to see a policeman drag a sleepy, half-drunken peasant from his cart and set him to walking by the side of his horse. In all Petersburg, however, I never saw anything precisely corresponding to the "saloon" or "bar" of the United States and England. But opposite my hotel was a shop where tobacco and liquors were sold, and on each of the many occasions when I went in to fill my cigarette-case I saw children come with empty bottles, put down a few kopecks, and take the bottles away half-filled with the fiery spirit. The vast void spaces of rural Russia, by the way, may be imagined from the fact that every train carries a ladder and tools and electrical appliances for cutting the telegraph wire and calling for assistance in

case of accident or breakdown. The lines are, of course, nearly all single ones, so there is no opportunity to stop a train going in the opposite direction. My photographs [pp. 399-400] show how this experience happened to me once on a long journey.

Personally, the Russian common people are attractive. They are simple, good-natured, kindly, very ready to be pleased or to laugh. Nobody can fail to like them. The ordinary Russian policeman—the *gorodovoi*, not the secret police—is the gentlest specimen of his kind I have ever met. And the soldier, typical of his class, is a great child, and is treated as such. Nothing is left to his intelligence or his initiative. Of virtues he has many—he is brave, obedient, faithful; of wits he is not supposed or even desired to show any signs. The very words he is to say are put in his mouth. If an officer asks him a question that he cannot answer, he may not say, "I do not know;" he must reply, "I am not able to know." When his Colonel greets him collectively, he has one answer; when the Tsar greets him he has another—a whole sentence carefully learned by heart and shouted in unison by the whole regiment in a long series of explosive syllables. His pay is about forty-four cents every three months. From the point of view of the military martinet, he is ideal *Kanonenfutter*—*chair à canon*. To his number there is no limit.

To this general characterization of the Russian populace I must add one important qualification. The extraordinary—the almost incredible—growth of industrialism in Russia is bringing about a great and vital change in the masses of the people. The peasant who works with hundreds or thousands of his fellows in a mill or factory soon becomes a different being from the peasant toiling on his bit of village land and migrating hither and thither, in seasons of agricultural work, for employment. This, to my thinking, is by far the most significant and important aspect of Russia of to-day, and I shall have much to say about it hereafter. In this place I have only endeavored to show the two

great characteristics of the Russian social fabric, without an appreciation of which no Russian question or prospect can be intelligently judged—autocracy, the semi-divine, unquestioned, unbounded authority at the top; its counterpart, illiterate, superstitious, brute-like dependence, automatonism, at the bottom. But Russia is the land of paradox, and though all this would seem to show that Russia is poor and weak, I shall have to point out, in another connection, that it would be far truer to say she is in reality rich and strong.

I must turn back for a moment to old Moscow, before leaving the two capitals of Russia, and their associations and suggestions. In a crowded street of banks and merchants' offices, in the "Chinese City"—all foreigners in Russia used to be called "Chinese," just as to-day they are called "Germans"—stands a little mediæval house, skilfully and sympathetically restored—the home of Michael, the first Tsar of Romanoff race. And within the Kremlin stands the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, the mausoleum of all the Ruriks and Romanoffs till Peter built his city on the Neva and laid him down forever in its island fortress-church, to be followed by all the Tsars unto this day. In the one place you see the little, low, many-colored rooms (much like the old royal apartments in the Kremlin palace), the narrow bed, the modest clothes-chest, the great wooden *kvass* bowl, the green leather boots with their pointed spur-heels, of Michael Romanoff; the night-dress and the needles and the flat-irons of his wife; the cradle and the playthings of his children. In the other place he lies beneath a wine-red velvet pall, and six and forty of his race, similarly habited for eternity, are his silent companions. When one thinks of what these Romanoffs were, what they are, what they desire to be, and what are the colossal and ever-growing forces they control, at the motion of a single will, to turn their all-embracing and fanatic desire into fact, I know of few more impressive spots on modern earth.

THE LAST DAYS OF PRETORIA

By Richard Harding Davis



THE night we started for "the front," the front was at Brandfort, but before our train drew out of Pretoria station the arrivals from Johannesburg told us that the English had just occupied Brandfort, and that the front had been pushed back to Winburg.

Captain Losberg of the Losberg Artillery, who was guiding me through the Free State, explained that Brandfort was an impossible position to hold anyway, and that we had better leave the train at Winburg. We found some selfish consolation for the Boer repulse in the fact that it had shortened our railroad journey by one day. The next morning when we awoke at the Vaal River Station, the train despatcher informed us that during the night the "Roorineks" had taken Winburg and that the Burghers were gathered at Smaaldel.

We agreed not to go to Winburg but to stop off at Smaaldel. We also agreed that the British advance was only what might have been expected and that Winburg was an impossible position to hold. When, at eleven o'clock, the train reached Kroonstad, we learned that Lord Roberts was in Smaaldel. It was then evident that if our train kept on and the British army kept on there would be a collision, so we stopped at Kroonstad. In talking it over we decided that, owing to its situation, Smaaldel was an impossible position to hold.

Kroonstad, like most of the towns and small cities of South Africa, is unfinished, very much out of doors, and unhomelike. They all bear the same resemblance to the towns on our eastern seaboard which a barbed-wire fence bears to the gray, lichen-covered stone walls of New England, or to the thick, flower-scented hedges of old England. Personally, I cannot understand why the South African Colonial should prefer a barbed-wire fence and all that it entails, to a stone fence or a hedge and all that goes with them. But then, it is difficult to understand the point of view of the South African Colonial on any subject.

At the time of our arrival, Kroonstad

was the capital "once removed," of the Orange Free State, and the head-quarters of the Government were situated in Hermann's Hotel, which it had "commandeered." But in spite of the fact that everyone in the Government service was balanced on one foot and poised for instant flight, he attended to his duties as calmly and discreetly as though he were the perpetual secretary of the French Institute. In what had been the public rooms of the hotel were huge heaps of official documents; requisition papers, orders to commandos, passports, proclamations, and Government notices, and in strange contrast to these were the furnishings and decorations of the hotel itself; the tariff of meals, the rules for billiards, and the illustrated advertisements of ales, Cape wines, and Scotch whiskies; and the gaudy chromos of the Imperial family of Germany and of the Queen of Holland, who looking down on the fallen Republic, driven for refuge to the smoking-room of a hotel, might have held their crowns less airily and shown a little confusion at their neglect of her.

The Sand River which runs about forty miles south of Kroonstad was the last place in the Free State where the burghers could hope to make a stand; and at the bridge where the railroad spans the river, and at a drift ten miles lower down the Boers and Free Staters had collected to the number of four thousand. Lord Roberts and his advancing column, which was known to contain 35,000 men, was a few miles distant from the opposite bank of the Sand River. There was an even chance that Lord Roberts would attempt to cross at the drift or at the bridge; but as Von Losberg's Artillery was at the drift we had no choice but to go there. We stopped on our way for the night at Ventersburg, a town ten miles from the river.

The original Jones, the proprietor of Jones's hotel at Ventersburg, had fled when the war began. The man who succeeded him was also a refugee and the present

manager was an American from Cincinnati. He had never before kept a hotel ; but he said it was not a bad business, as he found that one made a profit of a hundred per cent. on each drink sold. The night we arrived he was making no profit, as Hassell's American Scouts had stopped in the village, and he was showing his sympathy for the cause by giving them drinks free. The proprietress was a lady from Brooklyn, her husband, another American, was a prisoner with Cronje at St. Helena. She was in considerable doubt as to whether she ought to run before the British arrived or wait and chance being made a prisoner. She said she would prefer to escape ; but what with standing on her feet all day in the kitchen preparing meals for hungry burghers and foreign volunteers, she was too tired to get away. War close at hand consists so largely of commonplaces and trivial details that I hope I may be pardoned for recording the anxieties and cares of this lady from Brooklyn. Her point of view so admirably illustrates one side of it. It is only when you are ten years away from it, or 10,000 miles away from it, that you forget the waste places, and only the moments loom up which are terrible, picturesque, and momentous.

We have read in "Vanity Fair," and lately seen in a play, something of the terror and the mad haste to escape of the people of Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. That is the obvious and dramatic side. That is the picture of war which you will remember and which people prefer. They like the rumble of cannon through the streets of Ventersburg, the silent, dusty columns of the reinforcements passing in the moonlight, the galloping hoofs of the aides suddenly beating upon the night-air and growing fainter and dying away, the bugle-calls from the camps along the river, the stamp of spurred boots as the general himself enters the hotel and spreads the blue print maps upon the table, the clanking sabres of his staff, standing behind him in the candle-light, whispering and tugging at their gauntlets while the great man plans his attack. You must stop with the British army if you want bugle-calls and clanking sabres and gauntlets. They are a part of the panoply of war and of warriors. But we saw no warriors at Ventersburg that night ; only a few

cattle-breeders and farmers who were fighting for the land they had won from the lion and the bushman, and who stopped to rest their ponies and to smoke a pipe on the vine-covered stoop of Jones's Hotel, and with them a mixed company of gentlemen-adventurers ; American cow-boys, Russian princes, Swedish miners, and officers of the French and German armies gathered around a table discussing other days in other lands. The picture of war which is most familiar is that one of the people of Brussels fleeing from the city with the French guns booming in the distance, or, the one seen in "Shenandoah," where aids gallop on and off the stage and the night-signals flash from both sides of the valley. But the other side of war is the night before the battle at Jones's Hotel ; the landlady in the dining-room with her elbows on the table, fretfully deciding that after a day in front of the cooking-stove she is too tired to escape an invading army, declaring that the one place at which she would rather be at that moment was Green's restaurant in Philadelphia ; the heated argument that immediately follows between the foreign legion and the Americans as to whether Rector's is not better than the Café de Paris, and the general agreement that Ritz cannot hope to run two hotels in London without being robbed. That is how these men talked and acted on the eve of a battle. We heard no galloping aides, no clanking spurs, only the click of the clipped billiard-balls as the American scouts (who were killed thirty-six hours later) knocked them about over the torn billiard-cloth ; the drip, drip, of the kerosene from a blazing, sweating lamp, which struck the dirty table-cloth with the regular ticking of the hall-clock ; and the complaint of the piano from the hotel-parlor where the correspondent of a Boston paper was picking out "Hello, my baby," laboriously, with one finger. War is not so terribly dramatic or exciting—at the time ; and the real trials of war—at the time and not as one later remembers them—consist largely in looting fodder for your ponies and in bribing the station hands to put on an open truck in which to carry them.

The next morning we rode out to the Sand River to see the Boer positions near the drift and met President Steyn in his

Cape cart coming from them on his way to the bridge. Ever since the occupation of Bloemfontein the London papers had been speaking of him as "the late President," as though he were dead. He impressed me, on the contrary, as being very much alive and very much the President, although his executive chamber was the dancing-hall of a hotel and his roof-tree the hood of a Cape cart. He stood in the middle of the road and talked hopefully of the morrow. He had been waiting, he said, to see the development of the enemy's attack, but the British had not appeared, and, as he believed they would not advance that day, he was going on to the bridge to talk to his burghers and to consult with General Botha. He was much more a man of the world and more the professional politician than President Kruger. I use the words "professional politician" in no unpleasant

sense, but meaning rather that he was ready, tactful, and diplomatic. For instance, he gave to whatever he said the air of a confidence reserved especially for the ear of the person to whom he spoke. He showed none of the bitterness which President Kruger exhibits toward the British, but took the tone toward the English Government of the most critical and amused tolerance. Had he heard it, it would have been intensely annoying to any Englishman.

"I see that the London *Chronicle*," he said, "asks, if, since I have become a rebel, I do not lose my rights as a barrister of the Temple. Of course, we are no more rebels than the Spaniards were rebels against the United States. By a great stretch of the truth, under the suzerainty clause, the burghers of the Transvaal might be called rebels; but a Free Stater—never. It is not the animosity of the English which I mind," he added, thoughtfully, "but their depressing ignorance of their own history."

"I can do nothing with Lord Roberts," he said again, as though the English Commander was a disobedient child. "I wrote him calling his attention to the fact that his troops were burning the houses in the Free State, and that such an act was contrary to the usages of civilized war. He replied that my charges were not sufficiently specific; so I wrote again specifying eighteen houses that had been burned and supplementing my charges with affidavits. His reply was that he was too

busy to attend to such details." The President shrugged his shoulders and laughed as much as to say "What can one do with such a man." His cheerfulness and hopefulness, even though one guessed they were assumed, commanded one's admiration. He was being hunted out of one village after another, the miles of territory still free to him were hourly shrinking; in a few days he would be a



Poultney, Chief of Commissariat. President Steyn. Captain Losberg.

President Steyn on his Way to the Sand River Battle.

refugee in the Transvaal; but he stood in the open veldt with all his possessions in the cart behind him, a President without a Republic, a man without a home, but still full of pluck, cheerful and unbeaten.

The farm-house of General Andrew Cronje stood just above the drift and was the only conspicuous mark for the English guns on our side of the river, so in order to protect it the General had turned it over to the ambulance corps to be used as a hospital. They had lashed a great Red Cross Flag to the chimney and filled the clean shelves of the generously built kitchen with bottles of antiseptics and bitter, smelling drugs and surgeons' cutlery. President Steyn gave me a letter to Dr. Rodgers Reid, who was in charge, and he offered us our choice of the deserted bedrooms. It was a most welcome shelter and in comparison to the cold veldt the hospital was a haven of comfort. The Boer laagers stretched for a mile in front and behind the farm-house, and from the

yard we could smell the smoke of their camp-fires and hear the chanting of many hymns, some of them sung to the tunes familiar in the service of the Episcopal Church, so that it sounded like a Sunday evening in the country at home. Hundreds of cooing doves, stumbling over the roof of the barn helped to fill the air with their peaceful murmur. It was a strange overture to a battle, but in time I learned not to listen for any more martial prelude. The Boer does not make a business of war, and when he is not actually fighting he pretends that he is camping out for pleasure. In his laager there are no warlike sounds, no sentries challenge, no bugle calls. He has no duties to perform, for his Kaffir boys care for his pony,

gather his wood and build his fire. He has nothing to do but to wait for the next fight and to make the time pass as best he can. In camp the burghers are like a party of children. They play games with each other and play tricks upon each other, and engage in numerous wrestling bouts, a form of contest of which they seem particularly fond. They are like children also in that they are direct and simple and as courteous as the ideal child should be. Indeed, if I were asked what struck me as the chief characteristics of the Boer I should say they were the two qualities which the English have always disallowed him, his simplicity rather than his "cuteness," and his courtesy rather than his boorishness.

When morning came to Cronje's farm it brought with it no warning nor sign of battle. We began to believe that the British army was an invention of the enemy. So we cooked bacon and fed the doves and smoked on the veranda, moving our chairs around it with the sun, and argued as to whether we should stay where we were or go on to the bridge. At noon it

was evident that there would be no fight at the drift that day, so we started along the bank of the river, with the idea of reaching the bridge before nightfall. The trail lay on the English side of the river, so that we were in constant concern lest our white-hooded Cape cart would be seen by some of their scouts and we should be taken prisoners and forced to travel all the way

back to Cape Town. We saw many herds of deer but no scouts nor lancers nor any other living thing; and, such being the effect of many kopjes, lost all ideas as to where we were. We knew we were bearing steadily south toward Lord Roberts, who, as we later learned, was then some three miles distant.

About two o'clock his guns

opened on our left, so we at least knew that we were still on the wrong side of the river and that we must be between the Boer and the English artillery. Except for that, our knowledge of our geographical position was a blank, and we accordingly "outspanned" and cooked more bacon. "Outspanning" is unharnessing the ponies and mules and turning them out to graze, and takes three minutes—"inspanning" is trying to catch them again, and takes from three to five hours.

We started back over the trail over which we had just come, and at sunset saw a man appear from behind a rock and disappear again. Whether he was Boer or Briton I could not tell, but while I was examining the rock with my glasses two Boers came galloping forward and ordered me to "hands up." To sit with both arms in the air is an extremely ignominious position and especially annoying if the pony is restless, so I compromised by waving my whip as high as I could reach with one hand and still held in the horse with the other. The third man from behind the rock rode up at the same time.



British Troops Entering Pretoria, Tuesday June 5, 1900.
Late prisoners of war cheering them.



Hermann's Hotel, Kroonstad.

The head-quarters of the Orange Free State Government were in this hotel.

They said they had watched us coming from the English lines and that we were their prisoners. We assured them that for us nothing could be more satisfactory, because we now knew where we were, and because they had probably saved us a week's trip to Cape Town. They examined and approved of our credentials and showed us the proper trail, which we managed to follow until they

had disappeared, when the trail disappeared also and we were again lost in what seemed an interminable valley. But just before nightfall the fires of a commando showed in front of us and we rode into the camp of General Christian De Wet. He told us we could not reach the bridge that night and showed us a farm-house on a distant kopje where we would find a place to spread our blankets. I was extremely glad to meet him, as he and General Botha are the ablest and bravest of the Boer generals. He was manly and of impressive size and, although he speaks English, he dictated to his adjutant many long and Old-World compliments to the Greater Republic across the seas.

Since that time General De Wet and General Botha, have shown by their daring, and by always taking the initiative,

how unfortunate it was for the Transvaal that the aged Joubert and the stubborn Cronje were in command of the Boer forces throughout the most critical portion of the war. Even since Lord Roberts has occupied Pretoria the raids and rapid movements of De Wet and Botha and their destructive attacks upon his line of communication have proved them to be cavalry leaders of such eminent ability and spirit as were in a greater degree our Southern generals Jackson and Morgan.

We found the people in the farm-house on the distant kopje quite hysterical over the near presence of the British, and the



Public Square in Pretoria Before the British Occupation.

entire place in such an uproar that we slept out in the veldt. In the morning we were awakened by the sound of the Vickers-Maxims—the “Pom-Poms” as the English call them, or “Bomb-Maxims” as the Boers call them. By any name it is a remarkable gun and the most demoralizing of any of the smaller pieces which have been used in this campaign. One of its values is that its projectiles throw up sufficient dust to enable the gunner to tell exactly where they strike, and within a few seconds he is able to alter the range accordingly. In this way the gun is its own range-finder. Its bark is almost as dangerous as its bite, for its reports have a brisk, insolent sound like a postman's knock or a cooper hammering rapidly on an empty keg; and there is an unexplainable mocking sound to the re-

ports, as though the gun were laughing at you. The English Tommies used to call it very aptly the "Hyena gun." I found it just as offensive from the rear as when I was with the British and in front of it.

From the top of a kopje we saw that the battle had at last begun and that the bridge was the objective point. The English came up in great lines and blocks and from so far away and in such close order that at first, in spite of the khaki, they looked as though they wore uniforms of blue. They advanced steadily, and two hours later, when we had ridden to a kopje still nearer the bridge, they were apparently in the same formation as when we had first seen them; only now farms that had lain far in their rear were overrun by them and they encompassed the whole basin. An army of 25,000 men advancing in full view across a great plain appeals to you as something entirely lacking in the human element. You do not think of it as a collection of very tired, dusty, and perspiring men with aching legs and parched lips, but as an unnatural phenomenon or a gigantic monster which wipes

out a railway station, a cornfield and a village with a single clutch of one of its tentacles. You would as soon attribute human qualities to a plague, a tidal-wave, or a slowly slipping landslide. One of the tentacles composed of 6,000 horse had detached itself and crossed the river below the bridge where it was creeping up on Botha's right. We could see the burghers galloping before it toward Ventersburg. At the bridge General Botha and President Steyn stood in the open road and with uplifted arms waved the Boers back, calling upon them to stand. But the burghers only shook their heads, and with averted eyes grimly and silently rode by them on the other side. They knew that they were flanked, they knew that the men in the moving mass in front of them were in the proportion of nine to one. The spirit which had inspired them to hold back nearly as great a force at

Colenso had been worn and brutalized by six continuous months of unceasing hardship, exposure, and fighting, during which one man played many parts, one week at the Modder River, the next at Paadersberg, the next back again to the Tugela. *For three months 30,000 men had been attempting the impossible task of endeavoring to meet an equal number of the enemy in three different places at the same time.*

Where we stood below the bridge the English shrapnel was splashing in the veldt behind us and whistling triumphantly over the heads of the Boer artillerymen. The battle, which had lasted five hours, was nearing its end. The English infantry were within a half a mile of us and only the Boer artillery was questioning their advance. On every side we could see the burghers trekking away and even those who remained, too proud to run and too sad to fight, accepted the British fire without returning it, in silent, helpless acquiescence. When we had retreated a mile and a half on the road to Ventersburg the artillery also ceased firing and followed on the same road, and there



General L. Botha.

was no longer any sound except the heavy booming of the English guns which grew louder and louder as they were pushed forward in pursuit. The last possible chance left to the Boers to make a stand in the Free State had passed away. At Ventersburg we found Jones's Hotel empty and deserted, the Brooklyn landlady flown and the rooms open and free to all-comers. A black and white kitten had commandeered my room and was luxuriously stretching itself in the centre of the bed. In the stable-yard the Indian coolie who had been left in sole possession was sitting on an overturned bucket and weeping feebly. He was eighty years old and had been abandoned to his fate, which had been described to him by a facetious bar-keeper as hanging or St. Helena. Outside in Ventersburg's only street the shopkeepers and their families were throwing

clothes and food into trek wagons and Cape carts ; and their terrified Kaffir boys knelt in the dust unravelling tangled heaps of harness. Others of their towns-people were already disappearing in a column of dust on the road to Kroonstad.

On the edge of the town a few men and women were watching the British shells reaching nearer and nearer. Their accents were those of the cockney Colonial, and their faces were shining with triumphant, self-satisfied smiles. The men had put on their cricket blazers, the women their Jubilee brooches and had wound the ribbons of the Castle Line steamers around their straw hats. They had thrown off the mask and had at last declared themselves. They were waiting to welcome the new step on the floor and the new face at the door.

Since five that morning we had eaten nothing ; so we welcomed the lunch the Indian coolie gathered from the hotel and spread for us in the garden, and we lingered over it until a despatch rider shouted to us over the garden wall that the English shells were falling in the town and the English themselves were coming over the last hill.

The retreat upon Kroonstad lasted five hours and it was a remarkable and painful sight. In it there were young boys and old men, some of the men so old and feeble that when they left their ponies they were not able to walk without assistance. These were not the wounded but the men who solely on account of their age had succumbed to the severities of the campaign. All of them, young and old, bore the reverse with the same impassiveness which we had grown to recognize as characteristic. They were never jubilant over their successes, attributing them rather to the kindness of the Lord, nor cast down and embittered by defeat. As we rode

away from the battle I heard no one blamed for not having conducted it differently, and no one boasted of any particular act of his commando, or of his own personal prowess. The retreating burghers stretched over the veldt for many miles, the trek wagons keeping to the trail and the mounted men riding alone or scattered in groups of from a half-dozen to fifty over

every part of the level prairie. It was so casual and so unorganized but not disorganized a movement, that it was impossible to believe it was an army in retreat. The wagons with each from twelve to twenty oxen straggled along the trail in blocks of half a mile in length ; and from behind kopjes and cornfields and out of dongas and hollows in the plain the cavalcades kept appearing and disappearing, so that as far as one could see on every hand were countless hundreds of mounted men all coming from a different



R. H. Davis. Adelbert Hay, U. S. Consul. Gardner Coolidge, U. S. Vice-Consul.

point and all converging upon the trail to the capital. Toward sundown many of these began to outspan for the night, so that long after all sight of the trail was lost the light of their camp-fires and the smell of the burning wood and coffee and toasted meat and the odors of massed oxen and horses guided us to the right road to Kroonstad.

The retreat continued for two weeks, the Boers falling back from one position to another, abandoning each without a fight. They surrendered, without any possible excuse for so doing, naturally fortified places like those at the Sand River and in the hills beyond the Vaal at the Klip River Station ; and then, a few days later, they would gather together and come back again when it was too late. It was difficult at the time to understand why they acted as they did, and the series of retreats from Brandfort to Johannesburg is still to me quite incomprehensible. 1

was with the burghers during the greater part of this time and certainly no one could have asked for a better position than the one they prepared to defend at Klip River ; which, after they had further strengthened it with long lines of trenches, they abandoned without firing a shot. They did not seem to be frightened or demoralized. They were as calm and deliberate as though there were no English within five hundred miles, but they would not stand. Some said it was because, after the flanking of Cronje, the burghers were in constant expectation of being surrounded. Before the surrender of Cronje, during the days of "frontal attacks," they had to consider only the force which they saw directly before them ; but with Roberts they were never sure that other unseen columns might not be coming around to cut them off in the rear, and as they dreaded being sent to St. Helena, almost as keenly as death itself, it was impossible to hold them.

I returned to Pretoria a week before it fell and found the capital completely indifferent to its fate. No one knew whether or not the government meant to defend the town and no one seemed greatly to care. I heard of one man who, in preparation for the siege, had laid in a store of forage, and of another who bought tinned meats in sufficient quantities to feed his family for three months, but no one else I knew seemed to take the approach of the British seriously. This was not because they did not care, but because the Boer does not wear his heart upon his sleeve and treats all fortunes with stoical calm. There was still enough to eat in the town, although prices rose daily. Sugar, however, was exhausted, and sewing thread. But these two commodities, were the only things that money could not obtain. Up to the very last the Boer residents gave concerts for the benefit of the sick and wounded, at which one could hear the best classical music excellently played and sung. The Boer children continued to go to school and to shout in the square at recess, the wives of the officials to call and return calls, and each afternoon the carriages of the wives of the foreign residents stood in front of the stores in the "shopping" district, while their husbands met as usual in the

cool seclusion of the Pretoria Club. Nine months had passed since the optimistic guard at Waterloo Station had closed the carriage-door on the departing British officers and convulsed England by wittily calling "All aboard for Pretoria." Since then many of the officers had reached Pretoria with little difficulty ; but the fact that the bulk of them were only a few miles distant from the city toward which for a year they had been fighting their way, affected the inhabitants of London much more deeply than the residents of Pretoria itself. One has so few chances of being inside the capital of a nation when a hostile army has advanced to within a day's march of it, that the conduct of the citizens of Pretoria was most disappointing. One wanted them to hold public meetings, to loot the shops, or in some way to show emotion and a proper regard for the dramatic possibilities of the situation. But the Boers, both official and unofficial, maintained the best of good order and the affairs of life went smoothly forward without heat, bustle, or excitement.

At that time about the only busy men in Pretoria outside of the Boer cabinet were our consul, Adelbert S. Hay, and his vice-consul, Gardner F. Coolidge, of Boston. They were acting for English subjects as well as for American citizens, and for over five thousand English prisoners, both civil and military ; and the calls upon them for assistance were many and constant and involved the protection of life and of property of enormous value. Mr. Hay is a young man ; and when the President selected him to fill the post abandoned by Mr. Macrum, there were many at home who thought him too young to properly carry out duties which were not only consular but diplomatic. But from what I learned of his efforts from Americans, Boers, and British, and from what I saw daily of the work accomplished by him and Mr. Coolidge during the two months in which I was in Pretoria, I can think of no one who would have filled the office more successfully, or shown greater tact, kindness, and diplomacy, or worked as unremittingly. Many Americans whose business had been interrupted by the war, wives who were separated from their husbands at the front, and owners of property who were forced to leave it in the care of

the American consul, found in their need Mr. Hay and Mr. Coolidge to be the best of friends; and the aid they gave to their fellow-countrymen came from the heart, and largely from their own pockets. The English people owe Mr. Hay a debt of gratitude which they can hardly hope to repay, for the care he took of the health and welfare of their imprisoned soldiers, and the American Government has great reason to feel gratified at the manner in which he reflected credit upon the administration and upon himself.

Two days before Johannesburg was taken the Boers began a great trek through Pretoria on their way to the Lydenburg Mountains. From early in the morning and all through the night one could hear the rumble and creak of the ox-carts and the shrieks and shouts of the Kaffir drivers; and all day long one met in every street a broken stream of burghers ambling along alone or in groups, and all moving toward the hills where the last stand was to be made and the guerilla warfare begun. The President and his cabinet followed them at seven o'clock in the evening on June 1st, and the gold to carry on the business of the government at the new capitol at Machadodorp was shipped after them the same evening. It was conveyed in public cabs from the Palace of Justice where it had been stored, and loaded into a freight-car. There were no guards to protect the treasure, and the Kaffir boys who drove the cabs assisted in removing the gold and carrying it to the car. It was a remarkable sight. It was midnight and the scene was lit only by a few of the station-lamps. The gold was in bars, worth \$250 each, and had been bundled into the cabs and tucked under the seats and piled on top of them and at the feet of the drivers. Before leaving the station for another load the negro boys would lift up the cushions of the seats and feel about behind the flaps to discover if any bars had been overlooked. One boy drove away to some little distance before he noticed that there was a bar still resting under his foot. He came back, tossed it to one of the station hands, and the man threw it into the car. The next day the burghers began to commandeer all the cab horses for "remounts;" and those drivers who were so unlucky as not to own

mules, abandoned their cabs by the sidewalks. In a few hours the streets looked as deserted as lower Broadway on a Sunday morning. On the day following the firing of the cannon between us and Johannesburg was faintly audible, and every minute we were told that the English had entered the city and were marching up to take possession of the public buildings.

Near the railway station there was a great zinc building in which were stored enormous quantities of rations belonging to the government. These formed the base of supply for the men at the front; but the government, sooner than see them fall into the hands of the English, directed the Boer officials who had been detailed to remain in Pretoria to allow the burghers who were passing through the town to Lydenburg to break open the building and to help themselves. They did so, and everyone else in the town helped himself under the pretence of helping the burghers. For hours, women and children, Kaffirs, burghers, outlanders, shopkeepers, and ladies and gentlemen, who needed the food no more than they did shoes and stockings, surrounded the building, ripped open the zinc sides, and staggered away laden with all the coffee, sugar, flour, and candles they could carry. I saw one of the Dutch engineers of the railroad with five ten-pound boxes of coffee hung about him by ropes so that he looked like a strong man giving an exhibition at a music hall.

Until late in the afternoon Kaffirs and white men together struggled over enormous sacks of flour and sugar until the streets were covered with the contents of the broken bags, and the Kaffir women began scooping the sugar up out of the gutters and filling their aprons. The English residents pointed out the scene to me as one of unlicensed looting, but they knew perfectly well that the rations belonged to the government, that the building had been thrown open to the burghers, and that the burghers were only taking their own. The outlanders, the English shopkeepers, the Hebrews, the Kaffirs and the Dutch looted, but the burghers had as much right to the stuff as to the family Bible on the centre-table. The burghers, however, were greatly distressed at the

scene of disorder, and were chagrined to think what capital would be made out of it. They were especially anxious that no photographs should be taken of the scene, as they foresaw that the English would misrepresent the incident and report it as another disgraceful act of Boer barbarism. As a matter of history, although guards were set at the banks and other precautions taken, no private stores were looted. The only stores that were entered were those around the railroad station, belonging to the Jew dealers, who had been among the first to loot the rations, and the burghers followed them into their shops and removed the food which they had carried there.

I did not see the entry of Lord Roberts. The triumphal entry of the German army into Paris I should like to have seen. That was the climax of a great war between two powerful and equally matched peoples, and Paris, even in her moment of humiliation, is one of the two cities of the world. The event itself was magnificent and historical. But the entrance of the Guards and the Highlanders, the C. I. V's, the Imperial Yeomanry, and 20,000 other troops with Lord Roberts at their head into the undefended village capital of a tiny republic is not a feat of arms that I personally cared to witness, nor to describe. All I could have said of them was what the lady vindictively called after the burglar who had just swept her jewelry from her dressing-table, "I think you might be in a better business."

One feels all sorrow and all respect for the Tommies who have fallen by the Boer rifle; for those boy-officers who each week in the illustrated papers smile at us from the past—those young men who, though they served in an unjust war waged without tolerance and without intelligence, gave their lives for the empire, and with cheerful unselfishness and reckless courage died nobly, though in an ignoble cause. But when Lord Roberts and his army fling out the black flag and go forth under it on a Jameson raid, when they murder old men and young boys because they fight for their homes, the best that they can ask of everyone is silence as to their misdeeds, and that their triumph may be crowned with oblivion. When they enter the capital of some great power which they have

conquered, when they march into Berlin, Paris, or St. Petersburg, I certainly hope I may be there to chronicle such a real victory, but I object to being called out on a false alarm.

I left Pretoria with every reason for regret. I had come to it a stranger and had found friends among men whom I had learned to like for themselves and for their cause. I had come prejudiced against them, believing them to be all the English press and my English friends had painted them: semi-barbarous, uncouth, money-loving, and treacherous in warfare. I found them simple to the limit of their own disadvantage, magnanimous to their enemies, independent and kindly. I had heard much of the corruption of their officials; and I saw daily their chief minister of state, at a time when every foreign resident was driving through Pretoria in a carriage, passing to and from the government buildings in a tram-car, their president living in a white-washed cottage, their generals serving for months at the front without pay and without hope of medals or titles. Their ignorance of the usages and customs of the great world outside of their own mountains, for which the English held them in such derision, harmed no one so greatly as it harmed themselves. Had they known the outside world, had they been able to overcome their distrust of the foreigner, had they understood in what way to make use of him, how to manipulate the press of the world to tell the truth in their behalf as cleverly as the English had used it to misrepresent them; had they known how to make capital of the sympathies of the French, the Americans, and the Germans, and to turn it to their own account; had they known which men to send abroad to tell the facts, to plead and to explain; had they known which foreign adventurer was the one to follow implicitly on the battle-field and which to "voot-sak" to the border; had they been men of the world instead of farmers in total ignorance of it, they might have brought about intervention, or an honorable peace. The very unworldliness of the Boer, at which the Englishman sneers, did much, I believe, to save Great Britain from greater humiliations, from more frequent "reverses" and more costly defeats.

As our train drew out of Pretoria we had

no certain knowledge that the Boer government had not destroyed the railroad track between the old and the new capital which lay between us and the Portuguese border. The guard could not say how soon we might not be halted at a broken bridge, and brought back to find the English occupying the hills around Pretoria. Even as we waited at the station many hundreds of mounted men rode down these hills into Sunnyside, and at first no one could describe them as either Boers or Britons. The passengers were flushed and anxiously excited, and some of them so terrified that from the windows they begged the guards to speed them on their way. General Botha had just departed in a special train for Irene, ten miles distant, where the English were supposed to be advancing in force. In front of his car he pushed open trucks loaded with field artillery. Over at the artillery barracks the guns that still remained were being "snaffled" and "hamstrung," and those cannon captured from the British were waiting to receive their former masters in a condition of utter ruin. The wildest rumors swept up and down the length of the long platform, stirring and terrifying the refugees into greater and sharper panic; children and women wept and embraced and cried to the men they were leaving behind: "God keep you well"; wounded burghers pushed their way through the sweating, struggling mass, guarding their bandaged limbs; Kaffirs, bearing bundles and boxes, shouted and snorted at others to clear the way, and volunteers with bandoleers and rifles were fighting for hanging-room on the car platforms, from which they could be able to drop to the ground at the station nearest the fighting line. From both the Johannesburg side and the Irene road we could hear the reports of the Boer cannon.

I had entered Pretoria in the days of her successes and I was deserting her at the moment of her fall. I do not know when I have left a place with as heavy a heart, and as the train at last pulled free of the town and ran parallel to the Middleburg highway, each mounted Boer it passed seemed, as he waved his sombrero, to beckon us back again. The great veldt,

throbbing in the heat of the sun and flashing with brilliant yellow lights and purple shadows, seemed to reproach us. The hot, barren kopjes with their stunted cacti, the splashing water-falls, and the twisting white river that raced the train, all filled me with regret. They had never looked more beautiful or more to be desired, or more as the scene set for a country men would choose to call home. The sight of the men to whom it really was home, who were fighting for it, and who were to continue to fight for it, stirred me with pride in them. I saw them for the last time even as I was steaming away from them to another continent, to other interests and older friends. They were jogging patiently through the high grass on our right, and spreading out fan-wise over the red kopjes that lay between them and Irene, where the sultry air was shaken with the heavy vibrations of hot-throated guns. They trotted forward alone or in pairs, each an independent fighting-man with his rifle and blanket swung across his shoulders, with his canvas water-bottle, rusty coffee-pot and bundle of green fodder dangling from his saddle. I knew as the train carried us away from the sight of them that no soldier in pipe-clay, gauntlets, and gold lace would ever again mean to me what these burghers meant—these long-bearded, strong-eyed Boers with their drooping cavalier hats, their bristling bands of cartridges, their upright seat in the saddle and the rifle rising above them like the lance of the crusader. They are the last of the crusaders. They rode out to fight for a cause as old as the days of Pharaoh and the children of Israel, against an enemy ten times as mighty as was Washington's in his war for independence. As I see it, it has been a Holy War, this war of the burgher crusader, and his motives are as fine as any that ever called a "minute man" from his farm or sent a knight of the Cross to die for it in Palestine. Still, in spite of his cause, the Boer is losing, and in time his end may come, and he may fall. But when he falls he will not fall alone; with him will end a great principle, the principle for which our forefathers fought—the right of self-government, the principle of independence.

TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XXX

THE LITTLE GODS DESERT HIM



AND all next day he searched like a man whose eyes would never close again. She had not passed the night in any inn or village house of St. Gian; of that he made certain by inquiries from door to door. None of the guides had seen her, though they are astir so late and so early, patiently waiting at the hotel doors to be hired, that there seems to be no night for them, darkness only that blots them out for a time as they stand waiting. At all hours there is in St. Gian the tinkle of bells, the clatter of hoofs, the crack of a whip, dust in retreat, but no coachman brought him news. The streets were thronged with other coachmen on foot looking into every face in quest of some person who wanted to return to the lowlands, but none had looked into her face.

Within five minutes of the hotel she might have been on any of half a dozen roads. He wandered or rushed along them all for a space and came back. One of them was short and ended in the lake. All through that long and beautiful day this miserable man found himself coming back to the road that ended in the lake.

There were moments when he cried to himself that it was an apparition he had seen and heard. He had avoided his friends all day; of the English-speaking people in St. Gian one only knew why he was distraught, and she was the last he wished to speak to; but more than once he nearly sought her to say, "Partner in my shame, what did you see, what did you hear?" In the afternoon he had a letter from Elspeth telling him how she was enjoying her holiday by the sea, and mentioning that David was at that mo-

ment writing to Grizel in Thrums. But was it then all a dream! he cried, nearly convinced for the first time, and he went into the arbor saying, determinedly, that it was a dream, and in the arbor, standing primly in a corner, was Grizel's umbrella; he knew that umbrella so well. He remembered once being by while she replaced one of its ribs so deftly that he seemed to be looking on at a surgical operation. The old doctor had given it to her, and that was why she would not let it grow old before she was old herself. Tommy opened it now with trembling hands and looked at the little bits of Grizel on it: the beautiful stitching with which she had coaxed the slits to close again; the one patch, so artful that she had clapped her hands over it. And he fell on his knees and kissed these little bits of Grizel and called her beloved, and cried to his Gods to give him one more chance.

"I woke up." It was all that she had said. It was Grizel's excuse for inconveniencing him. She had said it apologetically, and as if she did not quite know how she came to be there herself. There was no look of reproach on her face while the match burned; there had been a pitiful smile as if she was begging him not to be very angry with her, and then when he said her name she gave that little cry as if she had recognized herself, and stole away. He lived that moment over and over again, and she never seemed to be horror-stricken until he cried "Grizel," when her recognition of herself made her scream. It was as if she had wakened up, dazed by the terrible things that were being said, and then, by the light of that one word "Grizel," suddenly knew who had been listening to them.

Did he know anything more? He pressed his hands harshly on his temples and thought. He knew that she was soaking wet, that she had probably

sought the arbor for protection from the rain, and that if so she had been there for at least four hours. She had wakened up. She must have fallen asleep, knocked down by fatigue; what fatigue it must have been to make Grizel lie there for hours he could guess, and he beat his brow in anguish. But why she had come he could not guess. Oh, miserable man to seek for reasons, he cried passionately to himself, when it is Grizel, Grizel herself, you should be seeking for!

He walked and ran the round of the lake, and it was not on the bank that his staring eyes were fixed.

At last he came for a moment upon her track. The people of an inn six miles from St. Gian remembered being asked yesterday by an English miss walking alone how far she was from Bad-Platten. She was wearing something brown, and her boots were white with dust, and these people had never seen a lady look so tired before; when she stood still she had to lean against the wall. They said she had red-hot eyes.

Tommy was in an einspanner now, the merry conveyance of the country and more intoxicating than its wines, and he drove back through St. Gian to Bad-Platten, where again he heard from Grizel, though he did not find her. What he found was her telegram from London, "I am coming, Grizel." Why had she come? why had she sent that telegram? what had taken her to London? He was not losing time when he asked himself distractedly these questions, for he was again in his gay carriage and driving back to the wayside inn. He spent the night there, afraid to go farther lest he should pass her in the darkness, for he had decided that if alive she was on this road. That she had walked all those forty miles up-hill seemed certain, and apparently the best he could hope was that she was walking back. She had probably no money to enable her to take the diligence; perhaps she had no money with which to buy food; it might be that while he lay tossing in bed she was somewhere near, dying for want of a franc.

He was off by morning light, and several times that day he heard of her, twice from people who had seen her pass, both going and coming, and he knew it must

be she when they said she rocked her arms as she walked. Oh, he knew why she rocked her arms. Once he thought he had found her. He heard of an English lady who was lying ill in the house of a saw-miller whose dog (we know the dogs of these regions, but not the people) had found her prostrate in the wood, some distance from the high-road. Leaving his einspanner in a village, Tommy climbed down the mountain-side to this little house, which he was long in discovering. It was by the side of a roaring river, and he arrived only an hour too late. The lady had certainly been Grizel, but she was gone. The sawyer's wife described to him how her husband had brought her in and how she seemed so tired and bewildered that she fell asleep while they were questioning her. She held her hands over her ears to shut out the noise of the river, which seemed to terrify her. So far as they could understand she told them that she was running away from the river. She had been sleeping there for three hours and was still asleep when the good woman went off to meet her husband. But when they returned she was gone.

He searched the wood for miles around, crying her name. The sawyer and some of his fellow-workers left the trees they were stripping of bark to help him, and for hours the wood rang with "Grizel, Grizel;" all the mountains round took up the cry, but there never came an answer. This long delay prevented his reaching the railway terminus until noon of the following day, and there he was again too late. But she had been here. He traced her to that hotel whence we saw her setting forth, and the portier had got a ticket for her for London. He had talked with her for some little time, and advised her, as she seemed so tired, to remain there for the night. But she said she must go home at once. She seemed to be passionately desirous to go home and had looked at him suspiciously as if fearing he might try to hold her back. He had been called away and on returning had seen her disappearing over the bridge. He had called to her and then she ran as if afraid he was pursuing her. But he had observed her afterward in the train.

So she was not without money and she

was on her way home! The relief it brought him came to the surface in great breaths, and at first every one of them was a prayer of thankfulness. Yet in time they were triumphant breaths. Translated into words they said that he had got off cheaply for the hundredth time. His little gods had saved him again, as they had saved him in the arbor by sending Grizel to him: he could do as he liked, for they were always there to succor him, they would never desert him, never. In a moment of fierce elation he raised his hat to them, then seemed to see Grizel crying "I woke up," and in horror of himself clapped it on again. It was but a momentary aberration, and is recorded only to show that, however remorseful he felt afterward, there was life in our Tommy still.

The train by which he was to follow her did not leave until evening, and through those long hours he was picturing, with horrible vividness and pain, the progress of Grizel up and down that terrible pass. Often his shoulders shook in agony over what he saw, and he shuddered to the teeth. He would have walked round the world on his knees to save her this long anguish, and then again it was less something he saw than something he was writing, and he altered it to make it more dramatic. "I woke up!" How awful that was, but in this new scene she uttered no words. Lady Pippinworth was in his arms when they heard a little cry, so faint that a violin string makes as much moan when it snaps. In a dread silence he lit a match, and as it flared the figure of a girl was seen upon the floor. She was dead, and even as he knew that she was dead he recognized her. "Grizel!" he cried. The other woman who had lured him from his true love uttered a piercing scream and ran toward the hotel. When she returned with men and lanterns there was no one in the arbor, but there were what had been a man and a girl. They lay side by side. The startled on-lookers unbared their heads. A solemn voice said, "In death not divided."

He was not the only occupant of the hotel reading-room as he saw all this, and when his head fell forward and he groaned the others looked up from their papers. A lady asked if he was unwell.

"I have had a great shock," he replied, in a daze, pulling his hand across his forehead.

"Something you have seen in your paper?" inquired a clergyman who had been complaining that there was no news.

"People I knew," said Tommy, not yet certain which world he was in.

"Dead?" the lady asked, sympathetically.

"I knew them well," he said, and staggered into the fresh air.

Poor dog of a Tommy! He had been a total abstainer from sentiment, as one may say, for sixty hours, and this was his only glass. It was the nobler Tommy, sternly facing facts, who by and by stepped into the train. He even knew why he was going to Thrums. He was going to say certain things to her, and he said them to himself again and again in the train and heard her answer. The words might vary, but they were always to the same effect.

"Grizel, I have come back!"

He saw himself say these words as he opened her door in Gavinia's little house. And when he had said them he bowed his head.

At his sudden appearance she started up. Then she stood pale and firm.

"Why have you come back?"

"Not to ask your forgiveness," he replied, hoarsely, "not to attempt to excuse myself, not with any hope that there remains one drop of the love you once gave me so abundantly; I want only, Grizel, to put my life into your hands. I have made a sorry mess of it myself; will you take charge of what may be left of it? You always said you were ready to help me. I have come back, Grizel, for your help. What you were once willing to do for love, will you do for pity now?"

She turned away her head, and he went nearer her. "There was always something of the mother in your love, Grizel; but for that you would never have borne with me so long. A mother, they say, can never quite forget her boy, oh, Grizel, is it true? I am the prodigal come back. Grizel, beloved, I have sinned and I am unworthy, but I am still your boy, and I have come back. Am I to be sent away?"

At the word Beloved her arms rocked

impulsively. "You must not call me that," she said.

"Then I am to go," he answered with a shudder, "for I must always call you that; whether I am with you or away you shall always be beloved to me."

"You don't love me!" she cried. "Oh, do you love me at last!" and at that he fell upon his knees.

"Grizel, my love, my love!"

"But you don't want to be married," she said.

"Beloved, I have come back to ask you on my knees to be my wife."

"That woman——"

"She was a married woman, Grizel."

"Oh, oh, oh!"

"And now you know the worst of me. It is the whole truth at last. I don't know why you took that terrible journey, dear Grizel, but I do know that you were sent there to save me. Oh, my love, you have done so much, will you do no more?"

And so on, till there came a time when his head was on her lap and her hand caressing it, and she was whispering to her boy to look up and see her crooked smile again.

He passed on to the wedding. All the time between seemed to be spent in his fond entreaties to hasten the longed-for day. How radiant she looked in her bridal gown! Oh, beautiful one, are you really mine. Oh, world, pause for a moment and look at the woman who has given herself to me!

"My wife, this is my wife!" They were in London now, he was showing her to London. How he swaggered! There was a perpetual apology on her face, it begged people to excuse him for looking so proudly at her. It was a crooked apology, and he hurried her into dark places and kissed it.

Do you see that Tommy was doing all this for Grizel and pretending to her that it was for himself. He was passionately desirous of making amends, and he was to do it in the most generous way. Perhaps he believed when he seemed to enter her room saying, "Grizel, I have come back," that she loved him still; perhaps he knew that he did not love in the way he said; perhaps he saw a remorseful man making splendid atonement, but never should she know these things. Tenderly as he had

begun he would go on to the end. Here at last is a Tommy worth looking at, and he looked.

Yet as he drew near Thrums, after almost exactly two days of continuous travel, many a shiver went down his back, for he could not be sure that he should find Grizel here, he sometimes seemed to see her lying ill at some wayside station in Switzerland, in France, everything that could have happened to her he conceived, and he moved restlessly in the carriage. His mouth went dry——

"Has she come back?"

The train had stopped for the taking of tickets, and his tremulous question checked the joy of Corp at sight of him.

"She's back," Corp answered, in an excited whisper, and oh, the relief to Tommy. "She came back by the afternoon train, but I had scarce a word wi' her, she was so awid to be hame. 'I am going home,' she cried, and hurried away up the brae. Ay, and there's one queer thing."

"What?"

"Her lüggage wasna in the van."

Tommy could smile at that. "But what sent her," he asked, eagerly, "on that journey?"

Corp told him the little he knew. "But nobody kens except me and Gavinia," he said. "We pretend she gaed to London to see her father. We said he had wrote to her wanting her to go to him. Gavinia said it would never do to let folk ken she had gaen to see you, and even Elspeth doesna ken."

"Is Elspeth back?"

"They came back yesterday."

Did David know the truth from Grizel? was what Tommy was asking himself now as he strode up the brae. But again he was in luck, for when he had explained away his abrupt return to Elspeth and been joyfully welcomed by her, she told him that her husband had been in one of the glens all day. "He does not know that Grizel has come back," she said. "Oh," she exclaimed, "but you don't even know that she has been away. Grizel has been in London?"

"Corp told me," said Tommy.

"And did he tell you why she had gone?"

"Yes."

"She came back an hour or two ago. Maggy Ann saw her go past. Fancy her seeing her father at last! It must have been an ordeal for her. I wonder what took place."

"I think I had better go and ask her," Tommy said. He was mightily relieved for Grizel's sake. No one need ever know now what had called her away except Corp and Gavinia, and even they thought she had merely been to London. How well the little gods were managing the whole affair! As he walked to Grizel's lodgings, to say what he had been saying in the train, the thought came to him for a moment that as no one need ever know where she had been there was less reason why he should do this generous thing. But he put it from him with lofty disdain. Any effect it had was to make him walk more firmly to his sacrifice, as if to show all ignoble impulses that they could find no home in that swelling breast. He was pleased with himself, was Tommy.

"Grizel, I have come back." He said it to the night, and bowed his head. He said it with head accompaniment to Grizel's lighted window. He said it to himself as he reached the door. He never said it again.

For Gavinia's first words were "It's you, Mr. Sandys! Wherever is she? For mercy's sake, dinna say you've come without her!" And when he blinked at this she took him roughly by the arm and cried, "Wherever's Grizel?"

"She is here, Gavinia."

"She's no here."

"I saw her light."

"You saw my light."

"Gavinia, you are torturing me. She came back to-day."

"What makes you say that? You're dreaming. She hasna come back."

"Corp saw her come in by the afternoon train. He spoke to her."

Gavinia shook her head incredulously. "You're just imagining that," she said.

"He told me. Gavinia, I must see for myself." She stared after him as he went up the stairs. "You are very cruel, Gavinia," he said when he came down. "Tell me where she is."

"May I be struck, Mr. Sandys, if I've seen or heard o' her since she left this house eight days syne." He knew she

was speaking the truth. He had to lean against the door for support. "It canna be so bad as you think," she cried in pity. "If you're sure Corp said he saw her she maun hae gone to the Doctor's house."

"She is not there. But Elspeth knew she had come back. Others have seen her besides Corp. My God, Gavinia, what can have happened?"

In little more than an hour he knew what had happened. Many besides himself, David among them toward the end, were engaged in the search. And strange stories began to fly about like night-birds; you will not search for a missing woman without rousing them. Why had she gone off to London without telling anyone? Had Corp concocted that story about her father to blind them? Had she really been as far as London. Have you seen Sandys? He's back. It's said Corp telegraphed to him to Switzerland that she had disappeared. It's weel kent Corp telegraphed. Sandys came at once. He is in a terrible state; look how white he is aneath that lamp. What garred them telegraph for him; how is it he is in sic a state? Fond o' her, was he? Yea, yea, even after she gave him the go-by! Then it's a weary, Sabbath for him if half they say be true. What do they say? They say she was queer when she came back. Corp doesna say that. Maybe no, but Francie Crabb does. He says he met her on the station brae and spoke to her and she said never a word, but put up her hands like as if she feared he was to strike her. The Dundas lassies saw her frae their window, and her hands were at her ears as if she was trying to drown the sound o' something. Do you mind o' her mother? They say she was looking terrible like her mother."

It was only between the station and Gavinia's house that she had been seen, but they searched far afield. Tommy, accompanied by Corp, even sought for her in the den. Do you remember the long, lonely path between two ragged little dykes that led from the den to the house of the Painted Lady? It was there that Grizel had lived with her mamma. The two men went down that path, which is oppressed with trees. Elsewhere the night was not dark, but as they had known so well when they were boys, it is always dark

after even-fall in the double dykes. That is the legacy of the Painted Lady. Presently they saw the house, scarcely the house, but a lighted window. Tommy remembered the night when as a boy, Elspeth crouching beside him, he had peered in fearfully at that corner window on Grizel and her mamma, and the shuddersome things he had seen. He shuddered at them again.

"Who lives there now?" he asked.

"Nobody. It's toom."

"There is a light."

"Some going about body. They often tak' bilbie in toom houses, and that door is without a lock. It's keepit close wi' slipping a stick aneath it. Do you mind how feared we used to be at that house?"

"She was never afraid of it."

"It was her hame."

He meant no more than he said, but suddenly they both stopped dead.

"It's no possible," Corp said, as if in answer to a question. "It's no possible," he repeated, beseechingly.

"Wait for me here, Corp."

"I would rather come wi' you."

"Wait here," Tommy said, almost fiercely, and he went on alone to that little window. It had needed an effort to make him look in when he was here before, and it needed a bigger effort now. But he looked.

What light there was came from the fire, and whether she had gathered the logs or found them in the room no one ever knew. A vagrant stated afterward that he had been in the house some days before and left his match-box in it.

By this fire Grizel was crouching. She was comparatively tidy and neat again, the dust was gone from her boots even; how she had managed to do it no one knows, but you remember how she loved to be neat. Her hands were extended to the blaze, and she was busy talking to herself.

His hand struck the window heavily, and she looked up and saw him. She nodded and put her finger to her lips as a sign that he must be cautious. She had often in the long ago seen her mother signing thus to an imaginary face at the window, the face of the man who never came.

Tommy went into the house, and she was so pleased to see him that she quite simpered. He put his arms round her,

and she lay there with a little giggle of contentment. She was in a plot of heat.

"Grizel! Oh, my God," he said, "why do you look at me in that way!"

She passed her hand across her eyes like one trying to think.

"I woke up," she said at last. Corp appeared at the window now and she pointed to him in terror. Thus had she seen her mother point in the long ago at faces that came there to frighten her.

"Grizel," Tommy entreated her, "you know who I am, don't you?"

She said his name at once, but her eyes were on the window. "They want to take me away," she whispered.

"But you must come away, Grizel. You must come home."

"This is home," she said. "It is sweet."

After much coaxing he prevailed upon her to leave. With his arm round her and a terrible woe on his face he took her to the doctor's house. She had her hands over her ears all the way; she thought the white river and the mountains and the villages and the crack of whips were marching with her still.

CHAPTER XXXI

"THE MAN WITH THE GREETIN' EYES"



FOR many days she lay in a fever at the doctor's house, seeming sometimes to know where she was, but more often not, and night after night a man with a drawn face sat watching her. They entreated, they forced him to let them take his place, but from his room he heard her moan or speak, or he thought he heard her, or he heard a terrible stillness, and he stole back to listen; they might send him away, but when they opened the door he was there with his drawn face. And often they were glad to see him, for there were times when he alone could interpret her wild demands and soothe those staring eyes.

Once a scream startled the house. Someone had struck a match in the darkened chamber, and she thought she was in an arbor in St. Gian. They had to hold her in her bed by force at times. She had such a long way to walk before night, she said.

She would struggle into a sitting posture and put her hands over her ears.

Her great desire was not to sleep. "I should wake up," she explained, fearfully.

She took a dislike to Elspeth, and called her Alice.

These ravings, they said to each other, must have reference to what happened to her when she was away, and as they thought he knew no more of her wanderings than they, everyone marvelled at the intuition with which he read her thoughts. It was he who guessed that the striking of matches somehow terrified her, he who discovered that it was a horrid roaring river she thought she heard, and he pretended he heard it too and persuaded her that if she lay very still it would run past. Nothing she said or did puzzled him. He read the raving of her mind, they declared admiringly, as if he held the cipher to it.

"And the cipher is his love," Mrs. McLean said, with wet eyes. In the excitement of those days Elspeth talked much to her of Tommy's love for Grizel, and how she had refused him, and it went round the town with embellishments. It was generally believed now that she really had gone to London to see her father, and that his heartless behavior had unhinged her mind.

By David's advice Corp and Gavinia did not contradict this story. It was as good as another, he told them, and better than the truth.

But what was the truth, they asked, greedily.

"Oh, that he is a noble fellow," David replied, grimly.

"They knew that, but——"

He would tell them no more, however, though he knew all. Tommy had made full confession to the doctor, even made himself out worse than he was, as had to be his way when he was not making himself out better.

"And I am willing to proclaim it all from the market-place," he said, hoarsely, "if that is your wish."

"I daresay you would almost enjoy doing that," said David, rather cruelly.

"I daresay I should," Tommy said, with a gulp, and went back to Grizel's side. It was not, you may be sure, to screen him that David kept the secret, it was because he knew what many would

say of Grizel if the nature of her journey were revealed. He dared not tell Elspeth even, for think of the woe to her if she learned that it was her wonderful brother who had brought Grizel to this pass! The Elspeths of this world always have some man to devote himself to them; if the Tommies pass away the Davids spring up. For my own part I think Elspeth would have found some excuse for Tommy. He said so himself to the Doctor, for he wanted her to be told.

"Or you would find the excuse for her in time," David responded.

"Very likely," Tommy said. He was humble enough now, you see. David could say one thing only which would rouse him, namely, that Grizel was not to die in this fever, and for long it seemed impossible to say that.

"Would you have her live if her mind remains affected?" he asked, and Tommy said, firmly, "Yes."

"You think, I suppose, that then you would have less for which to blame yourself!"

"I suppose that is it. But don't waste time on me, Gemmell, when you have her life to save if you can."

Well, her life was saved, and Tommy's nursing had more to do with it than David's skill. David admitted it, the town talked of it. "I aye kent he would find a way," Corp said, though he had been among the most anxious. He and Aaron Latta were the first admitted to see her when she was able once more to sit in a chair. They had been told to ask her no questions. She chatted pleasantly to them, and they thought she was quite her old self. They wondered to see Tommy still so sad-eyed. To Ailie she spoke freely of her illness, though not of what had occasioned it, and told her almost gleefully that David had promised to let her sew a little next week. There was one thing only that surprised Ailie. Grizel had said that as soon as she was a little stronger she was going home.

"Does she mean to her father's house?" Ailie asked.

This was what started the report that, touched no doubt by her illness, Grizel's unknown father had after all offered her a home. They discovered, however, what Grizel meant by home when one afternoon

she escaped, unseen, from the Doctor's house and was found again at Double Dykes, very indignant because someone had stolen the furniture.

She seemed to know all her old friends except Elspeth, who was still Alice to her. Seldom now did she put her hands over her ears or see horrible mountains marching with her ; she no longer remembered save once or twice when she woke up that she had ever been out of Thrums. To those who saw her casually she was Grizel, gone thin and pale and weak intellectually, but still the Grizel of old except for the fixed idea that Double Dykes was her home.

"You must not humor her in that delusion," David said, sternly, to Tommy, "when we cease to fight it we have abandoned hope."

So the weapon he always had his hand on was taken from Tommy, for he would not abandon hope. He fought gallantly. It was always he who brought her back from Double Dykes. She would not leave it with any other person, but she came away with him.

"It's because she's so fond o' him," Corp said.

But it was not. It was because she feared him, as all knew who saw them together. They were seen together a great deal when she was able to go out. Driving seemed to bring back the mountains to her eyes, so she walked, and it was always with the help of Tommy's arm. "It's a most pitiful sight," the people said. They pitied him even more than her, for though she might be talking gayly to him and leaning heavily on him they could see that she mistrusted him. At the end of a sweet smile she would give him an ugly, furtive look.

"She's like a cat you've forced into your lap," they said, "and it lies quiet there, ready to jump the moment you let go your grip."

They wondered would he never weary. He never wearied. Day after day he was saying the same things to her and the end was always as the beginning. They came back to her entreaty that she should be allowed to go home as certainly as they came back to the Doctor's house.

"It is a long time, you know, Grizel, since you lived at Double Dykes, not since you were a child."

"Not since I was a child," she said as if she quite understood.

"Then you went to live with your dear, kind doctor, you remember. What was his name?"

"Dr. McQueen ; I love him."

"But he died, and he left you his house to live in. It is your home, Grizel. He would be so grieved if he thought you did not make it your home."

"It is my home," she said, proudly, but when they returned to it she was loth to go in ; "I want to go home," she begged.

One day he took her to her rooms in Corp's house, thinking her old furniture would please her, and that was the day when she rocked her arms joyously again. But it was not the furniture that made her so happy, it was Corp's baby.

"Oh ! oh !" she cried in rapture, and held out her arms, and he ran into them, for there was still one person in Thrums who had no fear of Grizel.

"It will be a damned shame," Corp said, huskily, "if that woman never has no bairns o' her ain."

They watched her crooning over the child, playing with him for a long time. You could not have believed that she required to be watched. She told him with hugs that she had come back to him at last ; it was her first admission that she knew she had been away, and a wild hope came to Tommy that along the road he could not take her she might be drawn by this little child.

She discovered a rent in the child's pinafore and must mend it at once. She ran upstairs, as a matter of course, to her work-box and brought down a needle and thread. It was quite as if she was at home at last.

"But you don't live here now, Grizel," Tommy said when she drew back at his proposal that they should go away, "you live at the Doctor's house."

"Do I, Gavinia?" she said, beseechingly.

"Is it here you want to bide?" Corp asked, and she nodded her head several times. "It would be so much more convenient," she said, looking at the child.

"Would you take her back, Gavinia," Tommy asked, humbly, "if she continues to want it?"

Gavinia did not answer.

"Woman!" cried Corp.

"I'm mortal wae for her," Gavinia said, slowly, "but she needs to be waited on hand and foot."

"I would come and do the waiting on her hand and foot, Gavinia," Tommy said.

And so it came about that a week afterward Grizel was reinstalled in her old rooms. Every morning when Tommy came to see her she asked him, icily, how Alice was. She seemed to think that Alice, as she called her, was his wife. He always replied "You mean Elspeth," and she assented, but only, it was obvious, because she feared to contradict him. To Corp and Gavinia she would still say, passionately, "I want to go home," and probably add, fearfully, "Don't tell him."

Yet though this was not home to her, she seemed to be less unhappy here than in the Doctor's house, and she found a great deal to do. All her old skill in needle-work came back to her, and she sewed for the child such exquisite garments that she clapped her hands over them.

One day Tommy came with a white face and asked Gavinia if she knew whether a small brown parcel had been among the things brought by Grizel from the Doctor's house.

"It was in the box sent after me from Switzerland," he told her, "and contained papers."

Gavinia had seen no such package.

"She may have hidden it," he said, and they searched, but fruitlessly. He questioned Grizel, gently, but questions alarmed her, and he desisted.

"It does not matter, Gavinia," he said, with a ghastly smile, but on the following Sunday, when Corp called at the Doctor's house, the thought "Have they found it?" leapt in front of all thought of Grizel. This was only for the time it takes to ask a question with the eyes, however, for Corp was looking very miserable.

"I'm sweer to say it," he announced to Tommy and David, "but it has to be said. We canna keep her."

Evidently something had happened, and Tommy rose to go to Grizel without even asking what it was. "Wait," David said, wrinkling his eyebrows, "till Corp tells us what he means by that. I knew it might come, Corp. Go on."

"If it hadna been for the bairn," said Corp, "we would hae tholed wi' her, however queer she was, but wi' the bairn I tell you it's no mous, you'll hae to tak' her awa'."

"Whatever she has been to others," Tommy said, "she is always an angel with the child. His own mother could not be fonder of him."

"That's it," Corp replied, emphatically. "She's no the mother o' him, but there's whiles when she thinks she is. We kept it frae you as long as we could."

"As long as she is so good to him—" David began.

"But at thae times she's not," said Corp. "She begins to shiver most terrible, as if she saw fearsome things in her mind, and syne we see her looking at him like as if she wanted to do him a mischief. She says he's her brat. She thinks he's hers, and that he hasna been well come by."

Tommy's hands rose in agony and then he covered his face with them.

"Go on, Corp," David said, hoarsely, "we must have it all."

"Sometimes," Corp went on, painfully, "she canna help being fond o' him, though she thinks she shouldna hae had him. I've heard her saying, 'My brat!' and syne birsing him closer to her, as though her shame just made him mair to her. Women are so queer about thae things. I've seen her sitting by his cradle, moaning to herself, 'I did so want to be good, it would be sweet to be good,' and never stopping rocking the cradle, and a' the time the tears were rolling down."

Tommy cried, "If there is any more to tell, Corp, be quick."

"There's what I come here to tell you. It was no langer syne than jimply an hour. We thocht the bairn was playing at the gavlend and that Grizel was up the stair. But they werena, and I gaed straight to Double Dykes. She wasna there, but the bairn was, lying greetin' on the floor. We found her in the Den sitting by the burn side, and she said we should never see him again, for she had drowned him. We're sweer, but you'll need to tak' her awa'."

"We shall take her away," David said, and when he and Tommy were left together, he asked, "Do you see what it means?"

"It means that the horrors of her early days have come back to her, and that she is confusing her mother with herself."

David's hands were clenched. "That is not what I am thinking of. We have to take her away; they have done far more than we had any right to ask of them. Sandys, where are we to take her to?"

"Do even you grow tired of her!" Tommy cried.

David said, between his teeth, "We hope there will soon be a child in this house also. God forgive me, but I cannot bring her back here."

"She cannot be in a house where there is a child!" said Tommy, with a bitter laugh. "Gemmell, it is Grizel we are speaking of! Do you remember what she was?"

"I remember."

"Well, where are we to send her?"

David turned his pained eyes full on Tommy.

"No," Tommy cried, vehemently.

"Sandys," said David, firmly, "that is what it has come to. They will take good care of her." He sat down with a groan. "Have done with heroics," he said savagely when Tommy would have spoken. "I have been prepared for this; there is no other way."

"I have been prepared for it too," Tommy said, controlling himself, "but there is another way. I can marry her, and I am going to do it."

"I don't know that I can countenance that," David said, after a pause. "It seems an infernal shame."

"Don't trouble about me," replied Tommy, hoarsely; "I shall do it willingly."

And then it was the Doctor's turn to laugh. "You!" he said, with a terrible scorn as he looked Tommy up and down, "I was not thinking of you. All my thoughts were of her. I was thinking how cruel to her if some day she came to her right mind and found herself tied for life to the man who had brought her to this pass."

Tommy winced and walked up and down.

"Desire to marry her gone?" asked David, savagely.

"No," Tommy said. He sat down. "You have the key to me, Gemmell," he went on quietly, "I gave it to you. You know I am a man of sentiment only, but you are without a scrap of it yourself, and so you will never quite know what it is. It has its good points. We are a kindly people. I was perhaps pluming myself on having made an heroic proposal, and though you have made me see it just now as you see it, as you see it I shall probably soon be putting on the same grand airs again. Lately I discovered that the children who see me with Grizel call me 'The Man with the Greetin' Eyes!' If I have greetin' eyes it was real grief that gave them to me, but when I heard what I was called, it made me self-conscious, and I have tried to look still more lugubrious ever since. It seems monstrous to you, but that, I believe, is the kind of thing I shall always be doing. But it does not mean that I feel no real remorse. They were greetin' eyes before I knew it, and though I may pose grotesquely as a fine fellow for finding Grizel a home where there is no child and can never be a child, I shall not cease, night nor day, from tending her. It will be a grim business, Gemmell, as you know, and if I am Sentimental Tommy through it all, why grudge me my comic little strut?"

David said, "You can't take her to London."

"I shall take her to wherever she wants to go."

"There is one place only she wants to go to, and that is Double Dykes."

"I am prepared to take her there."

"And your work?"

"It must take second place now. I must write. It is the only thing I can do. If I could make a living at anything else I would give up writing altogether."

"Why?"

"She would be pleased if she could understand. And writing is the joy of my life. Two reasons."

But the Doctor smiled.

"You are right," said Tommy. "I see I was really thinking what a fine picture of self-sacrifice I should make, sitting in Double Dykes at a loom!"

They talked of ways and means, and he had to admit that he had little money.

But the new book would bring in a good deal, David supposed.

"The manuscript is lost," Tommy replied, crushing down his agitation.

"Lost! When? Where?"

"I don't know. It was in the bag I left behind at St. Gian, and I supposed it was still in it when the bag was forwarded to me here. I did not look for more than a month. I took credit to myself for neglecting my manuscript, and when at last I looked it was not there. I telegraphed and wrote to the innkeeper at St. Gian, and he replied that my things had been packed at his request in presence of my friends there, the two ladies you know of. I wrote to them, and they replied that this was so, and said they thought they remembered seeing in the bottom of the bag some such parcel in brown paper as I described. But it is not there now, and I have given up all hope of ever seeing it again. No, I have no other copy. Every page was written half a dozen times, but I kept the final copy only."

"It is scarcely a thing anyone would steal."

"No, I suppose they took it out of the bag at St. Gian and forgot to pack it again. It was probably flung away as of no account."

"Could it have been taken out on the way here?"

"The key was tied to the handle so that the custom officials might be able to open the bag. Perhaps they are fonder of English manuscripts than one would expect, or more careless of them."

"You can think of no other way in which it might have disappeared?"

"None," Tommy said, and then the doctor faced him squarely.

"Are you trying to screen Grizel?" he asked. "Is it true what people are saying?"

"What are they saying?"

"That she destroyed it. I heard that yesterday, and told them your manuscript was in my house, as I thought it was. Was it she?"

"No, no. Gavinia must have started that story. I did look for the package among Grizel's things."

"What made you think of that?"

"I had seen her looking into my bag

one day. And she used to say I loved my manuscripts too much ever to love her. But I am sure she did not do it."

"Be truthful, Sandys. You know how she always loved the truth."

"Well, then, I suppose it was she."

After a pause the doctor said: "It must be about as bad as having a limb lopped off."

"If only I had been offered that alternative!" Tommy replied.

"And yet," David mused, better pleased with him, "you have not cried out."

"Have I not! I have rolled about in agony and invoked the gods and cursed and whimpered, only I take care that no one shall see me."

"And that no one should know poor Grizel had done this thing. I admire you for that, Sandys."

"But it has leaked out, you see," Tommy said, "and they will all be admiring me for it at the wedding, and no doubt I shall be cocking my greetin' eyes at them to note how much they are admiring."

But when the wedding-day came he was not doing that. While he and Grizel stood up before Mr. Dishart in the doctor's parlor he was thinking of her only; his eyes never left her, not even when he had to reply "I do." His hand pressed hers all the time, he kept giving her reassuring little nods and smiles, and it was thus that he helped Grizel through.

Had Mr. Dishart understood what was in her mind he would not have married them. To her it was no real marriage; she thought they were tricking the minister, so that she should be able to go home. They had rehearsed the ceremony together many times, and oh, she was eager to make no mistake.

"If they were to find out!" she would say, apprehensively, and then perhaps giggle at the slyness of it all. Tommy had to make merry with her, as if it was one of his boyish plays; if he was overcome with the pain of it she sobbed at once and wrung her hands.

She was married in gray silk. She had made the dress herself, as beautifully as all her things were made. Tommy remembered how once long ago she had told him, as a most exquisite secret, that she had decided on gray silk.

Corp and Gavinia and Ailie and Aaron Latta were the only persons asked to the wedding, and when it was over, they said they never saw anyone stand up by a woman's side looking so anxious to be her man. And I am sure that in this they did Tommy no more than justice.

It was a sad day to Elspeth. Could she be expected to smile while her noble brother did this great deed of sacrifice? But she bore up bravely, partly for his sake, partly for the sake of one unborn.

The ring was no plain hoop of gold; it was garnets all the way round. She had seen it on Elspeth's finger and craved it so greedily that it became her wedding-ring. And from the moment she had it she ceased to dislike Elspeth and pitied her very much, as if she thought happiness went with the ring. "Poor Alice!" she said when she saw Elspeth crying at the wedding, and having started to go away with Tommy she came back to say again, "Poor, poor Alice!"

Corp flung an old shoe after them.

CHAPTER XXXII

TOMMY'S BEST WORK



AND thus was begun a year and a half of as great devotion as remorseful man ever gave to woman. When she was asleep and he could not write, his mind would sometimes roam after abandoned things; it sought them in the night as a savage beast steals forth for water to slake the thirst of many days. But if she stirred in her sleep they were all dispelled; there was not a moment in that eighteen months when he was twenty yards from Grizel's side.

He would not let himself lose hope. All the others lost it. "The only thing you can do is to humor her," even David was reduced in time to saying, but Tommy replied, cheerily, "Not a bit of it." Every morning he had to begin at the same place as on the previous morning, and he was always as ready to do it, and as patient, as if this were the first time.

"I think she is a little more herself to-day," he would say, determinedly, till David wondered to hear him.

"She makes no progress, Sandys."

"I can at least keep her from slipping back."

And he did, and there is no doubt that this was what saved Grizel in the end. How he strove to prevent her slipping back! The morning was the time when she was least troubled, and had he humored her then they would often have been easy hours for him. But it was the time when he tried, most doggedly, with a gentleness she could not ruffle, to teach her the alphabet of who she was. She coaxed him to let her off those mental struggles; she turned petulant and sulky; she was willing to be good and sweet if he would permit her to sew or to sing to herself instead, or to sit staring at the fire, but he would not yield; he promised those things as the reward, and in the end she stood before him like a child at lessons.

"What is your name?" The catechism always began thus.

"Grizel," she said, obediently, if it was a day when she wanted to please him.

"And my name?"

"Tommy." Once to his great delight she said "Sentimental Tommy." He quite bragged about this to David.

"Where is your home?"

"Here." She was never in doubt about this, and it was always a pleasure to her to say it.

"Did you live here long ago?"

She nodded.

"And then did you live for a long time somewhere else?"

"Yes."

"Where was it?"

"Here."

"No, it was with the old Doctor. You were his little housekeeper, don't you remember? Try to remember, Grizel, he loved you so much."

She tried to think. Her face was very painful when she tried to think. "It hurts," she said.

"Do you remember him, Grizel?"

"Please let me sing," she begged, "such a sweet song!"

"Do you remember the old Doctor who called you his little housekeeper? He used to sit in that chair."

The old chair was among Grizel's many possessions that had been brought to

Double Dykes, and her face lit up with recollection. She ran to the chair and kissed it.

"What was his name, Grizel?"

"I should love to know his name," she said, wistfully.

He told her the name many times, and she repeated it docilely.

Or perhaps she remembered her dear doctor quite well to-day, and thought Tommy was someone in need of his services.

"He has gone into the country," she said, as she had so often said to anxious people at the door, "but he won't be long, and I shall give him your message the moment he comes in."

But Tommy would not pass that. He explained to her again and again that the doctor was dead, and perhaps she would remember, or perhaps without remembering she said she was glad he was dead.

"Why are you glad, Grizel?"

She whispered as if frightened she might be overheard, "I don't want him to see me like this." It was one of the pathetic things about her that she seemed at times to have some vague understanding of her condition, and then she would sob. Her tears were anguish to him, but it was at those times that she clung to him as if she knew he was trying to do something for her, and that encouraged him to go on. He went over, step by step, the time when she lived alone in the Doctor's house, the time of his own coming back, her love for him and his treatment of her, the story of the garnet ring, her coming to Switzerland, her terrible walk, her return; he would miss out nothing, for he was fighting for her. Day after day, month by month, it went on, and to-morrow, perhaps, she would insist that the old doctor and this man who asked her so many questions were one. And Tommy argued with her until he had driven that notion out, to make way for another, and then he fought it, and so on and on all round the circle of her delusions, day by day and month by month.

She knew that he sometimes wrote while she was asleep, for she might start up from her bed or from the sofa, and there he was, laying down his pen to come to her. Her eyes were never open for any large fraction of a minute without his knowing,

and immediately he went to her, nodding and smiling lest she had wakened with some fear upon her. Perhaps she refused to sleep again unless he promised to put away those horrid papers for the night, and however intoxicating a point he had reached in his labors, he always promised, and kept his word. He was most scrupulous in keeping any promise he made her, and one great result was that she trusted him implicitly. Whatever others promised, she doubted them.

There were times when she seemed to be casting about in her mind for something to do that would please him, and then she would bring pieces of paper to him, and pen and ink, and tell him to write. She thought this very clever of her, and expected to be praised for it.

But she might also bring him writing materials at times when she hated him very much. Then there would be sly smiles, even pretended affection on her face, unless she thought he was not looking, when she cast him ugly glances. Her intention was to trick him into forgetting her so that she might talk to herself or slip out of the room to the den just as her mother had done in the days when it was Grizel who had to be tricked. He would not let her talk to herself until he had tried endless ways of exorcising that demon, by interesting her in some sort of work, by going out with her, by talking of one thing and another, till at last a subject was lit upon that made her forget to brood.

But sometimes it seemed best to let her go to the den, she was in such a quiver of desire to go. She hurried to it, so that he had to stride to keep up with her, and he said little until they got there, for she was too excited to listen. She was very like her mother again; but it was not the man who never came that she went in search of, it was a lost child. I have not the heart to tell of the pitiful scenes in the den while Grizel searched for her child. They always ended in those two walking silently home, and for a day or two Grizel would be ill, and Tommy tended her, so that she was soon able to hasten to the den again, holding out her arms as she ran.

"She makes no progress," David said.

"I can keep her from slipping back,"

Tommy still replied. The Doctor marvelled, but even he did not know the half of all her husband did for Grizel. None could know half who was not there by night. Here at least was one day ending placidly, they might say when she was in a tractable mood, so tractable that she seemed to be one of themselves, and Tommy assented, brightly, though he knew, and he alone, that you could never be sure the long day had ended till the next began.

Often the happiest beginning had the most painful ending. The greatest pleasure he could give her was to take her to see Elspeth's baby girl or that sturdy rogue, young Shiach, who could now count with ease up to seven, but swayed at eight and toppled over on his way to ten; or their mothers brought them to her, and Grizel understood quite well who her visitors were, sometimes even called Elspeth by her right name, and did the honors of her house irreproachably, and presided at the tea-table, and was rapture personified when she held the baby Jean (called after Tommy's mother), and sat gayly on the floor ready to catch little Corp when he would not stop at seven. But Tommy, whom nothing escaped, knew with what depression she might pay for her joy when they had gone. Despite all his efforts she might sit talking to herself, at first of pleasant things and then of things less pleasant. Or she stared at her reflection in the long mirror, and said "Isn't she sweet!" or "She is not really sweet, and she did so want to be good!" or instead of that she would suddenly go upon her knees, and say, with clasped hands, the childish prayer: "Save me from masterful men," which Jean Myles had told Tommy to teach Elspeth. No one could have looked less masterful at those times than Tommy, but Grizel did not seem to think so. And probably they had that night once more to search the den.

"The children do her harm; she must not see them again," he decided.

"They give her pleasure at the time," David said; "it lightens your task now and then."

"It is the future I am thinking of, Gemmell. If she cannot progress she shall not fall back. As for me, never mind me."

"Elspeth is in a sad state about you,

though! And you can get through so little work."

"Enough for all our wants." He was writing magazine papers only.

"The public will forget you."

"They have forgotten me."

David was openly sorry for him now. "If only your manuscript had been saved."

"Yes, I never thought the little gods would treat me so scurvily as that."

"Who?"

"Did I never tell you of my little gods? I so often emerged triumphant from my troubles, and so undeservedly, that I thought I was especially looked after by certain tricky spirits in return for the entertainment I gave them. My little gods I called them, and we had quite a bowing acquaintance. But you see at the critical moment they flew away, laughing."

He always knew that the lost manuscript was his great work. "My seventh wave," he called it; "and though all the conditions were favorable," he said, "I know that I could run to nothing more than little waves at present. As for re-writing that book, I can't. I have tried."

Yet he was not asking for commiseration. "Tell Elspeth not to worry about me. If I have no big ideas just now I have some very passable little ones, and one in particular that"—he drew a great breath! "If only Grizel were better," that breath said, "I think Tommy Sandys could find a way of making the public remember him again."

So David interpreted it, and though he had been about to say, "How changed you are!" he did not say it.

And Tommy, who had been keeping an eye on her all this time, returned to Grizel. As she had been through that long year so she was during the first half of the next, and day by day and night by night he tended her, and still the same scenes were enacted in infinite variety, and still he would not give in. Everything seemed to change with the seasons, except Grizel and Tommy's devotion to her.

Yet you know that she recovered, ever afterward to be herself again, and though it seemed to come in the end as suddenly as the sight may be restored by the removal of a bandage, I suppose it had been going on all the time, and that her

reason was given back to her on the day she had strength to make use of it. Tommy was the instrument of her recovery. He had fought against her slipping backward so that she could not do it ; it was as if he had built a wall behind her, and in time her mind accepted that wall as impregnable and took a forward movement. And with every step she took he pushed the wall after her, so that still if she moved it must be forward. Thus Grizel progressed imperceptibly as along a dark corridor toward the door that shut out the light, and on a day in early spring the door fell.

Many of them had cried for a shock as her only chance. But it came most quietly. She had lain down on the sofa that afternoon to rest, and when she woke she was Grizel again. At first she was not surprised to find herself in that room nor to see that man nodding and smiling reassuringly ; they had come out of the long dream with her to make the awakening less abrupt.

He did not know what had happened. When he knew, a terror that this could not last seized him ; he was concealing it while he answered her puzzled questions ; all the time he was telling her how they came to be there he was watching in agony for the change.

She remembered everything up to her return to Thrums ; then she walked into a mist.

"The truth," she begged of him, when he would have let her off by pretending that she had been ill only. Surely it was the real Grizel who begged for the truth.

She took his hand and held it when he told her of their marriage. She cried softly because she feared that she might again become as she had been, but he said that was impossible and smiled confidently, and all the time he was watching in agony for the change.

"Do you forgive me, Grizel ? I have always had a dread that when you recovered you would cease to care for me." He knew that this would please her if she was the real Grizel, and he was so anxious to make her happy for ever more.

She put his hand to her lips and smiled at him through her tears. Hers was a love that could never change. Suddenly she sat up. "Whose baby was it ?" she asked.

"I don't know what you mean, Grizel," he said, uneasily.

"I remember vaguely," she told him, "a baby in white whom I seemed to chase, but I could never catch her. Was it a dream only ?"

"You are thinking of Elspeth's little girl perhaps. She was often brought to see you."

"Has Elspeth a baby ?" She rose to go exultantly to Elspeth.

"But too small a baby, Grizel, to run from you, even if she wanted to."

"What is she like ?"

"She is always laughing."

"The sweet !" Grizel rocked her arms in rapture and smiled her crooked smile at the thought of a child who was always laughing. "But I don't remember her," she said. "It was a sad little baby I seemed to see."

(To be concluded.)





Group of Arctic Highlanders.

WITH ARCTIC HIGHLANDERS

By Walter A. Wyckoff

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

II

IT was nearly noon when we steamed cautiously into the little bay behind Brevoort Island and drew near to land, so near finally that we could step from the deck to the ice-foot that remains through the summer, a congealed high-water mark, on the west shore. Twelve hours would be needed for disembarking the explorers with their kit. Two of us made instant use of a part of the time in exploring Cape Sabine on our own account. We headed at once for the highest point of the cape. It was the first chance that fell to us of climbing in Greenland, and we more than welcomed it after a fortnight at sea.

The cape is a mountain of red granite, rugged and torn as to its surface by every form of erosion, and resembling nothing so much as the heaped *débris* of a vast quarry. There was, of course, no semblance of a trail, but one could pick a way in almost any direction with relatively sure footing, and there can be no better climbing than that. The air, too, was of the best, having all the crystal clearness

and buoyancy of great altitude and none of its rarefaction, for even at the summit we were only 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the sea. Nothing could be more perfect. It was cool, for it breathed upon us from boundless fields of ice, and it was warm with the rays of an August sun.

Over the surface of rocks was a shimmer like the quiver of hot air on a summer day at home, and in sheltered crevices, where soil had formed and where the warmest sun-rays fell, were flowers in abundance. Almost in the clutch of surrounding snow we found the *pyrola*, like royal purple against the white of ermine. And there were countless anemones, as dainty and fair as the windflowers of our forests in the early spring, and yellow poppies that fitted well the texture of that Arctic scene, for they grew among volcanic rock of dull red granite, while warming them from a cloudless sky of living blue was the unsetting sun, and beneath them were the waters of the sound in unfathomable glow, bearing drifting icebergs so



A Winter House (Igdlu or Egloo).

slumberous and so pure that upon them seemed to have fallen the poppies' deep sleep as they floated calmly in the beauty of frosted silver through a glazing of tinted air and sea.

And this was the site of Starvation Camp! Around the bend of the cape was the actual spot where General Greely and his followers passed the last of their three winters in the Arctic regions—a veritable last winter for seventeen of the number, who died there before relief came.

The three amateur explorers who accompanied us to the North had chosen this as their landing-place. We helped them find a suitable site for the house in a moraine under the walls of a cliff that shielded it to the north and northeast. By midnight their effects were on land, piled in grotesque disorder among the rocks with the ten tons of coal resting precariously on the ice-foot. Ten Esquimau dogs, which had been purchased at Godhavn, were last of the outfit to go ashore; and the seamen, after twelve hours of almost uninterrupted unloading, found a touch of compensating sport in this the last stroke of the thankless job. By twos and threes the dogs were hoisted from the hold by the winch, high

above the deck, then, with the slackening of the line, the men, shouting lustily for the fun of it, ran them out upon the rocks where the dogs, wearing a comical expression of bewilderment, stood dumfounded for the time. They were all in harness, and the explorers made them fast at once by the traces to the heavier equipment, while the dogs, with the true instinct of their kind, proceeded immediately to get themselves into hopeless tangles and then to raise on the evening air a chorus of heart-rending howls.

Such was the vanishing picture in the wake of the *Diana* as we steamed away: Three men who had light-heartedly chosen to be left without shelter upon a barren, uninhabited shore; the Arctic night closing in upon them with every hour that passed; their house to be built, and the coal and provisions to be stored out of danger; winter garments to be made from the furs of animals which they were to shoot, and the flesh of which was to furnish food for the dogs—(not one of them had ever shot anything larger than a hare!); the kit to be got ready for the exploring, and the exploring to be done by dog-train and



Native Hunters on the Deck of the *Diana*.

sledge (and none of them had ever hitched, much less driven, a team of dogs!). Two, with instant sense of the pressing necessity of work had taken hold immediately after answering our parting cheer from the deck; but the third, most picturesque of conceivable explorers, bare-headed and coatless, his face framed in a luxury of musician's hair, wearing a tight-fitting jersey and knickers and stockings

the accompanying chorus of "Starboard!" "Steady!" "Port!" "Steady!" and the angry grating of the ice along the hull. This was to last many hours, apparently, and so we turned in. But before sleep came, we were aware that there was new excitement on deck. From the foretop Henson had sighted a vessel fast in the ice to the northwest, and almost before we landsmen could distinguish even her hull



One after another the walrus are raised to the half-deck by the winch.—Page 441.

and boots of fearful and wonderful German make, stood posed upon a rock, his chin resting in one hand and an elbow in the other—a truly contemplative figure against a background of desolation, with half a score of hungry Esquimau dogs about him baying to the sky in the midnight shadows of the cliffs of Cape Sabine!

There are uncertainties, doubtless, in Arctic exploration, but of one thing these explorers may rest assured, that, when they return and write their several books, they will have at least one set of eagerly curious readers.

The chance of catching sight of the Windward tempted the captain into the ice again. We were soon pounding about in the floe, zigzagging through the leads to

in the reflected glare of the night sun across the floe, the seamen detected, by her rig, that she was not the Windward but the Fram. We conjectured then that the Windward was still in the ice where she had wintered, eighteen or twenty miles farther north, and that we could serve her best by returning to open water and improving the time against her working free by beginning to lay in the necessary meat-supply for the coming year. Accordingly the Diana put about and, returning through the pack, headed for Foulke Fjord and anchored before Etah at six o'clock on Sunday morning.

Etah is but the most northern of some dozen stations occupied by the Smith Sound Esquimaux. One hesitates at the

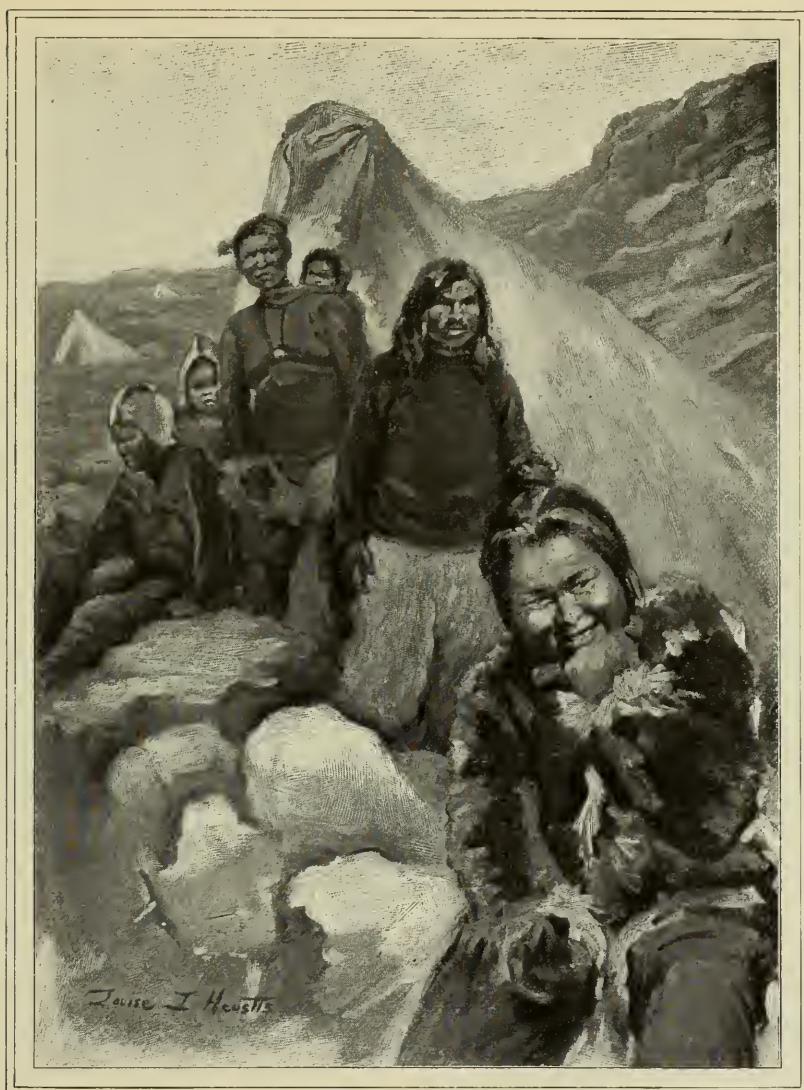
word "settlement" because it conveys an idea of permanency, both as to location and also, in a measure, as to the *personnel* of the body of settlers, and this is only half true of the settlements of the tribe of less than two hundred and fifty individuals who live at scattered points along the coast from Cape York to Foulke Fjord. The points of settlement are permanent, apparently, having been chosen, doubtless, through a process of selection, with reference to shelter and food-supply, continued through many generations; but the families that inhabit them vary each year in accordance with a curious reshuffling which takes place quite spontaneously, it appears, at Peterawik Glacier, where there is a tribal gathering every spring. One rarely finds more than half a dozen families at any place, and each of these may have spent the previous year at a different station from all the others. It is easy to conceive of a certain solidarity of tribal organization which results from such a system, and which it would be difficult to

improve upon under conditions of precarious food-supply that make necessary the widely scattered living of the families of the tribe. Not only are there ties of all degrees of blood relationship which bind each member to the others, but each is personally known to all through the intimacy of closely interdependent existence, which is the only manner of life possible to men encompassed by an Arctic world, and the serious business of whose lives is the hunt for uncertain supplies yielded by wild and sometimes fierce animals.

We now had about us a considerable number of natives: the hunters who had come with us from Saunders Island and those who had accompanied Henson from the Windward, besides the half dozen families that had taken up quarters for the year at Etah. Mat was our chief interpreter, and our teacher in the native tongue—an admirable teacher, for he spoke the language with strikingly near approach to characteristic intonations caught from living speech.



Women and Child of the Arctic Highlanders.



A Group in Front of a Tupik.

There was every inducement to pick up words and idioms which, supplemented by natural sign language, facilitated intercourse with these charming, well-bred folk, who caught your meaning deftly and made answer simply, with a quick-witted, genial turn that lured you on. It is little wonder that there sprang up, forthwith, a custom of informal calls, a social function new to Arctic regions, and to which a biologist on board immediately gave the name of "afternoon walrus."

From afternoon walrus it was but a step to the sober work of walrus hunting. With Mat Henson on board and a number of picked native hunters, including Tong-Wee, the best of the lot, the *Diana* steamed back to Northumberland Island, picked up the sportsmen, who had already bagged a number of walrus, and then settled down to a hunt very much as a whaler goes about her business. Our

best waters, we found, lay between McCormick Bay and Cape Alexander. Fields of pan-ice, mixed with icebergs, were drifting before the Crystal Palace and Morris K. Jesup Glaciers. They were open enough to admit of easy navigation, and the pans furnished the walrus with what are normally safe sleeping-grounds, where, secure against attack, they may lie basking in the sun.

For hours we would cruise about, keeping a sharp lookout for pan-ice and then for what appeared at first from the bridge merely a slight discoloring of the pure white surface of the pans, but which proved to be walrus, sometimes in herds of from forty to sixty, lying close like sleeping swine. More commonly we found from half a dozen to a score together, and now and again we were in waters where, at a single time, from five to ten pans supporting walrus were visible from the deck.



Three Famous Arctic Vessels.
Diana, Windward, and Fram in Foulke Fjord, in the order named.



Erie Railroad Caboose used by Lieutenant Peary as Winter Quarters at Etah.

These were times of greatest interest. The *Diana* would run cautiously to within about a mile of the sleeping beasts, keeping to leeward as far as possible. Then we lowered the three whale-boats and manned them. Two native hunters went into the bow with their lances and harpoons and the long lines of seal hide, carefully coiled, made fast at one end to

early start, since the first boat out will have the pick of the pans. We have Tong-Wee in the bow, and it matters not what other Husky, for Tong-Wee is enough in himself. The mate is keen for the sport and has taken an oar with Jack and little Sam, while the boatswain is steering and sculling for dear life to get ahead of the other boats. Two of us,



Coaling in the Waigat.

(The coal was dug from the cliffs and loaded in gunny sacks.)

the harpoon barb and at the other to a float and *drogue*. The float consisted of the skin of a young seal closely sewed, then inflated with air and made tight by an ingenious ivory stopper; the *drogue*—called by the seamen a “drag”—was a frame about eighteen inches square and four inches deep, covered as to its sides and bottom with tightly drawn seal-skin and attached to the main line by thongs converging from its four corners in such manner that when the *drogue* is drawn through water it takes at once an upright position and creates an almost incalculable resistance to the force that drags it. Three seamen took the oars, and a fourth a sculling oar in the stern; then, with two men armed with rifles, the boat was ready for the start.

A typical case will serve best. Walrus have been sighted and the boats lowered at all speed, for much is gained by an

seated aft, are carefully loading our rifles. A third rifle is on board; on the seat beside the mate lies his old army Snyder, rusty and grim—a veritable cannon. There is something to match it aft in a 50-95 Winchester, another veritable cannon, and there is nothing surer for walrus.

We are headed for a pan whose surface is only a foot or more above the water, and is black with the huge bulks of our game. We have worked around to leeward of them, and floating in the intervening sea are icebergs, behind which the boatswain conceals the boat as far as possible in our progress toward the pan. But we enter, presently, a stretch of open water with nothing to hide behind. Tong-Wee signals to stop rowing, and to crouch in the boat. The seamen bend double over the oars, with only their backs showing above the gunwale. The Huskies peer over the bow, their harpoons

poised for the cast, and the lines and floats and drags all free, ready to be thrown overboard. Tong-Wee's left hand is behind him signalling expressively to the boat-swain, who has placed a piece of gunny-sack in the oar-socket and, bending low, is sculling noiselessly but swiftly for the pan. It is a breathless moment. We are so near that we can plainly see the sun-dried, hairy hides enveloping fold on fold of blubber that furnishes these animals their protection from the cold. They are apparently fast asleep on the naked ice, but we have had experience before of sudden awakenings, and of well-nigh miraculous disappearings, for the walrus is the sea elephant, and, with all his clumsy mass, he moves without haste but with incredible swiftness. And now a bull, who is lying head toward us, lifts himself awkwardly on his fore flippers, and scans the boat through unintelligent eyes, deep-set in his wabbling head, while his mustachios bristle, and his long, ivory tusks gleam in the sun. This is the supreme moment for us. There has been a growing tension of suppressed excitement, but now we break away. At a signal from Tong-Wee the seamen bend to their oars to cover, in all speed, the thirty yards to the pan. We get a shot or two as the animals make for the water, and a good shot will drop a walrus in his tracks. The mate shoots handily, and a bull in mid career falls dead on the brink of the pan,

a bulk of quivering fat, while from a wound in the back of his head a stream of steaming blood shoots upward, spouting like a fountain, and crimsoning the white ice.

Tong-Wee's mate has let drive at the first animal within reach, and has harpooned a young cow that makes off at tremendous speed, closely followed by her calf, and with the float and drag in their wake. But Tong-Wee, being discriminating by nature, has fixed his desires from the first upon a bull, the largest of the herd—a gray monster, with tusks eighteen inches long, and his belly covered with welts as large as your fist, the scars of many battles. Forsaking all others, Tong-Wee cleaves only to him with his eyes. Standing erect in the bow, cool and nerved, his whole being vibrant to the pure joy of mastery, he hurls his harpoon with an easy movement of the forearm, and the shaft, clearing in its beautiful flight the whole width of the pan, comes down, point first, upon the small of the back of the disappearing walrus, and we have just time to see the barb sink deep into the living blubber as the shaft falls away and floats upon the water, where we pick it up as we start in hot pursuit of our prey. For a time the bull keeps up a marvellous pace, drawing the float and drag far below the surface in frantic efforts to free himself from the fiendish grip of the thing that has laid



An Esquimau Hunter.

deep hold of him. He must come up to breathe, however, and with all his strength he cannot long drag tons of still water at the rate at which he set out. Our eyes are everywhere for the *drogues*, and presently, visible fathoms deep as it comes toward the surface, we see Tong-Wee's *drogue* rising like a living thing almost under the boat, and we know that the bull has doubled on his course, and will come up near us. Tong-Wee and the other Husky begin immediately to stamp vigorously in the bottom of the boat, an example which we all follow with instant sense of the inconvenience of being wrecked by the infuriated brute. Frightened by the noise immediately above him, he rises twenty yards beyond us. There is something almost human in his deep, sputtering pants for breath as he lifts his head in air after the long dive, but the momentary pity that it breeds gives way to livelier emotion. He has caught sight of the boat, and in some frantic, crazed manner he recognizes her as his foe, and makes for her. One stroke of his tusks would tear through her sides as through card-board, and a heave of his body would set her bottom-up in a moment. But what chance has the brute? As he comes at us open-mouthed, and with blood-shot eyes, he simply gets a broad-side full in the face that puts out an eye, and rips open his nostrils, and goes crashing down his throat, carrying a tooth or two with it. You cannot kill him as he comes head on, for his massive skull protects the vital parts in front, and we have found our bullets, even those of the 50-95 Winchester, flattened like mushrooms against the massive frontal bones; but no living walrus, however crazed by fright and pain, can continue to take medicine like that and still show fight. He simply must run, and run he does, dragging, this time, the whale-boat, and all on board, for Jack has picked up the line, and is holding like grim death as we go, prow high, and tossing spray, in the wake of the swimming beast. The line slackens presently, and Jack draws it in, bringing the boat steadily nearer to the walrus. Again he has risen for breath. This time the back of his head is toward the boat. There is a moment of deliberate aim at a point as far back of

the eye as the eye is back of the nostrils. Then comes a report, and instantly the walrus rolls over in death's agony, vomiting clotted blood that colors the sea for yards around.

Someone has kept an eye on the other drag, which has become by this time a black speck in the distance, and now he calls attention to it. It is the work of but a few minutes for little Sam to make fast an end of line to the dead walrus and the other end to a gaff which he has driven firmly into the nearest pan, and to cut out the barb from the walrus's back. In a moment more he has marked the pan by means of an oar held securely upright in a crack of the ice, and has slipped back into the boat.

The cow is exhausted by the time we reach her. Through every yard of her long flight she has pulled the drag, which the full strength of a man would hardly draw a foot through still water. She is by no means alone as we come up. Besides her calf a herd of sympathetic cows accompany her, and they show, at our approach, a readiness to fight. There is prospect for a moment of our having a close encounter such as gives to familiar accounts of walrus-hunting a flavor of real danger, and one begins to feel the glow of the absorbing sense of battle. But pumping shot at close range from a magazine rifle into a herd of angry walrus is a feeble substitute for real fight, and when our harpooned cow is bagged, after a plucky struggle for her calf against hopeless odds, we have a decided feeling that, while the hunt is sport, since, on the pan, the beasts have an even chance, yet the actual shooting of a harpooned walrus is too much like shooting tethered cattle. They must be harpooned, however, else in nine cases out of ten they would sink immediately when killed and so be lost; and every pound of meat that we were taking was to serve as food-supply through the coming winter.

We have three walrus now, and there are no more in sight, so up goes the boatswain's oar as a signal to the watch on the bridge of the *Diana*, and soon she is threading a way toward us through the channels among the pans. One after another the walrus are raised to the half-deck by the winch, the halyard creaking

ominously under the strain of a ton or more of dead weight, and the huge carcass falling finally like a mass of quivering jelly among the heaps of the slain of its kind. Ours is by no means a remarkable catch; one of the other boats has seven walrus as the result of a single trip, and the total catch for a few hours' hunt of all the boats reaches eighteen.

Now begins the heavy work of the Esquimaux. The carcasses are to be cut up into pieces of convenient size for storing, and the half-deck made ready again for a new hunt. There is vigorous sharpening of knives for a time. Knives are new to these hunters, having been provided by Lieutenant Peary in exchange for furs; but the Huskies have taken to their use with readiness and skill. They fall merrily upon the task before them, talking and laughing light-heartedly as they swiftly convert the half-deck into shambles, with warm blood running ankle-deep in the scuppers, and pouring in steady streams through vents into the blue sea.

From Monday until Friday the hunt lasted; then, with the flesh of some forty walrus heaped amidships, we steamed far up Olricks Bay and relanded the sportsmen in a reindeer region before heading once more for Etah, in renewed hope of finding the Windward.

By seven o'clock on Saturday morning we were north of Cape Alexander once more and surrounded by the now familiar shores of Smith Sound. A strong breeze was blowing from the northwest, while the sun shone through crisp, frosty air. Walrus in droves were swimming northward before us. Who was first to see her I do not know, but like a flash the word ran down the deck that the Windward was in Foulke Fjord, lying at anchor near its mouth. The effect was electrical. Everyone on board was intent on the sight, and all shared in a sense of achievement which was heightened by the buoyancy of the day. I was doing my best to see through field-glasses what was evident to the naked eyes of the seamen and the Huskies, and at last I saw, faintly outlined against surrounding cliffs, the upper sticks and yards of a three-masted vessel with colors flying at her peak. Just then the mate descended from the bridge and

walked up to the captain on the quarter-deck.

"That's not the Windward, sir," I heard him say. "That's not her rig; it's the Fram's."

The commander of the expedition was near at hand with Henson and two or three Huskies. All eyes were turned again upon the vessels, and, surely enough, one after another points of difference from the rigging of the Windward were noted, until no doubt of the error remained. It was a keen disappointment. If by this time the Windward was not free of the ice, she might, by a turn in the weather which could fall now on any day, be frozen in for another year, and this would create endless difficulties for the expedition. Our imaginations were conjuring all manner of complications, when we were summoned sharply to actual fact by a shout from Mat. Notwithstanding the presence of the Huskies, whose eyesight is really phenomenal, Henson was first to see the Windward.

"There she is, a mile up the harbor!" he shouted. "That's her! That's her!" He was pointing eagerly across our starboard bow.

It was the Windward, and in half an hour, with colors flying, we were steaming past the Fram, saluting as we went, and heading for the Windward, that, also with colors flying and saluting our approach, lay at anchor under the cliffs at Etah.

A change had come over the station, a change to suggest the miraculous growth of a booming Rocky Mountain camp. Five days before, we left behind us but a few scattered tupiks occupied by women and children, for we carried off the men for the hunt. And now, on our return, we find a thriving settlement with an air of much industry about it. As its conspicuous central figure there stands firmly planted on the rocks, well above tide-line, a caboose that was lifted bodily from its trucks in the yards of the Erie Railroad in Jersey City, and transported on the Windward as a deck-house to North Greenland. A workshop is going up behind it, its walls consisting of provision boxes whose inner sides when removed disclose a series of shelves stored with supplies. These are to serve Lieutenant

Peary as living and work rooms through the winter. Six or eight small canvas tents and several tupiks are pitched on the stony soil about the caboose. Natives in what seem large numbers are moving about among them, or stopping to shout greetings to their kinsmen on the ship. A ferry has been rigged between the Windward and the land, and the Windward's crew are fast unlading her. From a staff on top of the knoll in the midst of the settlement an American flag floats stiff in the brisk morning breeze. Under it two white men are standing, and from the deck they are soon recognized as Lieutenant Peary and Dr. Dedrich.

With its native population suddenly grown to thirty or more, with white men living among them, with the active business of preparing winter quarters under full swing, and especially with three vessels in her harbor, Etah had taken on a quite metropolitan air. Indeed, the situation is not easily matched in the history of Arctic exploration—the foregathering of so many white men and natives at a point so far to the north, and the interest of their meeting heightened by the presence of vessels vitally connected with the most important and dramatic incidents of recent Arctic work!

There were many greetings forthwith, and to one, at least, it was worth while to be witness. The captain of the Windward and the captain of the Diana were brothers, sons in a Newfoundland family famous for its seamen. When we had been at anchor for an hour or two a gig from the Windward came alongside, and her captain stepped out upon the ladder. At its head stood our captain. The two had not seen each other for a year, and one had been icebound for that time.

“Well, John, old man!”

“Well, Sam, my boy!” A warm grasp of right hands, a deep look into each other's eyes, and it was over, and the two men were precisely to each other as they stood when parting in Kane Basin a twelvemonth before. Certainly “we do not fall on each other's necks nor kiss when we come together.”

We were made cordially welcome on the Windward and the Fram, and we had the pleasure of meeting Captain Sverdup and members of his expedition, notably

Lieutenant Baumann, who showed us through all parts of the Fram, explaining her construction in many details of ingenious contrivance adapted to Arctic work and not neglecting to admit us to what had formerly served as Nansen's private cabin. But the most forceful reminder of that earlier expedition, with its absorbing human interest, came when we were taking leave. We saw the decks precisely as they are described in “Farthest North,” with the lean sledge dogs straining at their tethers, and game hanging thick in the lower rigging in readiness for the coming Christmas dinner!

An increase of ten in the native population of Etah came directly from the Windward. Five hunters and their wives had wintered on board. The men, with their intimate knowledge of the ways of life and of travel at the North, were highly useful on the march and in the caching of provisions, and the women made the necessary fur garments and repaired the old ones as they came in worn with use. The women of the tribe are remarkably skilful at the work, sewing with a neatness and strength of workmanship that it would be difficult to surpass by hand labor.

It was natural that those on the Windward should be good seamstresses, since they were the wives of picked hunters. When a Smith Sound Esquimau chooses a wife he apparently has regard only to housewifely qualities. She must be able to do the cooking and to sew and to chew hides. This last is a *sine qua non*. Furs are the only possible dress, and of these they must have an abundance, else they will perish with cold. When the sun is above the horizon the women spread the skins of seal and reindeer and bear, pegging them out hide up, and allow them to dry thoroughly. Once dry they are, of course, as stiff as boards, and before they can be made into garments the fibres must be broken. Accordingly the women bend the hide double, making a crease through its length. Beginning then at one end, they chew steadily to the other. Then creasing the hide a little farther on, they chew again and repeat the simple process until every inch of the surface has been chewed, and, with fibres broken, the skin is flexible enough to be sewed into gar-

ments. A good cook and seamstress and chewer of raw hides is certain of a good husband, for she will be taken to wife by one of the best of the young hunters, who is, therefore, a good provider. There is no ceremony of marriage, the hunter taking his bride from her father's tupik or igdlu (also spelt egloo; winter house) to his own; nor, so far as we learned, is there among them ceremony of any kind, no formal worship nor any rites, unless the incantation of the angekoks (medicine men) be given rank as a rite.

We had been long enough now with the natives to begin to see in outline the salient features of their tribal life. The land is their common inheritance, and all are free to hunt where they choose. The stone igdlus are the winter homes of the tribe, and, if there are not enough for the housing of all the families, new ones can readily be built. There is private property only in the instruments of the hunt. Lances and harpoons, and floats and *drogues*, and bows and arrows bear each the private mark of its owner. In a certain curious sense there is well recognized common right even in the food-supply.

It is interesting to trace this fact into its actual working: The tribe is essentially monogamous in practice. Mrs. Grundy would be deeply shocked to learn how this desirable end is reached, but we do not propose to tell her, and she may rest in the comfortable assurance that husband and wife marry early and generally live happily together in a family life which surrounds their children with devoted affection and provides tenderly for the helpless of their near of kin. I hope that Mrs. Grundy is not beginning at this point to think of the substantial comforts of her own life and of the lights that illumine all her virtuous way, but that she will try to translate these homely words with their common associations into the facts of the daily living of stone-age savages who yet share with her her essential humanity.

There is no tribal organization, no chief, nor any elders in authority; indeed, no premeditated, structural system of any kind, but a quite simple order which issues naturally from the facts of equality and of equal sharing in all the essentials of livelihood. With certain naïve differences

from our accepted ideals, there is, then, the monogamous family, and in it, as it was from the beginning, the husband is the provider, and the wife the housekeeper.

As provider, the husband must be a hunter; for wild animals are the only source of food and clothing and fuel, and division of labor with an accompanying medium of exchange have not yet been dreamed of, much less a system of property rights which yields a lien upon the labor of fellow-hunters. Each with his varying skill, and each with his own hand-made implements, whose designs have come down to him through countless generations of hunting ancestors, goes forth to the hazard of the hunt. What he secures is his, and game is easily traced to its rightful owner by means of the mark of ownership on the harpoon or lance or arrow which has caused death. But there come times when each man's catch is not all his own—times of scarcity, when the successful hunter shares his game equally with all the needful families of the station, even if his own is in bitter want of all he has. He does this from no sense of charity, but out of a feeling of solidarity by which he knows instinctively that the strength or weakness of the tribe is the measure of his own, and that what he shares to-day will return to him to-morrow when luck may favor another hunter. Even this is not the limit of a natural altruism in the interests of the tribe as a larger self. If a father finds that the combined efforts of himself and his growing sons is more than enough for the support of the family, he appoints those of his sons whose labor he does not need as providers for any in the tribe whose support is insufficient.

Of the helpless there are few besides young children. Sickness is almost unknown, and yet life among them is generally a short though a merry one. Through the infinite chances of the chase few hunters live to old age, and we were struck by the fewness of old women in the tribe. The enduring of almost unbroken cold is a constant drain upon vitality, and before old age has well set in, life goes out from sheer exhaustion. Of cripples we saw only one, and, in spite of the breeding in and in, but one case came to our notice of downright feeble-minded-

ness. Alert, quick-witted, sharp-eyed, they have a self-reliance that comes of experience, and a courage that takes accurate measure of danger, and with it all a genial simplicity of nature as free from self-consciousness as the life of a bird.

But how, we asked at once, if land and dwellings, and even food, are held in common, how does the tribe protect itself from supporting in idleness its lazy members? There is a comical incongruity in applying so modern a term as "public opinion" to the case of a race of men who have no written characters, and numerals only to five, who have no laws, nor courts, nor police, nor newspapers, and whose tribal regulations flow chiefly through channels of physical fact. But if it be not public opinion, it is, perhaps, their nearest approach to it in the obligation that each man is under not merely to be a hunter, but to be the best hunter that he can. Apart from physical disability, he must be a hunter or else he is not a man, and he has no chance whatever of securing a wife. It seems to be a constant fact in the history of the tribe that there are always slightly fewer women than men; to secure a wife at all is, therefore, a matter of competition, and the better hunters will inevitably have the better wives, for the reason that each hunter must be the best that he can in order to secure the wife that he wants and then to keep her.

It is only in respect of his neighbor's wife that it is possible, apparently, for an Esquimau to break the Tenth Commandment. He does not covet his neighbor's house nor anything that is his, because, apart from the implements of the hunt, these are quite as much his own as his neighbor's, but he may covet his neighbor's wife. In that case he tells his neighbor frankly of his preference, and without further word they face each other to do battle for the woman. But even now there is no knock-down fight. Neither has any conception of war; for there are no men within reach for the tribe to make war upon, and it is unlikely that either of the contestants has ever seen a blow struck in anger. Silently and with grim determination, they set about a series of well-recognized tests to determine their relative strength and endurance, and to the victor

belongs the woman. They pull fingers, and wrestle after a quaint manner of their own, and, if the contest be still indecisive, they stand facing each other, while each with clinched fist beats the other on the biceps muscles of the left arm until one has yielded. Then the other takes the woman, whether she be his wife already or the wife of his rival. The woman has had no voice in the matter, but she is likely to be content with the result, for in being wife to the stronger man she has the better provider, while the other woman, owing to the scarcity of wives, will not be long without a husband.

With some personal acquaintance with the tribe and with a little fragmentary knowledge of their ways we set sail once more from Etah. But on the evening before our departure there was a notable dinner-party on board. The five hunters from the Windward with their wives were asked to dine in the forward cabin, and Henson presided at the dinner. Henson is own brother to the Husky, with a native ease of adaptability which would have delighted Sir Richard Burton. He shone now at his best. Around the table were seated alternately man and wife to the number of ten, all as merry as a company of children at a birthday-party. Life on the Windward with abundant supply of water had brought opportunities for habits of personal cleanliness, and the natives adopted them with an instinctiveness that, knowing them, one would expect to find among their sensibilities. It was a revelation not without its pathos in view of the enforced manner of living in their native state, without water in the fetid air of almost hermetically sealed stone igdlus through the long Arctic winter night.

Around the table they sat with sparkling eyes, and burnished cheeks, and well-combed hair falling, in the case of the men, in thick black mass upon their shoulders. All were in clean, new suits of fur, seal-skin jackets over an under coat made of the skins of the little auk with the feathers next the body, bearskin breeches on the men, breeches of Arctic hare and blue fox on the women, and all in seal-skin top-boots, standing knee-high to the men and quite to the thighs on the women.

There was not a trace of embarrassment or of self-consciousness. To the natives

the dinner was an event ; the plain fare served in the rough and ready way of the ship was like a royal banquet on plate of gold, except that such a figure would convey no meaning at all to their minds. They had never dreamed of anything so bounteous as the dinner, and the sweets were an inexhaustible delight. Fancy a palate inherited through ages from generations that knew not the taste of sweet, and grown to maturity with a capacity for the enjoyment of sugar equal to that of a child !

They were so delightfully frank in their enjoyment, and withal so delicately courteous to one another. At ignorant breaches of table manners they laughed heartily, but this they did so spontaneously and the laughter was joined in so joyously by its victims that it seemed quite the best indication of their good breeding. Without seeming to do so, they watched Henson, and with Oriental quickness of imitative faculty they followed his every movement as the standard of form. If, however, in unaccustomed fingers, a knife was used where a fork or a spoon should have served, the act was sure to be seen, and peals of laughter followed ; but never was the error repeated.

After dinner our guests were given the freedom of the ship ; the women chose to go down into the after cabin, the painted splendors of which they had seen from the skylight. But it was not the color that attracted them. They are notably without the savage taste for color.

One day I gave to Ebaaloo a stocking-cap, thinking that she might fancy it for its gaudy stripes. The child wore it for a few hours—her mother insisted upon that, I suspect, out of regard for my feelings—and then I saw the cap no more.

It was the mere unaccustomedness of the cabin that attracted the women at the first, I suppose, the common feeling of wonder at life adapting itself to an untried way. Then they caught sight of the mirror. This was like the sweets at dinner, only better as a source of new sensations. They clustered about it, peering over one another's shoulders with timid glances out of wide eyes that were full of infinite wonder. Their rich, soft voices rose in charming little exclamations of surprise at sight of their faces responding instantly to the play

of their own emotions. But through all the child-like *abandon* to the marvel there was never a moment's loss of dignity, no crowding, nor any thought of self, apparently, apart from the common enjoyment in the almost painful pleasure of so great a mystery.

We were off again in the early morning for Cape York. Lieutenant Peary and Dr. Dedrich were on board, and our programme was to visit every station occupied by the tribe. The explorers were thus to carry out a plan for laying in a store of furs for the winter and making arrangements with the natives for an adequate supply of dogs when they should be needed ; and the scientists were to improve so favorable an opportunity of adding to their already notable collections of Arctic fauna and flora. Incidentally there was to be good sport. Another fifty walrus were wanted for dog-meat, and reindeer stalking was to be had from Academy Bay, and the best conceivable bird shooting in the loomerics of Saunders Island.

It was not all clear sailing, for high winds drove us to shelter for several hours in Lone Star Bay ; there a thick fog settled upon us and clung tenaciously for days, as we threaded a precarious way from station to station between Cape York and Inglefield Gulf. But the fog cleared finally, and there followed the former splendor of unbroken day, with changing cycles from the earthly glory of high noon to the solemn stillness and ineffable beauty of the sunlit midnight. There were long afternoons when, as we cruised about Inglefield Gulf, we lay in the sunlight on the bridge, gazing into the infinite depths of blue above and beneath us, feeling again the delicious languor of the tropics, while the vessel throbbed faintly to the pulse of engines at half-speed and cleft her leisurely way past icebergs, and the "Sculptured Cliffs of Karnah," and the glaciers of Northumberland Island, and the glowing red of the crimson cliffs that mark the entrance to McCormick Bay.

We had made presently the round of all the stations save one. Everywhere the hunters had come out in their kayaks to meet us, approaching the vessel with shouts of "*Chaimô* !" (Welcome !) and of "Hello, Peary !" when they caught

sight of the familiar figure of the explorer dressed in furs like their own ; and we could hear from the rocky shores the long-drawn call of the women and children from tupik to tupik of " Oomiokshuah ! " (the big house-boat !)

Everywhere we found the same cheerful contentment, with a certain contagious light-heartedness that was irresistible and an instinctive courtesy which makes, the world over, its instant appeal to one's better self. It was strange to be in a world where men were poor in common, but none was destitute. Poor they certainly are by any standard of our complex life. Ivory and bone and flint, with an occasional piece of driftwood, are the only possible instruments of production in their native state, and in the use of these they are ingenious beyond praise. The animals of the region yield to them all that is possible of food and clothing and fuel. It is true that Lieutenant Peary has, by exchanging knives and needles and wood, and even rifles and ammunition, for furs and dogs and services, enormously increased their wealth and their power, for the time, of producing it ; yet there are no new sources of wealth, and life at best is a from-hand-to-mouth existence, with only an increased likelihood of enough to eat and to wear. But yet, without improvidence, they are wholly without the sense of care, apparently, in any anxious thought of what they shall eat or what they shall drink, or wherewithal they shall be clothed. And, for all their courage and hardihood and freedom from care, they show a delicacy and sensitiveness of feeling that touch one deeply in so crude a race. Their dignity and courtesy we had marked from the beginning, and the natural simplicity of their affections ; and it was the more interesting to see for the first time, as we did at the station at North Star Bay, the marks of more demonstrative feeling.

We had gone ashore as usual, and had taken with us several of the hunters, with Angedloo among them. Angedloo's mother was living there, and his brother, Weshakupsi, a young hunter, who had visited America in company with Lieutenant Peary, and had returned to his people and married one of the beauties of the tribe. Angedloo was in high feather

among his near of kin, showing us about with more than his usual readiness. Presently he disappeared, but we did not notice his absence until, with Dr. Dedrich, two of us passed near one of the outlying tupiks. There we heard a cry that held us with heartrending fascination. One hears it sometimes in a minor wail from the depth of a crowd of pilgrims at a *melá* in India, or just at the turn of the deep-toned cry of dervishes, as it seems to rise from the midmost heart of grief. It was Angedloo's mother crying over her son because of the coming long separation. It was like an incantation or a chant with sobs to mark the measure and words borne on the oft-repeated strain. Dr. Dedrich told us that she spoke of her " first-born," and of the " white man," and of Angedloo's going with him far from her to the distant north.

Kangerdlooksoah, not far from the entrance to Academy Bay, in Inglefield Gulf, was the last station in our round, and a tragedy had preceded our coming. Many icebergs were in the bay, while a fine, veil-like mist was rising from the land and melting in the sun's rays. We were moving cautiously, sounding as we went. There were but few of us on deck, for it was before breakfast, but the native hunters on board were standing in a row on the royal forecastle, leaning on the starboard monkey rail, laughing and talking as usual, and gazing landward for sight of tupiks. We could pick them out as the mist lifted, and presently I counted the unusual number of eight, scattered over a wide terminal moraine. They were themselves evidence of life, but there was no other. The very dogs that were indistinguishable among the rocks were still for once, and the stillness, which was merely curious at first, grew appalling as we drew nearer, while not a tent-flap fluttered nor a single voice called to us. A plague might have come down upon the station and swept it of its life, for all that we could see of living things. The ship was as silent as the shore, for all on deck had ceased to speak, in wonder at what we saw, while an indefinable apprehension crept upon us.

He might have risen from the rocks he appeared so abruptly, a hunter carrying his kayak on his head and making for the

water's edge. He looked like a sole survivor, this solitary figure in the midst of silence and desolation. We watched him launch his canoe and paddle toward us. His head was bowed, and a tangled mass of long, straight, black hair fell about his face. There was none of the customary greetings as he came; the wash of the paddle-blades as they rose, dripping, was the only sound. He did not look up until almost under the bow; when, for a moment, he raised his face to his fellow-hunters and scarcely more than whispered a sentence; then bowed his head again and, leaning dejectedly upon the paddle-shaft, allowed the canoe to drift. From the half-deck we could hear no word of what he said, but in that moment we caught a glimpse behind streaming masses of unkempt hair of eyes fairly wild with terror, while his whole figure seemed to shrink and shrivel as in the presence of a mortal fear.

The Huskies remained rigid, as though frozen to the rail. Just then Henson appeared on his way aft to report.

"What is it, Henson?" I asked, and I expected to learn of the sudden death of all save one in the station.

"One of the hunters here was drowned a few hours ago," he replied. "They found his kayak upside down, but they'll never find him."

It was the common end, the way of dying which awaited many of the men, and all of them face it nearly every day with frankest courage. But sudden death is, after all, the grimmest tragedy of life, and even in this, its almost habitual form, it had come with paralyzing effect among this child-like folk.

It is difficult to draw them into talk about their intimate beliefs. High-spirited and most companionable as they are, they grow taciturn at any approach to matters of conviction. They have a word which might be translated "because," and when pressed for the wherefore of a view, they are apt to reply, "We think it so, *because*," and beyond "because" it is impossible to induce an Esquimau to go. This much has been learned, however, of their philosophy by men whom they have accepted to close friendship: that they believe in an overruling Providence and in a future life, and in rewards and punishments meted out according to deeds

done in the body; and that they share with all their race the conviction that a good Esquimau when he dies goes down to nether regions that are warm, and a bad Esquimau up to the trackless white desert of the ice-cap that is always cold.

Their dead they bury in lateral moraines, heaping stones above them and leaving beside the graves of the men their sledges and hunting gear; and, once buried, they never speak of the dead again.

Something must be done in the present instance, for the people of the station were like a company of terror-stricken children. Accordingly Lieutenant Peary ordered up some necessities and went ashore alone and encamped there, while the *Diana* carried us far up Academy Bay, where for a day or two we had fairly successful reindeer stalking over never-to-be-forgotten rough country to the north of the bay.

When we returned Kangerdlooksoah was perfectly normal. There was the same spirited interest in our coming which had welcomed the *Diana's* company everywhere. Bright eyes gazed questioningly at us, and we heard again the soft-voiced, far-carrying call across the water. Sorrow and sighing had fled away; death was clean forgotten in the presence of all-conquering life. Every personal effect of the dead man lay abandoned far up on the moraine. His widow and a child of six remained; the widow wore a seal-skin hood continuously in token of her loss, but she seemed to have forgotten her husband's death as completely as any of her neighbors. Her unconsciousness of that was as nothing, however, compared with her apparent unconsciousness of another loss of her own inflicting. Lieutenant Peary had arranged that she should go with us to Etah, where her parents lived, and where she could be provided for until a future marriage. She had been left with two children, the child of six and a baby a few months old, and just before she came aboard she, with her own hands, strangled the younger child. The act was as natural to her, apparently, as the care that up to that hour she had given it. She had merely carried into effect an established custom of her race. A widow may hope to rear her children

of an older growth, but for a helpless baby she sees almost sure starvation, and, in spite of natural affection and without apparent compunction, she puts the child, when its father dies, beyond the reach of further pain.

Such was the curious mingling of traits. We had found the Esquimaux as honest as the day. Money is no temptation to them, for they know nothing of its use, and a heap of gold would be but so much worthless metal. But steel is to them treasure of the rarest, and made up into the convenient shapes of needles and knives and hatchets and the like, it becomes wealth incalculable. Yet we left our hunting kit and our scientific instruments about the decks without the slightest risk of losing them. It was as though the natives were incapable of the thought of theft. Brave and enduring we found them from the first and courteous and true of speech; as strange side-lights upon the inconsistency of human nature came this childish terror at sudden death and a hardened readiness to take life against all natural affection.

Once more we were headed for Etah, and now for the last time. Little remained to complete the work of the expedition. The *Windward* had been found and was resupplied with coal and started on her homeward way. The explorers were safe and well, and most hopeful for their future work. Winter quarters were being made ready at Etah, and from them, with the return of daylight in February, a start would be made again for the journey to the Pole. It only remained for us to land the explorers and their picked hunters and unlade the *Diana* of her stores.

It was about one o'clock in the morning of Monday, August 28th, that we finally left Etah for the south. There was some approach to darkness, for the sun had been sinking fast, and now, at midnight, it dipped just below the northern horizon, while at Etah the twilight was deepened by the shadows of the hills about the fjord. Still there was light enough, for as we cast off we could see clearly the figures of the group on shore. Tall and straight in the midst was Lieutenant Peary, now remaining for his seventh winter in Arctic regions. Dr. Dedrich and Mat Henson were at his

side. Standing about them were twenty-five or thirty of the little people, hunters and their wives and children, all joining heartily in the cheers which came in answer to our own, until cheers could be heard no longer, and gave way then to rifle volleys, and these, in turn, to Roman candles from the ship, which shot up from the stern until the headlands at the harbor's mouth hid the winter quarters from view. Then, with a last look at the rugged coast-line where we had spent so incomparable a summer, and a glance at the cold, grim shores of Ellesmere Land across the Sound, and a shuddering thought for the three explorers there, we turned in.

Only one errand remained to us in our journey south. Up Olric's Bay we steamed once more in quest of the company of sportsmen. For sustained interest of a certain sort, this last trip was the most notable of the voyage. It was our third venture into these uncharted waters.

The second one was made while we were cruising about Inglefield Gulf, and it carried us past the narrows and nearer the head-waters, where the sportsmen had moved their camp. Having left instructions about the time and place of final meeting farther down the bay, we started back and were presently stock still in the middle of the channel, with our keel caught on a rock at high tide. We wriggled free, however, and made a way to deeper waters without further mishap.

The last cruise in the bay was exciting in consequence. Every aim of the expedition had been accomplished with complete success save one, which a biologist on board had publicly pronounced an important one—that of getting back home. A serious accident would be fatal to that now. The *Windward* was already gone a week's journey homeward. Once stranded, no possible relief could reach us, and we should have to winter at the north. So we watched the *Diana's* progress up through the treacherous channel of the bay and back again with unfeigned attention; and we were glad to pass the head-lands of Northumberland Island, and make once more for the open through troubled waters of Baffin Bay, and to know that the course was set due south.

It is difficult to discriminate among so many happy strokes, but perhaps the crowning touch of sheer good fortune was one which here befell us. We were in the middle of Baffin Bay, some two hundred miles from the nearest point on the coast of Greenland, which happened to be the northern entrance to the Waigat, and quite twelve hundred from any serviceable port in Labrador. It was suddenly discovered that owing to a too generous gift to the Windward, the remaining coal on board was not enough to carry us to harbor.

The situation was not actually desperate, for the *Diana*, being an auxiliary craft, could make some headway under sail; but her progress would be very slow, and she would far overreach the time for which she had been chartered. Accordingly we put about and headed east for the Waigat in quest of some relief from the awkward predicament. The apparent prospect was not promising. Blubber is the natural fuel of Greenland, for there is no wood of any kind. But earlier geologic ages dealt more kindly with the country, for there prove to be carbonized remains of forests.

By an odd coincidence the commander of the expedition happened to read, on the very day of our re-entering the Waigat, of the fact that twice Sir Allen Young, when in command of the *Pandora*, that afterward became the ill-fated *Jeannette*, had run in there for coal, which he found outcropping in the cliffs of Kudleset. Accordingly we searched the Waigat for a native settlement and found Sarkak on the mainland side just at sunset.

There was something soothingly homely in seeing the sun go down after weeks of broad day. It sank in the north behind great banks of crimson clouds, leaving a flush upon the snow that overlapped the sides of the sharp-peaked mountains on each coast and the hundreds of huge icebergs drifting through the channel. Then we watched the stars come out, and they seemed like the faces of old friends, and the flickering lights in the windows of the cabins on the shore were like messages from home.

At Sarkak we found a Danish factor, a half-breed of patriarchal standing in the station, from whom we secured guides and

a willing company of Danish Esquimaux, who were glad to help at coal-mining at a kroner (about twenty-seven cents) a day.

Under their guidance we steamed back to Kudleset and anchored early in the morning near the cliffs, along whose face could be seen strata of coal alternating with sandstone. Here the men worked all day at digging out the coal and putting it in gunny-sacks and loading these into the boats, in which they were taken to the ship and emptied into the bunkers.

It was our last day in Greenland, Saturday, September 2d. Beyond the fact of a few hours of darkness at night, there was nothing as yet to indicate the coming winter. The thermometer registered 50° Fahrenheit on the deck, and we quickly felt the heat of the sun-rays when we began to climb the coast range.

The sense of elevation was everywhere, on the beach and on the cliffs as well as high up on the mountain-side. The air itself conveyed it in rarity and purity and in the feeling of boundlessness which one took in with every breath. There was languor in it too, the delicate languor wherein "deep asleep one seems yet all awake," and one was well content to lie among the soft turf and bracken of the banks above the shore and watch the "downward smoke" of waterfalls across the faces of black cliffs, and the serene, classic beauty of drifting icebergs, and the warm, rugged mountains holding back the aged snow, and the play of breezes among the nodding heads of yellow poppies, and the gleaming dance of brooks that spends past ice and turf and flowers through channels that were banked with living moss.

The next day found us far out in Baffin Bay again, where favoring winds filled our sails and never failed us until, with scarcely a shovelful of coal remaining, we made Battle Harbor in Labrador on Friday night, and spent Saturday, September 9th, in again recoaling.

Very far out of the world Labrador seemed to us as we sailed north, but now on our return the little fishing station of Battle Harbor was like the heart of civilization. There were Newfoundland newspapers there not more than three weeks old, and a yacht of the New York Yacht Club had left only the day before.

Keener even than for news, however, was our appetite for food of any fresh and growing sort. A long course of "embalmed beef" and "salt horse" and tinned vegetables gives one a quite incalculable craving for what is fresh. You could put a man on edge by talking to him about "roast chicken and lettuce salad."

We gratified our hunger in the unexpected way of finding blueberries among the rocks above the harbor. There, silent and prone in the sun, we picked and ate the berries and felt a certain cool refresh-

ment which comes of so primitive and real a gratification.

Down through the Strait of Belle Isle we sailed on Sunday, and early on Tuesday morning we came to anchor in Sydney Harbor. The sky was overcast when we reached the deck, and banks of fog rested on the land; but with the lifting of the mist we could see again the rich summer green of the shores, and it came with a fine effect of restfulness to eyes that were dazzled by the glamour of the North.



Landing a Walrus.

POSTSCRIPTUM

ADAPTED FROM THE ITALIAN OF STECCHETTI

By Caroline Duer

DEAR, in the autumn, when the leaves fall slowly,
 Seek for the cross above my quiet grave,
 Far in the green depths of some church-yard lowly,
 Hid in the grass where tangled wild flowers wave.

Pluck for your hair the wreath I cannot bring you,
 Born of my heart through many a lonely day.
 These are the songs I thought, but could not sing you,
 Those are the words of love I dared not say.

THE SLAVE-TRADE IN AMERICA

THIRD PAPER—THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE

By John R. Spears

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK



IT is a wide subject—so wide, indeed, that at least two volumes have been written on its legislative features, with only incidental reference to the actual facts, or things done in the way of enforcing and evading the legal restraints. The story of it is necessarily full of the wildest and wickedest life of the sea—necessarily because from the first attempt at restraint the law-abiding people left the trade and the most desperate people of the sea flocked to it; and, what is of more importance, the trade increased and gave greater profits with every extension of the scope of the law.

We may very well begin with certain official reports bearing on the extent of the trade which it was proposed to abolish, and the account-books and papers of people in the trade to show what the profits were. By way of example, we may select from these the custom-house returns of Charleston, S. C., from January 1, 1804, to December 31, 1807. These showed that 202 cargoes of slaves were entered there in that period, of which 128 were brought in American ships. The total number of slaves was 39,075. It is not pretended that this is a complete statement of the number of slaves imported in that district, for, as will appear farther on, there was a deal of smuggling done; but we know no fewer were imported.

Out of the 202 slavers, 70 were British—doubtless chiefly from Liverpool, a port whose prosperity was founded on the slave-trade, the very docks of which she now properly makes boast, having been first devised for the benefit of her sharp-hulled slavers. Liverpool, in one year (from January, 1798, to January, 1799), despatched 150 ships in the African trade. These were allowed, by act of Parliament, to carry 52,557 slaves, and they actually delivered 47,500 in market.

The average cost of a slave in Africa was then from £20 to £25, and the average selling price was £70—there was a gross profit of from £45 to £50 per head. The books of two of the Liverpool firms in the trade show that the ships *Lottery*, *Enterprise*, *Fortune*, *Louisa*, and *Bloom*, delivered six cargoes, aggregating 2,126 slaves, on which the net profit was £43 8s. 3d. per head. A cargo numbering 326, in the *Louisa*, paid a net profit of £58 13s. 10d. per head. A cargo of 392, in the *Enterprise*, paid £62 6s. 6d. per head, and 305, in the *Lottery*, paid £62 7s. 4d. per head.

But the limit of fortunes made in the traffic was not yet reached. The American ship *Venus*, built in Baltimore at a cost of \$30,000, landed a cargo of 860 slaves on the coast of Cuba, on which the profit was a trifle under \$200,000, after allowing for the cost of the ship and all other expenses, although the Cuban officials received a bribe of \$27.50 per head. Another American ship, called the *Tres Amigos*, delivered 1,350 slaves near Bahia at a similar rate of profit.

The cost of the slave-ship—the amount of capital required—is an important matter. The story of the Baltimore schooner *Napoleon* is remarkable from this point of view. She measured but ninety tons. She made a number of successful voyages—but the facts in one will suffice. In 1835 she took on a cargo composed of young negroes of the Kassoos, the Fi and Sherbro Bullons nations—fierce young fighters every one. Of these, she landed 350. They cost \$16 each, and sold for \$360 each. With all expenses out, including a present of \$5,000 to her surgeon, Richard Drake, whose knowledge of the coast about Matanzas enabled her to dodge a British cruiser, she cleared more than \$100,000. And yet \$5,000 would have been considered an enormous price for a

little schooner like that in those days. In each voyage she paid about twenty dollars net profit on each dollar of the cost of construction.

To put down a traffic that paid such profits as these and involved tens of thousands of slaves per annum was the work which certain philanthropists began during the latter end of the eighteenth century, and continued without success until the world became sufficiently enlightened to abolish the market—though this is not to assert that slavery, the taking of a man's labor without just compensation, has been everywhere abolished even now.

The legislation which the humanitarians sought first took form among civilized nations when our own Congress declared (March 23, 1790) that the slave-trade "cannot be prohibited by Congress prior to the year 1808," and that "Congress have authority to restrain" our citizens "from carrying on the African trade for the purpose of supplying foreigners with slaves, and of providing for the humane treatment, during their passage, of slaves imported" into the United States. This declaration was enacted into a statute on March 22, 1794, when an act was passed "to prohibit the carrying on the slave-trade from the United States to any foreign place or country." It was still lawful to import slaves into the United States, and easy enough to engage in any part of the trade by transferring the ship to some other flag through a nominal sale. Efforts to repeal this act failed, but so, too, did efforts to enforce it.

On May 18, 1800, another act prohibited our citizens having any interest whatever in a slave-ship, or from serving on one, and it provided a penalty of two years' imprisonment in addition to the fine of \$2,000 provided by the former act. Moreover, our naval ships were directed to capture slave-ships as prizes, and the slaves were to be forfeited, but not for the benefit of the captor. What was to be done with the captured slaves was not stated.

In 1803, an act was passed that forfeited the ship and punished the captain that brought "any negro, mulatto, or other person of color" into any State that prohibited such an importation.

That all these restraining laws should have been enacted when a great majority

of the people of our country believed that slavery was a righteous institution, seems not a little singular, unless we recall the fact that it was within the period under consideration that the slaves of San Domingo revolted with success, and that our own slave-holders had a well-grounded fear of a similar revolt in this country. The fact is, this fear was so strong that on February 20, 1806, Congress went so far as to prohibit trade with San Domingo.

Then came the "Act to prohibit the importation of slaves into any port or place within the jurisdiction of the United States," from and after January 1, 1808. It was signed by Jefferson on March 2, 1807. To prohibit a trade wherein a single voyage frequently yielded a profit of more than \$100,000, a fine not to exceed \$20,000 was to be levied on him who fitted out the ship, while the master, when proven guilty of the "high misdemeanor," might suffer "not more than ten years'" imprisonment. The ship was, of course, to be forfeited.

Finding that this law was not enforced, Congress, by the act of April 20, 1818, sought to strengthen it by placing the "*onus probandi* on the defendant," that is, one found with slaves supposed to be smuggled had to prove they were not smuggled, or be found guilty.

The act of March 3, 1819, directed the President to use armed cruisers on our coasts and that of Africa to seize American ships in the trade, and to appoint an agent in Africa to receive slaves captured by these cruisers. The foolish movement to solve the negro problem by establishing the colony of Liberia had been but recently begun, and it was then very popular. This act provided a bounty of \$25 to be paid to the cruisers for each slave captured. A further bounty of \$50 a head was provided for informers who would tell the proper officers about any negroes smuggled into the United States.

Last of all to be mentioned here is the act of May 15, 1820, wherein to participate in the slave-trade was declared to be piracy. We began our legislative attacks on the slave-trade by proposing a fine of \$2,000 on any one proven guilty of engaging in certain parts of it and we ended by prohibiting the trade absolutely, under the penalty of death.

Meantime the English Parliament had thoroughly investigated the slave-trade (something our Congress never attempted) and an act was passed that prohibited the trade absolutely, after March 1, 1808, or two months after our prohibitory law went into effect. This act was strengthened by another in 1811 which made participation in the trade a felony, with the penalty of transportation for fourteen years attached. When it was seen that this did not deter British subjects the trade was declared (1824) to be piracy, subject to the penalty of death.

To these statements of Anglo-Saxon legislation must be added that Great Britain, in her aggressive desire to end the infamous traffic, made treaties with various powers for its prohibition—notably with France, Spain, Portugal and Brazil. As early as 1815 five European governments agreed to abolish the traffic altogether, while Spain and Portugal agreed to abolish it north of the equator for a period of years. From this circumstance arose the common sailor expression “there is no law south of the line.” In 1830 Brazil prohibited the traffic altogether, under severe penalties. Meantime, the Spanish king prohibited the traffic absolutely from May 20, 1820. On the whole, the statutes of the civilized nations were as completely against the traffic as any philanthropist of that age could ask. Something of what was done in spite of and because of those statutes shall now be told.

The first effect of the prohibitory laws on the trade was to reduce the price of slaves in Africa to a remarkable degree. In 1807, the ruling price for strictly first-class negroes was £25 each. Says Richard Drake in his “Revelations of a Slave Smuggler,” regarding the price of slaves in 1816:

“We allow for a stout negro of twenty about fourteen English shillings, or three Spanish dollars in merchandise, and buy women and boys at less rates.” That was immediately after the European powers united with England to oppose the traffic. In later years the price rose to an average of \$16. In any other trade such a reduction in price would have stopped the supply or, at any rate, have greatly reduced it. But in the slave-trade it served, apparently, to increase the number offered.

The predatory chiefs of the coast, having become accustomed to certain quantities of the goods of white men, were bound to continue the purchase of the goods and to find the increased number of negroes needed to obtain them. Naturally, the demand among the planters, that had been steady before the laws were changed, was no less urgent when the trade fell into the hands of smugglers; but it appears from the returns that the prices in Cuba and Brazil remained on the average at the old rate of from \$350 to \$360 per head.

The fact that the laws prohibiting the traffic did not increase the price of raw slaves in these two countries is interesting. It shows conclusively that there was no decrease in the numbers imported into them. On the other hand, the price in the United States rose steadily. “A single negro sent by special agent as far as Savannah would pay all his costs and expenses and fifty per cent. profit in the market,” says Drake, in speaking of the smuggling trade from Spanish America to the United States after 1812.

These facts prove that the prohibitory laws, so far as they related to Cuba and Brazil, were dead letters. As to the United States, the laws served as a restraint on the trade. They kept up the price for the benefit of the slave-breeding plantations in the border States. But if dead so far as any diminution of the traffic to Cuba and Brazil was concerned, they were very much alive for the benefit of the officials of these two countries, for they gave the officials the opportunity to share in the profits of the trade by levying blackmail on the traders. In fact, a regular scale of blackmailing tax was established in both countries. It varied somewhat from port to port, but it was everywhere small enough, one would say, considering the real profit in the trade. Thus at Havana the governor-general received \$16, the senior naval officer \$4, the collector \$7, and the gendarme fifty cents on each negro imported into the district. It was simple blackmail, but in the history of Cuba, from the time the law was enacted, only one governor, Geronimo Valdez, refused to collect it, and he was promptly recalled at the behest of the slave-owners.

To turn now to the effect of the laws on the slave-traders of the United States,

we find a remarkable condition of affairs from the beginning of the prohibition. Because the Spanish and Portuguese Governments (Brazil and Portugal were one in those days), while nominally prohibiting the traffic, did actually encourage it, the slave-traders made haste, at first, to place their ships under one of those flags. How that kind of a transfer was made is very well told in the story of the slaver *Plattsburgh*, as related in the reports of our Supreme Court. This vessel was, in October, 1817, registered at Baltimore as the property of Sheppard, D'Arcy & Didier. In December, 1819, she cleared at the Custom-house with an assorted cargo for St. Thomas, West Indies. At this time Sheppard took a bill of sale from his partners for \$6,000, but no alterations were made in the ship's registry papers. Then came a man named George Stark, who, it was pretended, was empowered by a man in Santiago, Cuba, to pay \$12,500 for the vessel, and the three owners gave him a bill of sale for the purpose of conveying her to a Spaniard.

This done, the vessel went down to Hampton Roads, where the brig *Eros* came alongside and put a slave-trade cargo on board, including irons for confining slaves. Both vessels then went to Santiago, where a bill of sale was made out transferring the vessel to one Marino, for \$8,000. Spanish documents were then procured for her under the name of the *Maria Gertrudes*. A man named Gonzales was taken on board with the title of captain, but the original American officers remained in actual command, and Stark, who had gone out to Santiago ostensibly as an agent to sell her, remained in charge of her as supercargo. Some months later (1820) our sloop-of-war *Cyane* found her on the coast of Africa, with Stark on board, in the slave-trade, and sent her to New York as a good prize. In the trial that followed it was conclusively shown that the various transfers of the ship were all a sham. Sheppard had not bought out his partners. Stark was a mere supercargo for the purchase and sale of slaves. Marino, instead of paying money for the schooner, had received a sum of money as pay for going through the form of buying the vessel and perjuring himself, in order to obtain Spanish papers for her.

Gonzales, instead of being captain, was a mere slave-driver. The original owners had perjured themselves and caused others to commit that crime in order to participate in the slave-trade.

With the trial of this case the public for the first time learned about a practice that had been common among the slavers since 1794. It was referred to by periodicals and by a committee of Congress as a very shocking affair. But it is comforting to observe that no one charged that our customs officers were in collusion with the slavers; and it may be added here that rarely in the history of the trade were our customs officers guilty of that crime. That they were often lax and indifferent about enforcing the laws is not doubted.

But a worse disgrace was to come upon the nation within a few years, than was brought by such transactions as that of the *Plattsburgh*. Her case showed at worst the turpitude of individuals, but a time came when our Government was to give aid and encouragement to the slavers, even while our officials were blatant in denouncing the traffic. The law that made the slave-trade piracy had, for a brief time, a deterring influence. But when our Government was asked to give force to the statute by treating American slavers on the high seas literally as pirates, there was a hitch. The English, who had placed cruisers on the African coast to stop the trade, applied to our Government for a convention allowing mutual right of search within defined geographical limits; that is, within the slave-belt. An American war-ship was to be allowed to search any merchantman flying the British flag, and any British war-ship the American merchantman.

This was a most important request. We had not so long before fought out the War of 1812, wherein our battle-cry was "free trade and sailors' rights"—the right to trade freely on the high seas, when we were at peace with other nations, and the right of our sailors to be exempt from impressment. To ask for a concession in the matter of searching our ships in a limited locality was to acknowledge that we were then free from such searching anywhere and everywhere. Moreover, Great Britain offered to agree that no man should be taken under any circumstances from

any ship so searched. In short, here was an offer to grant in terms what the treaty of peace that ended the War of 1812 did not even mention.

Of the sincerity of the British Government there is no doubt now, and there never was an honest doubt. But the slave-traders raised the cry that this *appeal* for the right of search in a limited locality was an entering wedge by which Great Britain desired to re-establish the high-seas customs that prevailed before the War of 1812. The appeal was rejected, and it was declared that any attempt of an English ship to search an American ship, even on the coast of Africa, would be an offence demanding instant reparation.

The British, being more anxious to preserve peace with us than to put down the slave-trade, allowed our claim that a ship with our flag flying should not be searched, and our ships were not searched unless slaves were actually seen on board. That is to say, the British cruisers ran alongside suspected ships and generally boarded them regardless of the flag flying, but if the captain of the suspected ships produced American papers the boarding officer at once apologized and went away. There were cases a-plenty where the officer apologized and went away when the hold was full of sweltering, suffocating slaves.

Finding that our flag protected the slave-ship under such circumstances, the slavers made haste to get under it. Within ten years after we had by statute declared the slaver a pirate the majority of the slave-ships were not only American built, but they were sailed to the coast of Africa under the American flag. Until the slaves were actually on board the slaver could defy all cruisers, and the slaver did frequently defy them even with the slaves under hatches.

There is no blacker chapter in the history of our country than that which tells how our flag became and was maintained for thirty odd years as the shield of the slaver, while those who thus degraded it—including members of every administration and Congress of the period—with loud-mouthed pretence declared that they detested the trade. It is the story of their devilish hypocrisy that makes the student sick.

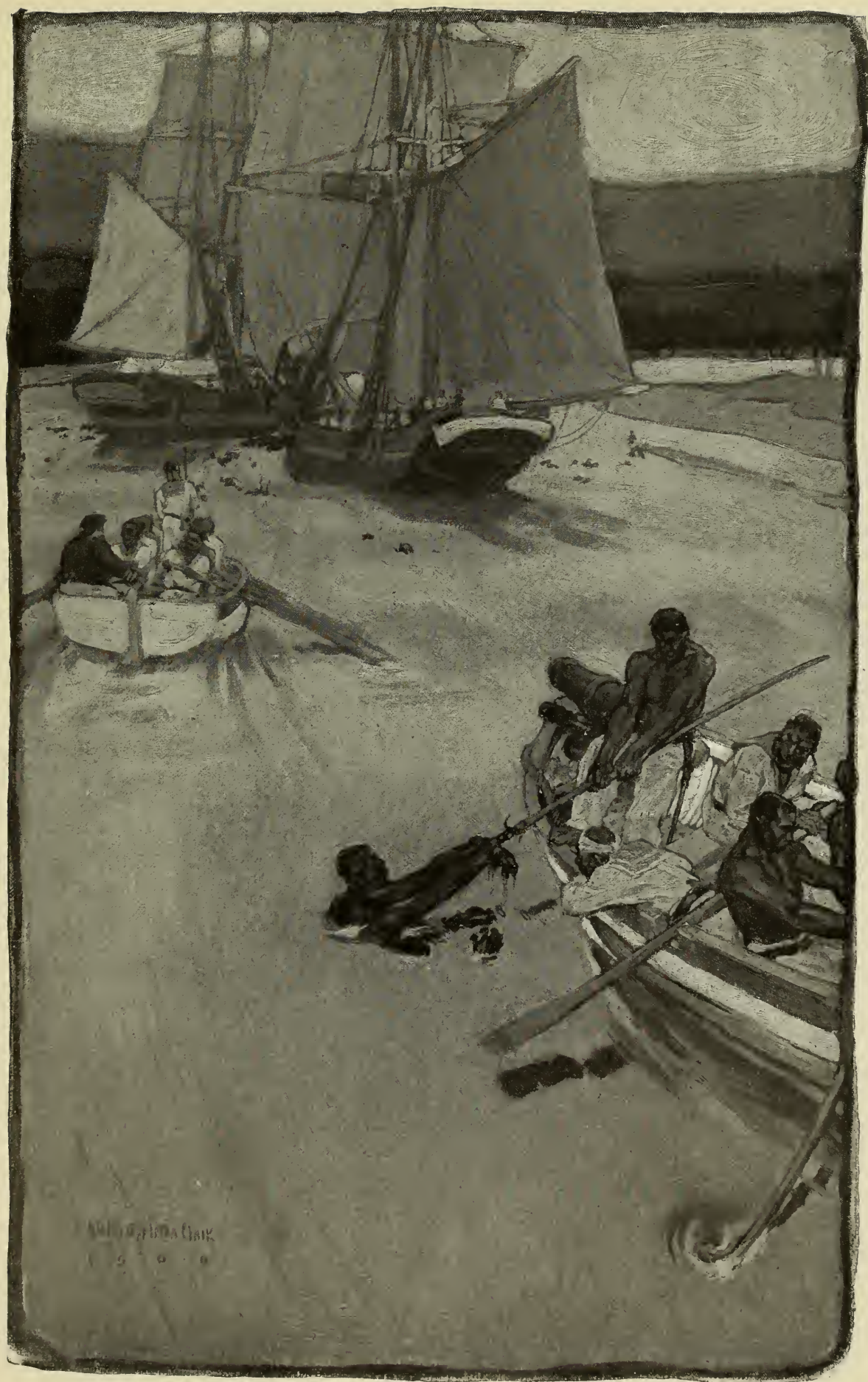
Meantime the law in the case of capt-

ured slavers had been interpreted by our courts, and by those of England as well, so that no conviction could be had unless slaves were actually on board. This interpretation was eventually modified so that the presence of slave-irons, a slave-deck, or other slave outfit should convict, but for a time only the actual presence was sufficient for that end. The results of this interpretation of the law were horrifying.

Take, as an illustration, the chase of the British cruiser *Black Joke*, after the slavers *Rapido* and *Regulo* in the Bight of Benin, in 1831. The two slavers were seen coming together out of the Bonny River in September. The *Black Joke* at once sent two small tenders in chase, her captain going in one of them. The slavers put about and made all sail up the rivers, but it was soon apparent that they could not escape. What happened then is told by Captain Ramsey of the *Black Joke*, in his official report. "During the chase they were seen from our vessels to throw their slaves overboard, by twos, shackled together by the ankles, and left in this manner to sink or swim as they best could. Men, women, and children were seen in great numbers, struggling in the water; and dreadful to relate, upward of one hundred and fifty of these wretched creatures perished in this way." Captain Ramsey said afterward that he and his men distinctly saw the sharks tearing the slaves as they struggled in the water.

The *Regulo*, when overhauled, had two hundred and four yet on board out of a cargo of four hundred and fifty. The *Rapido* when taken did not have a single slave on board, but two of the slaves thrown from her were picked up by the men-o'-war's men—picked up by boat hooks caught in the manacles—and, so sufficient evidence to convict was obtained. In order to save from condemnation two vessels, worth together at most \$12,000, these slaver captains had deliberately thrown more than six hundred human beings overboard, of whom one hundred and fifty actually perished.

Another case of the kind was that of the slaver *Brillante*, Captain Homans. In ten voyages Homans landed over 5,000 negroes in Cuba. The *Brillante* was a handsome ship, brig rigged, armed with ten guns and manned by sixty men, who were



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

They were seen . . . to throw slaves overboard . . . shackled together.—Page 456.
VOL. XXVIII.—52

trained to fight. A small English cruiser that attacked her was so badly cut up that she had to be abandoned. In another attack, when the boats from a cruiser came to capture her, they were beaten off with great slaughter. On the occasion now in hand, she was surrounded by four cruisers, but the weather being calm, they had to send their boats to take her. However, night came on before the boats got fairly away from the cruisers, and this gave Homans his opportunity. He could not escape from the boats nor could he successfully resist so many men, but he could and he would get rid of his slaves.

To do this he hauled out his long chain cable through the hawse-pipe, stretched it around his ship clear of all and secured it there by means of slender ropes, just strong enough to hold its weight. Then the end of the chain being shackled to the anchor, the anchor was set ready to drop; after which all the slaves, six hundred in number, were brought on deck, and piled up at the rail, where all were tied to that chain cable by means of stout ropes. In this condition he kept the slaves waiting—waiting because he hoped for a favoring breeze—until he could hear the oars of the coming boats, and he was sure there was no escape, when he cut loose the anchor and the whole six hundred were carried down into the sea.

Although the men-o'-war's men heard the noise, and the wail of the slaves as they were dragged overboard; and there was indisputable evidence in the hold that it had been filled with slaves but a few minutes before, they had to let Homans and his *Brillante* go free. In fact, Homans jeered and defied them as they came on deck, but they had no redress. There was no evidence that the courts in the existing state of civilization would accept as convincing.

The British war-ship *Medina*, on boarding a slaver off the Gallinas River, found no slaves on board. It was afterward learned, however, that the captain had had a mulatto girl in his cabin, but seeing the cruiser coming he tied her to a kedge anchor and threw her overboard. It is believed that he thus deliberately murdered her and his own unborn flesh and blood also, to escape capture.

Thousands of slaves were murdered in

order to escape capture. How many thousands is not known, nor is that an important fact. What is to be kept in mind is that the prohibitory laws, as interpreted and enforced, led to these atrocious doings.

Among the more interesting results of our prohibitory laws was the development of slave-smuggling in our slave-holding States. The slave-trade of Cuba and Brazil was nominally smuggling, but that with the United States was actually so. The restraint on the trade which our prohibitory laws created having raised the price of slaves in our territory, smuggling became twice as profitable as the old legitimate trade had been. Of course, since it was a smuggling trade, no detailed history of it can be written, but there were so many cases where the facts became known that we have a full knowledge of the methods of the smugglers. Perhaps the most interesting of the smuggler gangs was that making its head-quarters on Galveston Island in the year 1817—then a barren stretch of sand known as Snake Island. A pirate named Aury, with his crew, made a settlement there, and set themselves up as the governing officials of a new republic. As will be remembered, it was in those days that the Spanish-Americans were throwing off the Spanish yoke, and these pirates pretended to be acting somewhat after the fashion of the new republics. Aury called himself commander-in-chief of the armed forces, and a court of admiralty was the most important branch of the tiny filibuster state. The naval force consisted of small schooners, well manned, and these were kept constantly cruising after the slavers engaged in the Cuba trade. Each slaver captured was condemned by the court and then sent openly to New Orleans for sale. That is, the ships and fittings were sent openly. The slaves were sent in canoes through the lagoons west of New Orleans, and sold clandestinely. It was all piracy, of course, but the most profitable part of the business was in smuggling the slaves, for these were sold readily at from \$500 to \$750 each. The enterprise was supported by prominent New Orleans capitalists.

A curious smuggling story is told of one Louisianian. He made a contract to



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

The anchor was set ready to drop.—Page 458.

buy slaves of Lafitte, the pirate, who, having captured them off the coast of Cuba, was willing to deliver them over to him on a Texas island for a dollar a pound—an average of \$150 each. The Louisianian smuggled them in, and corralled them in pens near New Orleans. Then he informed on himself, so to speak. He reported the presence of his kaffle to the authorities, and they were sold at auction in due course. Under the law, as then interpreted, he received \$50 a head as informer. He also bid in the slaves at his own figures. The etiquette of the occasion prevented outsiders from bidding against him. Thus the slaves became his lawful property and were openly sold at market rates. In the course of a year or two he made \$50,000 in the business.

Aury, who set up the Galveston filibuster government, got weary of the locality within a few months, and went to Matagorda, Mexico, and thence to Amelia Island, Florida, which was then Spanish territory. Here he established a new state as before, but the conditions were against him. His capital city was just across the boundary river from Georgia, and the territory back of him was inhabited by many runaway slaves—maroons, they were called. Georgia was a convenient market, but the planters did not like this nest of pirates so near at hand, because it was a perfect refuge for runaway slaves. The losses from runaway negroes were sure to exceed the profits in buying slaves stolen from the Cuban slavers. So Aury and his Amelia Island government soon came to grief at the hands of United States war-ships under Commodore J. D. Henley, who was sent to oust the gang. The excitement over the doings of the Florida smugglers had great influence in causing our brutal attack on the Seminole Indians, and later, the purchase of Florida from Spain.

When General Jackson's troops, in the course of the Seminole War, reached Pensacola, they found three vessels, the schooners *Constitution*, *Merino*, and *Louisa*, there, all of which were regularly engaged in bringing slaves from Cuba to that port. The *Constitution* had eighty-four slaves on board, the *Merino* nineteen, and the *Louisa* six. As these vessels had been steadily employed in the trade, one gets

some idea of the extent of the smuggling, for, of course, since there was no local demand for slaves in Florida then, every negro brought to Pensacola was destined to a market in the United States.

It was a dribbling trade, as compared with that to the Spanish West Indies. "The kaffle, under charge of negro drivers, was to strike up the Escambia River, and thence across the boundary into Georgia, where some of our wild Africans were mixed with various squads of native blacks and driven inland, till sold off singly or by couples, on the road. . . . Florida was a sort of nursery for slave-breeders, and many American citizens grew rich by trafficking in Guinea negroes, and smuggling them continually in small parties," says Drake (p. 51).

Later on a smuggling company, that included Americans and Spaniards, was organized. It took possession of one of the islands on the coast of Honduras as a slave-depot. Here the wild Africans were landed, well cared for until they had recovered from the horrible effects of the Middle Passage, and then put to work. Thus they learned the duties required on a plantation in the States, and, also, to talk a little English. They were then in condition to sell at almost, if not quite, the full price for able-bodied negroes reared in the States—a price that ranged from \$1,000 up to \$1,500 each. Negroes bought for \$12 or \$15 in Africa were sold within a year for \$1,200 or \$1,500. There was another school for wild negroes on an island near the Brazos River, in Texas. A schooner called the *Amistad*, engaged in carrying slaves from the Honduras Island, became noted in her day. Her slaves rose on the crew, killed some and spared others who agreed to navigate the schooner to Africa. But they took her to the east end of Long Island instead, and there she was seized by our war-ship *Washington*. Two Spaniards claimed her, and brought papers to prove that she had in that particular voyage, cleared from Havana, for a Puerto Principe port, in a lawful voyage.

The case was tried in our courts in the usual course, although desperate efforts were made by the State Department to deliver vessel and slaves to the Spaniards in spite of the courts. John Quincy



Drakon by Walter Appleton Clark.

The slaves were sent in canoes through the lagoons.—Page 458.

Adams appeared for the slaves, and eventually the native Africans were liberated. A boy named Antonio, who was lawfully a slave, found the underground railway.

Because of the growth of civilization, and the persistent efforts of the English to suppress the slave-trade, a treaty was concluded between the United States and Great Britain, on August 9, 1842, by which the United States agreed to maintain on the coast of Africa a squadron carrying not less than eighty guns for the suppression of the trade. Commodore M. C. Perry commanded the first squadron sent out. Under the treaty he was "to act in concert and co-operation" with a similar British squadron in an aggressive warfare on slavers. But the one matter on which his letter of instructions to the officers under him laid stress was this: You are not to "permit, without resistance *to the extent of your means*, any foreign vessel of war, of whatever force or nation, in the exercise of any assumed *right of search* or visitation, to board, in your presence, any vessel having the American flag displayed." (Italics as in the original.) His first report to the Secretary of the Navy is full of what he should do "if the British at this station make the attempt to enforce their imperious claim to the right of visiting or detaining, under any circumstances, vessels wearing the American flag."

Naturally Perry failed to find any slavers on the coast. Naturally, too, the presence of our navy, acting under such orders, seemed only to encourage the slavers in the use of the American flag. A time came when a noted slave-dealer in Rio Janeiro complained that he was "pestered" by Americans who wanted to put their ships in the trade. It is easily demonstrated that our cruisers on that coast never decreased the traffic to any extent worth consideration, until after the civil war began.

Admiral Foote, then a lieutenant-commander, captured two slavers on the African coast early in the fifties, and reported the trade well-nigh extinct, but his book "Africa and the American Flag" did more to end the trade than all that had been done by our cruisers previous to its publication. Twelve slavers were, indeed, captured in 1860. The Navy Depart-

ment after 1856 was somewhat active in the matter, but not from any humane motive. The administration then in power was ambitious to annex Cuba, and the Secretary of the Navy sent cruisers to the Cuban coast in order to promote that end. He was willing to show the extent of the Cuban slave-trade, in order to make an appeal to our people for the annexation of the island. In his report for 1860 (p. 9) he says: "If Cuba were to pass under the Constitution of the United States, the trade would then be effectually suppressed." He wrote that in 1860, although through every year of that administration an average of one slaver per week left the port of New York alone. One gropes for words to properly characterize the politics of those days, but let it suffice to say that one noted slave-ship was named Martin Van Buren, and another James Buchanan.

Finally the men who had been reared to believe slavery was a righteous institution—the sincere slave-holders—became disgusted with the sham and started a movement for the repeal of all our laws for suppressing the trade. Public meetings were held for the discussion of the matter, and at one of these a fund was raised to provide for sermons by regularly ordained preachers—sermons to "educate" the people into a belief that the trade should be opened. Much printed matter was distributed. A Vermont bishop (John Henry Hopkins, D.D., LL.D.) wrote a book to prove slavery right according to the Bible. I cannot help wishing that every preacher in the land might read it carefully now. The movement gained much headway. However much we may deplore their lack of civilization, we must praise the open and frank actions of these slavery men.

Among them, however, were some who gave action to their theories by entering into the trade. In the five years preceding the Civil War the slavers became steadily more active. A man named Lamar was one of the enterprising smugglers, and one of his letters, of which a part has appeared in print, furnishes reading that is at once interesting and shocking. The yacht *Wanderer* belonged in part to him.

This vessel, the most notable of latter day slavers, was built for the New York



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

'The Revolt of the Slaves on the Amistad.—Page 460.

Yacht Club's squadron in 1857. Her reputation for speed was very high. A professed yachtsman bought her in 1858, and joined the yacht club. Then, with the club's colors flying, he sailed away and put her in the slave-trade in connection with Lamar and others. They landed a lot of negroes in Georgia, but the facts became known, and the owner was expelled from the club on February 3, 1859. The vessel was captured, and eventually became a fruiter, when she was wrecked on Cape Henry.

But all this activity among slaves served only to rouse the humanitarians to greater exertions, and the irrepressible conflict was precipitated when Abraham Lincoln was elected President.

A time had come at last when we had an administration that would join heartily with Great Britain for the suppression of the trade. A treaty, concluded on April 7, 1862, provided for that limited right of search necessary to drive the slavers from under the protecting folds of the American flag. On February 19, 1861, we appropriated \$900,000 for the suppression of the trade, and on the second of the next month \$900,000 more. The officers of the law who, under former administrations, had been lax or indifferent in looking after traders, were replaced by men who were active and efficient. More important still, we now had District Attorneys who would prosecute the captured slaver officers to the righteous end, a change that was needed more than all the others if the trade were to be suppressed. This change was first made manifest when the captain of the slave-ship *Erie*, which was captured off the Congo on August 8, 1860, was brought to trial.

The master of the *Erie* was Captain Nathaniel Gordon, a slaver of experience. On the afternoon of August 7, 1860, he took on board 890 (one account says 897) slaves, of whom only 172 were men and 162 grown women. Gordon was one of those infamous characters who preferred to carry children because they could not rise up to avenge his cruelties. He was captured fifty miles off shore and sent to New York. Here he was brought to trial as a pirate under the statute of 1820. The

first trial resulted in a disagreement of the jury. On November 6, 1861, he was put on trial again, and on November 8th the case went to the jury. Two hours later a verdict of "Guilty" was returned. On November 30th he was sentenced to die.

Up to that moment no great interest had been taken in the trial. The slave-ship owners of New York, owing to the state of public opinion regarding the war then in progress, had allowed Gordon to face his trial without showing any activity in his behalf. But now they used every endeavor to obtain a pardon and then a commutation of the sentence. But the time had come when a slaver pirate, duly convicted, must suffer the penalty provided by law for his crime. He must suffer in spite of petitions and in spite of threats of rescue by a mob of slaver sympathizers. A battalion of marines would even be sent from the navy yard to protect the officers of the law in enforcing the sentence.

At noon on February 21, 1862, Gordon was taken from his cell to the gallows. His bravado forsook him then, and with lolling head he shambled to the rope, supported by two deputies. There the noose was quickly adjusted, an axe blow released the weight, and his body was jerked into mid-air.

The stroke of that axe on the cord was the hardest blow the slave-trade had ever received. There were, indeed, slavers afloat thereafter. While the market existed and such enormous profits were to be made, even the severest measures could, perhaps, but repress. By a treaty with Great Britain, made on February 17, 1863, the limits of the territory wherein the mutual right of search existed were greatly extended. Even as late as 1870 Great Britain and the United States had to strengthen still further their agreement for the suppression of the trade, because a few slavers were yet afloat, and it was not until 1886 that the Spaniards in Cuba ceased to import unfortunate Africans. Nevertheless, when it became known that the American people would hang a slaver as a pirate the end was at hand. As the rope creaked to the weight of Gordon's dishonored clay, it sounded the death-knell of the slave-trade.

THE DUST OF DEFEAT

By Lloyd Osbourne



THEY took their accustomed path beside the strait, walking slowly side by side, each conscious that they would never again be together. The melancholy pines, rising from the water's edge to the very summit of the mountains, gave that look of desolation which is the salient note of New Caledonian landscape. Across the narrow strait, as calm and clear as some sweet English river, the rocky shore rose steep and precipitous, cloaked still in pines. A faint, thrilling roar broke at times upon the ear and told of Fitzroy's mine far up on the hill, its long chutes emptying chrome on the beach below. Except for this there was not a sound that bespoke man's presence or any sign that betrayed his habitation or handiwork.

"This is our last day," he said. "Do you not once wish to see the little cabin where I have eaten my heart out these dozen years? Do you never mean to ask me what brought me here?"

"I would like to know," she answered; "but I was afraid. I didn't wish to be—to be——"

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you for that unspoken word. You did not wish to be disillusioned; to be told that the man you have treated with such condescension was a mere vulgar criminal, a garroter perhaps, such a one as you have read of in Gaboriau's romances. Ah, Mademoiselle, when you have heard my unhappy story—that story which no one has ever listened to save the counsel that defended me—you will perhaps think better of poor Paul de Charruel."

"You are innocent," she cried, looking up at him with eyes full of tenderness and curiosity. "You have shielded some one?"

M. de Charruel shook his head. "I am not innocent," he said. "I am no martyr, Mademoiselle—not, at least, in the sense you are good enough to imply. I was fortunate to get transportation for life; doubly fortunate to obtain this modified

liberty after only three years. You may, however, congratulate yourself that your friend is a model prisoner; his little farm has been well reported on by the Chef de l'Administration Pénitentiaire; it compares favorably with Leclair's, the vitriol thrower of Rue d'Enfer, and his early potatoes are said to rival those of Palitz, the famous poisoner."

His companion shuddered.

"Pardon me," he continued. "God knows I have no desire to be merry; my heart is heavy enough, in all conscience."

"You will tell me everything," she said, softly.

He walked along in silence for several minutes, moody and preoccupied, staring on the ground before him.

"I suppose I ought to begin with my father and mother, in the old-fashioned way," he said, at last, with a sudden smile. "There are conventionalities even for convicts! My father (if we are to go so far back) was the Comte de Charruel, one of the old *noblesse*; my mother an American lady from whom I got the little English I possess, as well as a disposition most rash, nervous, and impulsive. There were two of us children: my sister Berthe and myself; she the younger by six years. My father died when I reached twenty years, just as I entered the 86th Hussars as a sub-lieutenant. Had he survived I might perhaps have been saved many miseries and unhappinesses; on the other hand, he, the soul of honor, might have been standing here in my place, condemned as I have been to a life-long exile.

"I was a good officer. Titled, rich, and well born, there was accorded me the friendship of the aristocratic side of the regiment; a good comrade, and free from stupid pride, I stood well with those who had risen from the ranks and the humbler spheres of society. Many a time I was the only officer at home in either camp, and popular in both. When I look back upon my army life, so gay, so animated, so filled with small successes and com-

mentations from my superiors, I wish that I had been fated to die in what was the very zenith of my happiness and prosperity.

"My mother, except for a short time each year at our hotel in Paris, lived in our old château at Nemours, entertaining, in an unobtrusive fashion, many of the greatest people in France; for the *entrée* of few houses was more eagerly sought than our own. Though we were not so well born as some, nor so rich as many, my mother contrived to be always in request, and to make her house the centre of all the gayety and wit of France.

"From her earliest infancy my sister Berthe was counted one of the company at the château, and while I was at the Lycée and afterward at St. Cyr, she was leading the life of a great lady at Nemours. Marshals of France were her cavaliers; famous poets and musicians played with her dolls and shared her confidences; men and women distinguished in a thousand ways paid court to her childish beauty. Beauty, perhaps, I ought not to say, for her charm lay most in the extraordinary liveliness and intrepidity of her character, which captivated every beholder. Indeed, she ought to have been the man of the family, I the girl; so diverse were our tastes and aspirations, our whole outlook on life.

"You, of course, cannot recollect the amazing revolution that swept over Europe when I was a young man: that upheaval of everything old, accepted, and conventional, which was confined to no one country, but raged equally throughout them all. Huxley, Darwin, Haeckel, Rénan, and Herbert Spencer were names that grew familiar by incessant repetition; young ladies whom one remembered last in boxes at the opera, or surrounded by admirers at balls and great assemblies, now threw themselves passionately into this new Renaissance. One you would find studying higher mathematics; another geology and chemistry; another still, teaching the children of thieves and cut-throats how to read. Girls you had seen at their father's table, with downcast eyes and blushes in place of conversation, now demanded separate establishments of their own; worked their way, if necessary, through foreign universities; fought like little ti-

gers for the privilege of studying till two in the morning and starving with one another in the gloomiest parts of the town. Nor were the young men behind their sisters; to them also had come the new revelation; this self-denying and austere standard of life; this religion of violent intellectual effort. To many it was ennobling to a supreme degree; and while our girls boldly made their way into avenues hitherto closed to women, there were everywhere young men, no less ardent and disinterested, to support them in the *mêlée*. In every house there was this revolt of the young against the old; this perpetual argument of humanitarianism against apathy and *laissez-faire*.

"To me it all seemed the most frightful madness. I was bewildered to see bright eyes pursuing studies which I knew myself to be so wearisome, taking joy where I had found only vexation and fatigue. Like all my caste I was old-fashioned and thought a woman's place at home. You must not go to the army for new ideas. It was no pleasure to me to see delicately nurtured ladies rubbing shoulders with raw medical students or tainting their pretty ears with the unrestrained conversation of men. You must remember how things have changed in eighteen years; you can scarcely conceive the position of those forerunners of your sex in Europe, so much has public opinion altered for the better. In my day we went to extremes on either side, for it was then that the battle was fought. The elders would not give way an inch; the children dashed into a thousand extravagances. To some it looked as though the dissolution of society was at hand. Girls asked men to marry them, men they had seen perhaps but once, in order that they might gain the freedom accorded to married women and secure themselves against the intolerable interference of their families. Some of them never saw their husbands again or could even recollect their names without an effort. Ah, it was frightful! It was a revolution!

"In spite of all her liberal opinions, her unconventional views, her apparent allegiance to the new religion, my mother soon took her place amid the reactionary ranks, while my sister, the *mondaine*, just as surely joined the rebellion. As I said before, it was the battle of the young against the old;

age, rather than conviction, assigned one's position in the fight. Our house, hitherto so free from domestic discord, became the theatre of furious quarrels between mother and daughter ; quarrels, not about gowns, allowances, suitors, or unpaid bills, but involving questions abstract and sublime : one's liberty of free development ; one's duty to one's self, to mankind ; one's obligation, in fact, to cast off all shackles and take one's place in the revolution so auspiciously beginning.

"The end of it was that Berthe left Nemours, coming to Paris without my mother's permission to study medicine with a Russian friend of hers, a girl as defiant and undaunted as herself. This was Sonia Boremykin, with whose name you must be familiar. Needless to say, I was interdicted from giving any assistance to my sister, my mother imploring me not to supply the means by which Berthe's ruin might be accomplished. But I could not allow my sister to starve to death in a garret, and if I disobeyed my poor mother, she had, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that my sympathies were on her side of the quarrel. My greatest distress, indeed, was that Berthe would accept so little, for she was crazy to be a martyr, and was besides prompted by a generous feeling not to take a sou more than the meagre earnings of her companion. So they lived and starved together, these two remarkable young women, turning their backs on every luxury and refinement. Either, for the asking, could have received a thousand-franc note within the hour ; for each a château stood with open doors ; for each there was a dowry of more than respectable dimensions, and lovers who would have been glad to take them for their *beaux yeux* alone ! And yet they chose to live in a garret ; to be constantly affronted as they went unescorted through the wickedest parts of Paris ; to subsist on food the most unappetizing and unwholesome. For what ? To cut up dead paupers in the Sorbonne !

"I was often there to see them with the self-imposed task of trying to lighten the burden of their sacrifices. I introduced food in paper bags, and surreptitiously dropped Napoleons in dark corners ; that is, until I was once detected. Afterward they watched me like hawks. Sometimes

they were so hungry that tears would come into their eyes at the sight of what I brought ; at others, they would appear insulted, and throw it remorselessly out of the window. Though I had no sympathy whatever with their aims, I was profoundly interested, profoundly touched, as one might be at the sight of an heroic enemy. Their convictions were not my convictions ; their mode of life I thought detestable ; but who could withhold such admiration for so much courage, so much self-denial, in two beautiful young women ? I used often to bring with me my old Colonel, a glorious veteran with whom I was always a favorite ; and I feel sure the girls liked to hear our sabres clank as we mounted the grimy stair, and to see our brilliant uniforms in their garret. It reminded them of the *monde* they had resigned ; besides they needed an audience of their own caste who could appreciate, as none other, their sacrifices and their fortitude. Mademoiselle Sonia used to look very kindly at me on the occasion of my visits, never growing angry, as my sister did, at my stupidity, or by my failure to understand their high-flown notions of duty. Once, when I was accidentally hurt at the *Salle d'Armes* by a button coming off my opponent's foil, it was she who dressed my wound with the greatest tenderness and skill, converting me for all time as to the medical career for women. Poor Sonia Boremykin, how her eyes sparkled at her little triumph !

"On one of my visits I was thunderstruck to find before me the Marquis de Gonse, a gentleman much older than myself, with whom I had not actual acquaintance, though we had a host of friends in common. Upon his departure I protested vehemently against this outrage of the proprieties ; I besought them to show a little more circumspection in their choice of friends, admitting no man to their intimacy who counted not his fifty years. But my protestations were received with laughter ; I was told that the Marquis was a friend of Sonia's father, and was trying to effect a reconciliation highly to be desired. Berthe accused me mockingly of wishing to keep the little Russian to myself. Indeed, she said, what could be more demoralizing to her companion than the constant presence of a beautiful

young hussar. With her saucy tongue she put me completely to the blush ; in vain I pleaded and argued ; de Gonse's footing was assured. Yet, if they had searched all Paris, they could not have found a man more undesirable, or more dangerous for two young women to know. Ardent, generous, and himself full of aspirations for the advancement of humanity, nothing was better calculated to appeal to him than the struggle in which my sister was engaged. His sympathy, his sincere desire to put his own shoulder to the wheel, were more to be feared than the most strenuous protestations of regard. If he had made love to my sister she was enough a woman of the world to have sent him to the right about ; but he adopted, all unconsciously, I am sure, a more subtle plan to win her good opinion. He was converted !

" If I shut my eyes I can see him sitting there in that low garret as he appeared on one occasion which particularly imprinted itself on my mind, such a high-bred, such a distinguished figure, with his silk hat and gloves beside the box which had been given him for a chair, and his face full of wonder and sadness. You have read of Marie Antoinette in prison, of her sufferings so uncomplainingly borne, of her nobility and steadfastness in the squalor of her cell ! You have revolted, perhaps, at the picture ; clenched your little fists and felt a great bursting of the heart ? It was thus with M. de Gonse. Berthe he had often seen at our château at Nemours ; Sonia's father he had known in Russia, a general of reputation, standing high in the favor of the Czar. None knew better than he what the young ladies had given up. I could see that he was deeply moved ; he asked many questions ; at times he exclaimed beneath his breath. He insisted on learning everything ; the amount of their income, the nature of their studies, all their makeshifts and contrivances, even to the mantle they possessed in common and wore in turn. The two beautiful, solitary girls, from whom sympathy and appreciation had so long been withheld, unbarred their lives to us without reserve. Berthe told us, amid the passionate interjections of Sonia Boremykin, the story of their struggles at the medical school ; the open hostility

of the professors ; the brutal sneers and innuendoes ; the indescribable affronts that had been put upon them. During this terrible recital—for it was terrible to hear of outrages so patiently borne, of insults which bring the blood to the cheek even to remember after all these years—de Gonse rose more than once from his seat, walking up and down like one possessed, uttering cries of rage and pity. It was no feigned anger, no play-acting to win the regard of these poor women. Let me do the man that justice.

" I don't think my sister was prepared for the effect of her eloquence on the Marquis ; or could have foreseen, even for a moment, the tempest she had raised within his breast. He swore he would challenge every professor in the school ; that he would unloose *spadassins* on the offending students, whose bones should be broken with clubs ; that to blight their careers in after life he would make his business, his pleasure, his joy ! It was with difficulty that he was recalled to the realities of every-day existence, my sister telling him frankly that such a course as he proposed might benefit woman in general, but could not fail to destroy the future of herself and Sonia Boremykin. To be everywhere talked about, to get their names into the newspapers, to be pointed at on the street as the victims of frightful insults—what could be more detestable, more ruinous to the careers they hoped to make ? De Gonse was reluctantly compelled to withdraw his plans of extermination ; for who could controvert the logic with which they were demolished or fail to see the justice of my sister's contention ? Confessing himself beaten on this point, he sought for some other solution of the problem. Private tutors ? Intolerably expensive, came the answer ; poor substitutes for one of the greatest schools in Europe ; unable besides, to confer the longed-for degree. The University of Geneva, famous for its generous treatment of women ? Good ; but its diploma would not carry the desired prestige in France. I hazarded boys' clothes and false mustaches, but my remark was greeted with a shout of laughter and a half-blushing confession from Mademoiselle Sonia that one experiment in this direction had sufficed. It was to the Marquis that light finally came.

“‘Fool! Idiot!’ he thundered, striking himself on his handsome forehead with his fist. ‘Why did I not think of it before? To-morrow I join the medical school myself—the student de Gonse, cousin of the Marquis—a man tired of the hollowness and the trivialities of high life. I do nothing to show I am acquainted with you; nothing to compromise you in the faintest manner. But de Gonse, the medical student, is a gentleman, a man of honor. A companion ventures on a remark derogatory to the dignity of the young ladies—behold, his head cracks like an egg against his desk; another opens his mouth only to discover that *le boxe* (you know I am quite an Anglais) is driving the teeth down his throat, setting up medical complications of an extraordinary and baffling nature. A professor so far forgets his manhood as to heap insults on the undefended; the strange medical student tweaks his nose in the tribune and challenges him to combat! How simple, how direct!’

“Imagine my surprise a few days later to learn that this had been no idle gasconade on the Marquis’s part. True to his word, he had appeared at the school elaborately attired for the part he was to play, even to a detestable cravat and a profusion of cheap jewelry! Unquestionably there must have been others in the plot, for no formalities anywhere tied his hands or opposed the least obstacle to his audacity. As one would have expected from a man so eager and so full of resource, the object for which he came was soon achieved. Mingling with the students as one of themselves, he singled out those who went the farthest in persecuting the women, and insensibly cajoled them into a better way of conduct. The minority, too, those that still kept alive the chivalry of young France, were strengthened and encouraged by the force of his example, so that the crusade, once authoritatively begun, went on magnificently of itself. Not a blow was struck; not a wry word said; and behold, de Gonse had accomplished a miracle! From that time the position of women was assured; protectors arose on every side as though by magic; in a word, gallantry became the fashion. When professors ventured on impertinences, hisses now greeted them in place of cheers; they changed color and

were at pains to explain away their words. The battle, indeed, was won.

“Had de Gonse contented himself with this victory, which saved my sister and Mademoiselle Sonia from countless mortifications, how much human misery would have been averted, how great a tragedy would have remained unplayed. But evil and good are inexplicably blended in this world, a commonplace of whose truth, Mademoiselle, you will have many opportunities of verifying. Having acted so manly a part, one so calculated to earn the gratitude and esteem of these poor girls, he turned from one to another, wondering with which he should reward himself. I have reason to think his choice first fell on Sonia Boremykin, who had the whitest skin and the prettiest blue eyes in the world; how can I doubt, to judge from her wild tragic after-life, but that he could have persuaded her to her ruin. But he must have paused half way, struck by the incomparable superiority of my sister. In beauty she was not perhaps the equal of her companion, though to compare *blonde* and *brune* is a matter of supererogation. In other ways, at least, there never lived a woman more desirable than Berthe de Charruel. She possessed to a supreme degree the charm that springs from intelligence—I might say from genius—which, when found in the person of a young and beautiful woman, is almost irresistible to any man that gains her favor. Jeanne d’Arc was such another as my poor sister, and must have been impelled on her career by something of the same fire, something of the same passionate earnestness. To break a heart like hers seemed to de Gonse the crown to a hundred vulgar intrigues and *bonnes fortunes*.

“Of course, I knew nothing of this gradual undoing of my sister, though during the course of my visits to the little garret I often found the Marquis in the society of Berthe and her friend. I disliked to see him there, but I was powerless to interfere. I was often puzzled, indeed, by the ambiguous conduct of Mademoiselle Sonia, who had the queerest way of looking at me, and whose eyes were always meeting mine in singular glances, whether of warning or appeal I was at a loss to tell. Her words, too, often left me uneasy, recurring to me constantly when I was in the saddle

at the head of my troop or as I lay awake in bed awaiting the reveillé. I wondered if the little Russian were making love to me, for, like all hussars, I was something of a coxcomb, though, to do me justice, neither a lady-killer nor a pursuer of adventures. It was in my profession that I found my only distraction, my only mistress. I am almost ashamed to tell you how good I was, how innocent; how in me the Puritan stock of my mother seemed to find a fresh recrudescence. Some thought me a hypocrite; others, a coward. But I was neither.

"I learned the truth late one afternoon from Sonia Boremykin, who came to my quarters closely veiled, in a condition of agitation the most frightful. I could not believe her; I seemed to see only another of her devices to win my regard. My sister! My Berthe! It was impossible! I said to her the cruelest things; I was beside myself. She went on her knees; she hid nothing; it was all true. My anger flamed like a blazing fire; I rushed out of the barracks regardless of my duties—of everything except revenge. A lucky *rencontre* on the street put me on de Gonse's track, and I ran him down in the *Salle* of the Jockey Club. He was standing under one of the windows reading a letter by the fading light, a note, as like as not, he had just received from Berthe. I think he changed color when he saw me; at least he drew back with a start.

"I lifted my glove and struck him square across his handsome face.

" 'You will understand what that is for, Monsieur le Marquis de Gonse,' I cried.

"He turned deadly white, and with a quick movement caught my wrists in both his hands.

" '*Mon enfant!*' he exclaimed, in a loud voice, which he tried to invest with a tone of jocularly, 'you carry your high spirits beyond all reason; I am too old to enjoy being hit upon the nose.' Then in a lower key he whispered: 'Paul, calm thyself; for the love of God do not force a quarrel. Come outside and let us talk with calmness.'

"But I was in no humor to be cajoled. I fiercely shook off his restraining hands. '*Messieurs*,' I cried, as the others, detecting a scene, began to close round us. '*Messieurs*, behold how I buffet the face

of the Marquis de Gonse,' and with that I again flicked my glove across his face.

"De Gonse slunk back with a sort of sob.

" 'Captain de Charruel and I have had an unfortunate difference of opinion,' he cried, recovering his aplomb on the instant. 'It seems we cannot agree upon the Spanish Succession. Monsieur le Comte, my seconds will await on you this evening.'

"I turned and left the Club, my head in a whirl, my face so distraught and haggard that I carried consternation through the jostling street, the people making way for me as though I were a madman. To obtain seconds was my immediate preoccupation, a task of no difficulty for a young hussar. My Colonel kindly condescended to act; and with him my friend Nicholas van Greef, the military attaché of the Netherlands Government; to both I told the same story of the Spanish Succession and the quarrel of which it had been the occasion. But my Colonel smiled and laid a meaning finger against his nose; the Dutchman said dryly it was well to keep ladies' names out of such affairs. I am convinced, however, that neither of them had the faintest glimmering of the truth. Having thus arranged matters with my seconds, I attempted next to find my poor sister, hastening up her interminable stairs with an impatience I leave you to imagine. Needless to say, she was not in the garret, which was inhabited by Mademoiselle Sonia alone, her pretty face swollen with weeping, her humor one of extraordinary caprices and contradictions. She blamed me altogether for the catastrophe; I ought not to have given Berthe a sou; I ought to have starved her back into servitude. Women were intended for slaves; to make them free was to give them the rope to hang themselves. For her part, said Mademoiselle, she thought a convent the right place for girls, and crochet work the best occupation! At any other time I might have stared to hear such sentiments from my sister's friend, but for the moment I could think of nothing but Berthe. To find her was my one desire. In this, however, Sonia would afford me no assistance, frankly asking what would be the good.

" 'The harm is done, my poor Paul,' she said, looking at me sorrowfully.

"Why should I expose you or her to an interview so unpleasant. How could it profit anyone?"

"I could not altogether see the force of this acquiescence in evil. I said that the honor of one of the oldest families in France was at stake; that if my sister did not leave the Marquis I should kill her with my own hands and fly the country. I implored Mademoiselle Sonia, with every argument I thought might move her, to betray my sister's hiding-place. But she kept putting me off, mocked at my impatience, and tried to learn, on her side, whether I meant to fight de Gonse.

"If you really wish to find out where she is,' she cried at last, 'why don't you make me tell you? Why don't you take me by the throat and pound my head against the wall, as they do downstairs with such admirable success? Those women positively adore their men.' As she spoke she threw back her head and exposed her charming neck with a gesture half-defiant, half-submissive! Upon my soul, I felt like carrying her suggestion into effect and choking her in good earnest, for I had become furious at her contrariety. But, restraining the impulse, I saw there was nothing left for me save to retire.

"Mademoiselle Boremykin,' I said, 'you are heartless and wicked beyond anything I could have imagined possible. You have helped to bring a noble name to dishonor, and in place of remorse your only feelings seem those of levity. I have the honor of wishing you good-day.'

"De Gonse and I met the following morning in the Bois de Boulogne. His had been the choice of arms and he selected rapiers, knowing, like all men of the world, that a pistol has the knack of killing. I ground my teeth at his decision, for he had the reputation of being a fine fencer, while I could boast no more than the average proficiency. He appeared to great advantage on the field; so cool, so handsome, such a *grand seigneur*—in every way so marked a contrast to myself. It was not unnatural, however; he was there to prick me in the shoulder; I to kill him if I could. Small wonder that my face was livid; that my eyes burned like coals in my head; that I was petu-

lant with my own seconds, insulting toward my adversary's. I looked at these with scorn, the supporters of a scoundrel, themselves, no doubt, betrayers and libertines like him they served. My dear old Colonel chid me for my discourtesy; bade me be a *galant homme* for his sake if not for mine. I kissed his wrinkled hand before them all. I said I respected men only who were honorable like himself. Everyone laughed at my extravagance; at the poor old man's embarrassment. It was plain they considered me a coward; they said things I could not help overhearing; but I cared for nothing. My God, no! I was there to kill de Gonse; not to pick quarrels with his friends.

"We were placed in position. Everything was *en règle*. The doctors, of whom there were a couple, lit cigarettes and did not even trouble to open their wallets. They knew it to be an affair of scratches.

"The handkerchief fell. We set to, warily, cautiously, looking into each other's eyes like wild beasts. More than once he could have killed me, so openly did I expose myself to his attack, so unconscionably did I force him back, hoping to give lunge for lunge, my life for his. But in his adventurous past de Gonse must often have crossed swords with men no less desperate than myself; it was no new thing to him to face a determined foe, or to guard himself against thrusts that were meant to kill. His temper was under admirable control; he handled his weapon like a master in the school of arms, and allowed me to tire myself out against what seemed a wall of steel. Suddenly he forced my guard with a stroke like a lightning flash; I felt my left arm burn as though melted wax had been dropped upon it; someone seized my sword; someone caught me in his arms!

"My dizziness, my bewilderment, were the sensations of a moment, and in a trice I was myself again. The wound was nothing, a nicely calculated stroke through the fleshy part of the arm. I laughed when they talked of honor satisfied and of our return to barracks. I said I never felt better in my life. It was true, for I was possessed with a Berserker rage, as they call it in the old Norse sagas; a bullet through my heart could not have hurt me then. The seconds demurred; they told

me that I was in their hands ; that I was over-ruled ; repeated, like parrots, that honor was satisfied. This only made me laugh the more. I went up to the Marquis and asked him were it necessary for me to strike him again ? I called him a coward, and swore I would post him in every salon and club in Paris. I slapped him in the face with my bare hand—my right—for my left felt numb and strange. There was a great scene. De Gonse appeared discomposed for the first time ; the seconds were pale and more than perturbed. One had a sense of death in the air. There were consultations apart ; appeals to which I would not listen ; expostulations as idle as the wind. De Gonse, trembling with wrath, left himself unreservedly to his seconds, walking up and down at a little distance like a sentinel on duty. I also strolled about to show how strong and fit I was : the angriest, the bitterest man in France.

“At length it was decided that we might continue the combat. De Gonse solemnly protested, bidding us all take notice that he had been allowed no alternative. My Colonel was almost in tears. Repeatedly, as a favor to himself, he besought me to apologize for that second blow and retire from the field. But I was adamant. ‘*Mon Colonel,*’ I said to him in a whisper, ‘this is a quarrel in which one of us must fall. Let me assure you it is not about a trifle.’

“Again we ranged ourselves ; again we grasped our rapiers, saluted, and stood ready for the game to begin. The Marquis’s coolness had somewhat forsaken him ; the finest equanimity is ruffled by a buffet in the face ; one cannot command calm at will. His friends said afterward that he showed extraordinary self-control, but I should rather have described it as extraordinary uneasiness. No duellist cares for a Berserker foe ; de Gonse was, moreover, of a superstitious fancy ; there are such things, besides, as presentiments ; I think he must have had one then. God knows, perhaps he was struggling with remorse. The handkerchief fell ; we crossed swords, and the combat was resumed with the utmost vivacity. The air rang with the shivering steel ; the doctors smoked no longer, but looked on with open mouths ; a duel in grim earnest is seldom

seen in France, though I venture to say there was one that morning. It lasted only a minute ; we had scarcely well begun before I felt a stinging in my side, and saw, as in a dream, my enemy’s triumphant face, red with his exertions. The exasperation of that moment passes the power of words to describe. This was my revenge, this a villain’s punishment on the field of honor ! He would leave it without a scratch, to be lionized in salons, to relate in boudoirs the true inwardness of the quarrel ! Remember I felt all this within the confines of a single second, as a drowning man in no more brief a space passes his entire life in review. Imagine, if you can, my rage, my uncontrollable indignation, my unbounded fury. What I did then I would do now, by God, I would—if need be a dozen times. I caught his rapier in my left hand and held it in the aching wound, while with my unimpeded right I stabbed him through the body—again and again, with amazing swiftness—so that he fell pierced in six places. There was a terrible outcry ; shouts of ‘murder,’ ‘coward,’ ‘assassin ;’ on every side looks of horror and detestation. One of the Marquis’s seconds beset me like a maniac with his cane, and I was like to have killed him had not the old Colonel run between us.

“The other second was supporting de Gonse’s head and assisting the surgeons to stanch the pouring blood. But it was labor lost ; anyone could see that he was doomed. From a little distance I watched them crowding about him where he lay on the grass, for I had drawn apart, sick and dizzy with my own wounds, conscious that I was now an outcast among men. At last one came toward me ; it was Clut, the doctor ; he said nothing, but drew me gently toward the group he had just quitted. They opened for me to pass as though I were a leper. A second later I stood beside the dying man, gazing down at his face.

“‘He wishes to shake hands with you,’ said the other doctor, solemnly, guiding the Marquis’s hand upward in his own. ‘Let his death atone ; he says he wishes to part in amity.’

I folded my arms.

“‘No, Monsieur,’ I said. ‘What you ask is impossible.’ With that I walked

away, not daring to look back lest I might falter in my resolution. I can say honestly that de Gonse's death weighs on me very little; yet I would give ten years of my life to unsay those final words—to recall that last brutality. In my dreams I often see him so, holding out the hand, which I try to grasp. I hear the doctor saying, 'He wishes to part in amity.'

"I fainted soon after leaving my opponent's side; I lay on the ground where I fell, no one caring to come to my assistance. When consciousness returned I saw them lifting the Marquis's body into a carriage, and I needed no telling to learn that he was dead. My Colonel and van Greef assisted me into another cab, neither of them saying a word nor showing me the least compassion. I suppose I should have been thankful they did so much. Was not I accursed? Were they not involved in my dishonor? They abandoned me, wounded, faint, and parching with thirst, to find my own way to Paris. Alone? No, not altogether. On the seat beside me my Colonel laid a flask of brandy and a loaded pistol! The first I drank; the revolver I pitched out of window. I never thought to kill myself. For cheating at cards, for several varieties of dishonor, yes. But not for what I had done; never in all the world. My conscience was as undisturbed as that of a little child. Excepting always that—why had I not taken his hand!

"I was arrested, of course, and tried. Tried for murder. You see, there were too many in the secret for it to be long kept. It was a *cause célèbre*, attracting universal attention. The quarrel owed its cause to the Spanish Succession; on that they could not shake me. There were many surmises, many suspicions, but no one stumbled on the truth. To a single man only was it told, Maître Le Roux, my counsel. Him I had to tell, for at first he would not take up my case at all. There was a great popular outcry against me, the army furious and ashamed, the bourgeoisie in hysterics. I was condemned; sentenced to death; reprieved at the particular intercession of the Marquise de Gonse, the dead man's mother, who threw herself on her knees before the Chief Executive. Reprieved to transportation for life!

"You will be surprised I mention not my mother. Ah, Mademoiselle, there are some things which will not permit themselves to be told—even to you. She went mad. She died. My military degradation is another of those things unspeakable. The epaulets were torn from my shoulders, the *galons* from my sleeves, my sword broken in two; all this in public before my regiment in hollow square. Picture for yourself, on every side, those walls of faces, scarcely one not familiar; my Colonel choking on his charger, the agitated master of ceremonies; my former friends and comrades trying not to meet my eye. In the ranks many of my own troopers burst out crying, and I could hear the officers swearing at them below their breath. My God, it was another Calvary!

"At Havre they kept me long in prison, waiting for the transport to carry me to New Caledonia. It was there I heard of my sister's death, the news being brought to me by a young French lady, a friend of Berthe's. My sister had poisoned herself, appalled at what she had done. There was no scandal, however, no sensational inquiry. She was too clever for that, too scientific; it was by no vulgar means that she sought her end. Assembling her friends, she bade them good-by in turn and divided among them her little property, her money, jewels, and clothes. She died in the typhus hospital to which she had volunteered her services, a victim to her own imprudence, said the doctors: a martyr to duty, proclaimed the world. She was accorded the honor of a municipal funeral (though her actual body was thrown into a pit of lime). The Maire and Council in carriages, the charity children on foot, the *pompier*s with their engine, a battalion of the National Guard and the band of the Ninth Marine Infantry! What mockery! What horror!

"Here in New Caledonia I looked forward to endure frightful sufferings, to be herded with the dregs of mankind I had made enforced acquaintanceship with on board the transport. But, on the contrary, I was received everywhere with kindness; the rigors of imprisonment were relieved by countless exemptions; I found, as I had read before in books, that the sight of a great gentleman in misfortune is one

very moving to common minds. And if he bears his sorrows with manly fortitude and dignity, he need not fear for friends. To my jailers I was invariably 'Monsieur'; they apologized for intruding on my privacy, for setting me the daily task; they would have looked the other way had I been backward or disinclined. I was neither, for I was not only ready to conform to the regulations, but something within me revolted at being unduly favored.

"At the earliest moment permissible by law I left the prison to become a serf—the initial stage of freedom—hired out at twelve francs a month to anyone who required my services. I fell into the hands of Fitzroy here, the mine-owner, who treated me with a consideration so distinguished, so entirely generous, that when I earned my right to a little farm of my own I begged and received permission to settle near him. The government gave me these few acres on the hill, rations for a year, and a modest complement of tools and appliances, exacting only one condition: My *parole d'honneur*. It is only Frenchmen who could ask such a thing of a convict, but, as I told you before, I was regarded as an exception, a man whose word might safely be taken.

"Never was one less inclined to escape than myself; my estates, which are extensive and valuable, would have instantly paid the forfeit; and though I am prohibited from receiving a sou of their revenues, I am not disallowed to direct how my money shall be used. You will wonder why I weigh possessions so intangible against a benefit which would be so real. But the traditions of an old family become almost a religion; to jeopardize our lands would be a sacrilege of which I am incapable; we phantoms come and go, but the race must continue on its ancestral acres; the noble line must be maintained unbroken. So peremptory is this feeling that you will see it at work in families that boast no more than three generations. The father's château is dear; the grandfather's precious; the great grandfather's a thing to die for! Think what it is among those like ourselves whose lineage and lands go back to Charlemagne! Though I can never return to France myself, though I shall die on my little hillside

farm and be buried by strangers, still it is much to me that the estates will pass to those of my blood. I have cousins, children of my uncle, who will succeed me; manly, handsome boys, whose careers are my especial care. Their children will often ask, their children's children perhaps, of that portrait of a man in chains, in the stripes of a convict, that hangs in our great picture gallery at Nemours, beneath it this legend: 'Paul de Charruel, painted in prison at his own request.' At the prompting of vanity, of humility—I scarcely know which to call it—I had this done before I quitted France forever, the artist coming daily to study me through the bars, and ordered it hung amid the effigies of my race. I suppose it hangs there now, slowly darkening in that empty house. It shall be my only plea to posterity; my only cry.

"It is nearly sixteen years ago since these events took place. For more than twelve I have lived like a peasant on my little farm, the busiest of the busy; up at dawn, to bed by nine o'clock. Blossoming under a care so sedulous and undivided, it has yielded me a rich return for my labor. My heart it has kept from breaking; my hands it has never left empty of a task to fill. There is a charm in freedom and solitude, a solace to be found in the society of plants, beyond the power of words to adequately express. Our government is right when it gives the convict a piece of land and a spade, leaving him to work out his own salvation. I took their spade; I found their salvation. On that hillside there I have passed from youth to middle age, my hair has turned to gray; my talents, my strength, all that I have inherited or acquired in mind or body, have been expended in hoeing cabbages, in weeding garden-beds, in felling the forest trees which encumbered my little estate. Yet I have not been unhappy—if you except one day each year, a day I should gladly see expunged from my calendar. Once a year I receive from the Marquise de Gonse a letter in terms the most touching and devout, written in mingled vitriol and tears. This annual letter is, to her, I know, a supreme sacrifice; every line of it breathes anguish and revolt; to forgive me has become the touchstone of her religion, a test to which she submits herself with agony.

I cannot—I do not—blame her for hating me; I would not have her learn the truth for anything on earth; but is it a pleasure for me to be turned the other cheek? Is it any consolation to be forgiven in terms so scathing? It is terrible, that piety which deceives itself, which attempts to achieve what is impossible. And she not only forgives me; she sends me little religious books, texts to put upon my walls, special tracts addressed to those in prison. She asks about my soul, and tells me she wearies the President with intercessions for my release. Poor, lonely, old woman, bereft of her only son! In the bottom of her heart does she not wish me torn limb from limb? Would she not love to see me in the fires of Hell?

"This, Mademoiselle, concludes my story. To-morrow, in your father's beautiful yacht, you leave our waters never to return. You will pursue your adventurous voyage, encircling the world, to reach at last that far American home, receiving on the way countless new impressions that will each obliterate the old. Somewhere there awaits you a husband, a man of untarnished name and honor; in his love you will forget still more; your memories will fade into dreams. Will you ever recall this land of desolation? Will you ever recall de Charruel the convict?"

He had not looked at the girl once during the course of his long narrative. He felt that she had been affected; how much or how little, he did not know; a certain delicacy, a certain fear withholding him. When at last he sought her face he saw that she had been crying.

"I shall never forget you," she said.

They walked along in silence until at a parting of the paths he said: "This one leads to my little cabin. Come, it will interest you, perhaps—the roof that has sheltered me for twelve irrevocable years. You are not afraid?" he asked.

She made a motion of dissent, drawing closer to him as though to express her confidence.

A few hundred yards brought them to a grassy paddock fenced with limes, through which they passed to reach a grove of bread-fruit and orange-trees beyond. On the farther side the house itself could be seen, a tumble-down shanty embowered in a bougainvillea of enormous

size. It looked damp, dark, and uninviting; not a breath stirred the tree-tops above nor penetrated into the deep shade below; except for the drone of bees, and a sound of falling water in the distance, the intense quiet was untroubled by a sound. De Charruel led the way in silence, with the preoccupation of a man who had too often trod that path before to need his wits to guide him. Reaching the hut, he threw open the door and stood back to allow his companion to enter before him. The little room was bare and clean; a table, a book-shelf, a couple of chairs, the only furniture; the only ornaments a shining lamp and a vase of roses. Miss Amy Kinnear took a seat in the long canvas chair which the convict drew out for her; the air seemed hot and suffocating; the perfume of the orange-blossoms almost insupportable. She was possessed, besides, with a thought, a fancy, that bewildered her; that made her feel half-ashamed, half-triumphant; that brought the tears to her eyes repeatedly. De Charruel did not speak. He was standing in the doorway, looking down at her with a sort of awe, as though at something sacred, something he wished to imprint forever in his mind.

"I wish to remember you as you are now," he exclaimed, "lying back in my chair, your face a little in profile, your eyes sad and compassionate. When you are gone I shall keep this memory in my heart; I shall cherish it; it shall live with me here in my solitude."

"I must go," she said, with a little thrill of anger or agitation in her voice. "I have stayed too long already."

He came toward her.

"I want first to show you this," he said, drawing from his pocket a jewel-case, which he almost forced into her hands. "You will not refuse me a last favor—you, who have accorded me so many?"

She avoided his glance and opened the box, giving as she did so an exclamation of astonishment.

It was full of rings.

"They were my poor mother's," he explained. "By special permission I was allowed to receive them there; I feared they might go astray."

There were, perhaps, ten rings in all, everyone the choice of a woman of re-

finement and great wealth—diamonds, rubies, pearls, and opals, sparkling and burning in the hollow of the girl's hand. No wonder she cried out at the sight of them, and turned them over and over and over with fascinated curiosity.

"Each one has its history," said de Charruel. "This and this are heirlooms; this was a peace-offering from my father after a terrible quarrel, the particulars of which I never learned; this he gave her after my birth—are the diamonds not superb? This ruby was my mother's favorite, for it was her engagement ring, and endeared to her by innumerable recollections. She used to tell me that at her death she wished my wife to wear it always, saying it was so charged with love that she counted it a talisman."

Miss Kinnear held it up to the light, turning it from side to side the better to study its fine color.

"It is like a pool of fire," she said.

"Won't you try it on?" he said.

She did so and held out her hand for him to see. The ring might have been made to the measure of her finger.

"You will never take it off again," he said. "You will keep it for a souvenir—for a remembrance."

She shook her head. "Indeed, I will not," she returned, with a smile. "Besides, is it not to be preserved for your *fiancée*? You cannot disregard your mother's wish."

"Why should we pretend to one another?" he broke out. "You know why I offer it to you, Mademoiselle. It would be an insult for me to say I love you—I, a convict, a man disgraced and ruined past redemption; but I can ask you to keep my poor ring; wear it as you might that of someone dead, someone of whom you once thought with kindness, someone who had greatly suffered."

The girl looked away.

"What you ask is impossible," she said, at length, in a voice so low and sweet that it was like a caress. "I don't think you understand."

"It is your pride that prevents," he cried. "I understand very well. If I left it you in a testament you would not scruple to take it; you would see a difference! Yet, am I not dead? Is this not my grave you see around me? Am

I not the corpse of the man I once was? Trample on your pride for once, for the sake of one that loves the very ground you tread upon. Take my ring, although it is worth much money, although the *convenances* forbid. If questions are asked say that it belonged to a man long ago passed away, whose last wish it was that you should wear it."

"I shall say it was given me by the bravest and most eloquent of men, the Comte de Charruel," she exclaimed, with a deep blush. "You have convinced me against my will."

He cried out in protest, but even as he did so he heard the sounds of footsteps on the porch, turning in time to see the door flung open by Fitzroy. Behind the Irishman strode the tall figure of General Kinnear, his face overcast with anxiety.

"Thank God," he cried when he saw his daughter. "You've been gone an age, my dear, and I've been uneasy in spite of Fitzroy here. It's very well to say 'It's all right; it's all right;' but in an island full of con——"

"I felt quite safe under Mr. de Charruel's protection," interrupted Amy, striking that dreadful word full in the middle. "I thought you knew I was with this gentleman."

"I don't know that that made me feel any more——" began the General, recollecting himself in the nick of time. "Why, Amy, child, what are you doing with that ring?"

"Mr. de Charruel has just presented it to me, papa," she returned. "Is it not beautiful?"

"Good God!" cried the General, "it is a ruby! I could swear it is a ruby! It must be worth a fortune!" Between each of these remarks he stared de Charruel in the face with mingled suspicion, anger, and surprise.

"I am told that it is worth about twelve thousand francs," said the Frenchman.

The General started. Fitzroy hurriedly whispered something into his ear. "You don't say so!" the former was overheard to say. "In a duel, was it? I didn't know anybody was ever killed in a French—— Oh, I see—yes—lost his head——"

This little aside finished, the General came back again to the attack, more civil,

however, and more conciliatory in his tone.

"You must be aware," he said, addressing de Charruel, "that no young lady can accept such a present as this from anyone save a member of her family or the man to whom she is engaged. I can only think that my daughter has taken your ring in ignorance of its real value, forgetful for the moment that the conventionalities are the same whether in New Caledonia or New York. You will pardon me, therefore, if I feel constrained to ask you to take back your gift."

"It rests entirely with Miss Kinnear," returned de Charruel.

"In that case, there can certainly be no question," said the General.

"I shall not give it back, papa," said Amy.

Her father stared at her in amazement, and from her distrustfully to de Charruel.

"Is he not a—convict?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you are going to accept a present from a convict?"

"Yes."

"A present said to be worth twelve thousand francs?"

"Yes."

"My God!" he cried, "I could not have believed it possible."

At this she burst out crying.

The General put his arm round her. "Come away, my daughter," he said. "For once in my life I am ashamed of you."

"I must first say good-by to M. de Charruel," she said, through her tears, holding out her hand—the left hand—on which the ruby glowed like a spot of blood.

The convict raised it slowly to his lips. Their eyes met for the last time.

"Good-by," he said.

The next day, from a rocky cliff above his head, de Charruel saw the yacht hoist her white sails and steal out to sea. He watched her as long as she remained in sight, and when at last she sank over the horizon he threw himself on the ground in a paroxysm of despair. For an hour he lay in a sort of stupor, rising only at the insistent whistle from the mine. This told him that it was twelve o'clock, and

brought him back to the realities and obligations of life. Descending to the farm, he once more took up the threads of his existence, for the habits of twelve years are not to be lightly disregarded. But it was with difficulty that he brought himself to perform his usual tasks; his heart seemed dead within his breast; he wondered miserably at his former patience and industry as he saw on every side the exemplification of both. How could he ever have found contentment in such drudgery, in such pitiful digging and toiling in the dirt! What a way for a man to pass his days, an earth-stained peasant, ignobly sweating among his cabbages! Oh, the intolerable loneliness of those years; how grim they seemed as he looked back at them, those tragic, wasted years.

Tortured by the stillness and emptiness of his hut, he spent the night at Fitzroy's, lying on the bare veranda-boards till daylight. But he returned home before the household was astir, lest he should be invited to breakfast and be expected to talk. He shrank from the thought of meeting anyone, and for days afterward kept close within the limits of his little farm, shunning every human being near him. Every convict has such phases, such mutinies of the soul. The malady runs its course like a fever, and if it does not kill or impair the victim's reason, it leaves him at last too often a hopeless sot. But, fortunately for himself, it was work, not cognac, that cured Paul de Charruel. He came to himself one day in his garden as he was digging potatoes. He stood up, drew his hand across his face, and realized that the brain sickness had left him. He went into the house and looked at himself in the glass, shuddering at the scarecrow he saw reflected there. He examined his clothes, his rooms, his calloused hands, with a strange, new curiosity, studying them all with the same speculation, the same surprise. He stood off, as it were, and looked at himself from a distance. He walked about his tangled, weedy farm and wondered what had come over him these past weeks. He had been starving, he said to himself many times over; starving for companionship.

He sought out Fitzroy at the mine. It was good again to hear the Irishman's honest laugh, to clasp his honest hand, to

think there was one person, at least, that cared for him. He hung about Fitzroy all that day as though it would be death to lose sight of him—Fitzroy, his friend. He repeated that last word a dozen times. His friend! He talked wildly and extravagantly for the mere pleasure of hearing himself speak; he was convulsed with laughter when an accident happened to a truck, and could scarcely contain himself when Fitzroy had a mock altercation with the engineer. No one could be more humorous than Fitzroy, and the engineer was a fellow alive with fun. What a fool he had been to sulk these weeks on his farm. His farm! It made him tremble to think of it, so unendurably lonely and silent it had become. It was horrible that he must return to it, his green prison, with its ghosts and memories.

He went back late, but not to sleep. He sat on the dark porch of his hut and thought of the woman he had lost. Like a shadow she seemed to pass beside him, and if he shut his eyes he could feel her breath against his cheek and almost hear the beating of her heart. He closed his arms on the empty air and called her name aloud, half hoping that she might come to him. But she was a thousand miles at sea, and every minute was widening the distance between them. The folly and uselessness of these repinings suddenly came over him. She was a most charming girl; but would not any charming girl have captivated him after the life he had been leading? Was he not hungry for affection? Was he not in love with love? He rose and walked up and down the porch, greatly stirred by the new current of his thoughts. Yes, he was dying for something to love, something, were it only a dog. For twelve years he had sufficed for himself, but he could do so no more.

By dawn he was at Fitzroy's begging the Irishman for a black boy and a horse. A little later his messenger was galloping along the Noumea road, charged with a letter to the Chef de l'Administration Pénitentiaire, to request that "le nommé de Charruel" be permitted to leave the farm for seven days. The permission was accorded almost as a matter of form, for it was not the custom to refuse anything to "le nommé de Charruel."

The Count went straight to the convent and asked to see the Mother Superior. She was a stately old lady, with silvery hair, an aristocratic profile, and a voice like an ancient bell. She at once cut short his explanations, closing her ears to his official number and other particulars of his convict life.

"*M. le Comte*," she said, "I knew your mother very well, and your father, also, whom you favor not a little. I have often thought of you out there by the Strait. Ah, Monsieur, believe me—often."

De Charruel thanked her with ceremony.

"Your errand cannot be the same as that which brings the others," she went on, half smiling. "*Mon Dieu*," she exclaimed, as she saw the truth in his reddening face. "You, a noble! a *chef de famille*! It is impossible."

"I am only the convict de Charruel," he answered.

The old woman looked at him with keen displeasure.

"You know the rules?" she said in an altered voice. "You can take your choice of three. If you are not satisfied you can return in six months."

"Oh, Madame," he said, "spare me such a trial. I stipulate for two things only: give me not a poisoner nor a thief. But give me, if you can, some poor girl whose very honesty and innocence has been her ruin."

"I can very easily supply you with such a one," said the Mother Superior. "Your words apply to half the female criminals the government sends me to marry to the convicts. When I weigh their relative demerits I almost feel I am giving angels to devils, so heavy is the scale in favor of my sex. I have several young women of unusual gentleness and refinement who could satisfy requirements the most exacting. If you like," she went on, "I shall introduce you first to a poor girl named Suzanne. In the beginning it was like caging a bird to keep her here, but insensibly she has given her heart to God and has ceased to beat her wings against the bars."

"Does she fulfil my conditions?" asked the Count.

"Yes, a thousand times yes!" exclaimed the Mother Superior. "Shall I give orders for her to be brought?"

"If you would have the kindness," said de Charruel.

There was a long waiting after the command had gone forth. All the womanliness and latent coquetry of the nuns came out in this business of making ready their charges for the ordeal. And when it was whispered that the wooer was the Comte de Charruel himself, a personage with whose romantic history there was not a soul unfamiliar, great was the excitement and preparation. At last, with a modest knock, the door opened and let in a young girl clothed in conventual gray. She had a very pretty face, a touch hardened by past misfortunes, a figure short, well-knit, and not ungraceful, and wild black eyes that shrank to the ground at the sight of the Count.

The Mother Superior motioned her to take a seat.

"This is Suzanne," she said.

De Charruel rose to his feet and bowed. There was a dead silence.

"Can you not say something?" said the old lady, turning to the Count with some asperity.

"Mademoiselle," he said, with a sensation of extreme embarrassment, "I have the honor to ask you to marry me."

"You need not commit yourself," interrupted the Mother Superior. "You can have the choice of two more."

"If I saw a hundred, Madame," he replied, "I could find no one I preferred to this young lady."

There was another prolonged silence.

"You must answer, Suzanne," said the old lady. "Yes or no."

The girl burst into tears.

"Yes or no?" reiterated the Mother.

"I weep at Monsieur's extraordinary goodness," said the girl. "Yes, Madame, yes."

Ten days later de Charruel was resting in the taro-field where he had been at work, when he felt Suzanne's arm round his neck, and her warm lips against his forehead. He leaned back with a smile.

"Paul," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "you have hidden nothing from me? You have done nothing wrong, Paul?"

"Wrong!" he exclaimed. "Have I not told thee repeatedly that I am the model convict, the hero of a hundred official commendations, the shining star of the penal administration? Wrong! What dost thou mean?"

"The authorities . . ." she answered. "There has been a messenger from the mine with a blue official letter. Oh, Paul, it frightens me."

"Thou need'st not fear," he said. "It is only some matter of routine. I could paper my house (if it would not be misunderstood) with blue official letters about nothing."

"I am so happy, Paul," she said. "So happy that I tremble for my happiness."

He smiled at her again as he reached his hand for the letter. Nonchalantly he tore it open, but turned deadly pale as he ran his eyes down the sheet inside.

"You must go back to prison?" she cried, in a voice of agony.

He could only shake his head.

"Speak," she cried again. "Paul, Paul, I must know if it kills me."

He gave her a dreadful look.

"I am pardoned," he said. "I am free!"

THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN

By Edward N. Pomeroy

In the secluded, sleepy town
A little world his will obeys,
As when his ships went up and down
On the wide ocean ways.

So long he trod the reeling decks
With watchful eye and wary feet,
As though he still of danger recked
He walks the stable street.

So well he scanned by day and night
The veering clouds and fickle sea,
His vision, like the eagle's sight,
Seems strange to you and me.

So long he felt the jar and fret
Of storm, and calm, and tidal roll,
The strength and weakness these beget
Have passed into his soul.

He does not know the landsman's art
To plead, and please, and overreach;
Unfenced as ocean's fields his heart,
As fraught with storms his speech.

Though sometimes through his eyes there
gleams
A love-light, soft as flame refined,
In his severer moods he seems
A stranger to his kind.

When evening's sombre curtains fall
And lights from heavenly casements
leap
He hears the sea-birds' cry and all
The noises of the deep.

The welkin fails to comfort him
Whose boundary our vision bars :
He longs to pass its girdling rim
And raise the alien stars.

When slumber seals his wakeful ears
His voyages he makes once more,
By reefs that erst have wrecked him steers
And hears their breakers roar.

The good ships, once his joy and pride
But long the drift-wood of the seas,
He guides where fleets and navies ride
That nations feed and tease.

His crews are those he shipped of old;
They grumble still, and sing, and swear;
Their bones are mixed with pearls and
gold
That pave the kraken's lair.

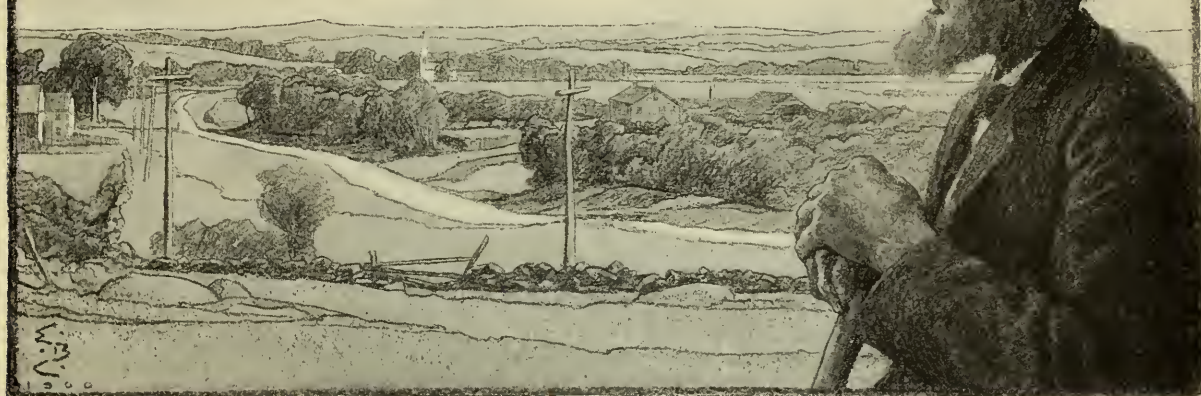
His gaze fixt on the warning glass,
The guiding stars, the needle's poise,
He keeps all watches as they pass—
Till dawn the dream destroys.

Of the long voyage oft he thinks
Across a water never passed,
And trusts, whatever floats or sinks,
To make the port at last.

Think not his deeper self to know ;
His handshake thine, his smile, his
bow ;
But his companions long ago
Are his companions now.

A Visible Judgment.

by Arthur Colton.



HE bore the name of Adam Wick. There seemed to be something primitive in his temperament to fit it. By primitive we mean of such times as may have furnished single-eyed passions that did not argue. He was a small, thin, stooping man, with a sharp nose and red-lidded eyes. Sarah Wick, his daughter, was a dry-faced woman of thirty, and lived with him.

His house stood on a hill looking over the village of Preston Plains, which lay in a flat valley. In the middle of the village the church-steeple shot up, tapering and tall.

It was a bickering community. The church was a centre of interest. The outlines of the building were clean and shapely, but in detail it stood for a variety of opinions. A raised tracery ran along the pseudo-classic frieze of its front, representing a rope of flowers with little cupids holding up the loops. They may have been cherubs. The community had quarrelled about them long ago when the church was building, but that subject had given way to other subjects.

The choir gallery bulged over the rear seats, as if to dispute the relative importance of the pulpit. That was nothing. But it needed bracing. The committee decided against a single pillar, and erected two, one of them in the middle of Adam Wick's pew.

Adam looked at things simply. It seemed to his simplicity that the commu-

nity had conspired to do him injustice. The spirit of non-conformity stirred within him. He went to the minister.

"Andrew Hill, nor any other man, nor committeeman's got no rights in my pew."

The minister was dignified.

"The pew, Mr. Wick, belongs to the church."

"No such thing! I sat twenty-four years in that pew."

"But that, though very creditable——"

"No such thing! I'll have no post in my pew, for Andrew Hill nor no minister neither."

"Mr. Wick——"

"You take that post out o' my pew."

He stumped out of the minister's green-latticed doorway and down the gravel path. His eyes on either side of his sharp nose were like those of an angry hawk, and his stooping shoulders, seen from behind, resembled the huddled back of the hawk, caged and sullen.

The minister watched him. Properly speaking, a primitive nature is an unlimited monarchy where ego is king, but the minister's reflections did not run in these terms. He did not even go so far as to wonder whether such primitive natures did not render the current theory of a church inaccurate. He went so far as to wonder what Adam Wick would do.

One dark, windy night, near midnight, Adam Wick climbed in at the vestibule window of the church, and chopped the

pillar in two with an axe. The wind wailed in the belfry over his head. The blinds strained, as if hands were plucking at them from without. The sound of his blows echoed in the cold, empty building, as if some personal devil were enjoying the

He sat silently through the proceedings in the pew with the hacked pillar, his shoulders hunched, his sharp eyes restless.

"Mr. Wick," said the minister sternly, "have you anything to say?"

Adam rose.



Chopped the pillar in two with an axe.

sacrilege. Adam was a simple-minded man; he realized that he was having a good time himself.

It was three days before the church was opened. What may have been Adam's primitive thoughts, moving secretively among his townsmen? Then a sudden rumor ran, a cry went up, of horror, of accusation, of the lust of strife. Before the accusation Adam did not hesitate to make his defiance perfect. The primitive mind was not in doubt. With a blink of his red eyelids, he answered:

"You tell Andrew Hill, don't you put another post in my pew."

A meeting was held; a majority voted enthusiastically to strike his name from the rolls for unchristian behavior and to replace the pillar. A minority declared him a wronged man. That was natural enough in Preston Plains. But Adam Wick's actions at this point were thought original and effective by everyone.

"I put fifty-six dollars into this meetin' house. Any man deny that?"

No man denied it.

"Humph!" said Adam.

He took the hymn-book from the rack, lifted the green cushion from the seat, threw it over his shoulder, and walked out.

No man spoke against it.

"There's no further business before this meeting," said Chairman Hill.

It was a Sunday in August and nearly noon. From the side-porch of Adam Wick's house on the hill the clustered foliage of the village below was the centre of the landscape. The steeple and ridge-pole of the church rose out of the centre of the foliage.

The landscape could not be fancied without the steeple. The dumb materials of the earth, as well as the men who walk upon it, acquire habits. You could read on the flat face of the valley that it had

grown accustomed to Preston Plains steeple.

On the side porch stood a long, high-backed bench. It was a close imitation of the pews in the church below among the foliage, with the long green cushion on the seat and a chair facing it with a hymn book on it. Adam sat motionless on the bench. His red-lidded eyes were fixed intently on the steeple.

A hen with a brood of downy yellow chickens pecked about the path. A turkey strutted up and down. The air was sultry, oppressive. A low murmur of thunder mingled with the sleepy noises of creaking crickets and clucking hen.

Adam Wick's bench and rule of Sabbath observance had been common talk in Preston Plains. But it had grown too familiar, for subjects of dispute ever gave way there to other subjects. Someone said it was pathetic. The minority thought it a happy instance to throw in the face of the bigoted majority, that they had driven from the church a man of religious feeling. The minister had consulted Andrew Hill, that thick-set man with the dry mouth and gray chin-beard.

"Not take out that pillar!" said Andrew Hill.

"Ah," said the minister, "I'm afraid that wouldn't do. It would seem like——"



He . . . lifted the green cushion from the seat, threw it over his shoulder, and walked out.—Page 482.



Adam sat motionless on the bench.—Page 483.

"I wouldn't move that pillar if the whole town was sidin' with him."

"Oh, now——"

"Not while I'm alive. Adam Wick, he's obstinate."

Mr. Hill shut his mouth grimly.

"Religious! Humph! Maybe he is."

The minister moved away. They were a stiff-necked people, but after all he felt himself to be one of them. It was his own race. He knew how Andrew Hill felt, as if something somewhere within him were suddenly clamped down and riveted. He understood Adam too, in his private pew on the side porch, the hymn-book on the chair, his eyes on Preston Plains steeple,

fixed and glittering. He thought, "We don't claim to be altogether lovely."

Adam was in his own eyes without question a just man suffering injustice. His fathers in their Genesis and Exodus had so suffered, faced stocks, pillory, the frowning edge of the wilderness, and possessed their souls with the same grim congratulation. No generation ever saw visions and sweat blood, and left a moderate-minded posterity. Such martyrs were not surer that the God of Justice stood beside them than Adam was sure of the injustice of that pillar in that pew, nor more resolved that neither death nor hell should prevail against the faithfulness of their protest.

And the turkey strutted in the yard, the chickens hurried and peeped, the thunder muttered at intervals as if the earth were breathing heavily in its hot sleep.

The church-bell rang for the end of the morning service. It floated up from the distance, sweet, plaintive. One would think it might be to ears that had heard it often a beloved sound, laden with intimate memories.

Adam rose and carried the cushion, chair, and hymn-book into the house.

The storm was rising, darkening. It crouched on the hills. It seemed to gather its garments and gird its loins, to breathe heavily with crowded hate, to strike with daggers of lightning right and left.

Adam came out again and sat on the bench. The service being over, it was no longer a pew.

Carriages, one after another, drove out of the foliage below, and along the five roads that ran out of Preston Plains between zigzag fences and low stone walls.

They were hurrying, but from that distance they seemed to crawl.

The Wick carriage came up the hill and through the gate—creaking wheels, a shambling white horse, Sarah jerking the reins with monotonous persistence. She stepped down and dusted off her cotton gloves. Adam walked out to take the horse.

“Wherefore do ye harden your hearts as the Egyptians and Pharaoh hardened their hearts?”

Adam seemed puzzled, blinked his eyes, seemed to study carefully the contents of his own mind.

“I do’ know,” he said at last.

“First Samuel, seven, six,” said Sarah.

Adam led the horse away despondently. Half way to the barn he stopped and called out :

“Did he preach at me?”

“No.”

The minister had chosen a text that Adam did not know, and made no refer-



“Did he preach at me?”

ence to him, although the text was a likely one. Adam felt both slights in a dim way, and resented them. He came back to the house and sat in the front room before the window.

The valley was covered with a thick veil of gray rain. The black cloud above it cracked every moment with sudden explosions, the echoes of them tumbling clumsily among the hills. Preston Plains steeple faded away and the foliage below it became a dim blot. A few drops struck the window-pane at Adam's face, then a rush and tumult of rain. Dimmer still the valley, but the lightning jabbed down into it incessantly, unseen batteries playing attack and defence over Preston Plains steeple.

It was a swift, sudden storm, coming and gone like a burst of passion. The imminent crack and crash of the thunder ceased, and only rumblings were heard, mere memories, echoes, or as if the broken fragments of the sky were rolling to and fro in some vast sea-wash. The valley and the village trees came slowly into view.

"Dinner's ready," said Sarah, in the next room.

She had a strident voice, and said dinner was ready as if she expected Adam to dispute it. There was no answer from the window.

"Pa! Aren't you comin'?"

No answer. Sarah came to the door.

"Pa!"

His face was close to the rain-washed window-pane. Something rattled in his throat. It seemed like a suppressed chuckle. He rested his chin on his hand and clawed it with bony fingers.

"Pa!"

He turned on her sternly.

"You needn't be shoutin' on the Lord's day. Meetin'-house steeple's a-fire."

From Adam Wick's nothing could be seen but the slow column of smoke rising and curling around the slender steeple. But under the foliage Preston Plains was in tumult.

By night the church was saved, but the belfry was a blackened ruin within. The bell had fallen, through floor, cross-beams, and ceiling, and smashed the front of the choir gallery, a mass of fallen pillar, railing, and broken plaster on the floor.

Andrew Hili called a meeting. Adam Wick came, entered his cluttered pew and sat on the pillar that lay prostrate across it. He perched on it like a hawk, with huddled back and red-lidded eyes blinking. It was the sense of the meeting that modern ideas demanded the choir should sit behind the minister. The ruined gallery must be removed. Adam Wick rose.

"You've got no place in this meetin'," said Andrew Hill. "Set down."

Adam kept his place scornfully.

"Can't I subscribe twenty dollars to this church?"

The chairman stroked his beard and a gleam of acrid humor lit his face for a moment.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I suppose you can."

And the eyes of all present looked on Adam Wick favorably.

The minister rose to speak the last word of peace.

"My friends, the Lord did it. He is righteous——"

"That's my idea!" said Adam Wick, like a hawk on his fallen pillar, red-lidded, complacent. "He did what was right."

The minister coughed, hesitated and sat down. Andrew Hill glowered from his chair.

"There's no further business before this meetin'."



His face was close to the rain-washed window-pane.



Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Like a hawk on his fallen pillar.—Page 486.



Eleonore Flaisled (1860)

A PETITION

By Theodosia Pickering Garrison

HERE among your poppy fields,
Idleness, I pray you,
Let me wander lazy-eyed,
Slow of thought and pace;
Empty-handed, light of heart,
Eager to obey you,
To loaf and make a madrigal
Tuned to fit your face.

Sick am I of strife and toil,
I would seek your daisies,
Count the clouds and doze and dream
Through drowsy afternoons.
Prithee, take me by the hand—
Show me where the way is—
Let me change the clink of gold
For your linnets' tunes.

Idleness! Oh, Idleness,
Smile a welcome for me.
Here's a minstrel out of voice,
A weary heart to rest.
Soothe me with the pipes of Pan,
Hum his music o'er me,
Rock me like a tired child
Sleepy on your breast.

THE SHERMAN-JOHNSTON CONVENTION

By Jacob D. Cox



TO understand Sherman's negotiations with Johnston we must recall the general's attitude toward the rebellious States and his views on the subject of slavery. Originally a conservative Whig in politics, deprecating the anti-slavery agitation, as early as 1856 he had written to his brother: "Unless people, both North and South, learn more moderation, we'll 'see sights' in the way of civil war. Of course the North have the strength and must prevail, though the people of the South could and would be desperate enough." In 1859 he was still urging concessions instead of insisting on the absolute right, saying, "Each State has a perfect right to have its own local policy, and a majority in Congress has an absolute right to govern the whole country; but the North, being so strong, in every sense of the term, can well afford to be generous, even to making reasonable concessions to the weakness and prejudices of the South." He returned to the same thought in 1860, saying, "So certain and inevitable is it that the physical and political power of this nation must pass into the hands of the free States, that I think you all can well afford to take things easy, bear the buffets of a sinking dynasty, and even smile at their impotent threats."

The world is familiar with the ringing words with which he threw away his livelihood and turned from every attractive outlook in life, when, secession having actually come, he said to the Governor of Louisiana, "On no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the United States." But he was also one of the clearest-sighted in seeing that when slavery had appealed to the sword it would perish by the sword. In January, 1864, he expressed it tersely: "The South has made the interests of slavery the issue of the war. If they lose the war, they lose slavery." At the end of the same month he said: "Three years ago, by a little reflection and patience,

they could have had a hundred years of peace and prosperity: but they preferred war. Last year they could have saved their slaves, but now it is too late—all the powers of earth cannot restore to them their slaves, any more than their dead grandfathers." And in the same letter, written to a subordinate, with express authority to make it known to the Southern people within our lines, he said of certain administrative regulations, "These are well established principles of war, and the people of the South, having appealed to war, are barred from appealing for protection to our Constitution, which they have practically and publicly defied. They have appealed to war, and must abide *its* rules and law."

Two years later Thaddeus Stevens, as radical leader in Congress, announced the same doctrine in no more trenchant terms. Sherman was explicit in regard to its scope, but he differed from Stevens in the extent to which he would go, as a matter of sound policy and statesmanship, in applying the possible penalties of war when submission was made. It is clear that he insisted there could be no resurrection for slavery, and that the freedmen must be protected in life, liberty, and property, with a true equality before the law in this protection; but he held that they were as yet unfit for political participation in the government, much less for the assumption of political rule in the Southern States.

In a friendly letter which General Halleck wrote to Sherman immediately after the capture of Savannah, he said, with a freedom that long intimacy permitted: "Whilst almost everyone is praising your great march through Georgia and the capture of Savannah, there is a certain class, having now great influence with the President and very probably anticipating still more on a change of cabinet, who are decidedly disposed to make a point against you—I mean in regard to 'inevitable Sambo.' They say that you have manifested an almost *criminal* dislike to the negro, and

that you are not willing to carry out the wishes of the Government in regard to him, but repulse him with contempt." In short it was said that his march through Georgia might have been made the means of a general exodus of the slaves, and ought to have been.

Sherman made a humorous reply, saying he allowed thousands of negroes to accompany his march, and set no limit but the necessities of his military operations. "If it be insisted," he said, "that I shall so conduct my operations that the negro alone is consulted, of course I shall be defeated, and then where will be Sambo? Don't military success imply the safety of Sambo, and *vice versa*? They gather round me in crowds, and I can't find out whether I am Moses or Aaron or which of the prophets. The South deserves all she has got for her injustice to the negro, but that is no reason why we should go to the other extreme. I do and will do the best I can for the negroes, and feel sure that the problem is solving itself slowly and naturally. It needs nothing more than our fostering care."

The Secretary of War was broadly hinted at in Halleck's letter, but when Mr. Stanton visited Sherman at Savannah the latter understood that his mind was disabused of any unfavorable impressions he may have had. Mr. Stanton had assembled a score of the leading colored preachers as the most intelligent representatives of their race, and examined them by written questions respecting their hopes and desires, their attitude in regard to military service, and in regard to living among the whites or separately. He learned that they generally preferred to try life in a separate community of their own, and that they were strongly opposed to the methods by which State agents were trying to enlist them as substitutes for men drafted in the Northern States. He even went so far as to ask these men whether they found Sherman friendly to the colored people's rights and interests or otherwise! The answer was that they had confidence in the General, and thought their concerns could not be in better hands. Some of them had called upon him on his arrival, and now said that they did not think that he could have received Mr. Stanton with more courtesy than he

showed to them. Sherman's order relating to the allotment of sea-island lands to the freedmen for cultivation, and to the methods of procuring their enlistment as soldiers, was drafted while Mr. Stanton was with him, and he affirms that every paragraph had the Secretary's approval.

In his feelings toward the men chiefly responsible for secession and the war, Sherman had never measured his words when expressing his condemnation and wrath. In a letter to General Robert Anderson, written only a few days before meeting Johnston in negotiation, he had spoken with deepest feeling of his satisfaction that Anderson was to raise again the flag at Fort Sumter on April 14th (the fatal day on which also Lincoln died), saying he was "glad that it falls to the lot of one so pure and noble to represent our country in a drama so solemn, so majestic, and so just." To him it looks like "a retribution decreed by Heaven itself." Reminded by this thought of those who had caused this horrid war, he exclaimed: "But the end is not yet. The brain that first conceived the thought must burst in anguish; the heart that pulsed with hellish joy must cease to beat; the hand that pulled the first lanyard must be palsied, before the wicked act begun in Charleston on the 13th of April, 1861, is avenged. But 'mine, not thine, is vengeance,' saith the Lord, and we poor sinners must let him work out the drama to its close." Such was the man who went to meet General Johnston on April 17th, and in considering what he then did we must take into the account the principles, the convictions, and the feelings which were part of his very nature.

Still further, we must remember that he had, less than two weeks before, a personal conference with the President at City Point, and had obtained from him personally the views he held with regard to the terms he was prepared to grant to the several rebel States, as well as to the armies which might surrender, and the method by which he expected to obtain an acknowledgment of submission from some legally constituted authority, without dealing in any way with the Confederate civil government. General Sherman is conclusive authority as to what occurred at a conference which was in the

nature of instructions to him from the commander-in-chief, and the more carefully we examine contemporaneous records the stronger becomes the conviction that he has accurately reported what occurred at that meeting.

"Mr. Lincoln was full and frank in his conversation," says Sherman, "assuring me that in his mind he was all ready for the civil reorganization of affairs at the South as soon as the war was over; and he distinctly authorized me to assure Governor Vance and the people of North Carolina that as soon as the rebel armies laid down their arms and resumed their civil pursuits, they would at once be guaranteed all their rights as citizens of a common country; and that to avoid anarchy, the State governments then in existence, with their civil functionaries, would be recognized by him as the government *de facto* till Congress could provide others."

When the general met Mr. Graham and others, he was aware that General Weitzel at Richmond had authorized the Virginia State government to assemble, Mr. Lincoln being on the ground. The views expressed in the famous interview at City Point had taken practical shape. In correspondence with Johnston, whilst they were awaiting action on the first convention, Sherman referred to Weitzel's action as a reason for confidence that there would be "no trouble on the score of recognizing existing State governments."

With the burden of the terrible news of Lincoln's assassination, Sherman went up to Durham Station to meet the Confederate general on April 17th. His grief was mingled with gloomy thoughts of the future, for it was natural that he as well as the authorities at Washington should at first think of the great crime as part of a system of desperate men to destroy both the civil and the military leaders of the country, and to disperse the armies into bands of merciless guerillas, who would try the effect of anarchy now that civilized military operations had failed. We did injustice to the South in thinking so, but it was inevitable that such should be the first impression. As soon as we mingled a little with the leading soldiers and statesmen of the South we learned better, and the period of such apprehensions was a brief one, though terrible while it lasted.

But we must here consider what were the motives and purposes which, on his part, Johnston represented, when he came from Greensborough to meet his great opponent. To understand these we must trace rapidly the course of events within his military lines. When Petersburg was taken and Richmond evacuated, Mr. Davis, with the members of his cabinet, went to Danville, where he remained for a few days, protected by a small force under General H. H. Walker. Beauregard was at Greensborough, collecting detachments to resist an expedition which General Stoneman was leading through the mountains from Tennessee. Johnston was at Smithfield with the main body of his forces, watching our army at Goldsborough and preparing to retreat toward Lee as soon as the latter might escape from Grant and give a rendezvous at Danville or Greensborough. The retreat from Petersburg made a union east of Danville probably impracticable.

Grant's persistent and vigorous pursuit soon turned Lee away from the Danville road at Burkeville, pushed him toward Lynchburg, and destroyed all hope of union with Johnston. Davis had no direct communication with Lee after reaching Danville, and his position there being unsafe after Grant had occupied Burkeville he went to Greensborough. From Danville, on the 10th, he telegraphed Johnston that he had a report of the surrender of Lee, which there was little room to doubt. He also asked Johnston to meet him at Greensborough to confer as to future action. The despatch was, by some accident, prevented from reaching Johnston on the 10th, and Davis repeated it on the 11th, so that the news reached the Confederate head-quarters only a day before we got it on our march from Smithfield. On the same day (11th) Davis informed Governor Vance of the disaster and suggested a meeting with him also. He also forwarded to Johnston the suggestion of Beauregard (which he approved) that all the Confederate forces north of Augusta should concentrate at Salisbury.

The best evidence that Vance regarded the cause of the Confederacy as lost is found in his resolve to send a deputation to meet Sherman without waiting to confer

with Davis. Johnston issued on the 11th his orders for the continued march of his army westward from Raleigh along the railroad, and himself proceeded to Greensborough by train to have the appointed conference. Whilst Davis and he were together on the 12th Stoneman's cavalry, which had been in the vicinity the day before and had made a break in the Danville road, was heard of at Shallow Ford on the Yadkin, about thirty miles west. Part of the troops at Greensborough were at once sent to Salisbury, which was about the same distance from the Yadkin ford. At the same time came a cipher despatch from Colonel Anderson of Johnston's staff, whom the latter had left at Raleigh, saying that Governor Vance was sending Messrs. Graham and Swain to meet Sherman, presumably by permission of Hardee who was senior officer in Johnston's absence. Colonel Anderson had taken the responsibility of asking Hampton not to let them pass his cavalry outposts. By Davis's direction, Johnston at once telegraphed Hardee to arrest the delegation and to permit no intercourse with us except under proper military flag of truce. Vance was of course informed by Hardee, and replied that he intended nothing subversive of Davis's prerogative or without consulting him. He also stated that Johnston was aware of his purpose. In saying further, however, that the initiative had been on Sherman's part he was dissembling. The difficulty put in the way of his representatives in getting beyond the Confederate lines is thus accounted for, as well as his failure to remain in Raleigh on our arrival. Davis found it politic to accept the explanation, but we may safely assume that the matter was discussed between him and Johnston, and that it led to its discussion with his cabinet also; for Johnston remained with him till the 14th, leaving to Hardee the direction of the army on the march, which was ordered to be pressed toward Greensborough. The troops at Danville were called to the same rendezvous, and General Echols, with those in West Virginia, was ordered to make his way through the mountains to the northwestern part of South Carolina.

In a formal conference with his advisers on the 13th (Thursday), all the

cabinet officers except Benjamin declared themselves of Johnston's and Beauregard's opinion that a further prosecution of the war was hopeless, that the Southern Confederacy was in fact overthrown, and that the wise thing to do was to make at once the best terms possible. Davis argued that the crises might rouse the Southern people to new and desperate efforts, and that overtures for peace on the basis of submission were premature. The general opinion, however, was so strong against him that he reluctantly yielded, and, to make sure that he should not be committed further than he meant, he himself dictated, and Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, wrote the letter to Sherman, signed by Johnston, asking for an armistice between all the armies, if General Grant would consent, "the object being to permit the civil authorities to enter into the needful arrangements to terminate the existing war." The form of each sentence of the letter is significant in view of its authorship, but most so is the plain meaning of that just quoted, to make a complete surrender upon such terms as the national government should dictate. In like manner the opening sentence, "The results of the recent campaign in Virginia have changed the relative military condition of the belligerents," was a confession in diplomatic form of final defeat. Before sending the letter to Sherman, Johnston copied it with his own hand, in order, no doubt, to have a duplicate for his own protection as well as to preserve secrecy.

Sherman lost not a moment in answering: 1st. That he had power and was willing to arrange a suspension of hostilities between the armies under their respective commands, indicating a halt on both sides on the 15th. 2d. That he offered as a basis the terms given Lee at Appomattox. 3d. Interpreting Johnston's reference to "other armies" which he desired the truce to include, as referring to Stoneman (whom we had heard of in Raleigh as burning railway bridges on both sides of Greensborough), he said that Stoneman was under his command, and that he would obtain from Grant a suspension of other movements from Virginia. All this was strictly within the limits of Sherman's military authority and discretion.

The 15th of April (Saturday) was a day of pouring rain, making the roads almost impassable for wagons, as they were already cut up by the retreating army and by our advance. Sherman expected a reply from Johnston early, for he had directed Kilpatrick on Friday afternoon to send his answer at once to the Confederate lines. He was annoyed at the delay and sent up Major McCoy of his staff to Morrisville on the railway, where Kilpatrick's head-quarters were, taking with him a telegraph operator to open an office there. But Kilpatrick had gone to his own outposts toward Hillsborough, and his staff seem to have been in no hurry to forward Sherman's letter, so that it was delivered to Hampton at sundown of the 15th, instead of the 14th. A locomotive engine was sent to McCoy on Sunday (16th), and with it he went on to Durham, taking his telegrapher along. Some torpedoes had been found on the road below, and McCoy diminished the risk from any others by putting some empty cars ahead of the locomotive to explode them if there should be any. He got through safely, however, found Kilpatrick at Durham, opened telegraphic communication with head-quarters at Raleigh, was authorized to transmit by wire Johnston's reply, and so was able before night to give his impatiently waiting chief the Confederate general's proposal to meet in conference between the lines next morning, and to return Sherman's consent.

Meanwhile Kilpatrick had been sending despatches saying he did not believe Johnston could be trusted, that his whole army was marching on, that the delay was a ruse to gain time, and that no confidence could be placed "in the word of a rebel, no matter what might be his position: he is a traitor at best." Sherman answered: "I have faith in General Johnston's personal sincerity, and do not believe he would use a subterfuge to cover his movements. He could not stop the movement of his troops till he got my letter, which I hear was delayed all day yesterday by your adjutant's not sending it forward." His faith in Johnston's honorable dealing was justified, but the delay had brought the Confederate infantry to the neighborhood of Greensborough.

On the 15th Sherman had sent, both

to Grant and to the Secretary of War, copies of Johnston's overture and his own answer. He added that he should "be careful not to complicate any points of civil policy"; that he had invited Governor Vance to return to Raleigh with the civil officers of the State, and that ex-Governor Graham, Messrs. Badger, Moore, Holden, and others all agreed "that the war is over, and that the States of the South must resume their allegiance, subject to the Constitution and laws of Congress, and that the military power of the South must submit to the National arms. This great fact once admitted," he said, "all the details are easy of arrangement." He directed this to be sent by a swift steamer to Fort Monroe, and from there by telegraph to Washington. As this despatch was sent part of the way by telegraph, it should have reached Washington more than three days ahead of the convention signed on the 18th and carried to the capital by Major Hitchcock, who left Raleigh in the night of that day. But no answer seems to have been made to it, unless it be in a despatch of Grant on the 20th, in which he directed the movement of Howard's and Slocum's armies to City Point in case Johnston surrendered.

On Monday (April 17th), with the burden of the knowledge of Lincoln's assassination on his mind, Sherman went up to Durham by rail, accompanied by a few officers. There he met General Kilpatrick, who furnished a cavalry company as an escort, and led-horses to mount the party. The bearer of the flag of truce and a trumpeter were in advance, followed by a part of the escort, the General and his officers came next, the little cavalcade closing with the rest of the escort in due order. They rode about five miles on the Hillsborough road, when they met General Wade Hampton advancing with a flag from the other side. The house of a Mr. Bennett, near by, was made the place of conference. When Sherman and Johnston were alone, the despatch announcing Mr. Lincoln's murder was shown the Confederate, and as he read it, Sherman tells us, beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, his face showed the horror and distress he felt, and he denounced the act as a disgrace to the age. Both realized

the danger that terrible results would follow if hostilities should be resumed, and both were impelled to yield whatever seemed possible to bring the war to an immediate end. In this praiseworthy spirit their discussion was carried on, Johnston saying that "the greatest possible calamity to the South had happened."

Johnston's first point was that his proposal of the 14th had been that the civil authorities should negotiate as to the terms of peace, while the armistice should continue. Sherman could not deal with the Confederate civil government or recognize it. It could only dissolve and vanish when the separate States should make their submission, and these were the only governments *de facto* with whom dealings could be had. Postponing this matter, they proceeded to the practical one—the terms that could be assured to the armies of the South and to the States.

Here they found themselves not far apart. As to the troops, nothing more liberal could be asked than the terms already given to Lee. Sherman knew of Mr. Lincoln's willingness that the State governments should continue to act, if they began by declaring the Confederacy dissolved by defeat, and the authority of the United States recognized and acknowledged. He had no knowledge of any change in the policy of the Government in this respect, and what he had said to Governor Vance's delegation was satisfactory to both negotiators.

But how as to amnesty? Here Sherman was also able to give Lincoln's own words, declaring his desire that the people in general should be assured of all their rights of life, liberty, and property, and the political rights of citizens of a common country on their complete submission. Lincoln wanted no more lives sacrificed, and would use his power to make amnesty complete. He could not control the legislative or the judicial department of the Government, but he spoke for himself as an executive. An agreement was easy here also.

What then as to slavery? Sherman regarded it utterly dead in the regions occupied by the Confederates at the time of the Emancipation Proclamation (January 1, 1863), and Johnston frankly admitted that surrender, in view of the whole situ-

ation, acknowledged the end of the system which had been the great stake in the war. The Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution, abolishing slavery, had then been accepted by twenty States, Arkansas did so three days later, and the six Northern States which had been delayed in action upon it were as certain to ratify as that a little time should roll round. It was therefore no figure of speech to say that slavery was dead: Sherman, Johnston, and Breckinridge knew it to be true. But Johnston urged that to secure the prompt and peaceful acquiescence of the whole South, it was undesirable to force upon them irritating acknowledgments, even of what they tacitly admitted to themselves was true: further, that the subject was not included in the scope of a military convention. If slavery was in fact abolished by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, it was for Congress and the courts so to declare it, and two soldiers arranging the surrender had no call to assert all the legal consequences which would flow from the act. Sherman yielded to this argument, not from any doubt as to the fact of freedom, but from a certainty of it so complete that he would not prolong dispute to obtain a formal assent to it. He was the more ready to do so as he insisted that he acted simply as the representative of the executive as commander-in-chief, and neither could nor would promise immunity from prosecutions under indictments or confiscation laws. He said also that whilst he agreed with Mr. Lincoln in hoping no executions or long imprisonments would occur, he advised the leading men in the Confederate government to get out of the country.

As to the disposal of the arms in the hands of the Confederate soldiers from North Carolina to Texas, both knew that little of practical moment depended on the form of the agreement. So many arms were thrown away, so many were concealed by soldiers who loved the weapons they had carried, that even in our own ranks no satisfactory collection of them could be made. But a real and present apprehension with both officers was the scattering of armed men in guerrilla bands. If the law-abiding were disarmed, and those who scattered and refused to give up their weapons were at

large, how could the States preserve the peace? To this point Sherman said he attached most importance. This was not an after-thought when defending his action; he wrote it to Grant in the letter transmitting the terms when they were made. The same thought was forced home on the Confederates by their experience at the time. Before the negotiations were finally concluded, bands of paroled men from Lee's army, and stragglers, were able to stop trains on the railroad on which Johnston's army was dependent for supplies, and it would have been intolerable to have the country at the mercy of that class. To keep the troops of each State under discipline till they deposited the arms at the State capitals, where United States garrisons would be, and where the final disposal of them would be, "subject to the future action of Congress," seemed prudent and safe, and this was agreed to.

In the first day's conference it seemed clear that the generals could easily agree upon all they thought essential except the exclusion of Mr. Davis and his chief civil officers from any part in the negotiations, and making the terms of amnesty general. An adjournment to Tuesday was had to give Johnston time to consult with General Breckinridge, the Secretary of War, and for Sherman to reflect further on the amnesty question. As soon as the latter reached Raleigh he despatched to Grant, through a staff officer at New Berne, a brief report of the "full and frank interchange of opinions" with Johnston. "He evidently seeks to make terms for Jeff. Davis and his cabinet," he said. The adjournment was mentioned, with its reason, and to negative any thought that he might neglect military advantages by the delay, he said: "We lose nothing in time, as by agreement both armies stand still, and the roads are drying up, so that if I am forced to pursue we will be able to make better speed. There is great danger that the Confederate armies will dissolve and fill the whole land with robbers and assassins, and I think this is one of the difficulties that Johnston labors under. The assassination of Mr. Lincoln shows one of the elements in the rebel army which will be almost as difficult to deal with as the main armies."

When the two generals met again

Tuesday, General Breckinridge was with Johnston's party, and the latter requested that he might take part in the conference, but Sherman adhered to his position that he would deal only with the military officers, and objected to Breckinridge as Secretary of War. Johnston suggested that he might be present simply as a general officer, but added that his personal relations to Mr. Davis would greatly aid in securing final approval of anything to which he assented. With this understanding he was allowed to be present.

Mr. Reagan, Postmaster-General, had also come with Breckinridge to General Hampton's head-quarters, but did not proceed farther. He was busy there, Johnston tells us, in throwing into form the terms which the general thought were fairly included in the conversational comparison of views on the previous day, with the exception of the amnesty, which was made general without exceptions. This must, of course, have been from notes written at Johnston's dictation.

Sherman was informed that the Confederate general had authority to negotiate a military convention for the surrender of all the Confederate armies, and that, if the terms could be agreed upon, the Davis government would disband, like the armies, and use the influence of its members to secure the submission of all the several States. Johnston, on his part, would be content with the conclusions informally reached on Monday, except that he wanted the principle inserted of amnesty without exceptions. Mr. Reagan's draft was produced and read. It contained a preamble stating motives for the action proposed, and professed to be no more than a basis for further negotiation. A note appended to it referred to several things necessary to a conclusion of the business which might be subsequently added. The preamble as well as this note was no proper part of the terms, and Sherman entirely objected to any preamble of the kind, wishing to include only the things necessary to an agreement. He therefore took his pen and then and there wrote off rapidly his own expression of the points he had intended to agree to, but explicitly as a "memorandum or basis" for submission to their principals.

They were: *First*, the continuance of

the armistice, terminable on short notice. *Second*, the disbanding of all the Confederate armies, under parole, and deposit of their arms subject to the control of the national government. *Third*, recognition by the Executive of existing State governments. *Fourth*, re-establishment of federal courts. *Fifth*, guarantee for the future of general rights of person, property, and political rights "so far as the Executive can." *Sixth*, freedom for the people from disturbance on account of the past, by "the executive authority of the government." The *seventh* item was a general *résumé* of results aimed at. The most striking difference between this statement and that which Mr. Reagan had drawn, besides the omission of the preamble, was the express limitation of the proposed action by the powers of the national Executive, with neither promise nor suggestion as to what the courts or Congress might or might not do.

In transmitting the memorandum through General Grant, Sherman wrote that the point to which he attached most importance was "that the dispersion and disbandment of those armies is done in such a manner as to prevent their breaking up into guerilla bands," whilst there was no restriction on our right to military occupation. As to slavery, he said, "both Generals Johnston and Breckinridge admitted that slavery was dead, and I could not insist on embracing it in such a paper, because it can be made with the States in detail." He also referred to the financial question and the necessity of stopping war expenditures and getting the officers and men of the army home to work. Writing to Halleck as chief-of-staff at the same time, he referred to the same topics, expressing his belief, from all he saw and heard, that "even Mr. Davis was not privy to the diabolical plot" of assassination, but that it was "the emanation of a set of young men of the South who are very devils." He told Halleck that Johnston informed him that Stoneman's cavalry had been at Salisbury, but was then near Statesville, which was on the road back to Tennessee, about forty miles west of Salisbury and double that distance west of Greensborough.

A week now intervened, in which the important papers were journeying to

Washington and the orders of the Government coming back. On the 20th Sherman had occasion to inform Johnston of steps he had taken to enforce the details of the truce, and as evidence that he had not mistaken Mr. Lincoln's views in regard to the State governments he enclosed "a late paper showing that in Virginia the State authorities are acknowledged and invited to resume their lawful functions." The convention seemed therefore in harmony with the course actually pursued by the administration at Washington, and the negotiators were justified in feeling reassured.

Another day passed, and as other incidents in the relations of the armies needed to be communicated to Johnston, Sherman recurred again to the encouraging feature of the leave to assemble the Virginia Legislature, but added some reflections on points which he thought might require more explicit treatment than they had given, and he suggested Johnston's conference with the best Southern men, so that he might be ready to act without delay if modifications should be required in the final convention. "It may be," he said, "that the lawyers will want us to define more minutely what is meant by the guaranty of rights of person and property. It may be construed into a compact for us to undo the past as to the rights of slaves, and 'leases of plantations' on the Mississippi, of 'vacant and abandoned' plantations. I wish you would talk to the best men you have on these points, and, if possible, let us in the final convention make these points so clear as to leave no room for angry controversy. I believe if the South would simply and publicly declare what we all feel, that slavery is dead, that you would inaugurate an era of peace and prosperity that would soon efface the ravages of the past four years of war. Negroes would remain in the South and afford you abundance of cheap labor which otherwise will be driven away, and it will save the country the senseless discussions which have kept us all in hot water for fifty years. Although strictly speaking this is no subject of a military convention, yet I am honestly convinced that our simple declaration of a result will be accepted as good law everywhere. Of course I have

not a single word from Washington on this or any other point of our agreement, but I know the effect of such a step by us will be universally accepted."

On the same day (21st) he was replying to a letter from an acquaintance of former days, residing at Wilmington. In this reply he spoke out more vigorously his own sentiments. "The idea of war to perpetuate slavery in the year 1861 was an insult to the intelligence of the age." War being begun by the South, "it was absurd to suppose that we were bound to respect that kind of property or any kind of property.—The result is nearly accomplished, and is what you might have foreseen."

On the 23d he sent a bunch of newspapers to Johnston and Hardee, giving the developments of the assassination plot, and the hopes that the Searles would recover. In the unofficial note accompanying them he said: "The feeling north on this subject is more intense than anything that ever occurred before. General Ord at Richmond has recalled the permission given for the Virginia Legislature, and I fear much the assassination of the President will give a bias to the popular mind which, in connection with the desire of our politicians, may thwart our purpose of recognizing 'existing local governments.' But it does seem to me there must be good sense enough left on this continent to give order and shape to the now disjointed elements of government. I believe this assassination of Mr. Lincoln will do the cause of the South more harm than any event of the war, both at home and abroad, and I doubt if the Confederate military authorities had any more complicity with it than I had. I am thus frank with you, and have asserted as much to the War Department. But I dare not say as much for Mr. Davis or some of the civil functionaries, for it seems the plot was fixed for March 4th, but delayed awaiting some instructions from Richmond."

The whole tenor of this letter speaks most clearly the faith which personal intercourse with Johnston had given Sherman in his honor and his sincerity of desire that the war should end. The same had been expressed in an official note of the same date in which Sherman had said,

in regard to his directions to General Wilson in Georgia, "I have almost exceeded the bounds of prudence in checking him without the means of direct communication, and only did so on my absolute faith in your personal character." The faith was not misplaced and was not disappointed.

The correspondence thus quoted reveals to us Sherman's thoughts from day to day, the real opinions and sentiments which he intended to embody in the convention, and his recognition of the probability that its provisions would need more explicit definition before the final acts of negotiation. It shows, too, how frank he was in warning Johnston that the terrible crime at Washington had changed the situation. It seems indisputable that this open-hearted dealing between the generals made it much easier for them to come together on the final terms, by having revealed to Johnston the motives and convictions which animated his opponent in seeking the blessing of peace as well as in applying the scourge of war.

As further evidence of what Sherman told us, his subordinates, of the terms agreed upon, I quote the entry in my diary of what I understood them to be, on the 19th, the day following the signature of the convention, after personal conversation with the general. "Johnston's army is to separate, the troops going to their several States; at the State capitals they are to surrender their arms and all public property. Part of the arms are to be left to the State governments, and the rest turned over to the United States. The officers and soldiers are not to be punished by the United States Government for their part in the war, but all are left liable to private prosecutions and indictments in the courts."

In the evening of the 23d Sherman heard of the arrival at Morehead City of Major Hitchcock, his messenger to Washington, and he at once notified Johnston that the despatches would reach him in the morning. He asked the latter to be ready "to resume negotiations when the contents of the despatches are known." When Major Hitchcock came up on a night train, reaching Raleigh at six in the morning, to Sherman's great surprise General Grant came also, unheralded and unannounced.

When Grant reached Sherman's headquarters on the morning of April 24th, Johnston had not yet been notified of the action of the Confederate government as to the agreed basis of surrender. Having got Sherman's despatch of the evening before, he telegraphed to General Breckinridge, the Secretary of War at Greenerborough, that there must be immediate readiness to act. Breckinridge, however, had gone to Charlotte, about eighty miles down the road, near the South Carolina line, where Mr. Davis held the last meeting of his cabinet, and procured from each of them his formal, written opinion and advice. Davis himself now telegraphed the result to Johnston, saying: "Your action is approved. You will so inform General Sherman, and if the like authority be given by the Government of the United States to complete the arrangement, you will proceed on the basis adopted." He added that further instructions would be given as to the subordinate details which, by common consent, must be added to the basis to perfect it.

The cabinet opinions were unanimous in favor of approving the basis. Benjamin's, Reagan's, and Attorney-General Davis's were dated the 22d; Breckinridge's the 23d; and Mallory's the 24th. In varying words they all admitted what Mallory put most tersely in saying, "the Confederacy is conquered." Several of them discussed the possibility of carrying on a guerilla warfare, but could see in it no useful result. They agreed that if Johnston retreated to the Gulf States, the troops would disperse spontaneously, Virginia and North Carolina would separately withdraw from the Confederacy, and the other States would follow. Benjamin expressed the common opinion that the terms of the convention "exact only what the victor always requires, the relinquishment by his foe of the object for which the struggle was commenced." He also well formulated their judgment that, as political head, Davis could not make peace by dissolving the Confederacy; but as commander-in-chief he could ratify the military convention disbanding the armies. "He can end hostilities. The States alone can act in dissolving the Confederacy and returning to the Union, according to the terms of the convention. Reagan alone spoke

of hopes that by submission the States might procure advantages not mentioned in the basis, and found comfort in the fact that it contained "no direct reference to the question of slavery." Taken together, these important documents contain the strongest possible admissions of the utter ruin of the Confederacy and of the simple truth that there was nothing left for them but to surrender at discretion, with such dignity as they might. Of themselves, the cabinet opinions changed the situation, and made it impossible to resume plans of further resistance after the convention was rejected at Washington. With them the Confederate government vanished.

For it was a disapproval that Grant had brought. On receiving the "memorandum or basis" from Sherman on the 21st, he had at once seen that the latter had acted in ignorance of the fact, first, that Mr. Lincoln had himself, two days before his death, withdrawn the permission for the Virginia Legislature to assemble, and second, that he had, a month before Lee's surrender, directed that military negotiations should not treat of any subject of civil policy. In view, therefore, of the tendency to severity which followed the assassination, it was evident that the convention would not be approved, and, as soon as action had been taken by the President in cabinet meeting, Grant wrote a calm and friendly letter to Sherman in explanation of the rejection of the basis, enclosing Stanton's formal notice and order to resume hostilities. These were intrusted to Major Hitchcock, but, as we have seen, Grant accompanied the messenger in person.

Sherman, having only the day before learned of the change of policy with regard to Virginia and notified Johnston of its probable effect, was prepared in part for the disapproval, and was personally glad to be rid of political negotiations. He made no objection or remonstrance, but, even before discussing the subject with Grant, wrote his notice to Johnston of the termination of the truce within forty-eight hours as agreed. With this he sent a note stating his orders "not to attempt civil negotiations," demanding surrender of Johnston's own army "on the same terms as were given General Lee at Appomattox." These despatches were dated

at six in the morning of the 24th, a few minutes after Grant's arrival.

Sherman then explained to the general-in-chief the military situation, the position of the several corps, his readiness to make the race with Johnston for Charlotte, the completed repair of the railroad through Raleigh to Durham, the accumulation of supplies, and the improved condition of the country roads. The truce had worked him no disadvantage from a military stand-point, but the contrary. The only thing which annoyed him in the despatches from Washington was the last sentence in Mr. Stanton's communication to Grant, saying, "The President desires that you proceed immediately to the head-quarters of General Sherman and direct operations against the enemy." The implication in this was a distrust of him which was wholly unjust, and he replied to it, "I had flattered myself that by four years' patient, unremitting, and successful labor I deserved no such reminder." In a letter to Grant of the same date he put upon record the fact that he had reason to suppose that his memorandum accurately reported Mr. Lincoln's ideas and purposes, and that he was wholly uninformed of the instructions in regard to negotiating upon civil questions. He stood by his opinions on the propriety of using the *de facto* governments in the separate States as agents of submission for their people. He pointed out that the military convention did not meddle with the right of the courts to punish past crimes, and stated that he admitted the need of clearer definition as to the guaranty of rights of person and property. The points he thus discussed were those he got from Grant orally, for he had, as yet, no other knowledge of the criticisms made by President Johnson or his cabinet.

Grant's sincere friendship and his freedom from the least desire to exhibit his own power, had made him act as a visitor rather than a commander. He appreciated Sherman's perfect readiness to accept the methods dictated by the civil authorities, and saw that his zeal was as ardent as it was at Atlanta or Savannah. The results of the honest frankness of the dealings between Sherman and Johnston were speedily seen. The Confederate

general perfectly understood the meaning of the notice to end the truce, and that his great opponent would do his military duty to the uttermost. Whilst ordering his army to be ready to move at the expiration of the truce, he also declared to Mr. Davis, in asking for instructions, that it were better to yield than to have Sherman's army again traverse the country. Davis suggested, through Breckinridge, that the infantry and artillery might be disbanded and the cavalry and horse-batteries brought off to accompany the high civil officers who would try to reach the Southwest. Johnston replied that this would only provide for saving these functionaries from captivity. This might be done by Mr. Davis moving with a smaller cavalry escort without losing a moment. To save the people, the country, and the army, an honorable military capitulation ought to be made before the expiration of the armistice. He said that his subordinate commanders did not believe their troops would fight again, and that news was received of the fall of Mobile with three thousand prisoners, and the capture of Macon with a number of prominent generals. Early on the 25th Breckinridge assented to the capitulation, but directed that General Wade Hampton, with the mounted men who chose to follow him, might join the President. Upon this Johnston wrote Sherman, asking that instead of a surrender and disbanding in the field, his army might have the arrangement for going home in organizations which had been made by the memorandum of the 18th, giving as a reason that Lee's paroled men were already afflicting the country, collecting in bands which had no means of subsistence but robbery. Sherman then appointed a new conference at Durham for the 26th, at noon. He had learned from Grant that it was believed at Washington that Davis had with him a large treasure in specie, making for Cuba by way of Florida, and he sent at once a despatch to Admiral Dahlgren, naval commander at Charleston, asking that officer to try to intercept him.

General Grant's complete satisfaction with Sherman's personal attitude and readiness to accept the action of the President, was shown in his wish to re-

turn at once to Washington. He prepared to start from Raleigh on the morning of the 26th, taking a steamer from New Berne on arriving there. He expected, of course, that the surrender would be completed and the result telegraphed him by the time his vessel was ready to start, but he was also moved by delicacy toward Sherman, and the desire to relieve him from every appearance of supervision which his stay at Raleigh might give. Sherman, however, was also chivalrous, and requested Grant not to leave till he should see the capitulation finally signed. All this, it must be remembered, was in entire ignorance of the follies perpetrated at the War Department during those days.

The hour fixed for the new conference at Durham was the same at which the armistice would expire; but Sherman, having the troops in readiness to start at a moment's notice, ordered that no movement should be made till his return. An accident to his railroad delayed Johnston two or three hours, but on his arrival a brief conference satisfied him that the only course to pursue was to surrender on the terms given to Lee and to trust to Sherman's assurance that such arrangements would be made in executing the capitulation as would guard against the evils of the dispersion of his army without means of subsistence, which both officers justly feared. As in Lee's case the language used avoided terms which implied being prisoners of war, even momentarily, but provided that after delivering the arms to an ordnance officer at Greensborough (excepting side-arms of officers) and giving an "individual obligation not to take up arms against the Government of the United States—all the officers and men will be permitted to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their obligation and the laws in force where they may reside."

At half past seven in the evening Grant was able to write his despatch to Stanton, Secretary of War, that the surrender was complete, and by using the telegraph to New Berne and Morehead City, and from Fort Monroe to Washington, the news reached Washington at ten in the morning of the 28th. The same evening and by

the same means of transmittal he also informed Halleck at Richmond of the surrender, and recalled all his troops out of Sherman's theatre of operations. After hearing the details of Sherman's conversations with Johnston, and approving the suggestions of liberal arrangements looking to getting the Confederate troops quickly and quietly back to peaceful industry at their homes, Grant parted with us at Raleigh on the 27th and returned as rapidly as possible to Washington, where the influence of his calm judgment and executive ability was sorely needed.

The orders for national forces in North Carolina to march homeward, except Schofield's troops, were issued on the 27th. Kilpatrick's division of cavalry was attached to Schofield's command, and the Army of the Ohio thus reinforced was left to garrison the Department of North Carolina. To General Schofield was also intrusted the preparation of the printed paroles for all the troops included in the capitulation, so that there might be uniformity. To him also was committed the conclusion of the supplementary terms needed for the liberal execution of the convention, as had been discussed at the personal meeting of the commanders, at which he had been present. Johnston sent in a draft of what he had understood to be thus informally arranged, the most important items of which were the "loan" to the Confederates of their army animals and wagons for farming purposes, the retention of a portion of their arms to enforce order and discipline till the separate organizations should reach their homes, and the extension of the privileges of the convention to naval officers of the Confederacy. With slight modifications these were accepted by General Schofield and carried out. A large issue of rations to Johnston's troops had been voluntarily added without any request or stipulation. Both parties understood that Johnston's command included all Confederate troops east of the Chattahoochee, though this is not stated in the terms. At the earnest request of the Confederate general, none of our troops were sent up to Greensborough, where his head-quarters and principal camp were, until the printing of the paroles was completed and staff officers sent to issue them on April 30th.

Sherman wrote a farewell letter to Johnston on the 27th, telling of his instructions to General Schofield to give ten days' rations for twenty-five thousand men, "to facilitate what you and I and all good men desire, the return to their homes of the officers and men composing your army." He spoke also of his directions to "loan" to them enough animals fit for farming purposes to insure a crop. Concluding, he said: "Now that war is over, I am as willing to risk my person and reputation as heretofore, to heal the wounds made by the past war, and I think my feeling is shared by the whole army. I also think a similar feeling actuates the mass of your army, but there are some unthinking young men who have no sense or experience, that, unless controlled, may embroil their neighbors. If we are forced to deal with them, it must be with severity, but I hope they will be managed by the people of the South." His Field Order No. 65, announcing the end of war east of the Chattahoochee, referred to the same purpose, "to relieve present wants and to encourage the inhabitants to renew their peaceful pursuits and to restore the relations of friendship among our fellow-citizens and countrymen." He directed that "great care must be taken that all the terms and stipulations on our part be fulfilled with the most scrupulous fidelity, whilst those imposed on our hitherto enemies be received in a spirit becoming a brave and generous army."

A copy of this order was enclosed in Sherman's letter to Johnston, and the latter replied in a similar noble tone. "The enlarged patriotism manifested in these papers," he said, "reconciles me to what I had previously regarded as the misfortune of my life—that of having had you to encounter in the field. The enlightened and humane policy you have adopted will certainly be successful. It is fortunate for the people of North Carolina that your views are to be carried out by one so capable of appreciating them. I hope you are as well represented in other departments of your command; if so, an early and complete pacification may be expected. The disposition you express to heal the wounds made by the past war has been evident to me in all our interviews. You are right in sup-

posing that similar feelings are entertained by the mass of this army. I am sure that all the leading men in it will exert their influence for that object."

Down to this moment, the progress of events had been full of satisfaction to Sherman, and of gratification to his noble ambition. If the implication contained in the order sending Grant in person to his head-quarters had pained him, Grant's perfect handling of the situation had prevented the wound being deep, and Sherman was pleased, on the whole, to be relieved of negotiations on all civil questions. But the day after Grant had left him—when he had issued his admirable order No. 65, and exchanged chivalrous sentiments with Johnston—when he had completed his work in his great campaign and, leaving to Schofield the finishing of the administrative task in North Carolina, was turning his face homeward full of anticipation of rejoining family and friends, with his great career in a retrospect which was altogether gratifying—at this culmination of his glory as a soldier and his pride as a patriot, he received the sorest blow and the deepest wound he ever knew.

The mail, on the 28th, brought a copy of the *New York Times* containing Mr. Stanton's now famous despatch to General Dix, dated the 22d, sent for the purpose of general publication, in which he made known the fact that Sherman had entered into a convention with Johnston, that it was disapproved by the President, and that Sherman was ordered to resume hostilities. Had the newspaper publication stopped here, it would still have been a grave indiscretion, for the news of what was done in Washington usually reached the enemy more promptly than it came to our officers at the front, and the enterprising spies at the capital would have thought their fortunes made by getting on the 22d orders which did not reach Sherman in fact till the 24th, with official comments of which the general was ignorant till the 28th.

But this was the least of the faults of this curious document. It said that Sherman had entered into "what is called a basis of peace." No such name was given the paper, and the manner of attributing it misled the public as to its

character. It suppressed the fact that the "memorandum" was by its terms wholly without binding effect if not approved by the President. Without saying so, it persuasively led the reader to believe that Sherman had violated instructions issued by Mr. Lincoln on March 3d, which in fact were never published till it was done in this despatch, and were wholly unknown to the general, who believed he was acting in accordance with President Lincoln's wishes given him orally at the end of March. It spoke of orders sent by Sherman to Stoneman "to withdraw from Salisbury and join him" as opening "the way for Davis to escape to Mexico or Europe with his plunder, which is reported to be very large." Only complete ignorance of the actual military situation could account for so erroneous a statement. Davis was in the midst of Johnston's whole army, most of which was halted by the truce at Greensborough. Stoneman, on a brilliant cavalry raid, passed rapidly from the north near Greensborough a week before, had struck Salisbury on the 13th and immediately marched northwest, on his return to East Tennessee, whence he had started. He was at Statesville, forty miles on his way, when Sherman and Johnston made the armistice on the 18th, of which he did not hear a word till he was over the mountains on the 23d. Sherman first heard of Davis's "plunder" from Grant on the 24th, and immediately asked the navy to frustrate any efforts to take it out of the country. Davis did not leave the protection of Johnston's army till he knew that Stoneman was far away and his road was clear. In fact it was only when, after the rejection of the first convention, Johnston had begun negotiations for the separate surrender of his own forces, and further delay would have made him a prisoner. As to the "plunder of the banks" thus published by the Secretary, it turned out that officers of Carolina banks who had taken their assets to Richmond for protection against the perils of war, had taken advantage of the protection of Mr. Davis's escort to carry them home when Richmond fell. As to the specie treasure, rumored to be many millions, about forty thousand dollars was at Greensborough paid to Johnston's

soldiers at the rate of \$1.17 to each, and the remainder, except a small sum, seems to have been distributed to the cavalry escort, about three thousand strong, which protected Mr. Davis to the Savannah River and then dispersed: the sum was thirty-five dollars per man, given as part of their arrears of pay. The statement in Mr. Stanton's despatch regarding his "plunder," copied from one received from Halleck, which in turn was based on anonymous rumor, was so couched as to give credence to the imputation that Sherman was to be duped or bribed to allow Davis with his effects, "including this gold plunder," to escape. Not only did the form of the publication give this impression, but that it was in fact so understood and treated is simple matter of history.

Even this was not all. There were appended to this, nine enumerated criticisms, most of which were baseless. The detailed examination of these would carry us beyond the limits of this article and must be postponed. They included implied charges of wilful departure from known rules laid down by the Executive, and a deliberate sacrifice of results for which the war had been waged. It was inevitable that such a manifesto to the public should be greatly exasperating to Sherman. Seeing also the manner in which it was interpreted by the newspapers, he believed that it was purposely so worded as to imply what it did not explicitly assert, and to hold him up to the nation as one little better than a traitor. He was very emphatic in saying that being overruled did not trouble him, it was the public perversion of what he had done, attributing to his memorandum what the publication of its text would have contradicted, which outraged his feelings. Grant frankly adhered to his opinion that in the actual condition of affairs he could not himself advise the ratification of the terms proposed; yet he saw the injustice done Sherman, and condemned it. Their relations continued as cordial as ever, and his influence was potent in preventing further ill results from following the quarrel.

The publication was followed by other acts of Mr. Stanton which increased the irritation. On April 27th he informed

Halleck, Canby, and Thomas that "Sherman's proceedings" were disapproved, and asked them to direct their subordinates "to pay no attention to any orders but your own or from General Grant." This was a day after Johnston had made his final surrender under the second convention, and when Grant had been two days with Sherman. It led to Halleck's ordering Meade to pay no attention to the truce, even after the surrender of Johnston was signed, and might have caused serious results if Grant had not been very prompt in giving counter-orders to Halleck. All the department commanders naturally understood Stanton's language in sending Grant to North Carolina, as superseding Sherman in command, though in fact this was not done. They concluded that if any new terms were made with Johnston the action would be in Grant's name, and his signature would verify the truce. But as Grant did not do this, and everything remained in Sherman's hands as before, the actual surrender was ignored and credit refused, by order of the Secretary of War, to the armistice declared while the paroles were being issued! Stanton took no steps to correct this, and for two weeks the strange muddle continued in the Southwest. This came to such a pass that on May 8th Sherman inquired of Grant whether "the Secretary of War's newspaper order" had taken Georgia out of his command. Grant replied, "I know of no order which changes your command in any particular," and, in his patient rôle of peacemaker, suggested that the necessity of prompt communication, when Sherman was not in telegraphic communication with Washington, had caused some irregularities.

One of the minor incidents in Stanton's course of action throws so strong a light on his methods, and was so irritating an example of the *suppressio veri*, that it must be mentioned. Immediately after his interview with Sherman in the early morning of the 24th, Grant had sent a despatch to Stanton, which the latter sent to General Dix for publication in the following form: "A despatch has just been received by this department from General Grant, dated Raleigh, 9 A.M., April 24th. He says: 'I reached here this morning,

and delivered to General Sherman the reply to his negotiations with Johnston. Word was immediately sent to Johnston, terminating the truce, and information that civil matters could not be entertained in any convention between army commanders.' " Taken in connection with the previous publication, this was naturally interpreted to mean that Grant had sent the "word" to Johnston, and it strengthened the current against Sherman. The despatch as sent by Grant was this: "I reached here this morning and delivered to General Sherman the reply to his negotiations with Johnston. *He was not surprised, but rather expected their rejection.* Word was immediately sent to Johnston, terminating the truce, and information that civil matters could not be entertained in any convention between army commanders. *General Sherman has been guided in his negotiations with Johnston entirely by what he thought was precedent authorized by the President. He had before him the terms given by me to Lee's army and the call of the rebel legislature of Virginia authorized by General Weitzel, as he supposed with the sanction of the President and myself. At the time of the agreement General Sherman did not know of the withdrawal of authority for the meeting of that legislature. The moment he learned through the papers that authority for the meeting had been withdrawn, he communicated the fact to Johnston as having bearing on the negotiations had.*" I have italicized the omitted parts to show how absolutely essential they were to a true statement of Sherman's attitude, and how grave was the offence against fair dealing to suppress them after the appeal to the public had been made by the first publication. The despatch is also historically important as proof of the ideal character of Grant's disinterestedness and frank friendship for Sherman in this juncture.

Mr. Stanton's habit of impetuous action without reflection, upon first impressions and imperfect knowledge, was notorious, as was his constitutional inability to admit that he had been in the wrong. Once aroused, he was a fierce combatant, using any weapon that came to hand, inquiring only whether it would hurt his opponent. When obliged to see that he had judged

wrongly, his silence was the only confession—he was seldom equal to a candid apology. If a tacit retreat was accepted by the other party, he might endeavor to compensate for the wrong in some other manner.

Sherman was not the man to submit to what he considered and called an outrage, and when made aware of it he struck back with all his force. He exposed and denounced the perversions of fact and misstatements of what he had done, and demanded the publication of the original memorandum with his statement of its relations to Mr. Lincoln's policy and wishes as stated by the dead President himself. Grant advised him to omit some of the expressions of his official report, but he refused and courted an official investigation, whilst he clearly stated his duty and his purpose to obey without question such orders as were given by competent authority. He was quite too large a man to be made the victim of a manifest wrong, and when once the case was fairly presented, the purity of his motives and the reasonableness of his belief that he was acting under highest authority were generally acknowledged, even by those who supported a severer policy toward the Southern States. The President and nearly all the members of the cabinet assured him that the published bulletins had been without their knowledge, and cordially strove to soothe his wounded feelings. The genuineness of character, the patriotism and subordination tempered by proper self-respect which he exhibited, did not diminish the public regard, but rather heightened it. As to the debatable questions of policy involved in his first convention, he proudly left them to the judgment of time.

The breach of friendship between Sherman and Halleck, which was also caused by Mr. Stanton's bulletins, was especially to be regretted. Their early relations as young officers going "round the Horn" to California had been very close, and were continued in the warm personal correspondence between them during the Atlanta campaign. Sherman had shown sympathy in Halleck's natural disappointment when Grant became general-in-chief, and had never failed to act the part of a true friend. He had been grateful also for Halleck's

friendly conduct toward him in his period of depression in 1861, and expressed it strongly in a long letter when Atlanta had fallen and he had won his commission as major-general in the regular army. "I confess I owe you all I now enjoy of fame," he said, "for I had allowed myself in 1861 to sink into a perfect 'slough of despond.'" Halleck's friendship and encouragement had put him in the way of recovering from this. But now his faith in human nature was rudely shocked by finding, apparently, this friendly hand joining in the hardest blows at his fame and honor.

Stanton made no public explanation of his conduct, but in a conversation with General Howard he asserted that Sherman's order to his troops announcing the armistice, by saying that when ratified it would "make peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande," had put the Government on the defensive, and made it seem proper to publish reasons for disproving the terms. This does not touch the question of the wisdom or folly of the matter published, or of its form. Sherman's reason for mentioning the prospect of a general and speedy peace was that the condition of his army, under the news of Lincoln's assassination, was such that he felt it necessary to soothe his excited soldiery with the hope of soon marching home in triumph, thus turning their thoughts from the vengeance which would have been inevitable if fighting were to be resumed. Instead of appreciating this, Mr. Stanton seems to have jumped to the conclusion that it was an act of vanity or of political ambition which was to be squelched *per fas aut nefas*, and in his passionate and hasty action he compromised the whole administration.

We who were Sherman's subordinates in the field knew so well his integrity and patriotism that we sympathized strongly with his indignation at the appeal to popular sentiment against him. Yet the sense of duty to the country and to the Government prevented thoughtful men from being blind partisans of our chief. Without full means of judging of the possible effect of the first convention if carried out, some of us were disposed to believe that there must have been a mistake on his part, since we were not

able to believe that the Secretary of War would publish his "nine reasons" if they had no solid support, and were not approved by the President and cabinet. My personal opinion I wrote in my diary at the time, and I reproduce it to show the contemporaneous sentiment of one who was both a warm supporter of the Government and a warm friend of the general. What I have written above will also show how far further investigation and further knowledge have modified my judgment.

"FRIDAY, April 28th.—Some of the Northern papers are very bitter on Sherman for the terms first offered by him, and it is manifest from the despatches sent by the Secretary of War to New York to be published there, that the new administration is willing to give Sherman

a hard hit. He made a great mistake in offering to Johnston the terms he did, but he has done the country such service that the administration owed it to him to keep the thing from the public and to come kindly to an understanding with him, instead of seeming to seek the opportunity to pitch upon him as if it desired to humble him. In conversation this morning he showed that he felt their conduct very sorely, but I hope he will keep out of controversy with them in regard to it. He complains with justice that they have refused to give any instructions to guide military officers as to the policy to be adopted, and then, when these are forced to act, seem to take pleasure in repudiating what the officers have done, and in humbling them or exposing them to popular odium."

GOOD-NIGHT

By Josephine Preston Peabody

GOOD-NIGHT my burden. Rest you there,
 The working-hours are over;
 Poor weight, that had to be my care,
 —And why, let time discover!
 The Evening Star sheds down on me
 The dearer look than laughter,
 At whose clear call I put by all
 Forbids me follow after,
 Free, free—to breathe First Breath again, the breath of all Hereafter!

Good-night, heart's grief; and rest you there
 Until your sure to-morrow;
 Here's only place for that wide Air
 More old, more young, than sorrow.
 And though I hear, from far without,
 These caging winds keep revel,
 Oh, yet I must bestow some trust
 Where Water seeks her level—
 Where wise-heart Water seeks and sings, until she reach the level.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THAT was a useful set of verbs that Matthew Arnold invented, and applied at times not without plenty of malice: To Hebradize, to Hellenize, to Newmanize, to Teutonize. Did he really invent or employ this latter? Whether he did or not, no reader of "God and the Bible" can have omitted to notice that a large part of its purport is a solemn warning against Teutonizing. And perhaps it is from Arnold that we get our clearest notion, except from our own personal observations, of what it is to Teutonize, to let learning swamp common sense, tact, the sense of proportion, the sense of humor. These things are the drawbacks of the admirable German thoroughness, particularly of the German professorial thoroughness. Carlyle defined it in his way by saying that the defect of the German quality was an inability "to eliminate rubbish." And of course, where things German are concerned, Carlyle's gibes were the wounds of a friend. It was Coleridge who said, a generation before, that the defect of German writing, as compared with French, or even with English, was that the German writer was a hermit in a cell and the French or English writer was at least by comparison a man of the world. Hence French and English writing was colloquial, a reflection of talk, while German writing resembled no conversation, and, if it had any oral model, it was that of a professor or a preacher laying down the law to a congregation which could not escape, and hence not minding in the least how much he bored them. That monster of linguistic acquisition, the late Karl Hillebrand, who used to write articles in all the reviews of Europe, to each in its own language, by way of *tour de force*, was greatly wroth with some Briton who casually remarked that there was not such a thing as a well-written book in the German language. Even if the critic overstated his case, one knows what he meant, but the German pundit did not know, and that was what made his wrath more amusing than formidable.

Now that American higher education is

undergoing a transformation, in the ostensible direction of German methods, it may be worth while to call attention to the danger of imitating German pedagogy, if not too closely, yet in the wrong way, by imitating its faults. To be sure Mr. Hugo Muensterberg (in a very witty and clever paper, which shows that a German does not necessarily write in a mandarin dialect, at least when he writes English) has been explaining, gently but firmly, ostensibly to the teachers in secondary schools, but really to his colleagues in the Harvard faculty, that they are not imitating the German method successfully, and that German youth do not begin to specialize until they have a grounding in the old-fashioned humanities which would enable them to take an A.B. in an American college. The new notion of scholarship, by which the degree means so much Latin and Greek, or the equivalent of them in botany or blacksmithing, finds no favor at all in what is supposed to be the native soil of "the elective system." This announcement is likely, one would suppose, to spread a gloom over several of the institutions which have been most actively "Teutonizing."

However that may be, there are signs that we are Teutonizing in the undesirable sense and way. The production of "Theories marked by vigor and rigor" is the Teutonizing of which Arnold complains in the German Biblical critics. What we may take it to mean, for the present purpose, is a production of theories not only hard and fast, but to the common sense of the reader transparently absurd, and in any case not worth the labor that has been spent upon them. Senator Hoar, in his delightful reminiscences of Harvard, gives a crucial instance in the German scholar who was admired by the professor of Latin for reading Cicero through once a year for fifty years, to be rewarded at last by the discovery that, while "necesse est" might take the subjunctive with an accusative, "necesse erat" invariably required "ut" with the subjunctive. Of this, Joseph Miller's legend of the too ambitious German pedagogue who had attempted the noun, when he should have restricted himself to the dative

case, is not an exaggeration. And the wonderful German discoveries of mares' nests cannot be exaggerated, unless we assume that that German editor of "Virgil," referred to in Mr. Myers's essay upon the bard, who found it a grave poetical error of his author to have endowed Dido with yellow locks, she being a widow, was the child of Mr. Myers's own invention. Something of this tactlessness seems to be creeping into our own pedagogical literature, as everybody knows who has occasion, for his sins, to examine a "scientific" treatment of a literary question. It was not long ago, in the course of a newspaper discussion about the qualities which a professor of English literature ought to possess, that a native American professor "Teutonized" to the extent of severely reminding the newspaper that it seemed to be unaware that there was such a thing as "a science of English literature," which it was the first requisite of a professor of the same to possess. To be sure, he was a professor of German. Evidently the German had "rubbed off" on him, for the dictum was in the finest mandarin style. And lately the *Evening Post* has fallen upon a "scientific" scholar who had written, not for the world an "essay," but a "monograph" on society and solitude, analyzing the lives of some twenty or fifty solitaires, and concluding that the social state was natural to man. With him the journal had some ruthless but just fun. This is an extreme instance of Teutonization doubtless, but there are too many instances that go to show the feasibility of an American scholar Teutonizing to the extent of divesting himself of his native tact. It is not desirable that a man should sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, even if he gets the pottage. If he does not get it, as Mr. Muensterberg intimates, of course his state is even worse.

ALL comment on the Stevenson Letters made by the near friends of the author centred sooner or later in the statement that they were, though incomparable as letters, no better than his talk; that they indeed represented just his talk. And when we are told that that talk was the delight of

The Talk of
R. L. Stevenson.

his intimates we can believe it without difficulty. It might in fact be said that, among the thinking, the sum of the effect produced by these letters, and their chief value, was to draw attention to how very good a thing good talk

is, and also to bring about a realization of how rare, in our English-speaking world, such talk is getting to be. If Mr. Stevenson had been a Frenchman, and if the public to which his letters were ultimately given had been French, the discovery, by that public, that he was wont so spontaneously to pour himself forth in his friendships, reserving himself so little, touching so fearlessly upon all the things of life that are near the quick, would probably have caused little surprise. But with the appreciation of the English-reading world a certain surprise has undoubtedly been mingled. We have had other letters of eminent writers given to us in recent years, but they contained no intimations of an ability or a willingness to communicate thought on all subjects, personal or universal, with anything approaching Mr. Stevenson's abundance.

The poverty of the letters of Matthew Arnold in respect of these things was a disappointment of which some of his votaries, and these of the most faithful, have never been cured. Here was a wonderful record of a carefully up-built character, true in all the relations of life; but a scant outward registration of the suggestive mood, the fructifying inspiration, the doubts and speculations, that make the free talk from day to day of a man of mind so stimulating to his hearers.

It was indeed seldom asserted that Matthew Arnold did talk well. He apparently gave not much more of the best that was in him, mentally, in intercourse face to face than he gave in his letters. And really on such thrifty diets have we been put, in this sense, by many of our men of letters that we have become accustomed to the stint, and sometimes unconscious of it. Not that we have not had some great monologists. But it is not from the monologists that the truly good talk comes. In France, that country of good talk, where respect for the great mass is deep, celebrity often speaks as from a pedestal to an attentive circle; but even in France the act can awaken an ennui, and any candid man, after a Victor Hugo monologue, would probably have averred that half a dozen obscure persons of his acquaintance, persons of intelligence, having knowledge of life, could, in a running comment on events, in swift-glancing criticisms of things, and in apt phrase, have demonstrated the national power of verbal expression to more gracious advantage than the great poet. For the French masses if they talk well also listen well. And the

one faculty is inseparable from the other. The orb, if the one half be missing, is not perfect. Your copious yet light-footed talker, from whom your greatest satisfactions flow, will give not only but also take, renewing himself thereby. But of this the monologist, whatever his race and country, knows nothing. To walk at times in the shadow of the talk of Carlyle or Tennyson must have been like a climb through a mountainous region of imposing grandeur and aridity. But to hear a talker of the order of R. L. Stevenson course on without solemnity—"take it or leave it"—without pontifical unconsciousness of the interlocutor's identity, is to stroll along the curves of a sea-washed shore, where at every promontory the sky flushes with another color and the earth wears a different face, and where you pursue the suffused and fleeting horizons one after another, not thinking of your body and lifted above fatigue, because you too are a part of all this beauty, because you may make your own comments upon it, because, in short, it is not all listening for you, all the time, but some talking also.

Commercial economy is the explanation offered for the parsimony with which many writers give of their thought to their friends, either with tongue or pen. But it is an insufficient explanation. A French man of letters is assuredly as greedy of his "ideas," and as eager to patent them before they can be stolen from him, as any one else. And yet there is no end to French literary talk. Besides, the question is larger; it is not to be confined to matters literary. Our literary talk in English-speaking countries may trickle forth from a rather dry fountain-head, but the talk of the intelligent generally does not on the interesting things of the world gush out more freely.

Indeed we have grown so to fear the weak-

ness of too many words, our whole mode of communication in our industrial type of society has become so telegraphic, that we have lost, in a great measure, the right sense of the bearings of this matter. To talk well, turning one's inner thoughts to the light, and making a demand upon others to show something of the inner stuff that is in them in return, is, to a large proportion of our English-speaking communities, to be an object of suspicion. The man of the middle-type has a phrase which denotes his resentment before those who express themselves readily. He says that they are "slick talkers," and his tone indicates that, at their approach, he buttons his pockets tighter. And the feeling differently shown goes farther than the uneducated class which is made uncomfortable by the presence of ideas. So much have we dwelt upon the daw's business with the heart worn in view that we have forgotten that such wearing may occasionally serve other purposes. It is our Saxon self-consciousness that renders us such distraught and sour listeners to the little good talk that lives among us. We make no atmosphere for it. We desire that conversation should keep to the outward and conventional; and embarrassment takes too many of us when it strikes anywhere at the more vital topics. And yet, when we come to think of it, we know very well that it is only in untrammelled talk that mankind ventilates that part of itself which we are the greatest gainers by discovering; and it is well when some such experience as that of the Stevenson letters forces us, unknown to ourselves, to the admission that, while the loquacious races are so often at a disadvantage before our taciturnity, speech also is of God, and that the man who is not afraid to use it may sometimes be a royal dispenser of the very wine of life.

THE FIELD OF ART

ARCHITECTURAL STYLE

I

THERE is an incipient movement in the Middle West toward a certain agreement among architectural artists. Some of them feel, as many in the East and in Europe feel strongly, that nothing serious will come of architectural fine art until there is a consensus of opinion among a certain considerable number of men as to what style of work they should seek to further. They see that, with no agreement among artists as to what their art should express, or as to the manner of its expression, there is little hope of advance in the path of artistic excellence. They see, moreover, that there must be continuity of purpose as well as a common purpose: for otherwise there will still be, as there have been, mere fashions which change instead of a traditional style which grows. The single artist must not change his mind, nor yet his style, with each new undertaking; nor the school with each decade.

The present conditions have existed through eighty years; and there are no signs of radical change. There has been no content, and no peaceful working times for the building designer, since that unlucky day when memory replaced impulse, when imitation began to be not of your contemporary but of your long dead predecessor, and men began to ask, "What style shall we follow?" A few buildings, or parts of buildings, stand here and there which are the work of exceptionally gifted men; and we look at them with more thought of what they might have been than with joy in what they are. Beyond this, certainly no admirer of the present, no believer in our "institutions" or our physical civilization, no *laudator temporis in præsentia*, can go in his laudation. Whatever grandiose undertakings there may be in a pecuniary sense, in the way of engineering, or in the way of rapid and dexterous combining together of materials into a structure, the touch of the artist is not upon their resulting forms; they are not bad, so much as artistically non-exist-

ent; feeble things which the next age will be, we may hope, wise enough to abolish rapidly or to alter out of recognition.

Really, that seems to be the trouble—that lack of agreement among the men who might save the situation. We have lost, not the traditions of the past, but the habit of going by tradition. The men who go by tradition work in unconscious cheerfulness, in satisfaction with their own methods, and without going far afield for suggestions of design: but the modern man has the traditions only in books; they are Latin to him, or Coptic, not his mother tongue; he has no vernacular in architectural design, and he goes on picking up scraps of ancient wisdom from books and photographs. Books and photographs are good for the archæologist; and the study of old art is too fascinating—its subject too delicious—for any lover of art to wish the photograph and the scientific method away. But it is not so that a living art is built up or maintained. Human experience is other than that. We have "no way of judging of the future but by the past," as Patrick Henry said, or is assumed to have said; and "judging by the past," we can only infer that the primary condition of success is that we shall all be fairly agreed, and mainly of one mind, as to our artistical undertakings. Certainly, the study of old art and the practice of modern art may go on side by side. Every painter who has a *kakemono* or a fifteenth-century panel in his studio knows that! We are not bound to build as the Greeks built because we admire their buildings and worship their sculpture.

II

AND yet it is probable that, in despite of previous failures, we must adopt an ancient style and work in it until we can work out of it. Let the reader consider the new house in Milan, discussed in the Field of Art for July, 1899, together with the Paris house described in the number for July, 1900, and he will see the contrast between something even too closely copied from the past and something wholly

fresh in design. Discussion of that existing movement in decorative art, in the spirit of which the Paris house is conceived, must be deferred to another time; but it is easy to see that the designer of such a building has immense difficulties to struggle with. No one of his forms—his windows, his balconies, his columns—is a well-worked-out, well-understood element of design. His new fashion of design may possibly grow into a system, a permanent style; but until it has done so he has a reluctant set of units to combine into Architecture. Then look at the corresponding parts of the Italian building; how obvious they are, how acceptable, and how easy to fit together! Or consider the Georgian buildings in this country which we used to call "Old Colonial." Consider how thin and slight is the artistical merit of that style—a style devoid of freshness, a decadent style if there ever was one; and then consider how beautiful to us are those old buildings, both in city and in country, how much better we like them than anything that has been built since.

So that it appears to be generally true that a design made on wholly new lines—made deliberately, as something untraditional—will always fail to attract general respect. Some allusion was made above, in the first division, to the few buildings which show a desire and an ability in the artist thus to design on wholly unfamiliar lines. For such buildings do exist, although so few that there is but one name well known among our American architects which can be attached to any number of them. There are more of them in France. In England, ever since 1850, there has been a tendency that way. Such buildings exist; but it is little to say that they have no copyists—no followers—no students who take up the thread and follow it through whatever windings it may take, in hopes of finding a treasure in the heart of the labyrinth. And that is the more surprising when it is noted that these novel designs are suggested more than other modern things, and just as old work was suggested, by the construction and the requirements. They alone are the theoretically good things; and yet how lonely they are! Consider the Guarantee Building in Buffalo and the Bayard Building in Bleecker Street, New York—how little are they followed, how little likely are they to attract followers; and yet they seem to be conceived in the right spirit, designed in the right way, almost exactly what they should be as

attempts at casing the steel cage. Or go back to the first attempts at sensible realism in these lofty buildings: the Monadnock in Chicago was such an attempt, and its very bareness ought to have made clear the conditions. There was the inevitable: how to treat it artistically? Nobody is expected to like the Monadnock; but it will be hard hereafter to design a rational outside of a lofty, steel-framed business building without recalling its forms and its character. You can still build a very high and solid looking tower, making-believe, as the children say, that it is a massive wall of masonry you are piling so high: but that is not designing.

It is really one of the most astonishing things in the phenomena of human intelligence, the incapacity of the mind to create anything worth having, except as the slow result of other men's experience. It is tacitly accepted as true that nothing really new is ever invented. With all its vast gains in physical science, and still more in the scientific method of study, the present epoch is, with regard to that which is as yet unthought of, much as the sixteenth century was toward that which had not yet crossed the boundaries of its conception; and an invention or a pretended invention which does or claims to do something not yet asked for—not sought for—not on the note-books of would-be investors or aspiring inventors, is as if it were non-existent. Invent to-day a new system of imparting power to driving-wheels and gearing-wheels and you will make a fortune perhaps, or, at least, the exploiters of your invention will grow rich; but invent a means of propulsion without wheels, somewhat on the lines of the Martian imagination of Mr. Wells, and you will find the public so lacking in interest that you will live and die unrecognized. And this is right enough; for no first inventor ever yet made anything work, or few are the exceptions. The public is right enough in disregarding the very new things. The first inventor is he who struggles with his thought and dies disappointed with its inadequate expression; and then, how many are the failures! how many the thoughts which never prove expressible!

III

So it is with design. The maker of a quite new thing is as if he had made nothing; for, in the first place, a design seldom amounts to

much when it has not behind it the tradition of years which have slowly led up to it; and secondly, the world cares little for this outbreak in a wholly new direction, and prefers wisely to ask for something a little better, or at least a little different, in the old way. If, indeed, a small fraction of the world, a single rich family or the enthusiastic folk of one third-rate city — Antwerp or Brussels — be agreed in trying to work out something new, an interesting result may come from the interesting new departure: that has happened! It is so rare, however, that the general rule obtains, and the truth that fine art is tradition, slowly developing from shape to shape. The Greek worker-out of the Doric-temple idea as we find it embodied for us, in that ghost of the dead Parthenon which we raise up from its crumbling bones, had an unascertained number of centuries of "proto-Doric" work to go upon. When his style was complete, in 440 B.C., or thereabout, it took strong hold on the Hellenic mind, and this partly because of the long and slow preparation and development of the idea. The style lasted five hundred years, for even the portico of Athena Archegetis is Grecian Doric in style, in spite of failures in detail. Egyptian history would give us better instances still, but they are so hard to trace and to chase! How of the sudden invention of the Gothic structure and of Gothic art? That sprang into being when, after two hundred and fifty years of busy building following upon indefinite ages of feebler and less earnest striving, the long-sought and evasive secret became manifest to men, and the poor and scattered communities of Anno Domini twelve hundred found that they could produce something which well replaced the vaulted monuments of the all-powerful, all-embracing Empire. Then it lasted four hundred years; for glorify your primitives as much as you like, the men of the prime and of the slow decadence were great artists too.

The present age is as much of a building age as any of those to which allusion has been made. We build differently, but we build as much; and we have a command of materials and of labor which even the architects of Trajan's time would have been unable to imagine. If we have less of one thing we have more of another. Our application of scientific methods to ways of building is enough of itself to make up for many shortcomings. Granted that only one building

epoch is interposed among longer durations of less fruitful time; granted also that there are only a few great building races known to history; that is to say, races capable of inventing something great in building; certainly this present epoch and our race should be thought capable of building in a way worthy of a lasting evolution and a permanent fame; only we need, we need absolutely, that which other building races have had, agreement as to what shall serve as our tradition for the artistic dress of structures.

IV

HENCE it is that this paper, asking, What style shall we use? precedes any future discussion as to how agree upon the way of using it. It will generally be accepted as a truth that we must start to build in some ancient style; and to this North American public there is nothing on the whole so grateful as the level lintel and the upright post. The only additional feature that the popular taste craves is the round arch, the large span of which with only that slight rise which the semi-circle gives, appeals also to the popular taste for the quiet and the grave. The designers of the buildings on the Court of Honor at the Chicago Exposition of 1893, though it is hard to forgive them for having spent so much money without trying to improve the opportunity and to embody in their work some of the new possibilities, showed their sense of what the American public would like when they agreed that, all things considered, they must really put into staff the school problems of their own early days. The long-continued colonnade and the long-drawn horizontal cornice, the sequence of uniform parts, the smooth round shaft and the fluted shaft, these were rightly felt to make up the architecture most attractive to the American multitude; and these were given. But the style consisting entirely of colonnades or of colonnades and flat walls with square windows, or of these with occasional round arches and a large cupola here and there, will not suffice for all purposes; and least of all will it suffice for the clothing of our new structures of steel.

If this neo-classic style will not, unaltered, serve our turn, neither will any mediæval style serve our turn. No arcuated style, no system of building and of design which depends almost wholly upon the vaulted roof

and the arched opening, can answer the requirement of a system of building which is absolutely and exclusively one of posts and ties. For what is the modern vault? It is a thin masonry shell intended to produce a pretty ceiling and one of traditional form and one which will not burn. Its points of support are of metal, it is tied together by metal and so kept from spreading, it is the filling in of the interstices of a metal framework, and is a vault without influence upon the rest of the structure. There are good strong brick vaults here and there, and nobody knows that better than the present writer, whose duty it has been to try to destroy them, or, at least, to see what they would bear without being destroyed. But these vaults are, one and all, without reason for their existence, and (here is the vital point) absolutely without effect upon the architecture of which they seem to form a part. The New Building is of uprights and horizontals, completed by upright fillings which take the place of walls, and horizontal ceilings filled in between the ties. And yet these parts are so different in their nature and in their arrangement from those of the earlier trabeated structure that we seek in vain for any means of applying the strictly colonnaded designs of antiquity to the new structures. Moreover, there is the demand for the small window, the small door, the plain wall surface in which window and door are cut, all of which is non-existent in Greek work.

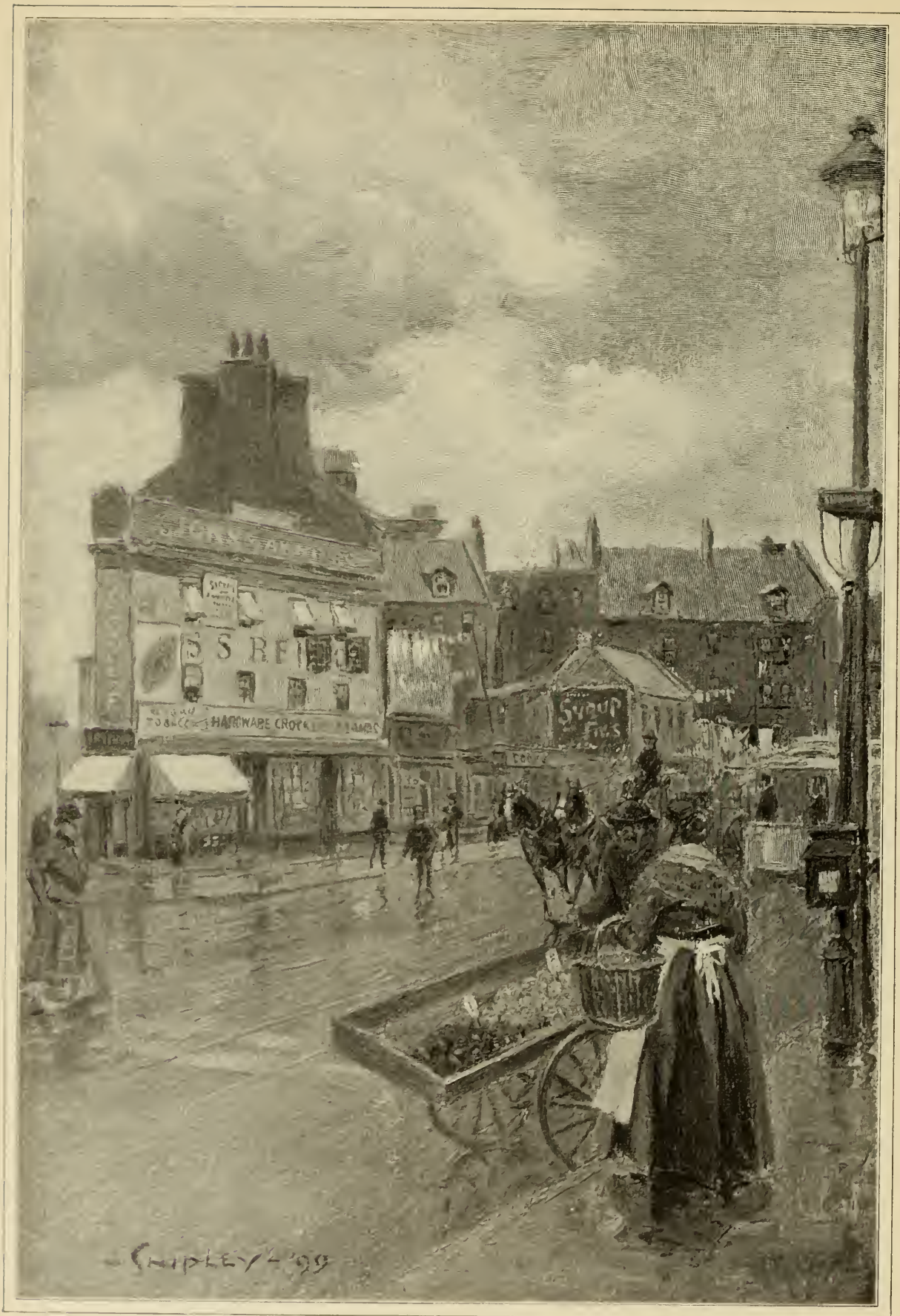
Nor will the Italian Renaissance with its beautiful and tranquil buildings, dating from the half-century following the year 1430, nor yet will the *classicismo* next succeeding, answer our purpose. The buildings are tranquil and calm and even charming; abstractly they are all that could be asked; the designer of those buildings had what no modern man seems to have, the power of truly monumental design and of creating a structure beautiful in itself without regard to its physical necessities. There is, as La Farge says in one of his letters from Japan, "the difficulty, I had almost said the impossibility, of finding a designer to-day capable of making a *monument*; say, for instance, a tomb or a commemorative, ideal building—a cathedral or a little memorial. There is no *necessity* in such forms of art, nothing to call into play the energies devoted to usefulness, to getting on, to adap-

tation, to cleverness." The Italians, however, had that gift. They could design a monument; also they could design, better than we can hope to do for many generations to come, the sculptured group, the painted wall, the inlaid band and panel. What they could not do was to build greatly. Their building was almost never skilful, never complete, never truly economical. But for Brunellesco, they built, in full Renaissance, as if they were still in the childhood of a race, without boldness, without conviction. Never has the Italian been a great builder except during that one moment, two centuries long, including Augustus and Trajan—the one moment when the industries and the inventiveness of all antiquity were poured into the Roman treasure-house exactly as the wealth of the Mediterranean world was gathered there. Then there were great builders; but they were great builders of a highly taught, sophisticated, over-civilized class, who could think everything out but could invent nothing. They were the world's great adapters, and in that capacity they built magnificently, but never before nor since has Italy contained a race of great builders. But she had, during the early years of the neo-classical art, an army of magnificent artists, of whom now one and now another gave his attention casually to building. Not such was the builder of Egypt, or of Greece, or of northwestern Europe in the twelfth or in the thirteenth century. Then there were builders, indeed; men who knew how to think in their building and to express ideas of masonry structure as the Italians expressed ideas in terms of the painter's art.

And now there are builders, indeed; if only they had, with their skill and their calculated boldness, some slight notion of the artist's methods. But they, the engineers, have learned to despise or at least to disregard the artist's way of going to work—and that is fatal. The architects know of the artist's methods, respect them, and sigh over their inability to follow them.

It seems as if careful study of the French Renaissance, of the buildings and the designs of the seventy years following A.D. 1500, would be the best thing we could do. Who knows? It may be worth while to work that out in detail; it is surely worth while to think about it.

R. S.



Drawn by G. A. Shipley.

AN OLD LANDMARK ON THE LOWER WEST SIDE.

(Junction of Canal and Laight Streets.)

—"The Cross-streets of New York."

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII

NOVEMBER, 1900

NO. 5



Inside the Great Prison, Irkutsk.
A group of convicts to be "distributed."

RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN

II

THE GREAT SIBERIAN RAILWAY

ANY account of Siberia should begin with the words, "Once upon a time," for it must sound like a fairy-tale. The little beginnings, when the first Tsars of Moscow authorized the first expedition across the Urals; the private family that financed it; the Volga boatman, become pirate, his life forfeited for his crimes, who led it; the vast distances, the awful climate, the strange peoples, the unsurpassed heroism of these pioneers; later on, the magnifi-

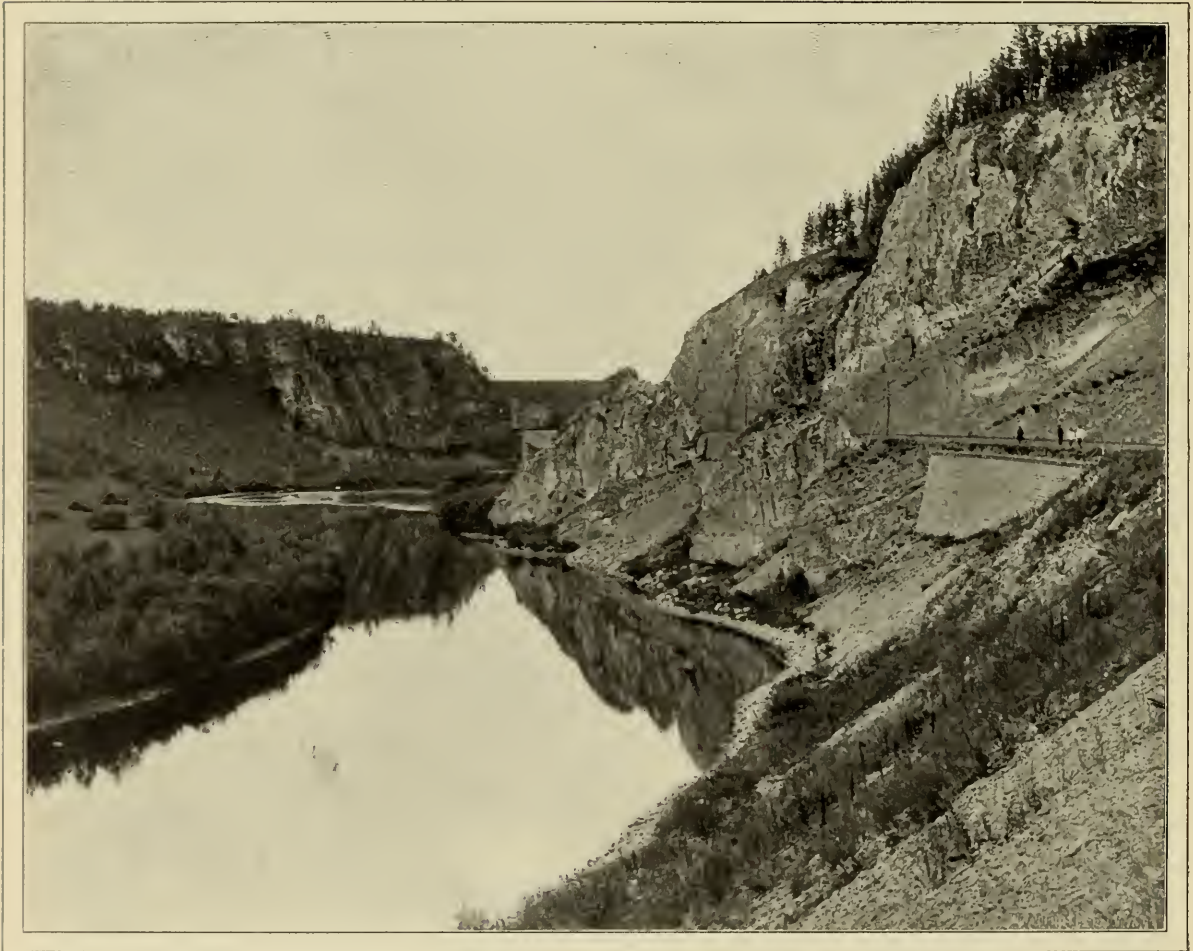
cent diplomacy, the fine strategy, the perfect insight which outwitted Tatar, Tungus, Manchu, and Jesuit alike; the military tenacity which stuck to what diplomacy won, even when England and France allied tried to take it away; after the conquest, the development, first furs, then gold, then wheat, then coal, and now at last the greatest railway in the world and possibly the eventual mastery of the Far East behind the snort of the locomotive—there is not in history, so far as I know, a chapter which, being fact, breathes such an air of fairy-land.

So, once upon a time, there dwelt upon

the banks of the Volga a man named Vassili, the son of Timothy, the son of Athanasius Alenin the carter, earning his hard bread by towing boats up the great river. He was nicknamed "the millstone," because he ground the corn for his comrades—Yermak. A man of iron physique and primitive passions, the lonely boats were at his mercy, so he became a pirate and murdered their owners and plundered their contents. At last the terrible tales

gathered a motley crew of adventurers round him, and on New Year's Day, 1581, he started. That was the beginning; the railway to Port Arthur is not the end.

Yermak was a fox in cunning and a lion in fighting. His perils were endless and his sufferings terrible. One by one his old Cossack comrades of the Volga were slain by his side, and at last he was literally caught napping by his chief enemy, the blind Tatar chief, Kuchum, in



The Railway in the Urals.

reached the ear of Ivan the Terrible, who decreed his death and sent a force to hang him and his band of Don Cossacks. Up the highway of the Volga they fled, till on the banks of the Kama, not far from the foothills of the Ural Mountains, they came to the abode of a rich family of settlers and traders named Stroganoff, who at that very moment were casting envious eyes across the range to the land of Yugra, whence the Ostiaks brought such precious sables. In Yermak the Stroganoffs saw the man they needed. They furnished him with money and arms, he

a camp on the banks of the Irtysh River, and after cutting his way to the water was drowned while trying, like the old boatman he was, to swim to safety. But before this he had carried the two-headed eagle of Byzantium, which Ivan the Terrible had just adopted for the blazon of Moscow, almost as far as the site of Tobolsk; he had bartered the key of a new empire for the Tsar's pardon; he was a prince and wore a mantle sent him by the Imperial hands; he had set Russia's goal immutably in the East. Moreover, although Kuchum killed him in the end, he



The Top of the Urals—the Water-parting Between Europe and Asia.



The Last Station in Europe.

the spring. But ever the movement spread—now by individual enterprise, now by Government aid, now in spite of Government opposition. Heroism against nature and natives alike became endemic. Russia pushed steadily on. Tobolsk, near Kuchum's deserted capital, was founded in 1587; the next great river, the Yenissei, was reached, and Yenisseisk founded in 1620; the Lena discovered and Yakutsk built in 1632. Irkutsk, on the Angara, close to its outlet into Lake Bai-

had seized the old man's capital two years before, and made it a centre of Asiatic trade for Russia. This capital was called Sibir, and it has given its name to five million square miles of Russia in Asia. Henceforth, therefore, let us pronounce the first syllable of Siberia short.

After Yermak's death the absorption of Siberia proceeded as steadily as water trickling down hill. The loadstone was ever the sable, and as fast as one district was stripped of its furs, rumors of the wealth of the next drew the pioneers on. Sometimes furs were scarce, at other times the Cossacks lined their coats with sable. The little bands of explorers built themselves *zimovic*, winter quarters of wood, and gradually the soldiery followed and erected their *ostrogs*, wooden blockhouse forts, near by. Terrible suffering was, of course, common; starvation and frost-bite took their yearly toll; more than once it is recorded that men ate men in their extremity; one expedition had to abandon twenty-four soldiers with frozen feet upon an ice-bound river, which engulfed their corpses in

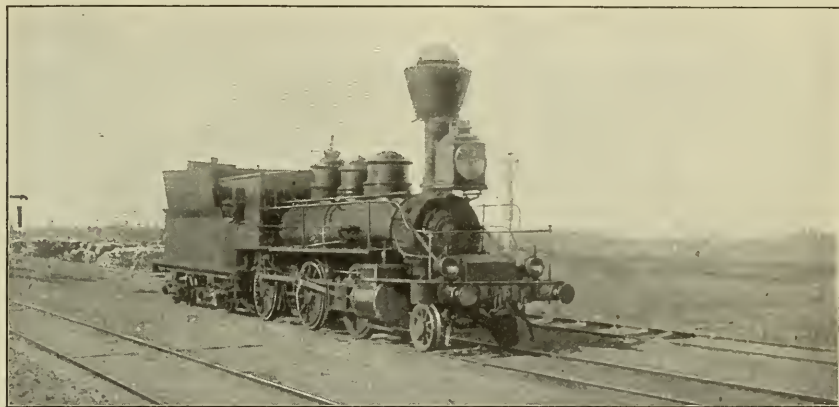
kal, dates from 1651, and before this, to the north, Dejneff had sailed through Bering's Strait in 1648, Cossacks had made their appearance on the Sea of Okhotsk in 1636, Poyarkoff had found the Amur in 1644, and in 1650 Khabaroff had captured the town of Albazin, to the north of the Amur, and founded at the junction of the Ussuri and the Amur the town now called Khabaroffsk, he being the first Russian to come into contact—which meant conflict—with the Chinese. Thus in seventy years after Yermak had started to cross the Urals for the unknown, fur-bearing



The Boundary Between Europe and Asia.

land of "Yugra," Russia had extended right across Asia, northward as far as the inaccessible Arctic regions, southward to the borders of China, and eastward to the bank of the mighty river which falls into the Pacific. In the north the expansion continued, for in 1697 Atlasoff conquered Kamchatka; but a sudden check came to the eastward and southern advance by the pusillanimous treaty of Nertchinsk in 1689—the one occasion on which Russia has been a victim to that venerable bogey, the military power of the Chinese. This was, by the way, the first conven-

itself had been burned and occupied by the Polish enemy; the land had been a prey to insurrections. The Romanoffs saved Russia, but it was long before they had any strength to spare for her far frontiers, and even the colossal energy of Peter the Great, though he was sensitive enough to



A Siberian Locomotive.



What You See for Days from the Siberian Express.

tion between Chinese and any western nation, and by it Russia lost the Amur and her access to any useful part of the Pacific seaboard. For nearly one hundred and fifty years the tide was stayed in the Far East, while Russia's energies were sapped and her vigor rudely tried by events at home. The race of Rurik had become extinct; the false Demetrius had desolated the country; the family of Romanoff had finally established itself on the throne of Moscow at the moment of Russia's direst need; Moscow

the pull of the eastern loadstone, was almost monopolized by the task of lifting Russia into line with her western neighbors. Nine Russian rulers came and went—four of them were women, one was a child, and the reigns of all but two were very short—before Russia resumed her eastward march. But when Alexander I. had finished his successive wars with France, Austria, Sweden, and Turkey, when Nicholas I. was not yet plunged into the war in the Crimea, the moment arrived, and with it the man. The

sudden elevation in 1847 of the young General Muravieff, Governor of Tula, to the post of Governor-General of eastern Siberia—an act of administrative genius on the part of Nicholas I.—closed the period of Siberian eclipse which had begun a hundred and forty-eight years before with the Treaty of Nertchinsk, and opened the brilliant chapter which leaves Russia to-day with a naval base, an army, and a railway at the gates of Peking. As Yermak was the hero of the first chapter, so Muravieff is the hero of the second—



The Town of Zlataoust from the Railway.

he left Siberia in 1861—and his statue at Khabarovsk looks down with proudly folded arms upon as splendid a piece of creative statesmanship as modern history records. He saw the end from the beginning, and in spite of the frequent doubts and hesitations of his sovereigns, the machinations of his many and bitter enemies, and the vast natural difficulties of his task, he realized it to the full, for after his retirement his work proceeded almost mechanically to its conclusion. He founded Petropavlovsk, on the Pacific coast, in 1849, fortified it, and enabled it to beat off triumphantly the English and French fleets in 1854—the only Russian success of the Crimean War. He established Nikolaiefsk, at the mouth of the Amur, in 1850, and in 1858 concluded with China the Convention of Aigun, which gave Russia eastward all the territory from the Ussuri River to the sea, and carried her southern boundary where for the present it remains—at the Korean frontier. In 1860 he selected her great naval base of Vladivostok, its name mean-

ing “the dominion of the East.” The rest was automatic. On March 17, 1891, an imperial rescript ordered the construction of the Great Siberian Railway; on March 27, 1898, Russia obtained—nominally as “lease and usufruct,” but really for ever and a day—the railway terminus and impregnable naval fortress of Port Arthur, commanding by land and sea the only practicable approach to the capital of the Chinese Empire. The fairy-tale is told.

I have not taken this rapid glance at Siberian history because the history of Siberia possesses intrinsically greater interest or importance than the history of any other part of the Russian Empire. It is to illustrate and emphasize a vital principle of Russian life as essential to a correct comprehension of her past and an intelligent anticipation of her future, as the principle of autocracy, or the character of her people. This is, that as Russia was Oriental in her origin, so she

moves to the Orient by innate and congenital compulsion. Only while Peter the Great indulged his dream of rivalling the West, and while Russia was distracted and exhausted by internal disorder and external enemies, was this natural process stayed. It has been, it is, and it always will be, her normal development: in the eyes of her strongest men it is her divine mission. A seaman would describe her course as "east half south." In her blood is the irresistible mysterious *Drang nach Osten*; like Man himself she—

Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal.

It has been pointed out that the sea alone stopped the Cossacks in the seventeenth century, and when they got to work again in the nineteenth, the Russians crossed the Pacific, and pushed on to

within a few miles of San Francisco, long before the first "prairie schooner" sailed over the plains. The map of Asia is a Russian step-ladder: the Urals, western Siberia, eastern Siberia, Baikalia, Kamchatka, the Amur, Manchuria; the Steppe; Khiva, Turkestan, the Merv oasis, Bokhara, Samarkand; these are the rungs she has climbed. Persia, Kashgar, Afghanistan, India itself — unless a mightier force than herself bar the way, her feet will be here too in the fulness of time. The "half south" in her course is shown by the gradual descent of her naval base in the Far East: Petropavlofsk, Nikolaiefsk, Vladivostok, Port Arthur. If you would understand Russia, and interpret and forecast aright the march of great events, never forget that, for her, eastward the course of empire takes its way; that as the sap rises, as the sparks fly upward, as the tides follow the



A Party of Russian Engineers in the Primeval Forest.



Building a Hut in the Taiga.

moon, so Russia goes to the sunrise and the warm water. This is what the history of Siberia strikingly illustrates, and it is from this point of view that the Great Siberian Railway derives its chief significance.

There is no direct fast train from the Continent to Moscow, but as soon as the Siberian Railway begins to run through trains this gap between West and East will be bridged. It takes less time, however, to get from London to St. Petersburg than from London to Naples. You leave by the Nord Express, the swift and luxurious bi-weekly service of the International Sleeping-Car Company, at ten in the morning, and by three o'clock in the afternoon of the third day you are on the banks of the Neva—fifty-three hours. You will not fail to notice that at the frontier, which in Germany is Eydtkühnen, and in Russia Vierzhbolovo (Wirballen), where you change cars, the Russian gauge is several inches wider than that of the German lines. From Berlin to Warsaw the

gauge is the same, but Warsaw is one of the great fortresses of the Polish Quadrilateral, and all the force and flower of the Russian army are around it; German rolling-stock is not to be used to carry an invading army along any other Russian line. In Russia, too, the single narrow line runs meagrely to the frontier; in Germany the railroad branches out like a fan to the boundary, and there are far more platforms than peaceful traffic is ever likely to require. The meaning of all this is sufficiently obvious.

The Siberian *train de luxe* is still new enough to be one of the sights of Moscow to its inhabitants, and therefore the platform of the magnificent station is crowded every Saturday night at 8.15, when it starts on its long journey. The Russians think there is no such train in the world, but that is because they have not seen the Congressional or the Chicago Limited trains. All things considered, however, it is a more remarkable train than either of these, for it goes very much farther, it passes through a country which was a wilderness a few years ago, and to a large extent it has to carry its own civilization with it. The locomotive



The Water-tower and Storehouse at Every Station.

tive is a heavy compound one made in France ; behind it comes a car containing the baggage, the kitchen and the sleeping quarters of the servants, then a car with the engineers' bunks and the electric light plant—an upright steam-boiler and a dynamo driven by a Swedish turbine, for the whole train, down to the red tail-lamps, is lighted by electricity ; then a restaurant-car, containing also a bath and an exercising apparatus ; and the three passenger-cars, the first class painted blue and the second class yellow. For comfort there is little to choose between these. Some of the second class is divided like the first into large separate compartments holding four persons, but another part is only screened off by curtains. The first class has only three advantages : the company is more official and select, there is a large saloon with arm-chairs in the middle of the car, and—curious luxury—the car has no brakes, so that its occupants are not disturbed in their reading or writing or sleeping by the vibration of the skidding wheels when the train slows down, or the banging machinery when it starts—for it must be added that Russian engine-drivers are not very expert in working the Westinghouse brake, but apply it and release it with disquieting jars. Twice when we got well into Siberia they put it on and could not get it off again, and I fear I made them very angry by standing on the platform and smiling at their rather excited efforts. A specially attractive luxury is an electric reading-lamp in each compartment, that can be placed on the table or hung behind your pillow.

The locomotive hums, the turbine squeals, the little boiler pours out a stream of great wood-sparks, the whole train is a blaze of light, the brilliant crowd chatters and cheers, the passengers shout their last

good-byes, and we are off into the night. Then a big Tatar, in blue linen blouse, with a twisted scar upon his forehead which suggests contact with some fierce crooked Eastern blade, comes in and



Siberian Peasants Watching the Train.

makes up the broad beds in a manner very neat and prompt ; the book of statistics of Russian commercial activities slips from our hand, a last effort disconnects the electric lamp and pulls the blue silk curtains over the twin roof-lamps, and so, wrapped in a cloudy maze of anticipations and rocked softly by the murmur of the wheels of the Siberian Express, we fall on sleep.

Morning finds us passing through a country mostly flat as a billiard-table, patched with fields of corn-stubble, with fields of emerald-colored winter rye and intervals of birch forest, scattered over with gray-roofed villages—little, flat, wood-built, shed-like houses all huddled together and reminding one of the kind of gray scab that clusters and spreads on the back of a diseased leaf. To our astonishment we find that all the sanitary arrangements of the train are shared by the two sexes, with consequent delays and embarrassments, and it is late before we gather at what we intend to be breakfast. But all Western meal-times must be abandoned before a Russian's daily food-



Type of Siberian Peasant.

scheme. No Russian has an exact sense of time, the lack of it being probably attributable to the Orientalism in his blood. Nobody, indeed, could have one on this train, for the clock keeps the hour of St. Petersburg for a thousand miles or more of due eastward travelling, in order that its time-table may have some semblance of utility and conformity; but as the days pass the train itself grows ashamed of such a childish pretension, and after Chelyabinsk it leaps lightly to local time and hurls a couple of useless hours out of the window, so to speak—hours that make no record, either of weal or woe, against any of us—two sinless hours, two joyless, tearless little hours flung forth upon the brown Siberian steppes. As for a Russian's meal-times, he simply has none. If

I had my tea early there would be the invariable nameless official in his dark-blue uniform piped with green or blue or magenta cloth, with crossed pick-axes or hammers or bill-hooks on his collar and cap, finishing a beef-steak or a *hâchis* made into the shape of a cutlet—futile masquerade!—or thoughtfully spitting out the bones of a fried carp upon his plate while he selected a fresh mouthful with his knife. When we dined or supped they would be drinking tea, and once when we went into the restaurant-car for a sandwich about midnight a party of rugged-looking men—not officials, for once, but of occupations which their strange faces did not allow us to presume—were sitting round an empty *cafetière* drinking champagne from tumblers, a saucer in front of them



Type of Siberian Peasant.

piled high with the cardboard mouth-pieces and ashes of many dozen cigarettes. This habit of eating when you are hungry and eating whatever you may happen to fancy, instead of eating when the cook wills, and then only what custom severely restricts you to, is disorganizing in its effects upon the refectory of the train. There is no time to sweep up and set tables; no time when the servants can feel free to rest, sleep, or eat; no time when the wearied kitchen fire can "go down" as it does at home—and how meekly we accept those periods of its slumber when the cook concocts her love-letter at the corner of the kitchen-table and the maids mark their new aprons! The result is great discomfort for Western passengers, and the authorities should certainly insist upon all

meals being served at fixed hours, and at those hours only.

We are making possibly thirty miles an hour, express speed in Russia, for the line here is well laid and well ballasted. We are still in Europe and on a main line. At the tail of the train, common to both first and second class passengers, is an observation car with four arm-chairs and a few folding stools in it, where, while the day passes and we find ourselves more and more fascinated as the landscape eliminates useless details from itself and settles down to a few very elementary and persistent traits, we spend much time. The second morning brings us to Samara, the flourishing town where the Volga meets the beginning of the Great Siberian Railway, and soon afterward we enter the slopes

of the Urals. Russians had raved to us about these mountains; but the truth is that Russians are not good judges of mountains—as indeed, how should they be, when in the whole of European Russia there is no land as high as the Washington Monument? Those in whom the Urals excite immoderate enthusiasm can never have seen the Tyrol and do not know the Grampians. Let me say at once that the Urals cannot hold a pine-knot to either.

miss the frontier-post, the actual definite spot where Europe ends and Asia begins, which has been marked, as we presently see, by a little uninspired monument, some ten feet high, in yellow freestone. It is a simple base with a stone-built, pointed column on the top—the sort of thing you may find behind some trees in the park of a nobleman, raised to mark the resting-place of his favorite fox-terrier. I do not detect any inscription

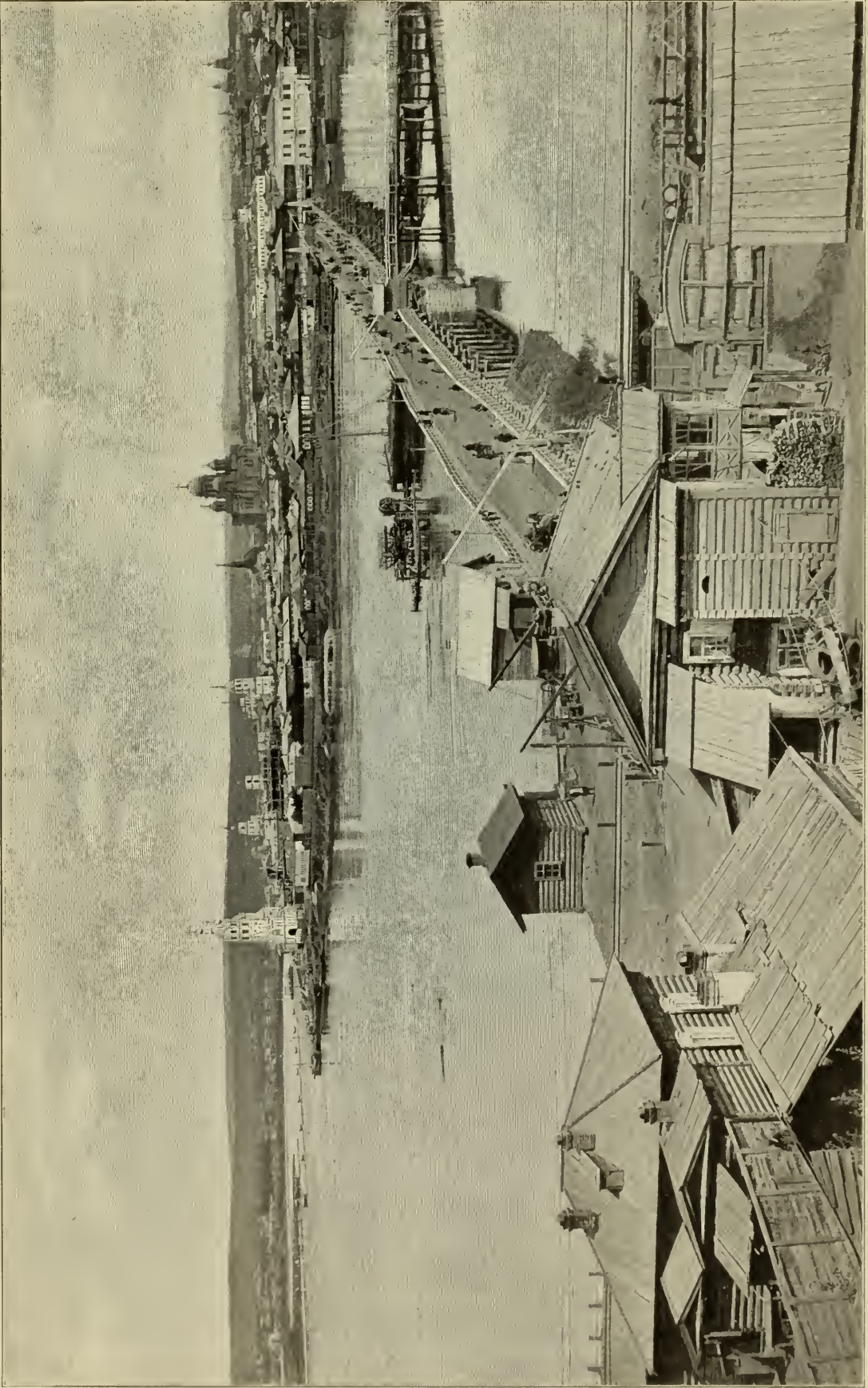


Gold-diggers Waiting for the Train.

Where the firs clothe them closely, the hills seem to be wearing a mantle of rough green frieze, but presently larches, yellowing fast in this perfect October weather, burn like flambeaux among the green, and beside the shallow river, wimpling over its stony bed, and through the fords of stepping-stones built curiously in a fork shape, the purple thicket of bare alder-twigs makes planes of soft, quiet color. Your fir and pine *en masse* is an inartistic tree; the repetition of his even points becomes tiresome, and he gives the outline of the mountains a line regular as the teeth of a comb, which should be the despair of the painter. Therefore painters wisely let these fir countries alone.

In a few places, at the water-parting, which occurs near the town of Zlataoust, the pine gives way and the gray stone triumphs where a few points, the highest of any in this southern end of the chain, rise bare against the sky. A little stir among the engineers, who courteously desire that we shall lose nothing, causes us to glue ourselves to the window and stare into the forest in our desire not to

upon its front, as the train passes at such a speed that to photograph it I have to set my shutter at the hundredth part of a second, with the result you see. Indifferent, the passengers barely interrupt their endless tea and talk and cigarettes, but we are silent, thoughtful, oppressed, fraught with vague realizations of the significance of this bit of earth; idly we compose, with feelings that should thrill a Russian, but are, save for our sense of the sentiment, alien to us, the legend that might be cut upon this fateful pillar. Russia, who has not looked back, here first pushed her plough beyond the last limit of Europe. Here she girded herself for that long and bloody march across the Asian plain; what a journey, how long since begun, how strenuously pursued, how rich in human incident, how bitter with human suffering! Here passed her trains of chained convicts—convicts whose tears made Europe weep; here, even here, defiled the long line of exiles, reft from their homes to make warm a spot in Asia for the coming thousands. Here passed the Poles, a hundred years



The City of Irkutsk.



"Weary Willie" in Siberia—a Tramp.

ago, when Russia first took up that burden on her western border—the burden that has meant riches and industrial expansion to her ever since—many thousand of them went this way. Here she held her Cossacks, always in harness of war, hurrying the laggard and the fugitive. Here, to-day, when so much has been done and said and suffered, so much spent and lost and gained, here passes this emblem of her success, carrying an earnest, even to the confines of China, of what she has done and what in the future she means to do—the great Siberian Ex-

press. No, on second thought there is no room on that monument, nor yet space on the broadest hillside of her forgotten boundary, to write the story that surges to the surface of our imagination.

The Urals produce, as everybody knows, most kinds of precious stones and vast quantities of iron. The centre of the mineral industry is at Zlataoust, twenty-four hours beyond Samara. A lovely glimpse of the town itself is caught after leaving the station. Built in a valley, it surrounds part of a large artificial lake which was produced by damming up the:

little river to supply water-power to its foundries. This was not a success, and Zlataoust must forever look out upon an expensive failure, which nevertheless constitutes its chief attraction as a town. Almost before the train stopped, our passengers were clustering round three kiosks on the platform, where a thousand little objects in black iron, all of unspeakable ugliness, were for sale as souvenirs. An enthusiastic engineer showed me the walking-stick he had bought of "*vrai acier*," but, unfortunately, when he bent it double on the platform to show the trueness of its metal, the vigor of its spring, it remained in a disheartened curve, no better than a wilted dahlia-stalk. There is sure to be a bayonet factory at Zlataoust. At Chelyabinsk, however, four hours later, on the eastern verge of the Urals, the platform output was charming: pink, red, and green jasper, shining rock crystal, lumps of malachite that had been suddenly cooled off while boiling (when the world was made), of the vivid verdigris-green that is like nothing else. The palaces and galleries of St. Petersburg and Moscow are full of vases and tables and basins of these jaspers and lapis lazuli, and nothing could be more beautiful if only the makers would follow classic shapes instead of choosing as their models the stucco horrors of the suburban garden, or of inlaying tables with diamond-work in contrasting colors which ape the patchwork bed-quilt of the cook's aunt. But the little ash-trays in cloudy rose jasper, polished only on one side, are the best presents to bring back to friends who have been very good, as a memento of that town where convicts and exiles used to be gathered in enormous sheds and sorted over before being drafted to places where their labor was required or where their vices—when they had any—would remain unheard of. To-day every spring sees huge crowds of peasant emigrants to Siberia, undergoing examination and selection at Chelyabinsk before being distributed according to a regular scheme of colonization.

From Chelyabinsk onward the train crosses the great Siberian plain, and this may be said to continue as far as Tomsk, more than seven hundred miles away. From Wednesday noon till Friday morning, except for the rivers you could hardly

tell one piece of the monotonous landscape from another. But the more you see of it, the more it appeals to you. Infinitely simple in its long, sunburnt expanses to right, to left, and behind the train, dotted sparsely with meagre beasts which may be dromedaries, may be oxen, may be horses; broken by tracts of bog where silver birches, very old and very small, struggle for their life; flecked here and there at wide intervals by a wooden hut or the rounded tent of a Khirghiz; cut through by winding sandy ways where carts move like flies in October, faint and slow—there is yet something singularly winning about this landscape, even though the pathos of miles of purple heather and gray and black moorland is wholly missing. Siberia, in fact, seems to ask slight sympathy, to entreat small suffrages.

For an idea of the monotony of this part of the journey I must refer the reader to my photographs. Words will not describe it. Several times for more than an hour the track is perfectly straight—without even the suggestion of a curve. A cannon-ball fired from between the rails would fall between them a dozen miles away, if the aim were true and the trajectory faultless. There is positively one stretch where the line is as straight as a plumb-line for nearly eighty miles, and it should be easy to imagine the hypnotic effect of sitting in the middle of the observation-car and watching the twin lines of steel unroll themselves from under your feet, and roll away again out of sight over the edge of the world. What a horizon, what a sense of space and detachment! The mind breathes, the dust of great cities is a cloud nothing like so large as a man's hand, and everything is so far away, except to-day and yesterday, which in the desert and the steppe are the same, one with another.

In these early days of October the great blossoming of the plain is over for the year. East of the Urals there is no oak, nor ash, nor elm, nor hazel, nor apple, to people the landscape, and no autumn-flowering plant blooms beside the way, only an infinite variety of reeds, and where the fine natural hay was taken in June, a crop of tall weeds, stark and brown, their heads still holding up the empty seed-vessels, architectural in their

exact branchings. Sometimes in the black, shallow cutting beside the track, whence the ballast had been dugged, I saw certain bulb-rooted plants with round whorls of leaves that should have sheltered either a lily or an orchid spike this summer, and once or twice a big bulrush—at least, that rush which suffered an æsthetic renaissance in England under this name, and is not a bulrush at all—stood up very high. Already a cocoon-like fluff was taking the place of the close brown velvet covering, and he was soon to seed freely—the familiar sacrifice of the individual in the interest of the species. He will not be there, that brown velvet bulrush, when I return from Irkutsk in a month, but then—the widespread rushy hopes of next summer! Not only bulrushes, but every kind of high-water grass and reed, the whole gamut from grass to bamboo, wave and whisper and whistle in wide beds. At last you have under your eye the real country for the Marsh-King's Daughter. Hans Andersen, who knew marshes as no one before him or since, who has left in every teachable mind that reads him some enduring sense of their poetry, would have loved this part of Siberia. What romance could he not have written of these bowed birches, "the white ladies of the forest," with stems of silver, here positively frost-white, and fine purple twigs weeping evenly to the northward. He would have peopled these thickets of black alder with a weird water life. And suddenly, after days of it, in a second it is swept away; alder, birch, willow, and reed-bed alike disappear, and, as though planted by the hand of man in a straight line across this worldscape, the Siberian cedar, to be readily mistaken for an ill-nourished fir-tree with a yellowish tinge about the needles, springing from a rich madder-colored bed of heath and heather, usurps the scene. It is after twelve o'clock by local time; enter the Siberian cedar at some mysterious nature-cue, *exeunt* birches and the rest that have followed us so faithfully from the western verges of Russia. We are now to have nothing but Siberian cedar all day.

The landscape changes a third time between Moscow and Irkutsk. This is at Taiga, whence a branch line of fifty-four miles leads to Tomsk. The word

taiga means primeval forest, and from here for a thousand versts the line runs through a jungle chiefly composed of silver birches, whose aspect is seen in my photograph, where also the primitive hut in which the settlers first find shelter is shown in process of erection. From the train only small timber is in sight, but back in the forest there is said to be an inexhaustible supply of serviceable trees, and a special department has been recently created for the economic deforestation of these Siberian provinces, the outlet being a great timber port to be formed at the mouth of the Ob.

Such is Siberia *à vue d'œil*. The vast agricultural and grazing plain predominates, of course; indeed, there is no other such plain in the world. Statistics of the size of Siberia may be found in every book of reference, but it is impossible not to reproduce some of them when describing a journey through the land. It is, then, over 5,000,000 square miles in area, half as large again as the whole of Europe; it covers 32 degrees of latitude, and no fewer than 130 degrees of longitude; it possesses a magnificent series of rivers running with fan-like branches north and south, with a total navigable length of 27,920 miles; some of these rivers have been proved to be easily navigable with care from the Arctic Sea, and so astonishingly complete is this natural network of waterways that, with the aid of one canal, steamers of a considerable size have been built in England and taken under their own steam to Lake Baikal, nearly 3,500 miles east of Moscow. The zone of colonization lies to the south of 64 degrees north latitude, for above this is the zone of polar *tundra*—a wilderness of marsh and moss, with stunted bushes for its only vegetation, frozen during the greater part of the year, and incapable of supporting any life except that of the scattered tribes of Arctic natives who roam about and manage not to perish in it. But south of this there is in western Siberia alone a cultivable area of six thousand geographical square miles.

The story of the inception of the Great Siberian Railway has been told many times (in my own "Peoples and Politics



Map Showing the Eastern Section of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

(Proposed termini indicated.)

of the Far East," for instance), and all that need be recalled here is that the first suggestion of it came from an Englishman, and that enterprising Americans were the first to lay before the Russian Government a definite offer to build it on certain terms. Naturally enough, Russia decided that it must be her own task, but it was a long time before she could face the tremendous expenditure involved, and not until her statesmen's keen foresight perceived the vast change coming over the Far East was the gigantic enterprise reduced to a definite project. The present Tsar, when as Tsesarievich he was traveling in the Far East, wheeled the first barrow and laid the first stone of the railway at Vladivostok on May 19, 1891, and his enthusiastic support has assured the success achieved. The speed with which construction has followed is without parallel in railway-building. The whole line was divided into seven sections, and work carried on upon them so far as possible simultaneously. The Siberian plain presented no engineering difficulties, since for a thousand miles the surface does not show a higher rise than four hundred feet; but as all wood, water, food, and labor had to be supplied from the base,

the difficulties of organization were very great. But the first portion, from Chelyabinsk to Omsk, 492 miles, was opened for traffic in December, 1895; the second, from Omsk to Ob, 388 miles, in 1896; the third, from Ob to Krasnoyarsk, 476 miles, later in the same year; the fourth, from Krasnoyarsk to Irkutsk, 672 miles, in August, 1898. Thus the rail-head reached a point $3,371\frac{1}{4}$ miles east of Moscow, and as the train had also reached Khabarovsk, on the Amur, from Vladivostok, the eastern terminus, a distance of 475 miles, in the same month and year, a total of 2,503 miles of railway had been laid and opened for traffic in seven years. The Siberian railway will cross altogether thirty miles of bridges, and of these the line to Irkutsk required a large number, including such important ones as those over the Irtysh at Omsk, 700 yards, over the Ob at Krivoshekovo, 840 yards; over the Yenisei at Krasnoyarsk, 930 yards, and over the Uda at Nijni Udinsk, 350 yards. Moreover, before reaching Irkutsk there is some very stiff grading work in a mountainous country. By this performance Russia holds the world's record for railway-building. She may well be proud of it.

The train leaving Moscow at 8.15 on Saturday evenings reaches Irkutsk—at least it did when I travelled by it, but the journey is being expedited so often that the time-table is seldom accurate for more than a month or two—at 7.15 in the morning of the Monday week—the ninth day. The average speed of the Siberian Express, which, it must be remembered, is much greater than that of the ordinary train from Moscow daily for Irkutsk, is, therefore—allowing for the difference of time between West and East—almost exactly seventeen miles an hour, including stoppages. A few minutes' study of a condensed time-table will give the reader more information than much description. Here, then, is the journey at a glance :

VERSTS.	STATION.	HOUR OF ARRIVAL.	DAY.
<i>Moscow-Kursk Line.</i>			
	Moscow	8.15 P.M.	Saturday
93	Serpukhof.....	10.54 P.M.	
181½	Tula.....	1.33 A.M.	
<i>Suzrano-Vyasemskaya Line.</i>			
239½	Uzlovaya.....	4.03 A.M.	Sunday
382½	Riask.....	8.32 A.M.	
753	Penza.....	7.47 P.M.	
GREAT SIBERIAN RAILWAY.			
<i>Samara-Zlataoust Section.</i>			
1118	Samara.....	7.09 A.M.	Monday
1155½	Kinel.....	8.59 A.M.	
1609	Ufa.....	10.25 P.M.	
1792½	Vyasovaya.....	4.48 A.M.	Tuesday
1908½	Zlataoust	8.49 A.M.	
<i>West Siberian Section.</i>			
2059	Chelyabinsk.....	2.05 P.M.	Wednesday
2299½	Kurgan.....	10.55 P.M.	
2548½	Petropavlovsk....	8.00 A.M.	
2805	Omsk.....	4.57 P.M.	
<i>Central Siberian Section.</i>			
3382½	Krivoshekovovo.....	4.18 P.M.	Thursday
3390	Ob.....	4.50 P.M.	
3605	Taiga (for Tomsk, 82 versts)	1.58 A.M.	Friday
3743	Mariinsk.....	7.34 A.M.	
3932	Achinsk.....	2.50 P.M.	
4099	Krasnoyarsk.....	10.30 P.M.	
4326	Kansk.....	9.09 A.M.	Saturday
4633	Nijni Udinsk.....	1.38 A.M.	Sunday
4742	Tulun.....	8.26 P.M.	
5108	Irkutsk.....	7.15 A.M.	Monday

* To turn versts into miles, multiply by .66.

The condensation of this table is shown by the fact that on three days only two stations each are given, and on two days only one station. Between Samara and Irkutsk nineteen stations are mentioned above; in reality there are two hundred and six. Therefore, stoppages play a large part in reducing the speed average, and if the rate of progress were at all uniform, seventeen miles an hour would be a very respectable figure. But for the

first thousand versts, as far as Samara, the line is an important one in European Russia, and the speed of the train averages twenty-two miles an hour. Then, when the Urals are passed, a speed of nineteen miles is kept up for a long distance over the straight stretches of the Siberian plain. From Omsk to Taiga, nearly another thousand versts, it sinks to fifteen or sixteen, and after Taiga it drops to twelve miles an hour or less. In fact, for the last 1,500 miles of the long journey there was hardly a moment when I would not have backed myself to pass the train on a bicycle if there had been a decent road beside the track. And the present speed average will not be greatly increased until the whole line is relaid with new rails.

But, though it is possible to find fault with the speed, the cost of the journey is beyond even a miser's criticism. There is nothing in the world like it. A few years ago, when it was discovered that the people were not making sufficient use of the railways, the heroic decision was made to put railway travelling literally within the reach of everyone. The zone system of charges was adopted, the tariff made cheaper the longer the journey, and the rates put at an astoundingly low figure for the whole empire. Irkutsk, as I have said, is 3,371 miles from Moscow, and the journey thither occupies close upon nine days. The price of a first-class ticket is sixty-three roubles, and there are supplementary charges of 12.60 roubles for "express speed," 7.50 for the sleeping-berth, and three roubles for three changes of bed-linen *en route*. Total : 86.10 roubles; £9 2s.; \$44.30. And this is for a train practically as luxurious as any in the world, and incomparably superior to the ordinary European or American train. The second-class fare for the same journey is only £6, or less than \$30, and the third-class passenger, travelling by the ordinary daily train, and spending thirty hours more on the way, can actually travel these 3,371 miles for the ridiculous sum of about £2 14s, or, say, \$13.50. It is officially stated that the through ticket from Moscow to Port Arthur or Vladivostok will cost 115 roubles, about £12, or \$59, and a ticket from London or Paris to Shanghai 320 roubles, about £33 17s., or

\$165. The enlightenment which prescribes such fares should be reckoned to the credit of the Russian authorities, when we are noting down things to their debit.

In laying the Siberian line one great mistake was made—far too light rails were ordered. The rail-makers pointed this out when they made their contracts, but an unwise economy prevailed, with the result that already the traffic is heavier than the rails can carry, and minor accidents are consequently frequent. The present weight is a little over sixteen pounds to the foot, and, as the ballast is only earth or sand, and the rails are merely spiked to the ties, after a day's rain the trains, as somebody has remarked, run off the track like squirrels. This excuse, however, must be made for the authorities: that when they planned the line they had no idea that traffic would develop as fast as it has done. In 1899 no less than 660,000 tons of freight were carried, and yet the railway was wholly unable to move all that was offered, and I saw small mountains of grain still awaiting transportation as late as in November. It is now the intention to relay the rails over the whole line, and, as a beginning, the track from Ob to Irkutsk will be re-laid as soon as possible, a sum of 15,000,000 roubles having been set aside for this purpose. The old rails will be used for fresh sidings, of which a large number, and over a hundred new stations, will be constructed. As a further striking example of the extraordinary development along this new railway, I may mention here that last year 1,075,000 passengers were carried, as against 417,000 in 1896. The stations themselves are admirable. Except the quite unimportant ones, where no settlement yet exists, and the engine stops only to take water, they are prettily designed, the chief ones of brick, the rest of wood, like Swiss chalets, and they are commodious in size. In no country that I know can such excellent food be had *en route*, and at every station there is a medicine chest, and an official corresponding to a dresser in one of our hospitals, called a *Felscher*, capable of treating simple ailments and rendering first aid to the injured. For his services and medicine no charge is permitted to be made. My photograph shows the water-tower and

storehouse to be seen at every station, the latter being banked up to the roof with earth to keep out the cold. How severe this is may be judged from the fact that for a considerable distance on the Central Siberian section the earth never thaws, even in mid-summer, for more than two or three feet below the surface—a condition which makes it very difficult to find a solid foundation for buildings and bridge-piles. The line is watched by an army of men, no fewer than 4,000, for instance, being employed between the Urals and Tomsk. One of these is stationed in his little wooden hut at every verst; he stands at attention, flag in hand, as the train approaches, and it is his duty to step into the middle of the track as soon as the train has passed, and hold up his staff as a signal that all is right. This figure may be observed in my photographs. Almost every one of these men—every one in Central Siberia—is an ex-convict or a *déporté*; yet although, as I shall have occasion to point out later, crime is rife in Siberia, and constitutes the chief drawback to the development of the country, I did not hear of a single offence committed by one of these men.

The chief towns of Siberia are naturally still those that had grown up and flourished before the railway was constructed—Omsk, Krasnoyarsk, Tomsk, and Irkutsk. Others will of course soon be created, and in several cases they will supersede the old ones. After a thousand versts of the Siberian plain the first important station, Omsk, is a genuine surprise. At dusk you pass over the great river with a well-lit passenger steamer plying upon it—pass over it by a handsome girder bridge. Then a promising network of sidings begins, and, after the manner of Siberian trains, you steal very slowly into the electric-lit station of Omsk. A very neat and pretty brick building greets you, the silent, impassive figures of peasants in sheepskins grouped about its doors. You pass into the usual hall which is waiting-room and restaurant combined; well-set tables with tall palms—imitation palms of course—standing in them, and tall crystal candelabra veiled in red muslin. At one side is the tea-counter, its brass samovar purring softly; at another a display of hot dishes to tempt the hungry, with a *chef* of smil-

ing face and much-starched linen waving his knife above the baked meats. The proffered meal was so attractive that we took it here instead of in the restaurant-car, and nothing could have been better. The town of Omsk is only Tomsk on a smaller scale, and Tomsk has a mystery of its own. It was originally selected for the administrative and educational centre of Siberia, and its public buildings were erected on this scale. Its university is splendidly housed; it has an ambitious theatre; one of the three Government gold laboratories is there; the prison was the principal distributing station of Siberia; it is lighted by electricity; it is the focus of a great agricultural district; it has over 50,000 inhabitants: there was every reason to suppose that its happy development would be parallel with that of the railway itself. To-day it is going down-hill, for the simple reason that the railway is fifty-four miles away—a journey of five hours—and that even then the station is a long drive through the woods from the town. I heard many explanations of this extraordinary arrangement: that the land around the town was too swampy, that too costly bridges would have had to be built, that the engineers who laid out the line left the town aside because its inhabitants would not agree to certain conditions advantageous to the proposers. Which is true I do not know, but it is certain that Taiga, the station for Tomsk on the main line, was only a couple of tents in the wilderness three years ago, and that to-day it is a considerable settlement, growing rapidly into a town, destined beyond question to thrive at the expense of the city so proudly planned to be the heart of Siberia. Tomsk reminds one of a rapidly grown Western American town, except that it has several far finer permanent buildings. The streets are its least civilized characteristic, for, except in winter, they are either ankle-deep in dust or knee-deep in mud, and winter comes so suddenly that the townspeople sometimes wade through mud to the theatre and find the roads frozen solid when they come out, while by next morning there are thirty degrees of frost.

Omsk, to my thinking, will necessarily become the chief Siberian town, because of its magnificent waterways, its surrounding agriculture, its gold-mining, and, above all,

its proximity to the colossal deposits of coal that have been discovered to the south of it, the copper-mines not far off, and the probability that a railway will run south-east from it to connect Siberia with Central Asia. But for the present Irkutsk holds first place, and indeed for a town nearly four thousand miles from what is generally called civilization, only a hundred miles from the frontier of China, and the junction of Europe, so to speak, with the caravan trade of the Far East, it is an astonishing place. You see it first across the placid waters of the Angara, in whose broad sweep it nestles. Of course a big cathedral towers above the other buildings, but not more than a dozen cities of England and America together have a more beautiful theatre than it possesses; its museum is almost as fine, with an ethnological collection of surpassing interest; its gold laboratory has sent \$300,000,000 worth of gold to St. Petersburg since 1870; one of its older inhabitants has a picture gallery of modern works that would be notable in a European town, and I am not exaggerating when I aver that a number of its shops would hold their own for size and contents in Broadway or Piccadilly. Besides its cathedral, it rejoices in no fewer than twenty orthodox churches, one Roman Catholic, and one Lutheran chapel—for in Siberia a greater tolerance exists than in Russia—two synagogues, and two monasteries. At first sight its streets do not suggest the wealth and luxury that exist within, for they present, when there are not shops, blank wooden walls and heavy closed gates, the fact being that Irkutsk is not saved by its churches from an amount of crime, actual and potential, that would be considered excessive in a new mining-camp. The night before I arrived a church was ransacked of its plate; the night of my arrival the principal jeweller's shop was robbed; a few days later a flourishing manufactory of false passports—a peculiarly heinous crime in Russian eyes—was raided by the police; the day I visited the prison a man clubbed nearly to death, who never recovered consciousness, was picked up in the street; a short time previously the mail, carrying gold-dust, had been ambushed and three of its armed guards shot; and no respectable citizen would dream of pass-

ing alone through its suburbs after dark. I do not know how many police there are in this city of 51,464 inhabitants, but during the week of my stay I saw only two or three, and once when I had to drive across the town at nine o'clock at night I did not see a single living thing out of doors.

All the caravan trade from China, *via* Kiakhta, comes to Irkutsk, and therefore there are large numbers of Chinese merchants and shops. But these Chinese have a more lucrative trade in their hands. By the Russian mining laws, which greatly need changing, all the gold extracted must be delivered to the government gold laboratory of the district, where it is smelted and weighed, and an "assignat" delivered to the owner for its value, less the tax (from three per cent. to ten per cent. upon ordinary mines, and fifteen per cent. upon the mines which are the Tsar's private property), a charge for laboratory fees, the cost of transmission to St. Petersburg, and a margin in case the local laboratory should have made an error of weight or assay in the vender's favor. The rate of purchase, I should add, is fixed by government. Six months or so later the head laboratory pays over the balance, but in the meantime the vender can cash his "assignat." Under these rules the private purchase or even possession of gold is a penal offence, exactly as in the case of diamonds at the Kimberley diamond-fields. But as "illicit diamond-buying" exists there, so illicit gold-buying flourishes at Irkutsk, and the Chinese merchants are the offenders. They hang a few furs outside a shop, or put a few chests of tea in the window, but this is merely a blind, for they make big profits by buying gold-dust, in quantities from a pinch to a pocketful, and smuggling it across the frontier into China. The Irkutsk gold laboratory was founded in 1870, and since then 1,173,456 pounds avoirdupois of gold, worth probably \$300,000,000, has been sent thence to Europe. The director was kind enough to give me a private performance of the operation of receiving, weighing, and smelting the raw gold, and to take me into the strong room filled with row upon row of yellow ingots—very insufficiently guarded, as it seemed to me. When I made this remark he told me that for a good many years a force of Cossacks kept

watch every night, but since they once stole the whole contents of the strong room a couple of civilian guards have been employed. The production of gold, by the way, is decreasing in Russia—a fact which will doubtless please His Excellency the Governor-General, who spoke of it to me as "the enemy of Siberia."

Of course I visited the great prison of Irkutsk, and was most courteously allowed to spend several hours there, and to examine it closely and converse freely, through my own interpreter, with any of the prisoners. It is a straggling mass of buildings, many of wood, and all old and in need of repair. These are surrounded by a palisade of great posts, twenty feet high, with pointed ends. I went into every part of the prison that I could see, including the hospital, the workshops, the laundry, and the kitchens, and visited every one of the large rooms and almost every cell. In all these I saw but two things to find fault with—the practice of herding together criminals of all ages, tried and untried, and the long time, in some cases amounting to two years, which many of the prisoners spend there before their cases are finally judged. This latter evil is caused partly by the great difficulty of collecting evidence from many parts of Siberia, but chiefly because the central authorities do not supply magistrates enough to cope with the numbers of those arrested. An additional difficulty is the variety of languages spoken by the criminals themselves: three times during my visit was the governor, who accompanied me most of the time, obliged to send to another part of the prison for a prisoner to interpret a request made to him as we passed. The prison is supposed to hold only 700 criminals, but it contained 1,024 men on the day of my visit, 12 women, and 10 children accompanying their mothers. Of these no fewer than 621 were awaiting trial, 138 were condemned for definite periods not exceeding three years, which they will serve in this prison, and 286 were "in transit," mostly either to the great convict prison of Alexandrofsk, forty-six miles from Irkutsk, or to the island of Sakhalin. The convicts condemned to long periods or to Sakhalin had half the head shaved, as shown in the group I photographed, and a number of the worst

characters were in chains. The majority of the prisoners were there for theft, and robbery with violence; a number for unnatural offences, and several, in solitary confinement, either for using forged passports or for having no passport and refusing any information about themselves.

The single cells were large, airy, and fairly light, while the whole prison was surprisingly clean. But above all I was struck with the relations between the prisoners and their governor. Never in my life have I seen such a terrible lot of human beings gathered together—one out of every five looked a mere beast, and when the door of one of the large rooms was thrown open and I was invited to step in among two hundred of them, I confess at first I hesitated. There were only four of us—the governor, the headwarder, the doorkeeper of the room, and myself, with nobody else even within hail, while in one case there were but two doors between them and the street, and an old man keeping watch. In an English prison those men would have been outside in a couple of minutes. But M. Sipiagine, the inspector, as he is called, treated them exactly like a troop of children. Whenever he entered a room or a cell he lifted his cap and said "*Zdrasti!*" ("Good day!"), and the same reply was always cordially given. I was prepared for a "show" visit, but it was perfectly clear that in this prison, at any rate, there is nothing like terrorism. The prisoners came up to the inspector, asked him questions about themselves or their sentences without the least trace of fear or embarrassment, and even took him literally by the button-hole and turned him aside from us when they wished to make some private remark to him. One man going to Sakhalin produced a paper showing that he had a small sum of money to his credit in a prison in Moscow, and the particulars were noted down and orders given that this was to be sent after him. Another wished the doctor to examine him again before he started for Sakhalin; the inspector spoke a word to his orderly, and later in the day I saw this man sitting at the hospital door awaiting his turn. There was no political prisoner there at the time; at least, I was assured that this was the case, and later I

saw the official report for the day, in which no such prisoner figured. I saw a number of "politicals" elsewhere at various times, but they were all earning a good living as clerks and bookkeepers. Of course I did not get as far as the terrible little town of Kolymsk, a thousand versts north of Irkutsk, where the worst political offenders are exiled to a living death. But from all I saw I was not surprised to learn that at the beginning of each winter an influx of minor offenders takes place into prison, where they get warm quarters, plenty of wholesome food, and no work. And I saw clearly that the Russian authorities have to deal with a stratum of population far below any that exists with us—a brutish, hopeless, irreclaimable mass of human animals.

It is evident, however, to anybody who studies the state of Siberia, that this wonderful country can never attain to its due development until the whole system of convict transportation is done away with. Not a week passes without a murder in every Siberian town. Two emigrants had been killed in the Siberian train shortly before my visit. Nobody dares go out at night. People even in Irkutsk often fire a revolver shot out of the window before going to bed to warn off a possible attack. The head of one force of free laborers upon railway works was in Siberia for an outrage upon a child; the boss of another was a murderer. The porter at my hotel in Irkutsk was a murderer from the Caucasus. Theoretically, when bad characters are deported they are forbidden to leave the district to which they are assigned; practically, they leave as soon as it suits them, and their first object is to kill some peasant for his clothes and passport. Indeed, if they did not move away they would starve, for in many cases the authorities simply turn them out and leave them to their fate. The political exiles have made Siberia what it is, for they have been among the most educated and energetic classes in Russia; but the criminal exiles are a fatal bar to further progress. Siberia will therefore eagerly welcome the good news that the commission appointed by the Tsar to consider the whole question of criminal transportation has just reported against the Siberian system, and recommended the



The Technical School, Irkutsk.

construction of great convict prisons in Russia. The cost of these to the State will be enormously greater than that of criminal Siberia, and assuredly the lot of the convict will henceforth be harder, but the decision was inevitable if one of the richest parts of the Tsar's dominions is to attain its proper prosperity.

Beyond Irkutsk the railway was not yet open, but the line was in working order and the Governor-General, General Goremykin, was kind enough to give me a special train over it to Lake Baikal, and to place a government steam-launch at my

disposal on the lake. This inland sea has an area of over 12,000 square miles, its water is brilliantly clear, its depth is enormous and in many places unplumbed, and the solid mountains run sheer down to its edges. The terminus is a station called Baranchiki, just where the Angara empties itself into the lake, and a long wooden jetty leads to the slip where the great ice-breaking, train-carrying steamer lies. The original intention was to build the railway round the southern end of the lake, but the cost of one hundred and fifty-five miles of line through such a country would be enormous. The authorities still tell you that it will be built ultimately, but



The Regular Siberian Station.

I have my doubts of this, for money is not plentiful enough in Russia just now to waste, as may be gathered from the fact that so small a sum as \$10,000,000 was recently borrowed from a New York assurance company upon the security of the little railway from Vladikavkaz to the Caspian Sea. And the Circum-Baikal line is unnecessary, for the great English

and on her trial trips she has shown herself capable of breaking through solid ice thirty-eight inches thick, with five inches of hard snow on the top—such snow is much more difficult to pierce than ice—and has forced her way through two thicknesses of ice frozen together, aggregating from fifty-six to sixty-five inches. In summer her bow propeller should be re-



The Museum, Irkutsk.

firm of Sir William Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. has built upon Lake Baikal one of the most remarkable steamships in the world to ferry the Siberian trains across the lake, and in winter to break the ice at the same time. This was brought out in pieces from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and put together by English engineers, who have been living in this remote and lonely spot for over two years. The Baikal, as the steamer is called, is a magnificent vessel of 4,000 tons, with twin engines amidships of 1,250 horse-power each, and a similar engine forward, to drive the screw in the bow; for the principle of the new type of ice-breaker is to draw out the water from under the ice ahead by the suction of a bow-screw, when the ice collapses by its own weight and a passage is forced through the broken mass by the impact of the vessel. As will be seen from my illustrations, the first that have been published, the Baikal has extensive upper works, and these contain luxurious saloons and cabins. Upon her deck she will carry three trains—a passenger train in the middle, and a freight train on each side. Her speed is thirteen knots,

and on her trial trips she has shown herself capable of breaking through solid ice thirty-eight inches thick, with five inches of hard snow on the top—such snow is much more difficult to pierce than ice—and has forced her way through two thicknesses of ice frozen together, aggregating from fifty-six to sixty-five inches. In summer her bow propeller should be re-

moved, and large propellers substituted for her smaller winter ones; but so far the railway authorities have taken no steps to build a dock upon the lake, without which neither of these important changes can be effected, nor the steamer herself repaired if any mishap should damage her hull. Lake Baikal is frozen from the middle of December to the end of April, and there is also talk of laying a railway across upon the ice, as is done each year from St. Petersburg to Kronstadt; but probably all depends upon the success of the ice-breaker next winter. If this accomplishes its purpose another similar vessel will be built, for obviously the entire trans-continental service would otherwise be staked upon one ship never getting out of order the whole season. The Yermak, however—the ice-breaker also built by Sir William Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. for service in the Baltic—has been such a splendid success, forcing her way through mixed ice twenty-five feet thick, that there is every reason to presume the Baikal will do her work equally well.

Upon the opposite side of Lake Baikal the starting station is Misovaya, thirty-



The Cathedral, Irkutsk.

nine miles from Baranchiki, and there the railway enters upon a great plateau and reaches its highest point in the Yablonoi Mountains at 3,412 feet. This has been the most trying section of the line to build, and the last rail was laid only on December 28, 1899. As originally announced, the intention was to continue the railway right through to Khabarovsk, whence trains have been running for some time to Vladivostok. But there is good reason to think that the Russian Government never really expected to have to do this, and was well aware that before the rest of the line could be finished an arrangement with China would permit her to carry the railway through Manchuria, thus not only giving her virtual control of this most valuable province but also greatly shortening the entire length. The route will, therefore, now be from Misovaya to Stretensk, 605 miles; by steamer, larger or smaller according as the water is higher or lower, down the Shilka and Amur rivers, 1,428 miles, to Khabarovsk; and thence



The Tower of the Fire-watch, Irkutsk.

to Vladivostok, 252 miles. Total distance from Moscow by this route, 4,307 miles by railway, and 1,467 miles by steamer. Navigation is about to open on lake and rivers as I write, and the through journey will therefore be possible before this article is published, in about twenty

days from Moscow to Vladivostok, of which a week will be spent upon steamers [see note on page 541]. I fancy the great drawback will be the mosquitoes upon the Amur, of which I hear terrible tales. The ultimate route will be from Misovaya to Khaidalovo, a short

distance on this side of Stretensk, thence across Manchuria to Niholsk, sixty miles above Vladivostok, with a branch line from Kharbin, the centre of Manchuria, to Mukden, whence three other branches lead respectively to Niu-chwang, Port Arthur, and Peking. The last of these is nominally built by the Russo-Chinese Banking Company, but this is a mere form of words—the whole line is as Russian as Moscow. The Manchurian railway will



The Steamship Baikal Steaming Through the Ice.

be 950 miles long, and the southern branch 646 miles, and when all this is completed the total length of the Great Siberian Railway will be 5,486 miles.

The following will then be the shortest route between the United States and the Far East *via* Siberia: New York, Havre, Paris, Cologne, Berlin, Alexandrovo, Warsaw, Moscow, Tula, Samara, Chelyabinsk, Irkutsk, Stretensk, Mukden, Port Arthur, and the total length of this journey (excluding the Atlantic) about 7,300 miles, of which 297 miles will be in France, 99 miles in Belgium, 660 miles in Germany, 2,310 miles in European Russia, and about 4,000 in Asiatic Russia. These are the official figures.

One other possibility must be mentioned—it is always unsafe to say that any Russian plan is final—namely, that

the whole direction of the Trans-Baikalian line will once more be altered, and that a line will be run due southeast from Irkutsk to Peking along the old caravan road through Kiakhta, and across the desert.

This would again enormously shorten the through journey; there are no insuperable physical difficulties; if China is coerced into consenting while England still has her hands full in South Africa, there will be no political obstacle; and the political and strategical results will be infinitely more important than the commercial ones, for it will give Russia definitive control over the whole of Northern China. And this probably means war with England and Japan, sooner or later, whether America strikes a blow for her trade or not.



Bow of the Baikal Breaking the Ice.

I have, perhaps, said enough now to explain the further forecast that the development of Siberia is destined to be one of the wonders of the future. Agriculture there is still in its infancy, yet in 1898, the latest statistical year, Siberia produced 1,000,000 tons of wheat, 730,000 tons of oats, 2,500,000 tons of grain of all kinds, and 325,000 tons of potatoes. Already last year 2,500 American agricultural implements were sold in Siberia—more to the cultivated acre than in Russia; McCormick's posters are in every village, and Deering machines have a strong foothold; in Tomsk there is a central depôt where fourteen agricultural implement makers are represented. The gold output of Siberia, of which I have already given the striking figures, will be largely increased when the present mining laws are modified, and the mines thrown open to the improved methods and ampler capital of the West—a state of things which Russia is ready to welcome. At a place called Ekibas-tuz, near Pavlodar, to the south of Omsk, and only sixty-six miles from the great Irtysh River—to which a line of railway was finished last October, and three Baldwin locomotives sent—are coal deposits which an English engineer declared to me to be the largest in the world, a seam running for miles of the almost incredible thickness of three hundred feet. Vast quantities of coke will

be produced here, shipped down the Irtysh to Tiumen, and thence transported to the Urals for the iron works—a supply the importance of which will be appreciated by those who know anything about the iron industry. Near this are very rich copper mines, and it is certain that minerals will be discovered in other parts.

The transportation of convicts to Siberia will shortly cease, and last year 223,981 emigrants of both sexes crossed the Urals, making a total of close upon 1,000,000 since 1893. The railway which is to be the artery of all this material production and human movement is officially estimated to cost 780,000,000 roubles (£82,500,000—\$401,362,000), of which 500,000,000 roubles (£53,000,000—\$257,283,000), were spent by the end of 1899, and 130,000,000 roubles (£13,745,000—\$66,893,000) were allocated to the work of 1900. From what I saw, I concluded that the official estimate will be largely exceeded. Before this gigantic enterprise is finished it is not likely to cost much less than £100,000,000 (\$500,000,000).

Since the Great Wall of China the world has seen no one material undertaking of equal magnitude. That Russia, single-handed, should have conceived it and carried it out, makes imagination falter before her future influence upon the course of events.

NOTE.—Since writing the above I have learned the exact time occupied by a complete journey from Vladivostok to Moscow, a friend just having travelled through as quickly as possible. With much courteous help from the authorities, and doing one long stretch in Eastern Siberia in a horse-box, his itinerary was as follows:

Vladivostok.....	May 17, 18
Khabarovsk.....	May 19, 20
Blagovyeshchensk ..	May 27-29
Pokovkhra	June 4-6
Stretensk.....	June 9-11
Baikal.....	June 15
Irkutsk.....	June 16
Moscow.....	(late) June 23

That is, the journey took thirty-eight days. But it will be noticed that no fewer than twenty days were spent on the Amur and Shilka rivers, this dreary delay being due to the fact that shallow water reduced the rate of speed at times to next to nothing, and at other times stopped the steamer altogether. This was exceptional, even at this time of year, and allowing for the fact that the journey was against the current. Moreover, as I have explained above, this river journey is only a temporary expedient, to connect the two ends of the railway while the Manchurian railway is under construction, and it will be observed that the journey from Irkutsk to Moscow has been considerably shortened even since I made it a few months ago.

As I write, Russia is fighting the Chinese hordes in Manchuria, Kharbin has been taken, Blagovyeshchensk bombarded, and long sections of the line completely destroyed. These unlooked-for events will undoubtedly seriously delay the completion of the railway and will add enormously to the expenditure upon it. But they will in no way affect the ultimate result. Russia will pulverize the Chinese, she will lay the line exactly as she has planned it, or better, and it will be made the stronger and safer for the lesson that she has been taught. The additional financial strain is the only grave consideration.

THE TARTAR WHO WAS NOT CAUGHT

By Richard Wilsted



HE was discovered at Nagasaki in an empty coal-bunker of the steamer *Yoroshima Maru*, on her return from a voyage to Hakodati and the north. One half of his head and face had been shaved within a fortnight, while the other retained the black and wiry growth of years. His solitary garment was a ragged blouse; he was evidently a man of full habit, but a diet of stale biscuit and mouldy caviare had grievously reduced him. He created much anxiety among the fussy little Japanese tidewaiters, who finally summoned the expert testimony of an American wool-appraiser, to whom nothing in anthropology seemed a sealed book. Mr. Reuben Blakemore gingerly passed his fingers through the half-fleeced crop of the stowaway and remarked, with much gravity:

"Human hair, third quality, in the original package."

"What shall we do with him?" demanded the Japanese.

"Hand him over to his consul, if he has one," replied the appraiser.

"But he can't talk," objected the official interpreter. "I have tried him in English, French, German, and Chinese."

"Perhaps he can write," suggested Blakemore.

Pencil and paper were brought, and the stowaway scrawled uncanny signs which resembled nothing so much as the Latin alphabet as seen in a looking-glass.

"Holy Russia, by the Eternal!" cried Blakemore. "I might have guessed it. Poor devil; he probably went to Saghalien for the safety of the Tsar and left that pleasant island for his own sake."

"There is a Russian consul," said the Japanese harbor-master, with a sigh of relief.

"There is. But how would you have felt, Mr. Morituri, if, when you escaped the vigilance of the Shogun's government some twenty years ago to study civilization in my native land, our republican au-

thorities had shipped you back to certain death?"

There was a pause. Then Blakemore resumed. "He is probably trying to do what you and many others accomplished in the bad old times of Japan: go into exile for patriotic purposes. If you will hush up the incident officially, I will pay the fellow's passage to Shanghai, and I warrant that after he arrives there you will never hear of him again."

It was so arranged. The appraiser produced his shears and gave the stowaway's head a complete though amateurish trimming, clothed him in an old white flannel suit, and offered him twenty Mexican dollars. Up to that moment the refugee's face had remained stolid, but as he reached for the money his features relaxed and he burst into tears.

"Cheer up, old man, there's worse to come!" said Blakemore, blithely. "I'm going to send you to Shanghai on spec."

At the word Shanghai the stowaway's face lighted up, and he repeated it with a guttural accent. He left Nagasaki the same day and in the purlieu of the great Chinese port he was able to lose his undesirable identity.

It was some years later that a certain Monsieur Tartarskoi registered at the *Hôtel des Colonies* in the French Concession of Shanghai. His name had not been observed in any in-coming passenger-list; and his trunks, although made in Russia, bore no labels of foreign travel. His presence at first attracted no attention, but as his stay lengthened from days into weeks and months, the regular customers of the hotel began to speculate about him. He was a stout man, less than thirty years old, of middle height, with wiry black hair and beard, a flattish face and a projecting nose of Hebrew type. His skin was dark and oily, and his narrow eyes were dull beneath their heavy lids. While not courting intercourse, he as certainly did not repel it, and sat from choice at the large "transient" table. The most in-

veterate bore in the hotel found him a good listener. He never refused a treat at the bar and always returned the compliment. He watched a game of billiards or poker with the eye of an adept; but he never used the green tables, large or small. He discharged all debts promptly in gold coin, but had nothing to sell and no bank account. If he belonged to that class known as Remittance Men, there was no proof of it. He spoke French and German with a slight foreign accent; his English was clumsy, but he understood the language perfectly. He vouchsafed no information as to his antecedents or purposes; when hard pressed he would merely assert that he "was a student of man, and liked Shanghai because it was so cosmopolitan." But Shanghai is a hive, and as Tartarskoi seemed to be a drone, he was looked upon with suspicion. The Russian consul, when questioned, simply stated that he did not know his fellow-countryman personally, but that the name was a good one on the borders of Poland.

Charity, which covers a multitude of sins, succeeded in obliterating the previous tracks of Tartarskoi. The first subscription list that accidentally reached him was so much the richer by his contribution that others speedily followed and were not disappointed. The stranger never attended church or synagogue; but Gentile and Jew began to rely on his aid in religious finance. The Dean of the English Cathedral called in person to thank Tartarskoi for his liberality to a different communion, and found the gentleman so attentive that he expatiated for some hours upon his pet scheme, an alliance of the Greek and Anglican churches against Rome. Tartarskoi seemed to agree, and the very reverend dean came away charmed.

The Russian was by this time on easy terms with many bachelors and with a few married men among the French and Italian element, whose focus was the *Hôtel des Colonies*. He was urged to send in his name for election to the Shanghai Club—that remarkable institution which combines a convivial rendezvous with the commercial exchange at noon-day. He allowed Mr. Chauncy Merrifield, of the United States Consulate General, to propose him, and Monsieur Levacheur, a

silk merchant, from Lyons, to second him. But Merrifield, in the course of a few days, took Tartarskoi aside at his hotel and stated that there were difficulties in the way.

"What difficulties, monsieur?" asked the Russian, indifferently.

"Well, to be perfectly frank, neither Levacheur nor I can tell the club as much about you as it is thought necessary to know."

"What is that they want to know?"

"Who you are, whence you come, and why you are here."

"Is it that someone has something against me?"

"No. But they can't understand how you live here without visible means of support. They say that a man of independent fortune would not select Shanghai as a residence."

"I am a student of man. I live here where are many kinds of men. I do not any man harm; I even try to do good when I have opportunity. This is called the 'Model Settlement,' a free republic of all nations, a type of the world as it will be. I seek here what I have not elsewhere found, personal liberty. Why is it denied me?"

"If I am to understand that you are a political exile from Russia, that will doubtless satisfy the objectors," returned Merrifield. "The average Briton has transferred to the Tsar that instinctive hatred which he used to reserve for the Pope. The English will sympathize with an enemy of the Russian Government."

"One may leave one's country without hating one's country, is it not?" asked Tartarskoi, mildly. "I am a student of man, nothing more."

But it was not enough. Tartarskoi was blackballed at the club, and Chauncy Merrifield, when privately informing him of the fact in advance of the official communication remarked, sarcastically:

"Your study of man does not seem to have been profitable. You had better study woman for awhile."

Perhaps his words took root. At all events, from this epoch, dated Tartarskoi's successful campaign in society. He began to be invited among the French families, and every one of his hostesses was the recipient of magnificent bouquets of

hot-house flowers, together with a snowy card conveying "Monsieur Tartarskoi's compliments." He removed from the Hôtel des Colonies to expensive chambers on the Bund, where he entertained his lady-friends and their husbands with tea in Russian style, served in glasses and accompanied by cloying sweetmeats. He kept a brougham, with Chinese coachman and groom in gaudy livery.

At Madame Levacheur's he first met Mrs. James Etheridge, a pushing little lady from Cockneydom. She had seen an earl's coronet on the panel of his carriage-door.

"Tell me, Monsieur Tartarskoi, are you really a peer in disguise? How romantic, and how dull people have been not to find you out before!"

"But yes, dear madame, one may say that I am of the noblesse. The title of Count is common to our family. But it is foolishness in a free community."

"How delightful! Count Tartarskoi! It sounds like a novel by 'Ouida.'"

"But I had much rather you would address me as Feodor Vassilitch, in the Russian way," said the Count, earnestly. "Will you not try?"

"Oh, I could never manage such a mouthful, Count! But I am so pleased to have met you. I am at home every Thursday, and shall expect always to see you. Surely you dare not refuse me!"

He evidently dared not, for he always came. And here he found the key to the most exclusive circles. Lady Woodhouse, the wife of the British judge, a massive person with a baritone voice and three plain daughters, greeted him at first with the "stony British stare." But she speedily sent him a subscription list of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, which was honored, and followed it up by an invitation to dinner. From that time he became a lion. The Country Club enrolled him among its members, the Race Club did likewise, and the Shanghai Club reversed its previous verdict.

Mrs. Etheridge took much of the credit to herself. She was voluble about her friend Count Feodor Tartarskoi, "Such a dear, delightful man; but just a little dangerous, don't you know. He told me that he used to walk in the forest with a Duchess, and read aloud to her from Byron's 'Don Juan'! Of course it was in a Rus-

sian translation, so that it was not quite so bad as if he had read it in English, don't you know. And he owns a steppe in Siberia and a troika on the Neva!"

Tartarskoi's popularity culminated when his pony Yermak won the Champion Stakes at a spring race meeting. Owner and jockey were cheered and shouldered by enthusiastic friends. It was found that the Count could play cards and billiards, but he rarely took the trouble to collect the notes he won at poker, while his losses were promptly paid in ready money, which is not the custom of the Far East.

Then came the first reaction. The Rev. Abel Grout, an American evangelical missionary, had set afoot a subscription to provide Ivan Antonieff, a Stundist preacher for some time resident in the United States, with funds to carry the Gospel to Vladivostok. Antonieff was described by his friends as a "flaming candle of the Lord for the benighted Slavs." But the Dean of the English Cathedral refused the offertory of his church to what he called "a schism in the Church Catholic." Mr. Grout found that the amount collected fell far short of his expectations and in his emergency somebody suggested Count Tartarskoi, the liberal, the student of man. He called upon the Count, who scrutinized the paper and inquired whether the sum asked for would surely be enough. Mr. Grout answered in the affirmative, but added that he did not expect the Count to contribute so much. But without further comment Tartarskoi pledged himself for the whole amount. When Antonieff was about to start, an unforeseen difficulty arose. The Russian consulate refused him a passport to Vladivostok. Mr. Grout again appealed to the Count, who promised nothing; but on a second application to the consul, the desired paper was given, without any reason assigned.

Many months afterward a Mongol tribesman rode into a missionary station on the verge of the Gobi desert and delivered to the clergyman in charge a dirty, frayed cotton rag which he had carried under his saddle for weeks. It contained the following words, written with a Chinese brush and ink:

"I do not curse you, dear Brother Grout, who innocently delivered me into

the hand of mine enemies, but I call the wrath of God down upon his head who beneath the mask of charity concealed the face of Judas.

"I. A."

Mr. Grout, to whom this missive was forwarded by his colleague, was appalled. The "flaming candle" had been effectually snuffed out. Antonieff was never more heard of; but the American Evangelical Mission at Shanghai was in a ferment of indignation. Mr. Reuben Blakemore, whose services as a wool appraiser had just been dispensed with by the Japanese Government in favor of a native, arrived in Shanghai at this time to stay with his uncle, Mr. Grout, until something should turn up. He found the good missionary plunged in dismay and doubt.

"What's the matter, Uncle Abel? Converts been backsliding?"

"No, Reuben, but I am in despair over a case of human iniquity."

He showed the piteous rag and explained its history.

"Who is this Count Tartarskoi?" asked Blakemore.

"Nobody knows. He suddenly appeared in this port about three years ago. But I am going to confront him with this, and if he cannot give assurances, I will have him hounded out of town!"

"Go dead slow, Uncle Abel. After all, what proof is that interesting tatter? It may be a fake."

"It is not. I have ascertained that Brother Antonieff was arrested in Vladivostok on the arrival of the steamer."

"Well, if you don't mind, I'll go with you when you beard the bear," said Blakemore. "I've an unaccountable curiosity to see this remarkable Count with the heathen name."

The following afternoon they called upon the Russian at his chambers. The Chinese servant at first demurred, saying, "Master makee sleep, no can see." But Mr. Grout would take no denial.

"Give your master my card," he said, sternly.

"And mine too, John," added Blakemore.

The boy reluctantly went up-stairs, whence he speedily returned smiling.

"Allo light. Master talkee can see. Please you come topside."

Count Tartarskoi met them at the upper landing. He was very affable.

"I am very delighted and honored to see you again, Monsieur Grout. As for your friend, he is welcome, too."

Blakemore had been gazing fixedly at the Count. "I think we have met before," said he.

Tartarskoi's leaden eyes met his without flinching. "Indeed, monsieur, it is possible; I meet so many people. But I rarely forget a name, and your card gives me no recollection. But if you would indicate where and how we met it might assist me."

Blakemore considered a moment. "At Nagasaki on board the steamer Yoro-shima Maru, six years ago this fall."

The Count did not answer, but motioned his visitors into the drawing-room, where the boy had already served tea and cigarettes.

"Sit down, please, gentlemen," said Tartarskoi, "while I think it over."

He offered cigarettes and while Mr. Grout curtly refused, his nephew accepted one from the Count, whose hand slightly trembled as he struck and presented a match.

"I can give you further details, if necessary," suggested Blakemore.

"Not yet, monsieur," objected Tartarskoi, waving his hand. "Monsieur Grout has first some business with me, is it not?"

The missionary drew out his wallet and produced Antonieff's letter, which he handed to the Count. Both uncle and nephew watched him keenly as he deciphered it, but his face was inscrutable. Finally he spoke.

"This is deplorable," said he, calmly, as he might have spoken of an inconvenient rain-shower. "But indeed, Monsieur Grout, I do not see of what further use I can be in the matter."

Mr. Grout was amazed at this coolness. "I fear that you have been of too much use already, Count Tartarskoi."

"And you, Monsieur Blakemore," demanded the Russian, suddenly turning to him. "Do you think me of all men capable of what your excellent friend imagines?" His manner grew eager. "Think for a moment, I beg you, monsieur. You say that we have met. It is true; I need no more proofs, and I beg

you not to offer them. But from what you know—and alas ! it is not much—do you think I could betray my unfortunate countryman ? ”

Blakemore hesitated, while Grout looked at them both in wonder.

“ No, I don’t believe you could,” said Reuben, deliberately. “ Uncle Abel, you’re on the wrong track. Count Tartarskoi has asked me not to say why, and I will not ; but you’ve never known me to lie, and I hold him blameless.”

Count Tartarskoi buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. Mr. Grout was reassured and deeply moved. He offered profuse apologies which were gracefully accepted, and the visitors were ushered out. They did not see how large a dose of vodka was needed to steady their host’s nerves after the interview. The unpleasant rumors afloat in the Evangelical Mission were vigorously contradicted by Mr. Grout, who upon Blakemore’s guarded assurance acquitted Tartarskoi of Antonieff’s betrayal.

Soon after this the Count gave up his chambers and occupied a handsome villa on the Bubbling Well Road. Here, in his double drawing-rooms he entertained more lavishly than ever. Dowagers, young matrons, an occasional *débutante* and numerous callow youths were to be met from four to seven o’clock in the afternoon. Older men stayed away. They knew another and more congenial side of Tartarskoi.

Mrs. Etheridge praised the exquisite taste in which the house was furnished.

“ Really, Count Tartarskoi, how a mere man could have designed all this I cannot make out. And yet all our friends assure me that they had no hand in it. This hardwood floor was built to be danced upon. You must give a dance—a cotillion, Count ! You don’t dance ? No, but your friends do, when they have the chance. Now promise ! ”

“ It shall be as you desire, madame. I will give a cotillion at our Russian Christmas.”

He was as good as his word. The Tartarskoi Ball yet lingers in the kaleidoscopic memory of Shanghai. The preparations were elaborate, and yet concealed from the Count’s lady friends. The entire house was thrown open to the guests on that

eventful night. The walls of the supper- and ball-rooms, the halls and the enclosed verandas were hung with gorgeous Chinese embroideries, the doors and windows were decorated with feathery bamboos, and the driveway was lighted by Japanese lanterns. The Municipal Band of Filipinos, conducted by a Spaniard, played the latest popular dance music, there was an army of silken-robed attendants and the host was, if possible, more ubiquitous than ever.

The cotillion opened brilliantly. It was led by the Vicomte de Kerloupgarou, the scion of a noble but decayed family from Brittany, who was in the French diplomatic service, but remarkable chiefly for the height and rigidity of his collars and the depth and multiplicity of his indebtedness. The favors were costly and well chosen, while cards and billiards were provided for those who did not dance.

Mr. and Mrs. James Etheridge came late. He quickly vanished among the gamblers. She as usual was a belle. But she had a restless and preoccupied air that evening. Finally, when Mr. Chauncy Merrifield came up to claim his third waltz she pleaded dizziness, for in common with the English women of that period she would not or could not reverse.

“ Take me over the house, Mr. Merrifield,” she exclaimed ; “ I want to see the whole thing. Truly the Count has surpassed himself.”

What she wanted particularly to see was never known, but she found something upstairs, in a remote apartment, that set her pretty forehead in a frown and caused her to drag her escort to the card-room in search of Mr. Etheridge. That gentleman had found the Roman Punch too seductive.

“ James,” said his wife, angrily, “ come home. There’s a woman in the house ! ”

“ Of coursh, m’ dear ; sheveral, not to mention yourshelf.”

“ James, be sensible ! There’s a foreign woman, a creature, do you hear ? It is insulting.”

“ Of coursh, m’ dear. Native ladiesh can’t dansh, you know. Feet too shmall.”

“ James, meet me in the porch. I am going to speak a word in Lady Woodhouse’s ear. Give me your arm, please, Mr. Merrifield.”

And she flounced off down-stairs, meeting Count Tartarskoi at the door of the ball-room. He smiled and was about to speak, but she petulantly waved him aside and marched up to the judge's wife, who sat watching the evolutions of the three plain daughters through her lorgnette. The Count followed.

"Lady Woodhouse, I'm going home. We've all been insulted."

"Why, my dear Mrs. Etheridge, what do you mean?"

"Madame Etheridge has found some of the decorations not to her taste," suggested the host, smoothly.

"Perhaps when you know who chose them, Lady Woodhouse, you won't like them any better than I do!" cried Mrs. Etheridge, and with this Parthian shaft she sought the cloak-room.

Count Tartarskoi, for his part, ran up stairs, nearly knocking over Mr. Etheridge, who was unsteadily descending.

"Is Madame ill?" asked her host, anxiously.

"Can't shay. She told me there wash a woman in th' housh. I shaid 'Of coursh.' She told me to come home. Shorry—musht. Goonight."

The Count turned and went down more swiftly than he had mounted. He was under the coach porch when Mrs. Etheridge and her somnolent spouse appeared, and he held open the brougham door as they got in. She did not speak to him, but slammed the door as they drove off. Tartarskoi went into the hall, where Chauncy Merrifield greeted him with a quizzical smile. The Russian smiled in return.

"It is deplorable," said he.

"It is very amusing," replied Merrifield. "I knew that 'no mere man,' to use Mrs. Etheridge's expression, could have been so successful in arranging your party, but I did not suppose she would confirm her suspicion."

"Mademoiselle Myrtle Hayes was very kind," remarked the Count, ruefully. "She is a journalist from San Francisco and has been staying here to give me the benefit of her experience. A most emancipated lady. She reminded me of a female student whom I knew at Moscow."

"Well, you're in for it now," laughed Merrifield. "Nobody will believe your explanation. Lady Woodhouse looked

like a gorgon after Mrs. Etheridge made her dramatic exit, and she is gathering little Sir George and her three speckled chicks under her ruffled wings to follow."

In fact the gayety of the ball was eclipsed. Few lingered except continental Europeans who did not take their social cue from London. Count Tartarskoi bore it quite philosophically, as befitted a student of man—and woman.

Mrs. Etheridge, as she leaned back on the seat of her dark brougham was startled by the contact of something soft and furry. She shuddered, for she hated cats.

"James, strike a match!" James snored solemnly.

She fumbled in all his pockets before finding a box of safety matches, one of which she lighted, with a nervous clumsiness. The dreadful object was no cat, but twenty Peking sable tails tied up with a pink ribbon and a card bearing "Count Tartarskoi's compliments." She was furious, and decided to throw them out of the window, but the match unfortunately burned out. She struck another and examined the gift again. It would be better, on the whole, to return them without comment in the morning. The match died, and she had used up the whole box before reaching home. By that time she had become resigned to the prospect of keeping the furs. Her husband had refused, earlier in the winter, to countenance a similar extravagance on her part, but he never demurred at her accepting presents from the Count. It was a recognized custom among the ladies of Shanghai. The result was that the threatened scandal blew over. Mrs. Etheridge announced that the heat of the ball-room had given her a touch of fever and that she was quite unconscious of what she had said. For the rest of the winter she was perfectly bewitching in a collarette of sable-tails.

But Count Tartarskoi gave no more dances, and during the war of 1894 between China and Japan he gradually withdrew from society. It was stated that his health was impaired by long sojourn in a debilitating climate. And finally, soon after the Russian occupation of Port Arthur, Shanghai people were shocked to hear that he had left for Europe by the French mail, a complete physical wreck.

"Poor dear Count," said Lady Wood-

house in her rich baritone voice. "Nobody saw him off, and he was too ill even to send a P. P. C."

Society echoed her regret. Each of the three plain daughters had dreamed of becoming Countess Tartarskoi. No one has yet succeeded in corresponding with the Count, although many have tried.

A London journalist detached for special duty in Russia is responsible for a strange story. He relates being present at a magnificent wedding in the city of Kief; the bride a widow of nearly forty, but still possessing supreme beauty, the groom a stout man of middle age and height, with a flattish face, Hebrew nose, lack-lustre eyes, black hair and beard. He is stated to have returned to Russia after nearly twenty years of exile in the Far East. His crime was not political but private. He and a superior officer stationed at Kief were suitors for the hand of a very beautiful girl of ancient lineage, who preferred the younger, but was forced by her parents to take the elder man. Unhappiness and jealousy ensued; the husband insulted his subaltern and was shot without the formality of a duel. The young officer was sent to Siberia and beyond, escaped thence to China and disappeared for awhile. In the meantime his relatives and the widow of the man whom he killed, had been working desperately in his behalf. The laws of an autocracy have the merit of being elastic. His case was con-

doned and he was given an opportunity to earn his pardon. He became one more example of the power of a woman's inspiration to change the nature of a man. From the toy of impulse he became the mask of intrigue. As the secret agent of the Russian Government he undertook to win for the Tsar a new dominion by subtlety, even as Yermak, the Cossack outlaw of the sixteenth century had won Siberia by warfare for Ivan the Terrible. He undermined British prestige in China at every point. When Nicholas the Second visited the Far East as Tsesarievich, he recognized the distinguished services of the ex-convict and promised to reward them eventually. After the new Tsar's coronation the exile was pardoned and loaded with honors. His restoration was consummated by marriage with the woman who had been the occasion of his ruin.

The reporter added that, at the moment when the priest placed the nuptial crowns upon the heads of bride and bridegroom, the impassive features of the latter were suddenly illumined as if by a great and victorious happiness, rendering them almost handsome, while the newly made wife, overcome by emotion, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Perhaps if we scratch recent Russian policy in China we may find Tartarskoi. However, that may prove, he was an ideal listener, a perfect host, and a successful student of man and woman.

THE HOUR OF JUDGMENT

By Albert Bigelow Paine

THICK breathing of a soul that slumbers fast,
 Chill dawn that slips white fingers round the door:
 The creak of formless feet upon the floor.
 A wind without that dies into a moan,
 A heart within that battles all alone
 With all the future and with all the past.



Dreamed of clipping about on a silently revolving wheel.—Page 550.

THE WHEEL OF TIME

By Mary Catherine Lee

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

I

A LONG the highway which conveyed life to the lonesome house of Miss Elvira Bennett, ran the best bicycle path in the county.

The war-path to the warrior, and *The* Path to a soul with theosophic aspirations could hardly be more thrilling and absorbing than this path was to Miss Elvira. Life had furnished but one greater passion than that which it aroused; and sorrowful had been its outcome. But this last ardor was not at hazard of the same ill-fortune which befell the first. Nobody could say that a woman was "too old" to sit and look out upon the ever delightful transit of bicycles, which was almost ceaseless where an excellent route united two neighborly towns.

Plenty of grief had come to Miss Elvira from being too old. In childhood, even, she had always a taste for those things which she ought to have outgrown. And when, as life became sterner in its withholdings, and Sylvanus Swift broke his engagement with her, the report had come to her that she was "too old for him." For she was twenty-seven; and he was only thirty. Age was the fatal shadow which walked by her still. "At

your age," was a restrictive phrase always ready on all lips.

Miss Elvira had endured thirty, and even forty, with considerable fortitude; but she felt that she could not suffer the tragedy of fifty, for what would be left to a semi-centenarian which was not altogether too pleasant for her years!

The melancholy deprivations of those too-many years seized her imagination, especially when she awoke from dreams of sweeping down the bicycle-path on a wheel of her own, and she would moan out into the night—"Mercy me! in three years I shall be—Law, I can't say it!"

If there had been no record of her age, if nobody had known the year in which Miss Elvira was incarnated, she could have continued in happy progression, with her own sound teeth, and hair less gray than that of the doctor's wife, who was not thirty; with a figure as straight and slim and supple as a girl's; with fine dark eyes, that had been short-sighted in youth, and needed no glasses in age.

Really, nothing made Miss Elvira feel old, save the sight of Sylvanus Swift's white head, and his chronic difficulty of twisted and tormented knee-joints, from which he had suffered since his terrible

leap in the burning of Swift's Mills. He walked ever after with a gold-headed cane, which had been presented him by the operatives in recognition of the prompt bravery which had protected their lives.

As for Elvira, she exulted in free physical movement. She was a famous walker, and a trip on an electric-car, or behind a fast horse, was a form of transport which would have been even more transporting if she could have had an active part in the propulsion.

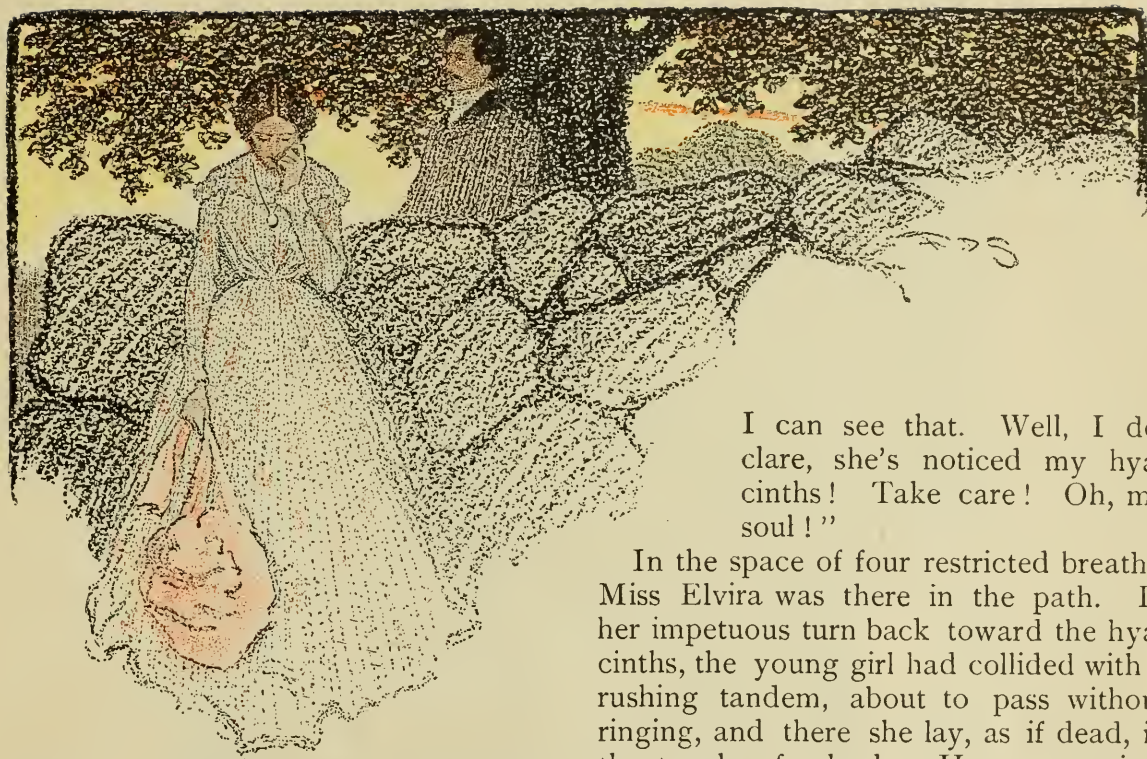
In youth, with a lyric ardor for flight, she dreamed of wings; but, at length, waking or sleeping, Miss Elvira dreamed of clipping about on a silently revolving wheel, which went because she willed it and compelled it. The mastery of this masterful thing she would have been will-

ing to accept as compensation for all the constraints which had mastered her.

The bicycle-path was too constantly stimulating to this ambition to be a source of complete satisfaction. And another complaint against it was that it offered no return for the unfailing regard which Miss Elvira poured out to it from her sitting-room window. The human stream ran by heedless of her, and her respected old house, and even of her beautifully neglected old garden. Miss Elvira was a solitaire who loved not solitude. She desired a little reciprocity, as well as a mere sense of coexistence with the people of her own planet.

One afternoon, of April 19th, her desire was fulfilled. She sat by her window, with something in her lap, upon which she took a stitch now and then, to convince herself





When . . . Sylvanus Swift broke his engagement with her.—Page 549.

that she sat down to sew. All sorts of cyclists, enjoying their holiday, were trundling by, followed by Miss Elvira's rambling comments :

"Tch ! Sing'lar how contented that fleshy woman looks, and her figger so dreadfully exposed. Those young men with their backs humped up ain't ornamental to the landscape. That poor little man with a real hump on his back is a lesson to 'em. He sets up as straight as a candle with the drippin's gathered on one side, and he never was so happy as since he could ride a wheel as well as the best of shapes. They all look satisfied. No wonder ! They're doin' something victorious. That long-legged man paddles like a grasshopper in a pail o' water, in a hurry to get out. Mercy ! There's Sylvanus Swift aimin' to cross the road again ! He'll get run over, he *is* so slow and pompous when he gets in a place where he ought to hurry. How starved and mis'erable he does look since his sister Ellen died ! That hired housekeeper doesn't give him enough to eat. I wonder he don't marry ! P'raps he can't find anybody young enough, though there's babies bein' born every minute. There's a couple I like the looks of ! Such a nice, wholesome, rosy-cheeked girl ! And the young man is fond of her,

I can see that. Well, I declare, she's noticed my hyacinths ! Take care ! Oh, my soul !"

In the space of four restricted breaths, Miss Elvira was there in the path. In her impetuous turn back toward the hyacinths, the young girl had collided with a rushing tandem, about to pass without ringing, and there she lay, as if dead, in the tangle of wheels. Her companion, striving to raise and release her, was vainly repeating "Annie ! Annie !" The owners of the tandem were swearing and restoring themselves. Three or four persons had dropped from their wheels with the usual proffers, the customary inquisitiveness. A passing driver offered the accommodation of his wagon.

But it was only the peremptory voice of Miss Elvira which brought out of the pallid blankness of the young man's face a gleam of grateful relief. "Bring her into my house," she said.

II

As the fates had doubtless predestined, Annie—a little homeless school-ma'am—lay in Miss Elvira's house, getting healed and eased of her wounds and bruises. Her William haunted the gates, and her bicycle stood in Miss Elvira's back room, with the kindlings, the broom, and the other things that were needed every day. As often as she approached the dust-pan, Miss Elvira got near the bicycle, too, and always with a sensation. At first, just a passing intrusion, for she was too absorbed by Annie to give much thought to even so great a matter as a bicycle under her roof. But when the vigorous young life began to rebound, and Annie lay drowsily

conscious of the golden atmosphere of kindness into which she had been plunged, care gave place to a variety of pleasures and interests with Miss Elvira. The human interest was still enthralling, but the bicycle interest began at length to thrust itself forward with insistence. Whenever Miss Elvira applied to the resources of the wood-shed, she stopped to look at Annie's wheel, which could hardly have affected her more if it had been the true wheel of destiny, and she proposing to get control of it.

She gave it a tentative push across the floor one morning, and was amazed to discover that it had decided weight and inertia, like other material things. She marvelled to find it so refractory, so wanting in the glib and ductile levity which it exhibited on the road. All its quickness took the way of perversity under her hands. She tried to place it against the wall again. The forward wheel whipped round and rapped her knees, the pedal bruised her shins, and the whole construction fell to the floor.

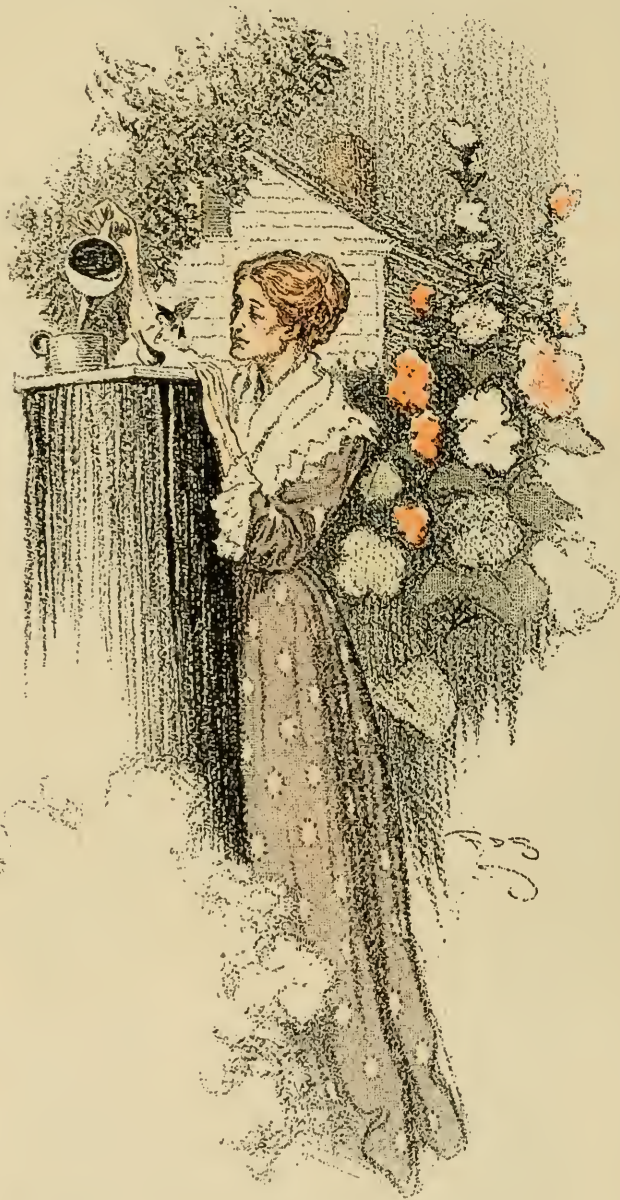
By the time she had succeeded in standing it up, she felt that she had begun an exciting acquaintance with this trifle, this exaggerator of gravity. She perceived that to master it wholly would give her a footing with that force which holds the universal spheres to their regulated rounds. And she determined to attain to that. For Miss Elvira was courageous and wilful.

The next morning she got up at dawn, with the intention to pursue this issue with the monarch force of Nature. She resolved, if need were, to use that bicycle up in the contest, and buy Annie a new one. She rolled it round the house, and then up and down the walks in the garden, to watch its tricks. An idea occurred to her—a vision of the long passage from the sitting-room, past the kitchen and her grandmother's spinning-room, the milk-room and the wash-room, to the wood-shed—a tunnel of thirty feet, or more, in length, and about four or five feet in width. One could not fall far, supported by a wall on either side.

With quick pulses, Miss Elvira brought the thing she meant to conquer into those restraining conditions, and with the valor of a Van Amburgh, not only entered the cage with the monster, but tucked up the skirt of her gown with safety-pins, and proceeded to mount him by means of a foot-stool. There she sat, then, resolute but reserved, grasping

the handle-bars, her left foot on the stool, her right on a pedal, a look of awed and awful determination on her face, when the door at the end of the passage opened, and in walked Annie's William, who often came early with a couple of trout which he had caught for the invalid's breakfast.

An instant of silent contemplation passed between the performer and the spectator. Then said William, his astonishment hardly



Miss Elvira was a solitaire who loved not solitude.—Page 550.



Annie . . . lay in Miss Elvira's house.— Page 551.

less than his pleasure : “ Why, Miss Bennett, do you want to ride ? I should be a thousand times glad to help you.”

Miss Bennett withdrew her challenge to single combat, by dismounting and accepting this powerful ally.

“ I’ve got twenty minutes to spare, now,” said William. “ We can make a beginning.”

This was Miss Elvira’s unalloyed opportunity. She wrapped a shawl round her shoulders, tied the ends behind, put on her bonnet, and ventured forth.

“ Now, Miss Bennett,” said William, when they were about to make the momentous start, “ this is a frisky horse, that’s

going to try to throw you, and you’ve only got to learn his tricks and not let him do it.”

“ Mm,” said Miss Bennett, with wonderful outward composure, “ that all ? I never was afraid of a frisky horse. What *you’ve* got to do, William, is to keep me on that wheel. Don’t you let me fall, if you do you’ll lose ten dollars. You understand ? You’re to hold on to me as if I was a ten-dollar bill.”

“ I shall hold on to that wheel as if it had Annie’s best friend on it,” said William.

The east was all aglow. A blue-jay shouted a surprised note as Miss Bennett stepped upon a soap-box, and seated her-



When she and Annie took their first ride.—Page 555.

self on the back of the creature that was ready to throw her, grasped the reins that were sure to misguide her, and groped about for the stirrups that, she was warned, would bite her feet if she let them get on the inside.

"Got your pedals all right?"

"Ye—yes."

"Now, then!"

And Miss Elvira rolled down the bicycle-path paddling and reeling like an intoxicated duck, a little faster and faster, until, supported by the steadiness of William's strong grip and her own adventurous spirit, she travelled at the rate of a jogging horse. Her pedalling became bolder and firmer under the excitement. She caught glimpses of the joys of winged flight, and then careened hard over and swung off with the nimbleness of all her active life in her legs, laughing like a girl, and panting—"I didn't *fall*, but take care, William, you 'most lost that ten dollars!"

These gymnastics roused up all the astonished blood in the farthest retreats of Miss Elvira's veins. She had a tinge of color.

"Humph! 'Twon't take *you* long to learn. You've got it in you, Miss Bennett," said William.

"But when you let go! That's the awful minute I'm thinkin' of, William."

"It's the minute you're rushing on to—straight, ma'am," said William.

Miss Elvira pushed toward that minute as conquering Dido toward the immortal spot out of which her power and greatness was to flow. She knew not the ups and downs, the pains and perils of those not born with courage and a balance.

It was during the fourth morning's practice that she suddenly proposed—

"Oh, dear, couldn't you—I wonder if you *could* let go, just a little, without—Oh, be ready to catch me!"

"I haven't touched that wheel since you started off at your gate, Miss Bennett," said William, trotting close behind.

At the shock of this sudden divulgement, Miss Elvira forgot to pedal, and William only saved her and the ten dollars by a master-stroke of quickness.

"Have I been going alone for 'most an eighth of a mile?" she panted, with

something like awe in the wonder of her tone. "What if I'd ha' known it! It does seem marv'lous. . . . Start me again, William!"

She mounted with a burst of reckless daring, and then crying—Oh, *don't* let go! Ye—yes, you may! I believe I can! Oh! Oh, dear! Mercy!" she wheeled away, shot through and through with thrills of delightful fear and triumph, and floundering down at her own gate, looked back upon her former prop as a gallant ship might look, exulting, upon the stays from which she had just been launched, with revocation impossible.

Rockets of light shot upward from the coming sun, and every morning sound seemed a hurrah for Miss Elvira.

III

EACH glad leap of the heart is juvenating; and so is young companionship; and so, *par grace*, to a well preserved woman of happily uncertain age, is a new, brown, well-fitting bicycle costume, and a discreet hat with a band of dark brown velvet, knotted so as to hold two light brown quills.

Miss Elvira might have taken her rides in her bonnet and an old skirt with tucks in it, but Annie's young views and singularly good taste saved her from that ignominy, and William and Annie together helped her to discover which was the very best bicycle in America, and so upon earth. For that was the one Miss Elvira was determined to possess, and that was the one which presently stood glistening in the back room—a fast beauty—submitting to abide with the slow and sober things of life.

And the time soon came when Miss Elvira could stand on her down pedal, and step off with becoming ease. She had achieved the acrobatic feat of mounting from the road. She could turn about with quite a swing, and she had settled the

difficulties of hills. All this was accomplished in the dawn of the morning, while the good people of Yellowfield were taking their sweetest naps, so that when Miss Elvira made her first appearance before their wide-open eyes, it was never dreamed by any person that this new figure was their old citizen revised.

As a touch of modesty, and also to keep her hair and her hat from displacement, Miss Elvira wore a gauzy gray veil tied over her face. Seen through this, the darkness of her eyes and eyebrows were brightly emphasized; her face seemed rounded up; her teeth looked brilliantly white; a trifling flaccidity of the lips was corrected. Her animation vivified all.

When she and Annie (who remained all summer with Miss Elvira) took their first ride to New Paris on a little shopping expedition, many an eye looked upon them with pleasure as they passed. It was only a matter of taste—only whether one preferred the fair bud-like girl, or the dark, rich, ripier one

which determined preference. Such is the gullibility of the human eye.

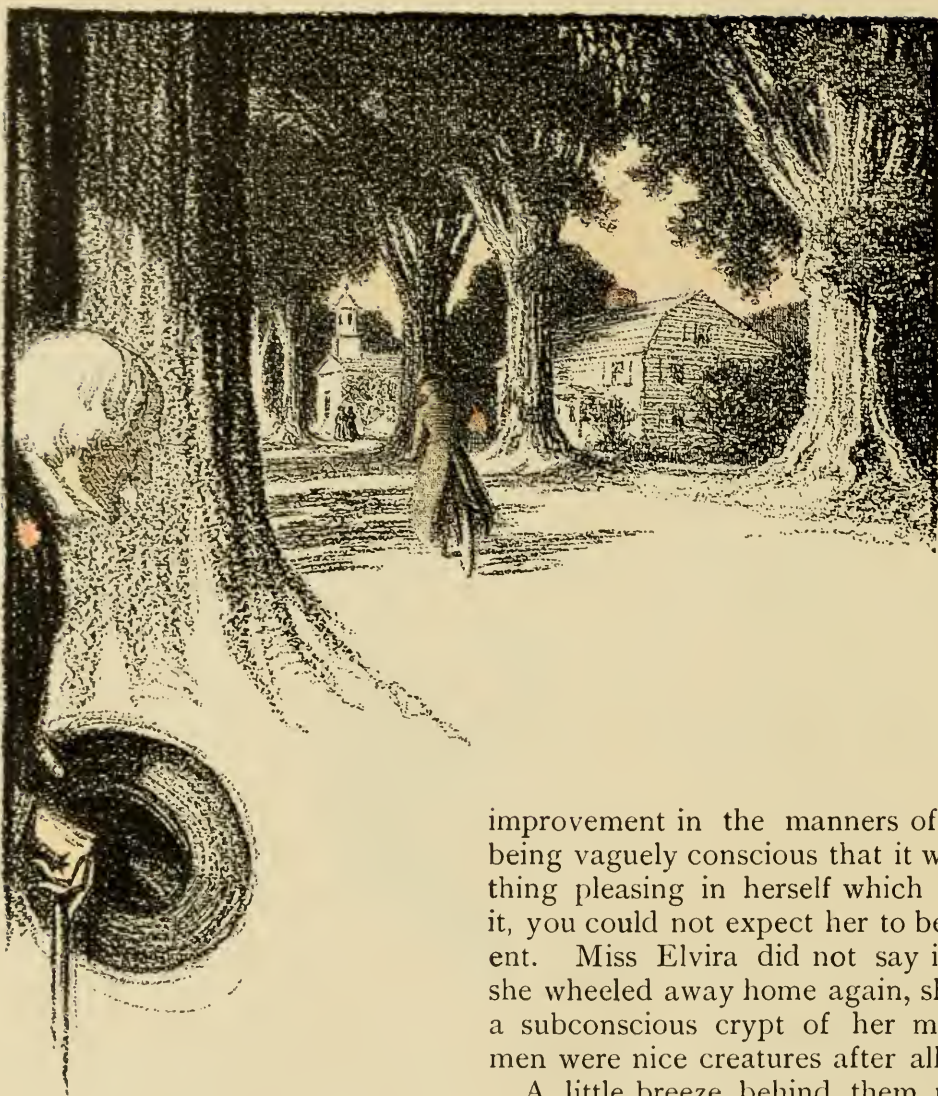
Again and again Miss Elvira nodded to a friend, and received a wondering stare for response. This did not seem altogether strange. It was all a wonder to Miss Elvira herself—"all a wonder and a wild desire," leading on to rapturous satisfaction. She and Annie chatted and laughed along the well-rolled way, under the exhilaration of the morning air and the bicycle ecstasy. Such beaming looks as Miss Elvira cast to right and left! And some thought—"What a bright face!" and some—"What a handsome face!" and some "What a lively girl!"

How should we look if that which has been hidden and suppressed—that of which we have been secretly capable—were all revealed, suddenly, and at last?

Miss Elvira had always been gifted



The roses were on the congregation side.—Page 558.



She thought she understood the alertness with which he watched her when she shot by him on her wheel.—Page 558.

with the possibility of an engaging manner. But who suspected it? She had always possessed trim, neatly shod feet and pretty ankles. But who knew that before she went tripping from shop to shop in her short skirt? The shop-keepers met her with a new suavity. They aired for her the graces reserved for the attractive of her sex, and when her true identity was manifest, their hearty gratulations made her feel as if it must be a sort of celebration in her honor. The offers of assistance, too, were far more numerous and gailant than formerly—less like the help vouchsafed to the incapacitated. "Oh, allow me, Miss Bennett!" was of far more chivalrous import, from the same lips than "I'll do that for you, mum!"

You could not expect even a prejudiced woman to be unmindful of this

improvement in the manners of men, or being vaguely conscious that it was something pleasing in herself which procured it, you could not expect her to be indifferent. Miss Elvira did not say it, but, as she wheeled away home again, she felt, in a subconscious crypt of her mind, that men were nice creatures after all.

A little breeze behind them made the cyclists run merrily—made every movable thing stir with life. It wrinkled the waters of the pond where Elvira had once rowed with Sylvanus; it rippled the surface of Japanese ivy which covered the Old South Church, where Elvira had once expected to wed with Sylvanus; it fluttered the gray locks of a man who stood in the middle of the village street as they approached, looking helplessly down at something which lay in the way.

Miss Elvira had not addressed a word to this person for many years. She was, however, acquainted with every wrinkle in his face, every sorrow which had printed it there. She pretended to ignore his existence, yet it was as sensible to her as her own. She would have been furtively glad to see him look happier. His predicament of that moment was soon evident to her. He had dropped his gold-headed cane, and could not stoop to take it up again without too much pain and injury to his dignity. Tall, broad-should-

ered, and stooping from his usual erectness, he looked like a statue of mournful defeat.

Elvira's heart throbbed with a conflict of impulses. She moved with dubious slowness, and almost decided that she would continue to ignore him, would leave him to the possible pity of Annie, or some other passer-by. She was even ringing her bell, to warn him that she was about to pass, when he lifted a troubled face to her—to *her*.

Then, indeed, with the light sweep of a swallow, Miss Elvira alighted, and leaving her wheel lying on the turf beside the way, picked up the stick and gave it to Sylvanus, her eyes down-drooping, that she might not see his humiliation. Quickly as she made her retreat, then, she did not escape hearing, "Thank you, young lady," and flashed a suspicious glance back.

No, he was not deriding her. He returned her look with unrecognizing eyes—admiring eyes—as elderly men look upon lithe and nimble young women. There was no sign of his once triumphant superiority over time. There was even, perhaps, a pathetic, hopeless wishfulness, as though he had said, "Ah, if I were only young!"

Miss Elvira remounted her wheel, and skimmed along over the surface of a world which surprised her by the revolutions which it supported. To her fluttered faculties, what were 1775 and 1793 to that year of reconstruction in which she became a young woman in the eyes of Sylvanus Swift? She rode the rest of the way in meditative silence, and entered her door with the appearance of hurried purpose. When Annie followed, a few minutes later, after putting in the wheels, she found Miss Elvira standing in contemplation of herself before the eagle-crowned mirror in the parlor, looking upon her reflection there with a critical and unfriendly expression.

"Do I look as if I'd got myself up to try and seem young?" she demanded, severely.

"O, no, Miss Bennett," Annie assured her. "You tried your best, you know, to look old, but you couldn't. It was just as well to give that up. Nobody could take you to be old—you're so bright-

looking, so smart and lively, and like young folks."

With a sceptical flout, Miss Elvira removed her hat, and pulled out the long quills in spite of Annie's protestations.

"There! I guess that's more like me," she said. "I've had it flung at me always that I was old. I ain't goin' to be badgered now about bein' young."

IV

BUT it is vain to cling to the cause, and repudiate the effect. The effect of the wheel and the young companion was cumulative. They broke the legs of Time. People said, all over the village and up in town, "*Have* you seen Alvirey Bennett cuttin' round on that wheel with that young girl? You wouldn't s'pose she was a day more'n sixteen, to see her *on* the wheel, and *off*, she does look younger'n she did when she was thirty; she's got so much more life 'n' animation."

Elvira herself said, at length—"Law, I ain't but forty-sev'm. I always counted on livin' to be se'mty-eight—all my folks do—and they say a wheel adds ten years to your life, so I shall prob'ly keep on to eighty-eight. Forty-one years more! And I hope I shall ride a wheel up to the last minute!"

Miss Elvira blissfully proceeded then, with nothing to dread but the possibility of looking too young for her traditions. She left off the veil, that it might not disguise her the next time she met Sylvanus Swift.

The next time, as it happened, was on Sunday. Miss Elvira was so under the influence of Annie, and many strange movements of mind and matter, that she had been easily persuaded to go forth to church with a little bonnet set upon her thick wavy hair, which had an ample decoration of dark red roses upon it, and was so altogether of the June and flower of life, that it seemed but an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual conditions which had regenerated its wearer. Miss Elvira's lips were red, too, and there was something like a reflection of the roses in her cheeks. The bonnet was very becoming, and not at all inappropriate, if judged by the standard of Parisian taste;

but it truly was a conspicuous divergence from the standard of Yellowfield, which would have indicated a black bonnet with purple pansies or white clover blossoms as the correct thing for a spinster not far short of fifty.

The roses were on the congregation side of the bonnet, and there was at least one person in the congregation powerfully impressed by the effect. It cannot be said that his eyes wandered *from* the pulpit and hymn-book. There were many resolute turns *to* these appurtenances of worship, but the direction of his devotion was steady and always toward the red roses; or else a look of deep meditation was bent upon the gothic figures of the pew carpet. He straightened himself to an attentive posture, and then turned a very definite gaze upon Elvira, when the parson's voice demanded: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

Lifting her eyes to the magnetism of his gaze, Elvira was startled and puzzled by the keen scrutiny of Sylvanus Swift. She met the same look again, and yet again, and each time her cheeks burned a deeper crimson. After the service, when she passed Sylvanus in the porch, it was with the light, springing step of haste—haste to get home and put off the head-gear which, she fancied, had furnished gratuitous entertainment to him.

Yet even after she pulled down her colors, the enemy continued his fire. She thought she understood the alertness with which he watched her when she shot by him on her wheel. "He thinks it's that young woman," she said.

But, the roses being gone from her bonnet, she marvelled at the attention bestowed upon her usual trustworthy self, when another Sunday placed her within open eye-shot again. It did not, in the least, indicate to her the incredible crisis of these affairs.

That came to pass one morning when Miss Elvira went to take a letter to the early post. She saw from afar the deep, low-hung buggy, made to accommodate the stiff knees of Sylvanus, standing before the post-office door, and determined to take this opportunity to settle the matter of her bicyclic identity.

"Now he's goin' to be shocked!" she said, with a queer feeling of malicious satisfaction in revenging herself upon the spurious young woman.

While she was setting her wheel up against the curb-stone, Sylvanus came strutting through the post-office doorway with an uncommon appearance of energy and vivacity. His knees, even, seemed not nearly so rigid as usual.

Elvira went bravely on to the destruction of his illusion. He saw his lady of the wheel approaching, and moving slowly, to prolong the pleasure, threw the same admiring look upon her which she well remembered, and doffed his hat profoundly. No famous beauty ever met with more emphasized appreciation.

Elvira faced all this, and returned the salutation with a proud reserve which admirably became her. For two seconds they looked, eye to eye, but the shocked expression which Elvira had expected did not appear. The glow of pleasure did not give place to disappointment and disgust.

It was plain that Sylvanus, at any rate, had ventured an attempt to be younger than his wont. His hair had been becomingly cut. His mustache had lost its forlorn droop, and assumed a brave and captivating upward curve. His whole toilet was more than usually finished—more adapted to fascination.

Elvira, having dropped her letter, remounted her wheel, and trampling her pedals right and left, shot away under the arching village elms, and out into the open country.

"It must be I'm crazy, there!" she said. "That's the only explanation for the way things look to me. It's certain I haven't got common sense, to go to feelin' this way again."

She braced herself against "feelin' this way" by remembering the cruelty and bitterness of the past, but at length made this lenient confession:

"But when I think of it one way—and it's his way, I s'pose—he wasn't much to blame. I *was* stiff and bashful and near-sighted, and he so full of life and high spirits. When I found fault with him for being so gay, and dancin' with those wild, up-town girls so much, he only asked me if I didn't think we'd made a mistake, and

I flashed up and answered yes, I thought we had. I could see he looked glad and relieved. But when he said 'Then let's end it. Good-by, Elvirey,' I — I — Oh, dear, am I goin' to cry, right here on the high road?"

She was forced to dismount, for she had not yet attained the skill which enables a woman to get at her handkerchief and master the bicycle, too. She set her wheel against a stone wall, under a row of sugar-maples, and crouching against the wall herself, sobbed out her varied excitement. Such a paroxysm of Nature had not taken place in that region since the great wash-out of 1879.

It had not spent itself, when she heard the sound of an approaching vehicle, and hurriedly repairing her aspect, remounted and pushed on. Not to expose her tear-stained face to the critical survey of an uncertain somebody, she continued in the same direction, crossed the bridge, and took the road to Swiftville. "No one shall see me in this plight!" was her only thought as she fled, and it appeared as if the one who followed had said, "This woman shall not escape me," as he whipped up his horse.

Flight and pursuit it rather seemed, with the pursuer gaining rapidly, and presently Elvira could hear, just over her shoulder, the lusty sniffing of a fresh horse at the fine morning air; then the clearing of a man's throat, as though he were making ready for an important speech—then the speech:

"I'm proud to be a follower of yours, Miss Bennett."

With a nervous, involuntary start, Elvira turned—turned too much—which brought an overbalance on one side, and she was obliged to drop off. This placed her face to face with Sylvanus Swift, and the recollection that Swiftville embraced Swift's Mills, where duty obliged this man to go three hundred mornings of the year, if he could. He was in his accustomed path, but she—for what could she be supposed to have taken that route, at that particular hour of the morning, unless to the end attained? She had waylaid Sylvanus, however innocent her intentions, and she stood overwhelmed with a consciousness of her predicament—red eyes and all.

She was forced to attend, or else dis-

cover a silly perturbation, when Sylvanus threw the lines aside, and stepping down from the buggy with miraculous ease—for him—approached her with a not unmanly diffidence. Bold-spirited, unshrinking confidence would have repelled Elvira. Some misgiving she thought decidedly becoming to Sylvanus in resuming speech with her. Diffident, yet undaunted, he stood, and his well-chosen manner and all his ingratiating personal repairs spoke for him before he said:

"Your kindness, the other day, was a happy surprise to me."

"My kindness!"

"Yes, yours—*yours*, Elvirey."

"If I know what you mean, anybody'd have done the same thing," Elvira responded, flushing still more, because she knew she was flushing, and vainly trying to assume an air of cool dismissal of Sylvanus and his topic.

"But the *way* it was done!" Sylvanus gushed praise and pleasure through every trait and tone.

"Mercy! how many ways are there of pickin' up a stick?" Elvira propounded.

"So I should have said before, but now I see there's a way one woman has the patent of. I didn't know you then, but shall I tell you what I thought?"

"I'm in a good deal of a hurry," Elvira prevaricated.

"Providence has given me this moment, Elvirey. You won't snatch it from me! I thought—'There's something about this young lady that reminds me of Elvirey Bennett—as she might have been, if she'd had just the one touch that she lacked.' I went off home consid'able stirred up. Then I heard folks talk about your ridin' a bisickle, and being so altered, and I watched for you, to see the sight myself, and I saw the whole truth. Sunday, in church, I felt as those fellows in fairy stories do, I expect, when they see a plain maid turn into the one they've been scourin' castles for."

Elvira, "moved more than with a trumpet," adjusted her pedals.

"Listen, Elvirey! Don't make a mistake. I ain't your old lover turned back to you. Not by a good deal. I'm a new one. I don't tell you that I've always loved you, for I haven't. But I admire the bright, lively, takin' woman that stands

here lookin' dignified and scornful at me more than I ever admired anything or anybody on earth before. She takes me, and I swear, I'm goin' to try and get leave to take her—for mine!"

"Twenty years ago I was too old," said Elvira.

"To speak the plain truth, in some of your ways you did seem so, Elvirey. It's ways that make us young or old. You've grown young, while I was growin' old, and now, if I ain't *too* old——"

Elvira's eyes were fixed upon the swift waters of a wayside brook. They saw only the comely, lively Sylvanus of twenty years ago. She stole a seeking glance at this new lover. Of those morning qualities which had been adorable to her, there

was not a trace left. But the cruelty, as well as the captivating subtlety of youth was gone. A touching tenderness was in its place. This might have been the kindly father of her Sylvanus. Elvira, however, felt capable of cherishing even an elderly relative of her lost love. And this one looked much in need of it. She set her foot on her pedal.

"I should have to make your acquaintance, Mr. Swift, before I could say whether I was any ways partial to you or not," she said. "Good-day."

With this Elvira pushed off, and Sylvanus, all undiminished by this coquettish cutting down, turned his horse with a masterful hand, and followed at a three-minute trot.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT

(THE BODY TO THE SOUL)

By Julia C. R. Dorr

TOGETHER still, old Comrade, thou and I!—
 From out the dark, drear places,
 The awful, rayless spaces
 Where only storms and dreadful shapes swept by,
 We have come forth again
 Into the world of men;
 Have seen the darkness vanish and the day
 Drive night away!

Art thou not glad? Is it not good to be
 Alive on this green earth,
 This realm of home and hearth?
 Is it not good for thee as well as me?
 O Earth is warm and dear,
 Its touch is close and near,
 And the unknown is cold and dim, and far
 As any star!

Speak thou, O Soul! Art thou not glad to-day
 That we are still together
 In the clear Summer weather?
 Can see the shadows on the mountains play,

The glory of the trees,
The splendor of the seas,
The pomp of dawn and sunset, and the fair
Blue fields of air ?

Hark ! how the birds are singing ! and I hear
From shrub and flower and tree
The humming of the bee,
Nature's melodious chanting soft and clear,
The breath of winds that pass
Over the bending grass,
Childhood's blithe laughter, and the sweet
Fall of its feet !

Thank God ! thank God ! Comrade, rejoice with me
In that I still am here
Where life and love are dear,
And as of old clasp loyal hands with thee !
And yet—and yet—
I cannot quite forget
That thou didst fail me in mine hour of need,
Nor gave me heed !

Ah, whither didst thou flee what time I lay
In the unfathomed dark ?
Soul, didst thou find an ark
Secure and safe until the dawn of day,
Forgetting thou hadst sworn
An oath not yet outworn
To stay me with thy strength, to bring me wine
From hills divine ?

But—I forgive thee ! It may be that thou,
Even as I, wert bound
Beyond all ken or sound
Or faintest memory of earthly vow.
So, hand in hand, old friend,
Until the path shall end,
We will fare on together, thou and I,
Counting the stars on high !

A LITTLE GOSSIP

By Rebecca Harding Davis



IN the garden of the old house in Virginia where we lived, there were some huge cherry-trees, with low growing branches, and in one of them our nurse, Barbara, having an architectural turn of mind, once built me a house. Really, even now, old as I am, and after I have seen St. James's and the Vatican, I can't imagine any house as satisfactory as Barbara's.

You went up as far as you could by a ladder to the dizzy height of twelve feet, and then you kicked the ladder down and climbed on, up and up, breathless with terror and triumph, and—there it was. All your own. Not a boy had ever heard of it. There was a plank nailed in for the floor and another for a seat, and there was a secret box with a lid. You could hide your baby in that box, if there were danger of an attack by the Indians, or you could store your provisions in it in case you had been on a long journey in the wilderness and had gained this refuge from the wolves in the jungle of currant bushes below. All around you, above and below was the thick wall of green leaves and the red cherries. They were useful, in case there were danger of starving when the siege by the redskins or wild beasts lasted long.

After I had grown old enough to be ashamed of my dolls, or of looking for wolves in the currant bushes, I used to carry my two or three books up to the tree-house. There were but two or three books then for children. No magazines, nor Kiplings, nor Stevensons, nor any of the army of cheery story-tellers who beset the young people to-day.

Only Bunyan and Miss Edgeworth and Sir Walter.

Still, when Apollyon roared in the celery pits below, and Mercy and Christiana sat under the locust-trees, and the tents and glittering legions of the crusaders stretched away to the hills, I don't know that any girl now in a proper mod-

ern house has better company than was mine up in Barbara's lodge.

One day I climbed up with a new book, the first cheap book by the way that I ever saw. It was in two volumes; the cover was of yellow paper and the name was "Moral Tales." The tales, for the most part, were thin and cheap as the paper; they commanded no enchanted company bad or good into the cherry-tree.

But among them were two or three unsigned stories which I read over so often that I almost know every line of them by heart now. One was a story told by a town-pump, and another the account of the rambles of a little girl like myself, and still another a description of a Sunday morning in a quiet town like our sleepy village. There was no talk of enchantment in them. But in these papers the commonplace folk and things which I saw every day took on a sudden mystery and charm, and for the first time I found that they, too, belonged to the magic world of knights and pilgrims and fiends.

The publisher of "Moral Tales," whoever he was, had probably stolen these anonymous papers from the annuals in which they had appeared. Nobody called him to account. Their author was then, as he tells us somewhere, the "obscurest man of letters in America."

Years afterward, when he was known as the greatest of living romancers, I opened his "Twice-Told Tales" and found there my old friends with a shock of delight as keen as if I had met one of my own kinsfolk in the streets of a foreign city. In the first heat of my discovery I wrote to Mr. Hawthorne and told him about Barbara's house and of what he had done for the child who used to hide there. The little story coming from the backwoods touched his fancy, I suppose, for I presently received a note from him saying that he was then at Washington, and was coming on to Harper's Ferry, where John Brown had died, and still farther to see the cherry-trees and—me.

Me.

Well, I suppose Esther felt a little in that way when the King's sceptre touched her.

I wish he had come to the old town. It would have seemed a different place forever after to many people. But we were in the midst of the Civil War and the western end of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was seized just then by the Confederates and he turned back.

A year later I saw him. It was during my first visit to New England, at the time when certain men and women were earning for Boston its claim to be called the modern Athens.

I wish I could summon these memorable ghosts before you as I saw them then and afterward. To the eyes of an observer, belonging to the commonplace world, they did not appear precisely as they do in the portraits drawn of them for posterity by their companions, the other Areopagites, who walked and talked with them apart—always apart from humanity.

That was the first peculiarity which struck an outsider in Emerson, Hawthorne, and the other members of the *Atlantic* coterie; that while they thought they were guiding the real world they stood quite outside of it, and never would see it as it was.

For instance, during the Civil War, they had much to say of it, and all used the same strained high note of exaltation. It was to them only the "shining track," as Lowell calls it, where

... heroes mustered in a gleaming row,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white shields of expectation.

These heroes were their bravest and their best, gone to die for the slave or for their country. They were "the army" to them.

I remember listening during one long summer morning to Louisa Alcott's father as he chanted pæans to the war, the "armed angel which was wakening the nation to a lofty life unknown before."

We were in the little parlor of the Wayside, Mr. Hawthorne's house in Concord. Mr. Alcott stood in front of the fireplace, his long gray hair streaming over his collar, his pale eyes turning quickly from one listener to another to hold them quiet, his

hands waving to keep time with the orotund sentences which had a stale, familiar ring as if often repeated before. Mr. Emerson stood listening, his head sunk on his breast, with profound submissive attention, but Hawthorne sat astride of a chair, his arms folded on the back, his chin dropped on them, and his laughing, sagacious eyes watching us, full of mockery.

I had just come up from a border State where I had seen the actual war; the filthy spewings of it; the political jobbery in Union and Confederate camps; the malignant personal hatreds wearing patriotic masks, and glutted by burning homes and outraged women; the chances in it, well improved on both sides, for brutish men to grow more brutish, and for honorable gentlemen to degenerate into thieves and sots. War may be an armed angel with a mission, but she has the personal habits of the slums. This would-be Seer who was talking of it, and the real Seer who listened, knew no more of war as it was than I had done in my cherry-tree when I dreamed of bannered legions of crusaders *debouching* in the misty fields.

Mr. Hawthorne at last gathered himself up lazily to his feet and said, quietly: "We cannot see that thing at so long a range. Let us go to dinner," and Mr. Alcott suddenly checked the droning flow of his prophecy and quickly led the way to the dining-room.

Early that morning when his lank, gray figure had first appeared at the gate, Mr. Hawthorne said: "Here comes the Sage of Concord. He is anxious to know what kind of human beings come up from the back hills in Virginia. Now I will tell you," his eyes gleaming with fun, "what he will talk to you about. Pears. Yes. You may begin at Plato or the day's news, and he will come around to pears. He is now convinced that a vegetable diet affects both the body and soul, and that pears exercise a more direct and ennobling influence on us than any other vegetable or fruit. Wait. You'll hear presently."

When we went in to dinner, therefore, I was surprised to see the Sage eat heartily of the fine sirloin of beef set before us. But with the dessert he began to advocate a vegetable diet and at last announced the spiritual influence of pears, to the great delight of his host, who laughed like a boy

and was humored like one by the gentle old man.

Whether Alcott, Emerson, and their disciples discussed pears or the war their views gave you the same sense of unreality, of having been taken, as Hawthorne said, at too long a range. You heard much sound philosophy and many sublime guesses at the Eternal Verities; in fact, never were the eternal verities so dissected and pawed over and turned inside out as they were about that time, in Boston, by Margaret Fuller and her successors. But the discussion left you with a vague, uneasy sense that something was lacking, some back-bone of fact. Their theories were like beautiful bubbles blown from a child's pipe, floating overhead, with queer reflections on them of sky and earth and human beings, all in a glow of fairy color and all a little distorted.

Mr. Alcott once showed me an arbor which he had built with great pains and skill for Mr. Emerson to "do his thinking in." It was made of unbarked saplings and boughs, a tiny round temple, two storied, with chambers in which were seats, a desk, etc., all very artistic and complete, except that he had forgotten to make any door. You could look at it and admire it, but nobody could go in or use it. It seemed to me a very fitting symbol for this guild of prophets and their scheme of life.

Mr. Alcott at that time was their oracle, appointed and held in authority by Emerson alone. His faith in the old man was so sincere and simple as to be almost painful to witness.

He once told me, "I asked Alcott the other day what he would do when he came to the gate, and St. Peter demanded his ticket. 'What have you to show to justify your right to live?' I said. 'Where is your book, your picture? You have done nothing in the world.' 'No,' he said, 'but somewhere on a hill up there will be Plato and Paul and Socrates talking, and they will say: 'Send Alcott over here, we want him with us.' And," said Emerson, gravely shaking his head, "he was right! Alcott was right."

Mr. Alcott was a tall, awkward, kindly old man, absolutely ignorant of the world, but with an obstinate faith in himself which would have befitted a pagan god.

Hearing that I was from Virginia he told me that he owed his education wholly to Virginian planters. He had travelled in his youth as a peddler through the State, and finding how eager he was to learn they would keep him for days in their houses, turning him loose in their libraries.

His own library was full of folios of his manuscripts. He had covered miles of paper with his inspirations, but when I knew him first no publisher had ever put a line of them into print. His house was bleak and bitter cold with poverty, his wife had always worked hard to feed him and his children. In any other town he would have been more respected if he had tried to put his poor carpentering skill to use to support them. But the homely virtues were not apparently in vogue in Concord.

During my first visit to Boston in 1862, I saw at an evening reception a tall, thin young woman standing alone in a corner. She was plainly dressed and had that watchful, defiant air with which the woman whose youth is slipping away is apt to face the world which has offered no place to her. Presently she came up to me.

"These people may say pleasant things to you," she said, abruptly; "but not one of them would have gone to Concord and back to see you as I did to-day. I went for this gown. It's the only decent one I have. I'm very poor," and in the next breath she contrived to tell me that she had once taken a place as "second girl." "My name," she added, "is Louisa Alcott."

Now, although we had never met, Louisa Alcott had shown me great kindness in the winter just past, sacrificing a whole day to a tedious work which was to give me pleasure at a time when every hour counted largely to her in her desperate struggle to keep her family from want. The little act was so considerate and fine that I am still grateful for it, now when I am an old woman, and Louisa Alcott has long been dead. It was as natural for her to do such things as for a pomegranate-tree to bear fruit.

Before I met her I had known many unmarried girls who were fighting with poverty and loneliness, wondering why God had sent them into a life where there was no room for them, but never one so

big and generous in soul as this one in her poor scant best gown (the "claret-colored merino" which she tells of with such triumph in her diary), and amid her grim surroundings. She had the gracious instincts of a queen. It was her delight to give, to feed living creatures, to make them happy in body and soul.

She would so welcome you in her home to a butterless baked potato and a glass of milk that you would never forget the delicious feast. Or if she had no potato or milk to offer she would take you through the woods to the river and tell you old legends of colony times and be so witty and kind in the doing of it, that the day would stand out in your memory ever after, differing from all other days, brimful of pleasure and comfort.

With this summer, however, the darkest hour of her life passed. A few months after I saw her she went as a nurse into the war and soon after wrote her *Hospital Sketches*. Then she found her work and place in the world.

Years afterward she came to the city where I was living and I hurried to meet her. The lean, eager, defiant girl was gone, and instead there came to greet me a large, portly, middle-aged woman, richly dressed. Everything about her, from her shrewd, calm eyes to the rustle of her satin gown told of assured success.

Yet I am sure fame and success counted for nothing with her except for the material aid which they enabled her to give to a few men and women whom she loved. She would have ground her bones to make their bread. Louisa Alcott wrote books which were true and fine, but she never imagined a life as noble as her own.

The altar for human sacrifices still stands and smokes in this Christian day of the world, and God apparently does not reject its offerings.

Of the group of famous people in Concord in 1862 Mr. Emerson was best known to the country at large. He was the typical Yankee in appearance. The tall, gaunt man with the watchful, patient face and slightly dazed eyes, his hands clasped behind his back, that came slowly down the shady village street toward the Wayside that summer day was Uncle Sam himself in ill-fitting brown clothes. I often have wondered that none of his biog-

raphers have noticed the likeness. Voice and look and manner were full of the most exquisite courtesy, yet I doubt whether he was conscious of his courtesy or meant to be deferential. Emerson, first of all, was a student of man, an explorer into the dim, obscure regions of human intelligence. He studied souls as a philologist does words or an entomologist beetles. He approached each man with bent head and eager eyes. "What new thing shall I find here?" they said.

I went to Concord, a young woman from the backwoods, firm in the belief that Emerson was the first of living men. He was the modern Moses who had talked with God apart and could interpret Him to us.

When I heard him coming into the parlor at the Wayside my body literally grew stiff and my tongue dry with awe. And in ten minutes I was telling him all that I had seen of the war, the words tumbling over each other, so convinced was I of his eagerness to hear. He was eager. If Edison had been there he would have been just as eager to wrench out of him the secret of electricity, or if it had been a freed slave he would have compelled him to show the scars on his back and lay bare his rejoicing, ignorant, half-animal soul, and an hour later he would have forgotten that Edison or the negro or I were in the world—having taken from each what he wanted.

Naturally Mr. Emerson valued the abnormal freaks among human souls most highly, just as the unclassable word or the mongrel beetle are dearest to the grammarian or the naturalist. The only man to whose authority he bowed was Alcott, the vague, would-be prophet, whose ravings he did not pretend to fathom. He apparently shared in the popular belief that eccentricity was a sign of genius.

He said to me suddenly once, "I wish Thoreau had not died before you came. He was an interesting study."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why? Thoreau?" He hesitated, thinking, going apparently to the bottom of the matter, and said, presently: "Henry often reminded me of an animal in human form. He had the eye of a bird, the scent of a dog, the most acute, delicate intelligence. But no soul. No,"

he repeated, shaking his head with decision, "Henry could not have had a human soul."

His own perception of character was an intuition. He felt a fine trait as he would a fine strain of music. Coming once to Philadelphia he said, almost as soon as he entered the house, "So Philip Randolph has gone! That man had the sweetest moral nature I ever knew. There never was a man so lacking in self-consciousness. The other day I saw in the *London Times* that 'the American, Randolph, one of the three greatest chess players in the world was dead.' I knew Philip intimately since he was a boy, and I never heard him mention the game. I did not even know that he played it. How fine that was!" he said, walking up and down the room. "How fine that was!"

Emerson himself was as little likely to parade his merits as Randolph, but not from any lack of self-appreciation. On the contrary, his interest in his Ego was so dominant that it probably never occurred to him to ask what others thought of him. He took from each man his drop of stored honey, and after that the man counted for no more to him than any other robbed bee. I do not think that even the worship which his disciples gave him interested him enough to either amuse or annoy him.

It was worship. No such homage has ever been paid to any American. His teaching influenced at once the trend of thought here and in England; the strongest men then living became promptly his disciples or his active antagonists.

But outside of this central circle of scholars and original thinkers there were vast outlying provinces of intelligence where he reigned absolutely as does the unseen Grand Llama over his adoring votaries. New England then swarmed with weak-brained, imitative folk who had studied books with more or less zeal and who knew nothing of actual life. They were suffering under the curse of an education which they could not use; they were the lean, underfed men and women of villages and farms who were trained enough to be lawyers and teachers in their communities, but who actually were cobblers, mill-hands, or tailoresses. They had revolted from Puritanism, not to enter any other live

church, but to fall into a dull disgust, a nausea with all religion. To them came this new prophet with his discovery of the God within themselves. They hailed it with acclamation. The new dialect of the Transcendentalist was easily learned. They talked it as correctly as the Chinaman does his pigeon English. Up to the old gray house among the pines in Concord they went—hordes of wild-eyed Harvard undergraduates and lean, underpaid working women, each with a disease of soul to be cured by the new Healer.

It is quite impossible to give to the present generation an idea of the devout faith of these people. Keen-witted and scholarly as some of them were, it was as absolute as that of the poor Irishman tramping over the bogs to cure his ailments by a drink of the water of a holy well.

Outside of these circles of disciples there was then throughout the country a certain vague pride in Emerson as an American prophet. We were in the first flush of our triumph in the beginnings of a national literature. We talked much of it. Irving, Prescott, and Longfellow had been English, we said, but these new men—Holmes and Lowell and Hawthorne were our own, the indigenous growth of the soil. In the West and South there was no definite idea as to what truth this Concord man had brought into the world. But in any case it was American truth and not English. Emerson's popularity, therefore, outside of New England was wide, but vague and impersonal.

It was very different with Dr. Holmes. Everybody who cared for books, whether in New York clubs, California ranches, or Pennsylvania farms, loved and laughed with "the little doctor," as he was fondly called. They discussed his queer ways and quoted his last jokes as if he had been the autocrat at their own breakfast-table that morning. His output of occasional verses was enormous and constant. The present generation, probably, regard most of them as paste jewels, but they shone for us, the purest of gems. He was literally the autocrat of the young men and women of his time. He opened the depths of their own hearts to them as nobody else had done, and they ran to him to pour out their secrets. Letters—hundreds in a day—rained down on him with

confidences, tragic, pathetic, and ridiculous, but all true. The little man was alive with magnetism ; it fired his feeblest verse, and drew many men and all women to him.

Physically, he was a very small man, holding himself stiffly erect—his face insignificant as his figure except for a long, obstinate upper lip (“left to me,” he said one day, “by some ill-conditioned great-grandmother”), and eyes full of a wonderful fire and sympathy. No one on whom Dr. Holmes had once looked with interest ever forgot the look—or him. He attracted all kinds of people as a brilliant, excitable child would attract them. But nobody, I suspect, ever succeeded in being familiar with him.

Americans at that time seldom talked of distinction of class or descent. You were only truly patriotic if you had a laborer for a grandfather and were glad of it. But the Autocrat was patrician enough to represent the descent of a Daimio, with two thousand years of ancestry behind him. He was the finest fruit of that Brahmin order of New England which he first had classified and christened. He had too keen an appreciation of genius not to recognize his own. He enjoyed his work as much as his most fervent admirers, and openly enjoyed, too, their applause. I remember one evening that he quoted one of his poems, and I was forced stupidly to acknowledge that I did not know it. He fairly jumped to the book-cases, took out the volume and read the verses, standing in the middle of the room, his voice trembling, his whole body thrilling with their meaning.

“There !” he cried at the end, his eyes flashing, “could anybody have said that better ? Ah-h !” with a long, indrawn breath of delight as he put the book back.

He had the fervor, the irritability, the tenderness of a woman, and her whimsical fancies, too. He was, unlike women, eager to help you out with your unreasonable whims. One day I happened to confess to a liking for old graveyards and the strange bits of human history to be found or guessed at in them. The result was that he became my cicerone the next day to Mount Auburn. It was an odd bit of luck to fall to a young woman from the hills that she should have the Auto-

crat, to whom the whole country was paying homage, all to herself for a whole summer morning. He took me to none of the costly monuments, nor graves of famous folk, but wandered here and there among the trees, his hands clasped behind him, stopping now and then at a green mound, while he told me curious fragments of the life which was ended below. He mentioned no names—they would have meant nothing to me if he had—but he wrested the secret meaning out of each life, pouncing on it, holding it up with a certain racy enjoyment in his own astuteness. It was a marvellous monologue, full of keen wit and delicate sympathy and acrid shrewdness. I must confess that I think he forgot the country and its homage and me that morning, and talked simply for his own pleasure in his own pathos and fun, just as a woman might take out her jewels when she was alone to hold up the glittering strings and take delight in their shining. Once I remember he halted by a magnificent shaft and read the bead roll of virtues of the man who lay beneath ; “A devoted husband, a tender father, a noble citizen—dying triumphant in the Christian faith.”

“Now this dead man,” he said, in a high, rasping tone, “was a prize fighter, a drunkard, and a thief. He beat his wife. But she puts up this stone. He had money !”

Then he hurried me across the slopes to an obscure corner where a grave was hidden by high, wild grasses. He knelt and parted the long branches. Under them was a little head-stone with the initials “M. H.,” and underneath the verse :

She lived unknown and
few could know
When Mary ceased to be,
But she is gone, and Oh !
The difference to me !

“Do you see this ?” he asked, in a whisper.

“Do you know who she was ?” I asked.

“No, I wouldn’t try to find out. I’d like to know, but I couldn’t uncover that grave. No, no ! I couldn’t do that.”

He put back the leaves reverently so as to hide the stone again and rose, and as he

turned away I saw that the tears stood in his eyes.

As we drove home he said : " I believe that I know every grave in the old villages within a radius of thirty miles from Boston. I search out the histories of these forgotten folk in records and traditions, and sometimes I find strange things—oh, very strange things ! When I have found out all about them they seem like my own friends, lying there forgotten. But I know them ! And every spring, as soon as the grass begins to come up, I go my rounds to visit them and see how my dead men do ! "

But with all his whims Dr. Holmes was no unpractical dreamer like his friends in Concord. He was far in advance of his time in certain shrewd, practical plans for the bettering of the conditions of American life.

One of his hobbies was a belief in a hobby as an escape-valve in the over-heated, over-driven career of a brain-worker.

The doctrine was almost new then. The pace of life was as yet tranquil and moderate compared to the present headlong American race. But the doctor foresaw what was coming—both the danger and its remedy.

His camera and violin were two of his own doors of escape from work and worry. Under his library-table, too, was a little box, furnished with a jig-saw, lathe, etc. It ran in and out on grooves, like a car on a railway. He showed it one day with triumph.

" I contrived that ! " he said ; " only my friends know about it. People think I am shut in here, hard at work, writing poetry or lectures. And I am making jim-cracks. But if any of the dunces make their way in, I give it a shove—so ! Away it goes under the table and I am discovered—Poet or Professor, in character—pen in hand ! " and he chuckled like a naughty boy over his successful trick.

Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, and George Ticknor, all chiefs of differing literary clans, formed a fraternity then in New England which never since has found its parallel in America.

There can be no doubt that their success as individuals or as a body in influencing American thought was largely due

to their friend and neighbor, James T. Fields, the shrewdest of publishers and kindest of men. He was the wire that conducted the lightning so that it never struck amiss.

Hawthorne was in this fraternity but not of it. He was an alien among these men, not of their kind. He belonged to no tribe. I am sure that wherever he went during his whole life, from the grassy streets of Salem to the docks of Liverpool, on Parisian boulevards or in the olive-groves of Bellosguardo, he was always a foreigner, different from his neighbors. He probably never knew that he was different. He knew and cared little about Nathaniel Hawthorne, nor indeed about the people around him. The man next door interested him no more than the man in Mozambique. He walked through life, talking and thinking to himself in a language which we do not understand.

It has happened to me to meet many of the men of my day, whom the world agreed to call great. I have found that most of these royalties seem to sink into ordinary citizens at close approach.

The poet who wrings the heart of the world or the foremost captain of his time you find driving a bargain or paring a potato, just as you would do. You are disappointed at every turn. You expect to see the divine light shining through their talk to the office-boy or the train-man, and you never catch a glimmer of it ; you are aggrieved because their coats and trousers have not something of the cut of kingly robes.

Hawthorne only, of them all, always stood aloof. Even in his own house he was like Banquo's ghost among the thanes at the banquet.

There is an old Cornish legend that a certain tribe of mountain spirits were once destroyed by the Trolls, all except one, who still wanders through the earth looking for his own people and never finding them. I never looked at Hawthorne without remembering the old story.

Personally he was a rather short, powerfully built man, gentle and low voiced, with a sly, elusive humor gleaming sometimes in his watchful gray eyes. The portrait with which we all are familiar—a curled barber-shop head—gives no idea of the singular melancholy charm of his face.

There was a mysterious power in it which I never have seen elsewhere in picture, statue, or human being.

Wayside, the home of the Hawthornes in Concord, was a comfortable little house on a shady, grassy road. To please his wife he had built an addition to it, a tower into which he could climb, looking out the world below, and underneath, a little parlor, in whose dainty new furnishings Mrs. Hawthorne took a womanish delight. Yet, somehow, gay Brussels rugs and gilded frames were not the background for the morbid, silent recluse.

Mrs. Hawthorne, however, made few such mistakes. She was a soft, affectionate, feminine little woman, with intuitions subtle enough to follow her husband into his darkest moods, but with, too, a cheerful, practical Yankee "capacity" with which to meet baker and butcher. Nobody could have been better fitted to stand between Hawthorne and the world. She did it effectively. When I was at Wayside, they had been living there for two years—ever since their return from Europe, and I was told that in that time he had never once been seen on the village street.

This habit of seclusion was a family trait. Hawthorne's mother had managed to live the life of a hermit in busy Salem, and her sister, meeting a disappointment in early life, had gone into her chamber, and for more than twenty years shut herself up from her kind, and dug into her own soul to find there what truth and life she could. During the years in which Nathaniel, then a young man, lived with these two women, he, too, chose to be alone, going out of the house only at night, and finding his food on a plate left at his locked door. Sometimes weeks passed during which the three inmates of the little gray wooden house never saw each other's faces.

Hawthorne was the product of generations of solitude and silence. No wonder that he had the second sight and was naturalized into the world of ghosts and could interpret for us their speech.

America may have great poets and novelists, but she never will have but one necromancer.

The natural feeling among healthy, commonplace people toward the solitary man

was a tender sympathy such as they would give to a sick child. "Nathaniel," an old blacksmith in Salem once said to me, "was queer even as a boy. He certainly was queer. But you humored him. You *wanted* to humor him."

One person, however, had no mind to humor him. This was Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mrs. Hawthorne's sister. She was the mother of the kindergarten in this country, and gave to its cause, which seemed to her first in importance, a long and patient life of noble self-sacrifice. She was a woman of wide research and a really fine intelligence, but she had the discretion of a six-year-old child. She loved to tell the details of Hawthorne's courtship of her sister, and of how she herself had unearthed him from the tomb of the little gray house in Salem, and "brought him into Sophia's presence." She still regarded him as a demi-god, but a demi-god who required to be fed, tutored, and kept in order. It was her mission, she felt, to bring him out from solitudes where he walked apart, to the broad ways of common-sense.

I happened to be present at her grand and last *coup* to this end.

One evening I was with Mrs. Hawthorne in the little parlor when the children brought in their father. The windows were open, and we sat in the warm twilight quietly talking or silent as we chose. Suddenly Miss Peabody appeared in the doorway. She was a short, stout little woman, with her white stockinged feet thrust into slippers, her hoop skirt swaying from side to side, and her gray hair flying to the winds.

She lighted the lamp, went out and brought in more lamps, and then sat down and waited with an air of stern resolution.

Presently Mr. Emerson and his daughter appeared, then Louisa Alcott and her father, then two gray old clergymen who were formally presented to Mr. Hawthorne, who now looked about him with terrified dismay. We saw other figures approaching in the road outside.

"What does this mean, Elizabeth?" Mrs. Hawthorne asked.

"I did it. I went around and asked a few people in to meet our friend here. I ordered some cake and lemonade, too."

Her blue eyes glittered with triumph as

Mrs. Hawthorne turned away. "They've been here two years," she whispered, "and nobody has met Mr. Hawthorne. People talk. It's ridiculous! There's no reason why Sophia should not go into society. So I just made an excuse of your visit to bring them in."

Miss Elizabeth has been for many years among the sages and saints on the heavenly hills, but I have not yet quite forgiven her the misery of that moment.

The little room was quite full when there rustled in a woman who came straight to Mr. Hawthorne, as a vulture to its prey. I never heard her name, but I knew her at sight as the intellectual woman of the village, the Intelligent Questioner who crows you into idiocy by her fluent cleverness.

"So delighted to meet you *at last!*" she said, seating herself beside him. "I have always admired your books, Mr. Hawthorne. I was one of the very first to recognize your power. And now I want you to tell me about your methods of work. I want to hear all about it."

But at that moment his wife came up and said that he was wanted outside, and he escaped. A few moments later I heard his steps on the floor overhead, and knew that he was safe in the tower for the night.

He did not hold me guilty in the matter, for the next morning he joined his wife and me in a walk through the fields. We went to the old manse where they had lived when they were first married, and then wandered on to the wooded slopes of the Sleepy Hollow Valley in which the Concord people had begun to lay away their dead.

It was a cool morning with soft mists rolling up the hills, and flashes between of sudden sunlight. The air was full of pungent woody smells, and the undergrowth

blushed pink with blossoms. There was no look of a cemetery about the place. Here and there, in a shady nook, was a green hillock like a bed, as if some tired traveller had chosen a quiet place for himself and laid down to sleep.

Mr. Hawthorne sat down in the deep grass and then, clasping his hands about his knees, looked up laughing.

"Yes," he said, "we New Englanders begin to enjoy ourselves — when we are dead."

As we walked back the mists gathered and the day darkened overhead. Hawthorne, who had been joking like a boy, grew suddenly silent, and before we reached home the cloud had settled down again upon him, and his steps lagged heavily.

Even the faithful woman who kept always close to his side with her laughing words and anxious eyes did not know that day how fast the last shadows were closing in upon him.

In a few months he was lying under the deep grass, at rest, near the very spot where he sat and laughed, looking up at us.

I left Concord that evening and never saw him again. He said good-by, hesitated shyly, and then, holding out his hand, said:

"I am sorry you are going away. It seems as if we had known you always."

The words were nothing. I suppose he forgot them and me as soon as he turned into the house. And yet, because perhaps of the child in the cherry-tree, and the touch which the Enchanter laid upon her, I never have forgotten them. They seemed to take me, too, for one moment, into his enchanted country.

Et in Arcadia, ego.

Of the many pleasant things which have come into my life, this was one of the pleasantest and best.

THE CROSS STREETS OF NEW YORK

By Jesse Lynch Williams



CITY should be laid out like a golf links ; except for an occasional compromise in the interest of art or expediency it should be allowed to follow the natural topography of the country.

But this is not the way the matter was regarded by the commission appointed in 1807 to lay out the rural regions beyond New York, which by that time had grown up to the street now called Houston, and then called North Street, probably because it seemed so far north—though, to be sure, there were scattered hamlets and villages, with remembered and forgotten names, here and there, all the way up to the historic town of Haarlem. The Commissioners saw fit to mark off straight street after shameless straight street with the uncompromising regularity of a huge football field, and gave them numbers like the white five-yard lines, instead of names. They paid little heed to the original arrangements of nature, which had done very well by the island, and still less to man's previous provisions, spontaneously made along the lines of least resistance—except, notably, in the case of Greenwich, which still remains whimsically individual and village-like despite the attempt to swallow it whole by the “new” city system.

This plan, calling for endless grading and levelling, remains to this day the official city chart as now lived down to in the perpendicular gorges cut through the hills of solid rock seen on approaching Manhattan Field ; but the Commissioners' marks have not invariably been followed, or New York would have still fewer of its restful green spots to gladden the eye, nor even Central Park, indeed, for that space also is checkered in their chart with streets and avenues as thickly as in the crowded regions above and below it.

However, anyone can criticise creative work, whether it be the plan of a play or a city, but it is difficult to create. Not many of us to-day who complacently patronize the honorable commissioners would

have made a better job of it if we had lived at that time—and had been consulted. For at that time, we must bear in mind, even more important foreign luxuries than golf were not highly regarded in America, and America had quite recently thrown off a foreign power. That in itself explains the matter. Our country was at the extreme of its reaction from monarchical ideals, and democratic simplicity was running into the ground. In our straining to be rid of all artificiality we were ousting art and beauty too. It was so in most parts of our awkward young nation ; but especially did the materialistic tendency of this dreary disagreeable period manifest itself here in commercial New York, where Knickerbocker families were lopping the “Vans” off their names—to the amusement of contemporaneous aristocracy in older, more conservative sections of the country, and in some cases to the sincere regret of their present-day descendants.

Now the present-day descendants have, in a few instances, restored the original spelling on their visiting cards ; in other cases they have consoled themselves with hyphens, and most of them, it is safe to say, are bravely recovering from the tendency to over-simplicity. But the present-day city corporation of Greater New York could not, if they so desired, put a Richmond Hill back where it formerly stood, southwest of Washington Square and skirted by Minetta River—any more than it can bring to life Aaron Burr and the other historical personages who at various times occupied the hospitable villa that stood on the top of it and is now also gone to dust. They cannot restore the Collect Pond, which was filled up at such great expense, and covered by the Tombs prison and which, it is held by those who ought to know, would have made an admirable centre of a fine park much needed in that section, as the city has since learned. They cannot re-establish Love Lane, which used to lead from the popular Bloom-

ingdale road (Broadway), nearly through the site of this magazine's office westward to Chelsea village.

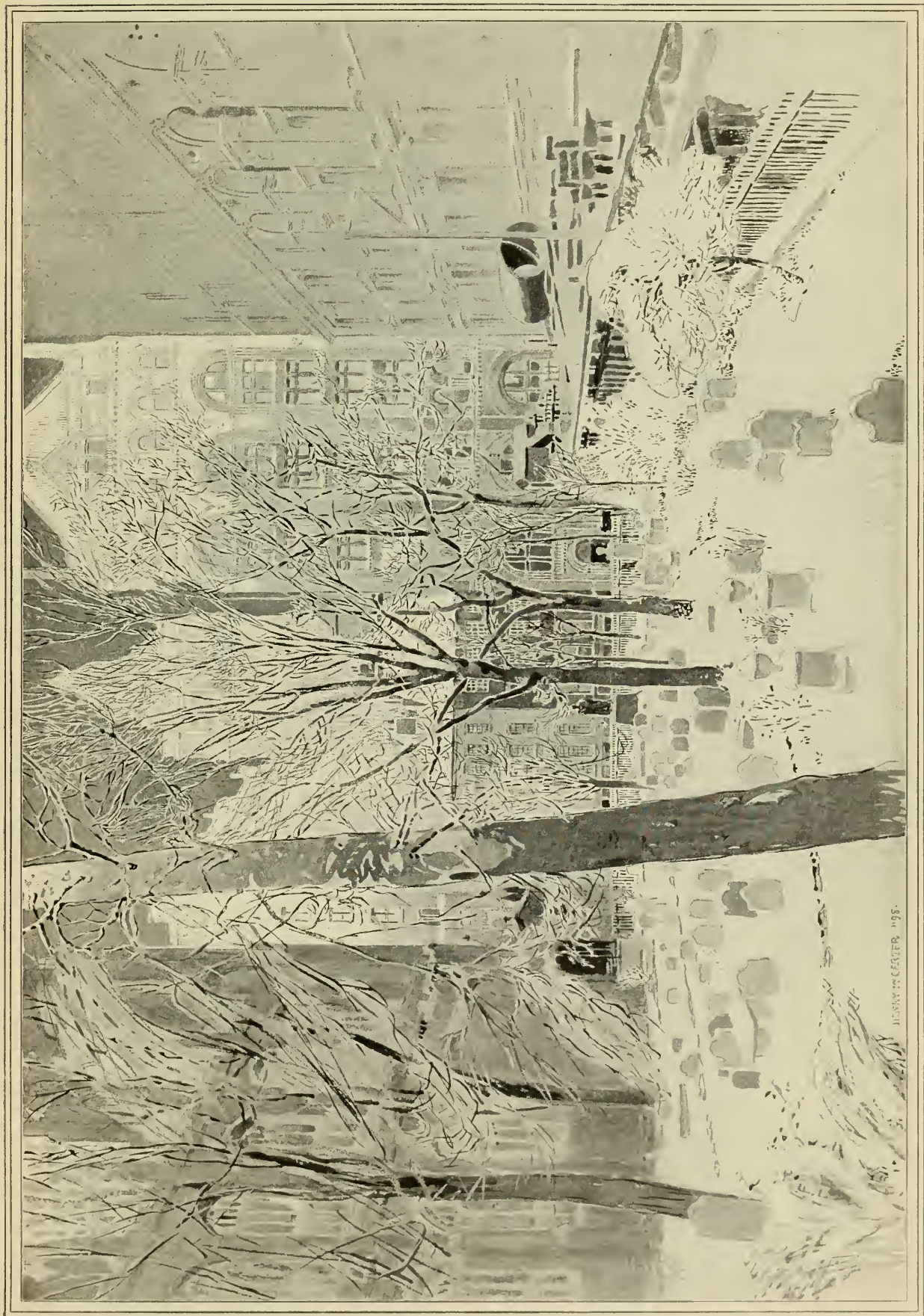
They wanted to be very practical, those commissioners of 1807. They prided themselves upon it. Naturally they did not fancy eccentricities of landscape and could not tolerate sentimental names. "Love Lane? What nonsense," said these extremely dignified and perhaps humorless officials; "this is to be Twenty-first Street." They wanted to be very practical, and so it seems the greater pity that with several years of dignified deliberation they were so unpractical as to make that notorious mistake of providing posterity with such a paucity of thoroughfares in the directions in which most of the traffic was bound to flow—that is, up and down, as practical men might have foreseen, and of running thick ranks of straight streets, as numerous as possible, across the narrow island from river to river, where but few were needed; thus causing the north and south thoroughfares, which they had dubbed avenues, to be swamped with heterogeneous traffic, complicating the problem for later-day rapid transit, giving future generations another cause for criticism, and furnishing a set of cross streets the like of which cannot be found in any other city of the world.

I

THESE are the streets which visitors to New York always remark; the characteristic cross streets of the typical up-town region of long regular rows of rectangular residences that look so much alike, with steep similar steps leading up to sombre similar doors and a doctor's sign in every other window. Bleak, barren, echoing streets where during the long, monotonous mornings "rags-an-bot'l" are called for, and bananas and strawberries are sold from wagons by aid of resonant voices, and nothing else is heard except at long intervals the welcome postman's whistle or the occasional slamming of a carriage door. Meantime the sun gets around to the north side of the street, and the airing of babies and fox-terriers goes on, while down at the corner one elevated train after another approaches,

roars, and rumbles away in the distance all day long until at last the men begin coming home from business. These are the ordinary unromantic streets on which live so few New Yorkers in fiction (it is so easy to put them on the avenue or Gramercy Park or Washington Square) but on which most of them seem to live in real life. A slice of all New York with all its layers of society and all its mixed interests may be seen in a walk along one of these typical streets which stretch across the island as straight and stiff as iron grooves and waste not an inch in their progress from one river, out into which they have gradually encroached, to the other river into which also they extend. It is a short walk, the island is so narrow.

Away over on the ragged eastern edge of the city it starts, out of a ferry-house or else upon the abrupt water-front with river waves slapping against the solid bulwark. Here are open, free sky, wide horizon, the smell of the water, or else of the neighboring gas-house, brisk breezes and sea-gulls flapping lazily. The street's progress begins between an open lot where rival young East Side gangs meet to fight, on one side, and, on the other, a great roomy lumber yard, with a very small brick building for an office. A dingy saloon, of course, stands on the corner of the first so-called avenue. Away over here the avenues have letters instead of numbers for names. Across the way—and it is easily crossed, for on some of these remote thoroughfares the traffic is so scarce that occasional blades of grass come up between the cobble-stones—is a weather-boarded and weather-beaten old house of staid mien, whose curtainless gable windows stare and stare out toward the river, thinking of other days. . . . Some warehouses and a factory or two are usually along here, with buzz-saws snarling; then another lettered avenue or two and the first of the elevated railroads roars overhead. This is now several blocks nearer the splendor of Fifth Avenue, but the neighborhood does not look it, for here is the thick of the tenement district, with dingy fire-escapes above, and below in the street, bumping against everyone, thousands of city children, each of them with a pair of lungs. The traffic is more



HENRY McCARTER, 1895.

Drawn by Henry McCarter.

Across Trinity Church-yard, from the West.

crowded now, the street darker, the air not so good. Above are numerous windows showing the subdivisions where many families live—very comfortably and happily in numerous cases; you could not induce them to move into the sunshine and open of the country. Here, on the ground floor of the flat, is a grocery with sickening fruit out in front; on one side of it a doctor's sign, on the other an undertaker's. The window shows a three-foot coffin lined with soiled white satin, much admired by the wise-eyed little girls.

Avenue; and it seems miles away from the tenements, sparkling, gay, happy or pretending to be, with streams of carefully dressed people flowing in both directions; New York's wonderful women, New York's well-built, tight-collared young men; shining carriages with good-looking horses and well-kept harness, mixed with big, dirty trucks whose drivers seem unconscious of the incongruity, but quite well aware of their own superior bumping ability. Dodging in and out miraculously are a few bicycles. . . . And now



Down near the eastern end of the street.

As each of these succeeding avenues is crossed with its rush and roar of up-town and down-town traffic, the neighborhood is said to be more "respectable," meaning more expensive; more of the women on the sidewalks wear hats and paint, and there are fewer children without shoes; private houses are becoming more frequent; babies less frequent; there is more pretence and less spontaneity. The flats are now apartments; they have ornate hideous entrances, which add only to the rent. . . . So on until here is Madison Avenue and a whole block of private houses, varied only by an occasional stable, pleasant, clean-looking little stables, preferable architecturally to the houses in some cases. And here at last is Fifth

when the other side of the avenue is reached the rest is an anti-climax. Here is the tradespeople's entrance to the great impressive house on the corner, so near that other entrance on the avenue, but so far that it will never be reached by that white-aproned butcher boy's family—in this generation at least. Beyond the conservatory is a bit of back yard, a pathetic little New York yard, but very green and cheerful, bounded at the rear by a high peremptory wall which seems to keep the ambitious brown stone next door from elbowing its way up toward the avenue.

These next houses, however, are quite fine and impressive, too, and they are not so alike as they seem at first; in fact, it is quite remarkable how much individuality



Drawn by Henry McCarter.

An Evening View of St. Paul's Church.

architects have learned of late years to put into the eighteen or twenty feet they have to deal with. The monotony is varied occasionally with an English basement house or a tall wrought iron gateway, and a hood over the entrance. Here is a white colonial doorway with sidelights. The son of the house studied art, perhaps, and persuaded his father to make this kind of improvement, though the old gentleman was inclined to copy the rococo style of the railroad president opposite. . . . Half-way down the block, unless a wedding or a tea is taking place, the street is as quiet as Wall Street on a Sunday. In the rear can be seen the streams flowing up and down Fifth Avenue.

By the time Sixth Avenue is crossed brick frequently come into use in place of brown stone and there are not only doctor's signs now, but "Robes et Manteaux" are announced, or sometimes, as on that ugly iron balcony, merely Madame somebody. By this time also there have already appeared on some of the newel-posts by the door-bell, "Boarders," or "Furnished Rooms"—modestly written on a mere slip of paper, as though it had been deemed unnecessary to shout the words out for the neighborhood to hear. In there, back of the lace curtains, yellow, though not with age, is the parlor—the boarding-house parlor—with tidies which always come off and small gilt chairs which



Under the Approach to Brooklyn Bridge.



Chinatown.

generally break, and wax wreaths under glass, like cheeses under fly-screens in country groceries. In the place of honor hangs the crayon portrait of the dear deceased, in an ornate frame. But most of the boarders never go there, except to pay their bills; down in the basement dining-room is where they congregate, you can see them now through the grated window, at the tables. Here, on the corner, is the little tailor shop or laundry, which is usually found in the low building back of that facing the avenue, which latter is always a saloon unless it is a drug-store; on the opposite corner is still another saloon—rivals very likely, in the Tammany district as well as in business, with a policy-shop or a pool-room on the floor above, as all the neighbors know, though the local good government club cannot stop it. Here is the “family entrance” which no family ever enters.

Then come more apartments and more private residences, not invariably *passé*, more boarding-houses, many, many, boarding-houses, theatrical boarding-houses, students' boarding-houses, foreign boarding-houses; more small business places, and so on across various mongrel avenues un-

til here is the region of warehouses and piano factories and finally even railway tracks with large astonishing trains of cars. Cross these tracks and you are beyond the city, in the suburbs, as much as the lateral edges of this city can have suburbs; yet this is only the distance of a long golf hole from residences and urbanity. Here are stock yards with squealing pigs, awful smells, deep, black mire, and then a long dock reaching far out into the Hudson, with lazy river-barges flopping along-side it and dock-rats fishing off the end—a hot, hateful walk if ever your business or pleasure calls you out there of a summer afternoon. There the typical uptown cross street ends its dreary existence.

II

DOWN-TOWN it is so different.

Down-town—“way down-town,” in the vernacular—in latitude far south of homes and peace and contemplation, where everything is business and dollars and hardness, and the streets might well be economically straight, and rigorously business-like, they are incongruously crooked,

running hither and thither in a dreamy, unpractical manner, beginning where they please and ending where it suits them best, in a narrow, Old-World way, despite their astonishing, New - World architecture. Numbers would do well enough for names down here, but instead of concise and business-like street signs, the lamp-posts show quaint, incongruous names, sentimental names, poetic names sometimes, because these streets were born and not made.

They were born of the needs or whims of the early population, including cows, long before the little western city became

where New York girls used to stroll (and in still more primitive times used to do the washing) along-side the stream which gave the street its present winding shape and low grading, is still called Maiden Lane, though probably the only strollers in the modern jostling crowd along this street, now the heart of the diamond district, are the special detectives who have a personal acquaintance with every distinguished jewellery crook in the country, and guard "the Lane," as they call it, so carefully that not in fifteen years has a member of the profession crossed the "dead line"

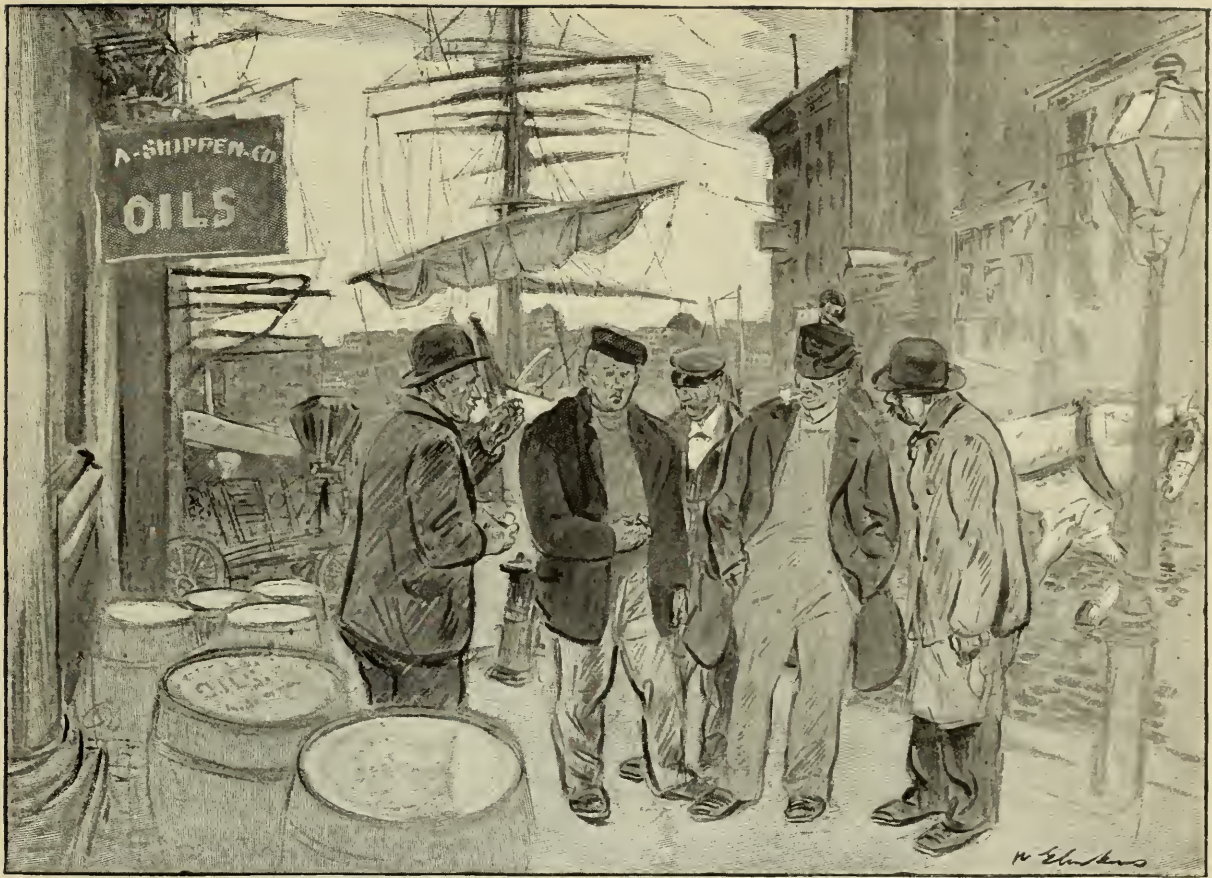


It still remains whimsically individual and village-like.—Page 571.

self-conscious about its incipient greatness and ordered a ready made plan for its future growth. It was too late for the painstaking commissioners down here. One little settlement of houses had gradually reached out toward another, each with its own line of streets or paths, until finally they all grew together solidly into a city, not caring whether they dovetailed or not, and one or the other or both of the old road names stuck fast. The Beaver's Path, leading from the Parade (which afterward became the Bowling Green) over to the swampy inlet which by drainage became the sheep pasture and later was named Broad Street, is still called Beaver Street to this day. The Maiden Lane

successfully. There is Bridge Street, which no longer has any stream to bridge; Dock Street, where there is no dock; Water Street, once upon the river-front but now separated from the water by several blocks and much enormously valuable real estate; and Wall Street which now seems to lack the wooden wall built by Governor Stuyvesant to keep New Englanders out of town.

Nowadays they seem such narrow, crowded little run-ways, these down-town cross streets; so crowded that men and horses share the middle of them together; so narrow that from the windy tops of the irregular white cliffs which line them you must lean far over in order to see



The sights and smells of the water-front are here too.—Page 580.

the busy little men at the dry asphalt bottom, far below, rapidly crawling hither and thither like excitable ants whose hill has been disturbed. And in modern times they seem dark and gloomy, near the bottom, even in the clear, smokeless air of Manhattan, so that lights are turned on sometimes at midday, for at best the sun gets into these valleys for only a few minutes, so high have the tall buildings grown. But they were not narrow in those old days of the Dutch ; seemed quite the right width, no doubt to gossip across, from one Dutch stoop to another, at close of day, with the after-supper pipe when the chickens and children had gone to sleep and there was nothing to interrupt the peaceful, puffing conversation except the lazy clattering bell of an occasional cow coming home late for milking. Nor were they gloomy in those days, for the sun found its way unobstructed for hours at a time, when they were lined with small low-storied houses which the family occupied upstairs, with business below. Everyone went home for luncheon in those days—a pleasant, simple system adhered to in this city, it is said, until comparatively recent

times by more than one family whose present representatives require for their happiness two or three homes in various other parts of the world in addition to their town house. This latter does not contain a shop on the ground floor. It is situated far up the island, at some point beyond the marsh where their forebears went duck-shooting (now Washington Square), or in some cases even beyond the site of the second kissing bridge, over which the Boston Post road crossed the small stream where Seventy-seventh Street now runs.

Now, being such a narrow island, none of its cross streets can be very long, as was pointed out, even at the city's greatest breadth. The highest cross-street number I ever found was 742 East Twelfth. But these down-town cross streets are much shorter, even those that succeed in getting all the way across without stopping ; they are so abruptly short that each little street has to change in the greatest possible hurry from block to block, like vaudeville performers, in order to show all the features of a self-respecting cross street in the business section. Hence the sudden contrasts. For instance, down at one end of a certain

well-known business street may be seen some low houses of sturdy red brick, beginning to look antique now with their solid walls and visible roofs. They line an open, sunny spot, with the smell of spices and coffee in the air. A market was situated here over a hundred years ago, and this broad, open space still has the atmosphere

ings, rapid elevators, messengers dashing in and out, tickers busy, and all the hum and suppressed excitement of the Wall Street the world knows, as different and as suddenly different as the change that is felt in the very air upon stepping across through the noise and shabby rush of lower Sixth Avenue into the enchanted peace of



A Fourteenth Street Tree.

of a market place. The sights and smells of the water-front are here, too, ships and stevedores unloading them, sailors lounging before dingy drinking-places, and across the cobble-stones is a ferry-house, with "truck" wagons on the way back to Long Island waiting for the gates to open, the unmistakable country mud, so different from city mire, still sticking in cakes to the spokes, notwithstanding the night spent in town. Nothing worth remarking, perhaps, in all this, but that the name of the street is Wall Street, and all this seems so different from the Wall Street of a stone's throw inland, with crowded walks, dapper business men, creased trousers, tall, steel build-

Greenwich village, with sparrows chirping in the wistaria vines that cover old-fashioned balconies on streets slanting at unexpected angles.

The typical part of these down-town cross streets is, of course, that latter part, the section more or less near Broadway, and crowded to suffocation with great businesses in great buildings, commonly known as hideous American sky-scrapers. This is the real down-town to most of the men who are down there, and who are too busy thinking about what these streets mean to each of them to-day to bother much with what the streets were in the past, or even to notice how the modern



Drawn by Corwin Knapp Linson.

Such as broad Twenty-third Street with its famous shops.—Page 586.

tangle of spars and rigging looks as seen down at the end of the street from the office window.

Of course, all these men in the tall buildings, whether possessed of creative genius or of intelligence enough only to run one of the elevators, are alike philistines to those persons who find nothing romantic or interesting in our modern, much maligned skyscrapers, which have also been called "monuments of modern materialism," and even worse names, no doubt, because they are unprecedented and unacademic, probably, as much as because ugly and unrestrained. To many of us, however, shameless as it may be to confess it, these downtown streets are fascinating enough for what they are to-day, even if they had no past to make them all the more charming; and these erect, jubilant young buildings, whether beautiful or not, seem quite interesting—from

their bright tops, where, far above the turmoil and confusion, Mrs. Janitor sits sewing in the sun while the children play hide and seek behind water-butts and air-shafts (there is no danger of falling off, it is a relief to know, because the roof is walled in like a garden) down to the dark bottom where are the safe deposit vaults, and the trusty old watchmen and the oblong boxes with great fortunes in them, along-side of wills that may cause family fights a few years later, and add to the affluence of certain lawyers in the offices overhead. Deep down, thirty or forty feet under the crowded sidewalk, the stokers shovel coal under big boilers

all day, and electricians do interesting tricks with switch-boards, somewhat as in the hold of a modern battle-ship. In the many tiers of floors overhead are the men with the minds that make these high buildings necessary and make down-town what it is, with their dreams and schemes, their courage and imagination, their trust and

distrust in the knowledge and ignorance of other human beings, which are the means by which they bring about great successes and great failures, and have all the fun of playing a game, with the peace of conscience and self-satisfaction which come from hard work and manly sweat.

Here during daylight, or part of it, they are moving about, far up on high or down near the teeming surface, in and out of the numerous subdivisions termed offices, until finally they call the game for the day, go down in the express elevator, out

upon the narrow little streets, and turn north toward the upper part of the island. And each, like a homing pigeon, finds his own division or subdivision in a long, solid block of divisions called homes, in the part of town where run the many rows of even, similar streets.

III

THESE two views across two parts of New York, the two most typical parts, deal chiefly with what a stranger might see and feel, who came and looked and departed. Very little has been said to



Across Twenty-fourth Street—Madison Square and the Dewey Arch.



Drawn by Jules Guérin.

A Cross Street at Madison Square.

show what the cross-streets mean to those who are in the town and of it, who know the town and like it—either because their “father’s father’s father” did, or else because their work or fate has cast them upon this island and kept them there until it no longer seems a desert island. The latter class, indeed, when once they have learned to love the town of their adoption, frequently become its warmest enthusiasts, even though they may have held at one time that city contentedness could not be had without the symmetry, softness, and repose of older civilizations, or even that true happiness was impossible when walled in by stone and steel from the sight and smell of green fields and running brooks.

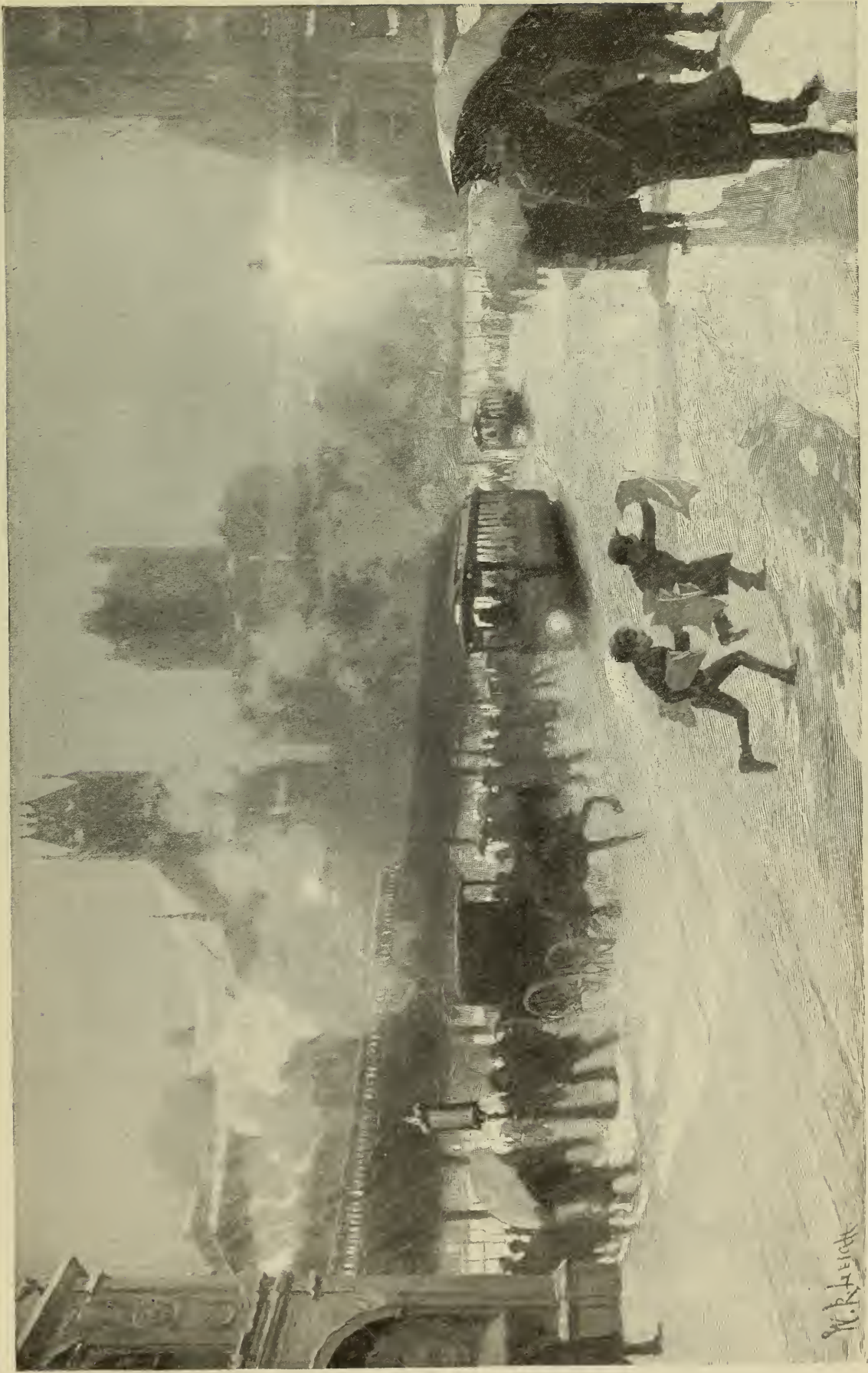
He who loves New York loves its streets for what they have been and are to him, not for what they may seem to those who do not use them. They who know the town best become as homesick when away from it for the straightness of the well-kept streets uptown as for the crookedness and quaintness of the noisy thoroughfares below. The straightness, they point out complacently, is very convenient for getting about, just as the numbering system makes it easy for strangers. On the walk up-town they enjoy looking down upon the expected unexpectedness of the odd little cross streets, which twist and turn or end suddenly in blank walls, or are crossed by passageways in mid-air, like the Bridge of Sighs, down Franklin Street, from the Criminal Court-house to the Tombs. But farther along in their walk they are just as fond of looking down the perspective of the straight side streets from the central spine of Fifth Avenue past block after block of New York homes, away down beyond the almost-converging rows of even lamp-posts to the Hudson and the purple Palisades of Jersey, with the glorious gleam and glow of the sunset; while the energetic “L” trains scurry past one after another, trailing beautiful swirls of steam and carrying other New Yorkers to other homes. None of this could be enjoyed if the cross streets tied knots in themselves like those in London and some American cities. Even outsiders appreciate these characteristic New York vistas; and nearly every poet who comes to town discovers its symbolic incongruity afresh and sings it to those who

have enjoyed it before he was born, just as most young writers of prose feel called upon to turn their attention the other way and unearth the great East Side of New York.

There is no such thing as a typical cross street to New Yorkers. Individually, each thoroughfare departs as widely from the type as the men who walk along them differ from the figure known in certain parts of this country as the typical New Yorker. In New York there is no typical New Yorker. These so-called similar streets that look so much alike to a visitor driving up Fifth Avenue, end so very differently. Some of them, for instance, after beginning their decline toward the river and oblivion, are redeemed to respectability, not to say exclusiveness, again, like some of the streets in the small Twentieths running out into what was formerly the village of Chelsea; and those who know New York—even when standing where the Twentieth streets are tainted with Sixth Avenue—are cognizant of this fact, just as they are of the peace and green campus and academic architecture of the Episcopal Theological Seminary away over there, and of the thirty-foot lawns of London Terrace, far down along West Twenty-third Street.

There are other residence streets which do not decline at all, but are solidly impressive and expensive all the way over to the river, like those from Central Park to Riverside Drive. And your old New Yorker does not feel depressed by their conventional similarity, their lack of individuality; he likes to think that these streets and houses no longer seem so unbearably new as they were only a short time ago, but in some cases are at last acquiring the atmosphere of home and getting rid of the odor of a real estate project. Then, of course, so many cross streets would refuse to be classed as typical because they run through squares or parks, or into reservoirs or other streets, or jump over railroad tracks by means of viaducts, burrow under avenues by means of tunnels, or end abruptly at the top of a hill on a high embankment of interesting masonry, as at the eastern terminus of Forty-first Street—a spot which never feels like New York at all to me.

Some notice should be taken also of



W. R. H. E. I. C. H.

Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

Herald Square.



As it Looks on a Wet Night—The Circle, Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue.

those all-important up-town cross streets where business had eaten out residence in streaks, as moths devour clothes, such as broad Twenty-third Street with its famous shops, and narrow Twenty-eighth Street, with its numerous cheap *table d'hôtes*, each of which is the best in town; and 125th Street, which is a Harlem combination of both. These are the streets by which surface-car passengers are transferred all over the city. These are the streets upon which those who have grown up with New York, if they have paid attention to its growth as well as their own, delight to meditate. Even comparatively young old New Yorkers can say "I remember when" of memorable evenings in the old Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street off Union Square, and of the days when Delmonico's had got as far up-town as Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue.

Furthermore, it could easily be shown that for those who love old New York there is plenty of local historical association along these same straight, unromantic-looking cross streets—for those who know how to find it. For that matter one might go still farther and hold that there would not be so much antiquarian delight in New York if these streets were not new and straight and non-committal looking. If, for instance, the old Union Road, which was the round-about, wet-weather route to Greenwich village, had not been cut up and mangled by a merciless city plan there wouldn't be the fun of tracing it by projecting corners and odd angles of houses along West Twelfth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. It would be merely an open, ordinary street, concealing nothing, and no more exciting to follow than Pearl Street down-town—and not half so

crooked or historical as Pearl Street. There would not be that odd, pocket-like court-way called Mulligan "Place," with a dimly lighted entrance leading off Sixth Avenue between Tenth and Eleventh Streets. Nor would there be that still more interesting triangular remnant of an old Jewish burying-ground over the way, behind the old Grapevine Tavern. For either the whole cemetery would have been allowed to remain on Union Road (or Street) which is not likely, or else they would have removed all the graves and covered the entire site with buildings, as was the case with a dozen other burying-grounds here and there. If the Commissioners had not had their way we could not have all those inner rows of houses to explore, like the "Weaver's Row," once near the Great Kiln Road, but now buried behind a Sixth Avenue store between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets, and entered, if entered at all, by way of a dark, ill-smelling alley. Nor would the negro quarter, a little farther up-town, have its inner rows which seem so appropriate for negro quarters, especially the white-washed courts opening off Thirtieth Street, where may be found, in these secluded spots, trees and seats under them, with old, turbanned grannies smoking pipes and looking much more like Richmond darkies than those one expects to see two blocks from Daly's Theatre. Colonel Carter of Cartersville could not

have found such an interesting New York residence if the Commissioners had not had their way, nor could he have entered it by a tunnel-like passage under the house opposite the Tenth Street studios. Even Greenwich would not be quite so entertaining without those permanent marks of the conflict between village and city which resulted in separating West Eleventh Street so far from Tenth, and in twisting Fourth Street around farther and farther until it finally ends in despair at Thirteenth Street. If the Commissioners had not had their way we should have had no "Down Love Lane" written by Mr. Janvier.

Looked at from the point of view of use and knowledge, every street, like every person, gains a distinct personality, some being merely more strongly distinguished than others. And just as every human being, whatever his name or his looks may be, continues to win more or less sympathy the more you know of him and his history and his ambitions, so with these streets, and their checkered careers, their sudden changes from decade to decade—or in still less time, in our American cities—their transformation from farm land to suburban road, and then to fashionable city street, and then to small business and then to great businesses. That, after all, is the stuff of which abiding city charm is made, not of plans and architecture.



Where Some Up-town Streets End.



Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

He heard their seductive voices. They danced around him in numbers.—Page 592.

TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE LITTLE GODS RETURN WITH A LADY



GRIZEL'S clear, searching eyes, that were always asking for the truth, came back to her, and I seem to see them on me now, watching lest I shirk the end.

Thus I can make no pretence (to please you) that it was a new Tommy at last ; we have seen how he gave his life to her during those eighteen months, but he could not make himself anew. They say we can do it, so I suppose he did not try hard enough. But God knows how hard he tried.

He went on trying. In those first days she sometimes asked him, "Did you do it out of love or was it pity only?" And he always said it was love. He said it adoringly. He told her all that love meant to him, and it meant everything that he thought Grizel would like it to mean. When she ceased to ask this question he thought it was because he had convinced her.

They had a honeymoon by the sea. He insisted upon it with boyish eagerness, and as they walked on the links or sat in their room he would exclaim, ecstatically, "How happy I am ! I wonder if there were ever two people quite so happy as you and I !"

And if he waited for an answer, as he usually did, she might smile lightly and say, "Few people have gone through so much."

"Is there any woman in the world, Grizel, with whom you would change places?"

"No, none," she said, at once, and when he was sure of it, but never until he was sure, he would give his mind a little holiday, and then perhaps those candid eyes would rest searchingly upon him, but

always with a brave smile ready should he chance to look up.

And it was just the same when they returned to Double Dykes, which they added to and turned into a comfortable home ; Tommy trying to become a lover by taking thought, and Grizel not letting on that it could not be done in that way. She thought it was very sweet of him to try so hard ; sweeter of him than if he really had loved her, though not of course quite so sweet to her. He was a boy only. She knew that, despite all he had gone through, he was still a boy. And boys cannot love. Oh, who would be so cruel as to ask a boy to love?

That Grizel's honeymoon should never end was his grand ambition, and he took elaborate precautions against becoming a matter-of-fact husband. Every morning he ordered himself to gaze at her with rapture, as if he had awakened to the glorious thought that she was his wife.

"I can't help it, Grizel ; it comes to me every morning with the same shock of delight, and I begin the day with a song of joy. You make the world as fresh and interesting to me as if I had just broken like a chicken through the egg-shell." He rose at the earliest hours. "So that I can have the longer day with you," he said, gayly.

If when sitting at his work he forgot her for an hour or two he reproached himself for it afterward, and next day he was more careful. "Grizel," he would cry, suddenly flinging down his pen, "you are my wife ! Do you hear me, madam ? You hear, and yet you can sit there calmly darning socks ! Excuse me," he would say to his work, "while I do a dance."

He rose impulsively and brought his papers nearer her. With a table between them she was several feet away from him, which was more, he said, than he could endure.

"Sit down for a moment, Grizel, and

let me look at you. I want to write something most splendiferous to-day, and I am sure to find it in your face. I have ceased to be an original writer; all the purple patches are cribbed from you."

He made a point of taking her head in his hands and looking long at her with thoughts too deep for utterance. Then he would fall on his knees and kiss the hem of her dress, and so back to his book again.

And in time it was all sweet to Grizel. She could not be deceived, but she loved to see him playing so kind a part, and after some sadness to which she could not help giving way she put all vain longings aside. She folded them up and put them away like the beautiful linen, so that she might see more clearly what was left to her and how best to turn it to account.

He did not love her. "Not as I love him," she said to herself. "Not as married people ought to love, but in the other way he loves me dearly." By the other way she meant that he loved her as he loved Elspeth, and loved them both just as he had loved them when all three played in the den.

"He would love me if he could." She was certain of that. She decided that love does not come to all people, as is the common notion; that there are some who cannot fall in love, and that he was one of them. He was complete in himself, she decided.

"Is it a pity for him that he married me? It would be a pity if he could love some other woman, but I am sure he could never do that. If he could love anyone it would be me, we both want it so much. He does not need a wife, but he needs someone to take care of him. All men need that, and I can do it much better than any other person. Had he not married me he never would have married, but he may fall ill, and then how useful I shall be to him! He will grow old, and perhaps it won't be quite so lonely to him when I am there. It would have been a pity for him to marry me if I had been a foolish woman, who asked for more love than he can give, but I shall never do that, so I think it is not a pity.

"Is it a pity for me? Oh, no, no, no!

"Is he sorry he did it? At times, is he just a weeny bit sorry?" She watched him, and decided rightly he was not sorry the weeniest bit. It was a sweet consolation to her. "Is he really happy? Yes, of course he is happy when he is writing, but is he quite contented at other times? I do honestly think he is. And if he is happy now, how much happier I shall be able to make him when I have put away all my selfish thoughts and think only of him."

"The most exquisite thing in human life is to be married to one who loves you as you love him." There could be no doubt of that. But she saw also that the next best thing was the kind of love Tommy gave to her, and she would always be grateful for the second best. In her prayers she thanked God for giving it to her, and promised Him to try to merit it, and all day and every day she kept her promise. There could not have been a brighter or more energetic wife than Grizel. The amount of work she found to do in that small house, which his devotion had made so dear to her that she could not leave it! Her gayety! Her masterful airs when he wanted something that was not good for him! The artfulness with which she sought to help him in various matters without his knowing; her satisfaction when he caught her at it, as clever Tommy was constantly doing! "What a success it has turned out!" David would say delightedly to himself, and Grizel was almost as jubilant because it was so far from being a failure. It was only sometimes in the night that she lay very still with little wells of water on her eyes and through them saw one, the dream of woman, who she feared could never be hers. That boy Tommy never knew why she did not want to have a child. He thought that for the present she was afraid, but the reason was that she believed it would be wicked when he did not love her as she loved him. She could not be sure, she had to think it all out for herself; with little wells of sadness on her eyes she prayed in the still night to God to tell her, but she could never hear His answer.

She no longer sought to teach Tommy how he should write; that quaint desire was abandoned from the day when she learned that she had destroyed his

greatest work. She had not destroyed it, as we shall see, but she presumed she had, as Tommy thought so. He had tried to conceal this from her to save her pain, but she had found it out, and it seemed to Grizel, grown distrustful of herself, that the man who could bear such a loss as he had borne it was best left to write as he chose.

"It was not that I did not love your books," she said, "but that I loved you more, and I thought they did you harm."

"In the days when I had wings," he answered, and she smiled. "Any feathers left, do you think, Grizel?" he asked jocularly and turned his shoulders to her for examination.

"A great many, sir," she said, "and I am glad. I used to want to pull them all out, but now I like to know that they are still there, for it means that you remain among the facts not because you can't fly but because you won't."

"I still have my little fights with myself," he blurted out boyishly, though it was a thing he had never meant to tell her, and Grizel pressed his hand for telling her what she already knew so well.

The new book, of course, was "The Wandering Child." I wonder whether any of you read it now. Your fathers and mothers thought a great deal of that slim volume, but it would make little stir in an age in which all the authors are trying who can say Damn loudest. It is but a reverie about a child who was lost, and his parents search for him in terror of what may have befallen. But they find him in a wood singing joyfully to himself because he is free; and he fears to be caged again, so runs farther from them into the wood and is running still, singing to himself because he is free, free, free. That is really all, but T. Sandys knew how to tell it. The moment he conceived the idea (we have seen him speaking of it to the doctor) he knew that it was the idea for him. He forgot at once that he did not really care for children. He said reverently to himself, "I can pull it off," and, as was always the way with him, the better he pulled it off the more he seemed to love them.

"It is myself who is writing at last, Grizel," he said, as he read it to her.

She thought (and you can guess wheth-

er she was right) that it was the book he loved rather than the children. She thought (and you can guess again) that it was not his ideas about children that had got into the book, but hers. But she did not say so. She said it was the sweetest of his books to her.

I have heard of another reading he gave. This was after the publication of the book. He had gone into Corp's house one Sunday, and Gavinia was there reading the work to her lord and master, while little Corp disported on the floor. She read as if all the words meant the same thing, and it was more than Tommy could endure. He read for her, and his eyes grew moist as he read, for it was the most exquisite of his chapters about the lost child. You would have said that no one loved children quite so much as T. Sandys. But little Corp would not keep quiet, and suddenly Tommy jumped up and boxed his ears. He then proceeded with the reading, while Gavinia glowered and Corp senior scratched his head.

On the way home he saw what had happened, and laughed at the humor of it, then grew depressed, then laughed recklessly. "Is it Sentimental Tommy still?" he said to himself, with a groan. Seldom a week passed without his being reminded in some such sudden way that it was Sentimental Tommy still. "But she shall never know!" he vowed, and he continued to be half a hero.

His name was once more in many mouths. "Come back and be made of more than ever!" cried that society which he had once enlivened; "come and hear the pretty things we are saying about you. Come and make the prettier replies that are already on the tip of your tongue, for oh, Tommy, you know they are! Bring her with you if you must; but don't you think that the nice, quiet country with the thingumbobs all in bloom would suit her best? It is essential that you should run up to see your publisher, is it not? The men have dinners for you if you want them, but we know you don't; your yearning eyes are on the ladies, Tommy; we are making up theatre-parties of the old entrancing kind; you should see our new gowns; please come back and help us to put on our cloaks, Tommy; there is a dance on Monday, come and sit

it out with us ; do you remember the garden-party where you said—well, the laurel walk is still there ; the beauties of two years ago are still here, and there are new beauties and their noses are slightly tilted, but no man can move them—ha, do you pull yourself together at that ! We were always the reward for your labors, Tommy ; your books are move one in the game of making love to us ; don't be afraid that we shall forget it is a game ; we know it is, and that is why we suit you ; philandering is a stimulus to your work as well as a reward. It is all you need of women ; come and have your fill, and we shall send you back refreshed. We are not asking you to be disloyal to her, only to leave her happy and contented and take a holiday."

He heard their seductive voices. They danced around him in numbers, for they knew that the more there were of them the better he would be pleased ; they whispered in his ear and then ran away looking over their shoulders. But he would not budge.

There was one more dangerous than the rest. Her he saw before the others came and after they had gone. She was a tall, incredibly slight woman with eyelashes that needed help and a most disdainful mouth and nose, and she seemed to look scornfully at Tommy and then stand waiting. He was in two minds about what she was waiting for, and often he had a fierce desire to go to London to find out. But he never went. He played the lover to Grizel as before, not to intoxicate himself, but always to make life sunnier to her ; if she stayed longer with Elspeth than the promised time, he put on a fond, foolish air and went in search of her. "I have not been away an hour !" she said, laughing at him, holding little Jean up to laugh at him. "But I cannot do without you for an hour," he answered, ardently. He still laid down his pen to gaze with rapture at her and cry "My wife !"

She wanted him to go to London for a change, and without her, and his heart leaped into his mouth to prevent his saying no. Yet he said it, though in the Tommy way.

"Without you !" he exclaimed. "Oh, Grizel, do you think I could find happiness apart from you for a day !. And could you let me go !" And he looked with

agonized reproach at her, and sat down clutching his head.

"It would be very hard to me," she said, softly, "but if the change did you good——"

"A change from you ! Oh, Grizel, Grizel !"

"Or I could go with you ?"

"When you don't want to go !" he cried, huskily. "You think I could ask it of you !"

He quite broke down, and she had to comfort him. She was smiling divinely at him all the time, as if sympathy had brought her to love even the Tommy way of saying things. "I thought it would be sweet to you to see how great my faith in you is now," she said.

That was the true reason why generous Grizel had proposed to him to go. She knew he was more afraid than she of Sentimental Tommy, and she thought her faith would be a helping hand to him, as it was.

He had no regard for Lady Pippinworth. Of all the women he had dallied with she was the one he liked the least, for he never liked where he could not esteem. Perhaps she had some good in her, but it was not the good in her that had ever appealed to him, and he knew it, and refused to harbor her in his thoughts now ; he cast her out determinedly when she seemed to enter them unbidden. But still he was vain. She came disdainfully and stood waiting. We have seen him wondering what she waited for, but though he could not be sure, and so was drawn to her, he took it as acknowledgment of his prowess and so was helped to run away.

To walk away would be the more exact term, for his favorite method of exorcising this lady was to rise from his chair and propose a long walk to Grizel. Occasionally if she was occupied (and the number of duties our busy Grizel found to hand !) he walked alone, and he would not let himself brood ; someone had once walked from Thrums to the top of the Law and back in three hours, and Tommy made several gamesome attempts to beat the record, setting out to escape that willowy woman, soon walking her down and returning in a glow of animal spirits. It was on one of these occasions when there was nothing in his head but ambition to do the

fifth mile within the eleven minutes that he suddenly met her ladyship face to face.

We have now come to the last fortnight of Tommy's life.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A WAY IS FOUND FOR TOMMY



THE moment for which he had tried to prepare himself was come and Tommy gulped down his courage, which had risen suddenly to his mouth, leaving his chest in a panic. Outwardly he seemed unmoved, but within he was beating to arms. "This is the test of us," all that was good in him cried as it answered his summons.

They began by shaking hands, as is always the custom in the ring. Then without any preliminary sparring Lady Pippinworth immediately knocked him down. That is to say, she remarked, with a little laugh, "How very stout you are getting!"

I swear by all the gods that it was untrue. He had not got very stout, though undeniably he had got stouter. "How well you are looking," would have been a very ladylike way of saying it, but his girth was best not referred to at all. Those who liked him had learned this long ago, and Grizel always shifted the buttons without comment.

Her malicious ladyship had found his one weak spot at once. He had a reply ready for every other opening in the English tongue, but now he could writhe only.

Who would have expected to meet her here, he said at last, feebly. She explained, and he had guessed it already, that she was again staying with the Rintouls. The castle, indeed, was not half a mile from where they stood.

"But I think I really came to see you," she informed him with engaging frankness.

It was very good of her, he intimated, stiffly, but the stiffness was chiefly because she was still looking in an irritating way at his waist.

Suddenly she looked up. To Tommy it was as if she had raised the siege. "Why aren't you nice to me?" she asked, prettily.

"I want to be," he replied.

She showed him a way. "When I saw you steaming along so swiftly," she said, dropping badinage, "the hope entered my head that you had heard of my arrival."

She had come a step nearer and it was like an invitation to return to the arbor. "This is the test of us," all that was good in Tommy cried once more to him.

"I did not know," he replied, bravely if baldly. "I was taking a smart walk only."

"Why so smart as that?"

He hesitated, and her eyes left his face and travelled downward.

"Were you trying to walk it off?" she asked, sympathetically.

He was stung, and replied, in words that were regretted as soon as spoken, "I was trying to walk you off."

A smile of satisfaction crossed her impudent face.

"I succeeded," he added, sharply.

"How cruel of you to say so, when you had made me so very happy! Do you often take smart walks, Mr. Sandys?"

"Often."

"And always with me?"

"I leave you behind."

"With Mrs. Sandys?"

Had she seemed to be in the least affected by their meeting it would have been easy to him to be a contrite man at once; any sign of shame on her part would have filled him with desire to take all the blame upon himself; had she cut him dead he would have begun to respect her. But she smiled disdainfully only, and stood waiting. She was still, as ever, a cold passion, inviting his warm ones to leap at it. He shuddered a little, but controlled himself and did not answer her.

"I suppose she is the lady of the arbor?" Lady Pippinworth inquired, with mild interest.

"She is the lady of my heart," Tommy replied, valiantly.

"Alas!" said Lady Pippinworth, putting her hand over her own.

But he felt himself more secure now, and could even smile at the woman for thinking she was able to provoke him.

"Look upon me," she requested, "as a deputation sent north to discover why you have gone into hiding."

"I suppose a country life does seem

exile to you," he replied, calmly, and suddenly his bosom rose with pride in what was coming. Tommy always heard his finest things coming a moment before they came. "If I have retired," he went on, windily, "from the insincerities and glitter of life in town"—but it was not his face she was looking at, it was his waist; "the reason is obvious," he rapped out.

She nodded assent without raising her eyes.

Yet he still controlled himself. His waist, like some fair tortured lady of romance, was calling to his knighthood for defence, but with the truer courage he affected not to hear. "I am in hiding, as you call it," he said, doggedly, "because my life here is such a round of happiness as I never hoped to find on earth, and I owe it all to my wife. If you don't believe me ask Lord or Lady Rintoul, or any other person in this countryside who knows her."

But her ladyship had already asked and been annoyed by the answer.

She assured Tommy that she believed he was happy. "I have often heard," she said, musingly, "that the stout people are the happiest."

"I am not so stout," he barked.

"Now I call that brave of you," said she, admiringly. "That is so much the wisest way to take it. And I am sure you are right not to return to town after what you were; it would be a pity. Somehow it"—and again her eyes were on the wrong place—"it does not seem to go with the books. And yet," she said, philosophically, "I daresay you feel just the same?"

"I feel very much the same," he replied, warningly.

"That is the tragedy of it," said she.

She told him that the new book had brought the Tommy Society to life again. "And it could not hold its meetings with the old enthusiasm, could it," she asked, sweetly, "if you came back? Oh, I think you act most judiciously. Fancy how melancholy if they had to announce that the society had been wound up owing to the stoutness of the Master."

Tommy's mouth opened twice before any words could come out. "Take care!" he cried.

"Of what?" said she, curling her lip.

He begged her pardon. "You don't like me, Lady Pippinworth," he said, watching himself, "and I don't wonder at it, and you have discovered a way of hurting me of which you make rather unmerciful use. Well, I don't wonder at that either. If I am—stoutish, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that it gives you entertainment, and I owe you that amend and more." He was really in a fury, and burning to go on—"For I did have the whiphand of you once, Madam," etc., etc., but by a fine effort he held his rage a prisoner, and the admiration of himself that this engendered lifted him into the sublime.

"For I so far forgot myself," said Tommy, in a glow, "as to try and make you love me. You were beautiful and cold; no man had ever stirred you; my one excuse is that to be loved by such as you was no small ambition; my fitting punishment is that I failed." He knew he had not failed and so could be magnanimous. "I failed utterly," he said, with grandeur. "You were laughing at me all the time; if proof of it were needed you have given it now by coming here to mock me. I thought I was stronger than you, but I was ludicrously mistaken, and you taught me a lesson I richly deserved; you did me good and I thank you for it. Believe me, Lady Pippinworth, when I say that I admit my discomfiture and remain your very humble and humbled servant."

Now was not that good of Tommy? You would think it still better were I to tell you what part of his person she was glancing at while he said it.

He held out his hand generously (there was no noble act he could not have performed for her just now), but, whatever her ladyship wanted, it was not to say good-by. "Do you mean that you never cared for me?" she asked, with the tremor that always made Tommy kind.

"Never cared for you!" he exclaimed, fervently. "What were you not to me in those golden days!" It was really a magnanimous cry, meant to help her self-respect, nothing more, but it alarmed the good in him and he said, sternly: "But of course that is all over now. It is only a sweet memory," he added, to make these two remarks mix.

The sentiment of this was so agreeable to him that he was half thinking of raising her hand chivalrously to his lips when Lady Pippinworth said :

"But if it is all over now why have you still to walk me off?"

"Have you never had to walk me off?" said Tommy, forgetting himself, and to his surprise she answered, "Yes."

"But this meeting has cured me," she said, with dangerous graciousness.

"Dear Lady Pippinworth," replied Tommy, ardently, thinking that his generosity had touched her, "if anything I have said——"

"It is not so much what you have said," she answered, and again she looked at the wrong part of him.

He gave way in the waist, and then drew himself up. "If so little a thing as that helps you——" he began, haughtily.

"Little!" she cried, reproachfully.

He tried to go away. He turned. "There was a time," he thundered.

"It is over," said she.

"When you were at my feet," said Tommy.

"It is over," she said.

"It could come again!"

She laughed a contemptuous no.

"Yes!" Tommy cried.

"Too stout," said she, with a drawl.

He went closer to her. She stood waiting, disdainfully, and his arms fell.

"Too stout," she repeated.

"Let us put it in that way since it pleases you," said Tommy, heavily. "I am too stout." He could not help adding, "And be thankful, Lady Pippinworth, let us both be thankful, that there is some reason to prevent my trying."

She bowed mockingly as he raised his hat. "I wish you well," he said, "and these are my last words to you," and he retired not without distinction. He retired, shall we say, as conscious of his waist as if it were some poor soldier he was supporting from a stricken field. He said many things to himself on the way home and he was many Tommies, but all with the same waist. It intruded on his noblest reflections, and kept ringing up the worst in him like some devil at the telephone.

No one could have been more thankful that on the whole he had kept his passions

in check. It made a strong man of him. It turned him into a joyous boy and he tingled with hurrahs. Then suddenly he would hear that jeering bell, clanging "Too stout, too stout." "Take care!" he roared. Oh, the vanity of Tommy!

He did not tell Grizel that he had met her ladyship. All she knew was that he came back to her more tender and kind, if that were possible, than he had gone away. His eyes followed her about the room until she made merry over it, and still they dwelt upon her. "How much more beautiful you are than any other woman I ever saw, Grizel," he said. And it was not only true, but he knew it was true. What was Lady Pippinworth beside this glorious woman? what was her damnable coldness compared to the love of Grizel? Was he unforgivable, or was it some flaw in the making of him for which he was not responsible? With clenched hands he asked himself these questions. This love that all his books were about—what was it? Was it a compromise between affection and passion countenanced by God for the continuance of the race, made beautiful by him where the ingredients are in right proportion; a flower springing from a soil that is not all divine? Oh, so exquisite a flower, he cried, for he knew his Grizel. But he could not love her. He gave her all his affection, but his passion, like an outlaw, had ever to hunt alone.

Was it that? And if it was, did there remain in him enough of humanity to give him the right to ask a little sympathy of those who can love? So Tommy in his despairing moods, and the question ought to find some place in his epitaph, which, by the way, it is almost time to write.

On the day following his meeting with Lady Pippinworth came a note from Lady Rintoul inviting Grizel and him to lunch. They had been to Rintoul once or twice before, but this time Tommy said decisively, "We sha'n't go;" he guessed who had prompted the invitation, though her name was not mentioned in it.

"Why not?" Grizel asked. She was always afraid that she kept Tommy too much to herself.

"Because I object to being disturbed during the honeymoon," he replied, lightly. Their honeymoon, you know, was never to

end. "They would separate us for hours, Grizel. Think of it. But, pooh; the thing is not to be thought of. Tell her ladyship courteously that she must be mad."

But though he could speak thus to Grizel there came to him tempestuous desires to be by the side of the woman who could mock him and then stand waiting.

Had she shown any fear of him all would have been well with Tommy. He could have kept away from her complacently. But she had flung down the glove, and laughed to see him edge away from it. He knew exactly what was in her mind; he was too clever not to know that her one desire was to make him a miserable man; to remember how he had subdued and left her would be gall to Lady Pippinworth until she achieved the same triumph over him. How confident she was that he could never prove the stronger of the two again! What were all her mockings but a beckoning to him to come on? "Take care!" said Tommy, between his teeth.

And then again horror of himself would come to his rescue. The man he had been a moment ago was vile to him and all his thoughts were now heroic. You may remember that he had once taken Grizel to a seaside place; they went there again. It was Tommy's proposal, but he did not go to flee from temptation; however his worse nature had been stirred and his vanity pricked he was too determinedly Grizel's to fear that in any fierce hour he might rush into danger. He wanted Grizel to come away from the place where she always found so much to do for him, so that there might be the more for him to do for her. And that week was as the time they had spent there before. All that devotion which had to be planned could do for woman he did. Grizel saw him planning it and never admitted that she saw. In the after years it was sweet to her to recall that week, and the hundred laboriously lover-like things Tommy had done in it. She knew by this time that Tommy had never tried to make her love him, and that it was only when her love for him revealed itself in the den that desire to save her pride made him pretend to be in love with her. This knowledge would have been a great pain to her once, but now it had more of

pleasure in it, for it showed that even in those days he struggled a little for her.

We must hasten to the end. Those of you who took in the newspapers a quarter of a century ago know what it was, but none of you know why he climbed the wall.

They returned to Thrums in a week. They had meant to stay longer, but suddenly Tommy wanted to go back. Yes, it was Lady Pippinworth who recalled him, but don't think too meanly of Tommy. It was not that he yielded to one of those fierce desires to lift the gauntlet; he was getting rid of them in fair fight when her letter reached him, forwarded from Thrums. "Did you really think your manuscript was lost?" it said. That was what took Tommy back. Grizel did not know the reason. He gave her another. He thought very little about her that day. He thought still less about Lady Pippinworth. How could he think of anything but it. She had it, evidently she had it, she must have stolen it from his bag. He could not even spare time to denounce her. It was alive, his manuscript was alive, and every moment brought him nearer to it. He was a miser, and soon his hands would be deep among the gold. He was a mother whose son, mourned for dead, is knocking at the door. He was a swain and his beloved's arms were outstretched to him. Who said that Tommy could not love?

The ecstasies that came over him and would not let him sit still made Grizel wonder. "Is it a book?" she asked, and he said it was a book, such a book, Grizel! When he started off for one of his long walks next morning, she thought he wanted to be alone to think of the book. "Of it and you," he said, and having started he came back to kiss her again; he never forgot to have an impulse to do that. But all the way to the Spittal it was of his book he thought, it was his book he was kissing. His heart sang within him, and the songs were sonnets to his beloved. To be worthy of his beautiful manuscript, he prayed for that as lovers do; that his love should be his, his alone, was as wondrous to him as to any of them.

But we are not noticing what proved to be the chief thing. Though there was some sun the air was shrewd and he was

wearing the old doctor's coat. Should you have taken it with you, Tommy? It loved Grizel, for it was a bit of him, and what, think you, would the old doctor have cared for your manuscript had he known that you were gone out to meet that woman? It was cruel, no, not cruel, but thoughtless, to wear the old doctor's coat.

He found no one at the Spittal. The men were out shooting, and the ladies had followed to lunch with them on the moors. He came upon them, a gay party, in the hollow of a hill where was a spring, suddenly converted into a wine-cellar, and soon the men, if not the ladies, were surprised to find that Tommy could be the gayest of them all. He was in hilarious spirits, and had a gallantly forgiving glance for the only one of them who knew why his spirits were hilarious. But he would not consent to remain to dinner. "The wretch is so hopelessly in love with his wife," Lady Rintoul said, flinging a twig of heather at him. It was one of the many trivial things said on that occasion and long remembered; the only person who afterward professed her inability to remember what Tommy said to her that day and she to him was Lady Pippinworth. "And yet you walked back to the castle with him," they reminded her.

"If I had known that anything was to happen," she replied, indolently, "I should have taken more note of what was said. But as it was, I think we talked of our chance of finding white heather. We were looking for it, and that is why we fell behind you."

That was not why Tommy and her ladyship fell behind the others, and it was not of white heather that they talked. "You know why I am here, Alice," he said, as soon as there was no one but her to hear him.

She was in as great tension at that moment as he, but more anxious not to show it. "Why do you call me that?" she replied, with a little laugh.

"I want you to know at once," he said, generously, "that I have no vindictive feelings. You have kept my manuscript from me all this time, but severe though the punishment has been I deserved it, yes, every day of it."

Lady Pippinworth smiled. "You took

it from my bag, did you not?" said Tommy.

"Yes."

"Where is it, Alice? Have you got it here?"

"No."

"But you know where it is?"

"Oh, yes," she said, graciously, and then it seemed that nothing could ever disturb him again. She enjoyed his boyish glee; she walked by his side listening airily to it.

"Had there been a fire in the room that day I should have burned the thing," she said, without emotion.

"It would have been no more than my deserts," Tommy replied, cheerfully.

"I did burn it three months afterward," said she, calmly.

He stopped, but she walked on. He sprang after her. "You don't mean that, Alice!"

"I do mean it."

With a gesture fierce and yet imploring he compelled her to stop. "Before God is this true?" he cried.

"Yes," she said, "it is true," and indeed it was the truth about his manuscript at last.

"But you had a copy of it made first. Say you had!"

"I had not."

She seemed to have no fear of him, though his face was rather terrible. "I meant to destroy it from the first," she said, coldly; "but I was afraid to. I took it back with me to London. One day I read in a paper that your wife was supposed to have burned it while she was insane. She was insane, was she not? Ah, well, that is not my affair, but I burned it for her that afternoon."

They were moving on again. He stopped her once more.

"Why have you told me this?" he cried. "Was it not enough for you that I should think she did it?"

"No," Lady Pippinworth answered, "that was not enough for me. I always wanted you to know that I had done it."

"And you wrote that letter, you filled me with joy, so that you should gloat over my disappointment?"

"Horrid of me, was it not!" said she.

"Why did you not tell me when we met the other day?"

"I bided my time, as the tragedians say."

"You would not have told me," Tommy said, staring into her face, "if you had thought I cared for you. Had you thought I cared for you a little jot——"

"I should have waited," she confessed. "until you cared for me a great deal, and then I should have told you. That, I admit, was my intention."

She had returned his gaze smilingly, and as she strolled on she gave him another smile over her shoulder; it became a protesting pout almost when she saw that he was not accompanying her. Tommy stood still for some minutes, his hands, his teeth, every bit of him that could close, tight-clenched. When he made up on her the devil was in him. She had been gathering a nosegay of wild flowers. "Pretty, are they not?" she said to him. He took hold of her harshly by both wrists; she let him do it and stood waiting disdainfully, but she was less unprepared for a blow than for what came.

"How you love me, Alice!" he said, in a voice shaking with passion.

"How I have proved it," she replied, promptly.

"Love or hate," he went on in a torrent of words, "they are the same thing with you. I don't care what you call it, it has made you come back to me. You tried hard to stay away; how you fought, Alice, but you had to come; I knew you would come. All this time you have been longing for me to go to you; you have stamped your pretty feet because I did not go; you have cried 'He shall come!' You have vowed you would not go one step of the way to meet me. I saw you, I heard you, and I wanted you as much as you wanted me, but I was always the stronger and I could resist; it is I who have not gone a step toward you and it is my proud little Alice who has come all the way. Proud little Alice, but she is to be my obedient little Alice now."

His passion hurled him along and it had its effect on her. She might curl her mouth as she chose, but her bosom rose and fell.

"Obedient," she cried, with a laugh.

"Obedient," said Tommy, quivering with his intensity; "obedient, not because I want it, for I prefer you as you are, but because you are longing for it, my lady,

because it is what you came here for; you have been a virago only because you feared you were not to get it. Why have you grown so quiet, Alice? Where are the words you want to torment me with? Say them; I love to hear them from your lips; I love the demon in you, the demon that burned my book. I love you the more for that; it was your love that made you do it. Why don't you scratch and struggle for the last time? I am half sorry that little Alice is to scratch and struggle no more."

"Go on," said little Alice, "you talk beautifully." But though her tongue could mock him, all the rest of her was enchained.

"Whether I shall love you when you are tamed," he went on, with vehemence, "I don't know, you must take the risk of that; but I love you now. We were made for one another, you and I, and I love you, Alice, I love you and you love me. You love me, my peerless Alice, don't you? Say you love me; your melting eyes are saying it. How you tremble, sweet Alice; is that your way of saying it? I want to hear you say it. You have been longing to say it for two years; come, love, say it now!"

It was not within this woman's power to resist him. She tried to draw away from him, but could not. She was breathing quickly. The mocking light quivered on her face because it had been there so long only; if it went out she would be helpless. He put his hands on her shoulders, and she was helpless. It brought her mouth nearer his. She was offering him her mouth.

"No," said Tommy, masterfully. "I won't kiss you until you say it."

If there had not been a look of triumph in his eyes, she would have said it. As it was she broke from him, panting. She laughed next minute, and with that laugh his power fell among the heather.

"Really," said Lady Pippinworth, "you are much too stout for this kind of thing." She looked him up and down with a comic sigh. "You talk as well as ever," she said, condolingly, "but heigho, you don't look the same. I have done the best I could for you for the sake of old times, but I forgot to shut my eyes. Shall we go on?"

And they went on silently, one of them very sulky. "I believe you are blaming me," her ladyship said, making a face, just before they overtook the others, "when you know it was your own fault for"—she suddenly rippled—"for not waiting until it was too dark for me to see you!"

They strolled with some others of the party to the flower-garden, which was some distance from the house and surrounded by a high wall studded with iron spikes and glass. Lady Rintoul cut him some flowers for Grizel, but he left them on a garden-seat, accidentally every one thought afterward in the drawing-room when they were missed, but he had laid them down because how could those degraded hands of his carry flowers again to Grizel? There was great remorse in him, but there was a shrieking vanity also, and though the one told him to be gone, the other kept him lagging on. They had torn him a dozen times from each other's arms before he was man enough to go.

It was gloaming when he set off, waving his hat to those who had come to the door with him. Lady Pippinworth was not among them; he had not seen her to bid her good-by nor wanted to, for the better side of him had prevailed. So he thought. It was a man shame-stricken and determined to kill the devil in him that went down that long avenue. So he thought.

A tall, thin woman was standing some twenty yards off among some holly-trees. She kissed her hand mockingly to him and beckoned and laughed when he stood irresolute. He thought he heard her cry "Too stout!" He took some fierce steps toward her. She ran on, looking over her shoulder, and he forgot all else and followed her. She darted into the flower-garden, pulling the gate to after her. It was a gate that locked when it closed, and the key was gone. Lady Pippinworth clapped her hands because he could not reach her. When she saw that he was climbing the wall she ran farther into the garden.

He climbed the wall, but, as he was descending, one of the iron spikes on the top of it pierced his coat which was buttoned to the throat, and he hung there by the neck. He struggled as he choked, but he could not help himself. He was un-

able to cry out. The collar of the old doctor's coat held him fast.

They say that in such a moment a man reviews all his past life. I don't know whether Tommy did that, but his last reflection before he passed into unconsciousness was "Serves me right!" Perhaps it was a little bit of sentiment only for the end.

Lady Disdain came back to the gate by and by to see why he had not followed her. She screamed, and then hid in the recesses of the garden. He had been dead for some time when they found him. They left the gate creaking in the evening wind. After a long time a terrified woman stole out by it.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE PERFECT LOVER



OMMY has not lasted. More than once since it became known that I was writing his life I have been asked whether there ever really was such a person, and I am afraid to inquire for his books at the library lest they are no longer there. A recent project to bring out a new edition, with introductions by some other Tommy, received so little support that it fell to the ground. It must be admitted that, so far as the great public is concerned, Thomas Sandys is done for.

They have even forgotten the manner of his death, though probably no young writer with an eye on posterity ever had a better send off. We really thought at the time that Tommy had found a way.

The surmise at Rintoul, immediately accepted by the world as a fact, was that he had been climbing the wall to obtain for Grizel the flowers accidentally left in the garden, and it at once tipped the tragedy with gold. The newspapers, which were in the middle of the dull season, thanked their gods for Tommy and enthusiastically set to work on him. Great minds wrote criticisms of what they called his life-work. The many persons who had been the first to discover him said so again. His friends were in demand for the most trivial reminiscences. Unhappy Pym cleared £11 10s.

Shall we quote? It is nearly always done at this stage of the biography, so now for the testimonials to prove that our hero was without a flaw. A few specimens will suffice if we select some that are very like many of the others. It keeps Grizel waiting, but Tommy, as you have seen, was always the great one; she existed only that he might show how great he was. "Busy among us of late," says one, "has been the grim visitor who knocks with equal confidence at the doors of the gifted and the ungifted, the pauper and the prince, and twice in one short month has he taken from us men of an eminence greater perhaps than that of Mr. Sandys, but of them it could be said their work was finished, while his sun sinks tragically when it is yet day. Not by what his riper years might have achieved can this pure spirit now be judged, and to us, we confess, there is something infinitely pathetic in that thought; we would fain shut our eyes and open them again at twenty years hence with Mr. Sandys in the fulness of his powers. It is not to be. What he might have become is hidden from us, what he was we know. He was little more than a stripling when he 'burst upon the town' to be its marvel—and to die; a 'marvellous boy' indeed, yet how unlike in character and in the nobility of his short life as in the mournful yet lovely circumstances of his death, to that other Might-Have-Been who 'perished in his pride.' Our young men of letters have travelled far since the days of Chatterton. Time was when a riotous life was considered part of their calling, when they shunned the domestic ties and actually held that the consummate artist is able to love nothing but the creations of his fancy. It is such men as Thomas Sandys who have exploded that pernicious fallacy. . . .

"Whether his name will march down the ages is not for us, his contemporaries, to determine. He had the most modest opinion of his own work, and was humbled rather than elated when he heard it praised. No one ever loved praise less; to be pointed at as a man of distinction was abhorrent to his shrinking nature; he seldom, indeed, knew that he was being pointed at, for his eyes were

ever on the ground. He set no great store by the remarkable popularity of his works. 'Nothing,' he has been heard to say to one of those gushing ladies who were his aversion, 'nothing will so certainly perish as the talk of the town.' It may be so, but if so the greater the pity that he has gone from among us before he had time to put the coping-stone upon his work. There is a beautiful passage in one of his own books in which he sees the spirits of gallant youth who died too young for immortality haunting the portals of the Elysian Fields, and the great Shades come to the door and talk with them. We venture to say that he is at least one of these."

What was the individuality behind the work? They discussed it in leading articles and in the correspondence columns, and the man proved to be greater than his books. His distaste for admiration is again and again insisted on and illustrated by many characteristic anecdotes. He owed much to his parents, though he had the misfortune to lose them when he was but a child. "Little is known of his father, but we understand that he was a retired military officer in easy circumstances. The mother was a canny Scotchwoman of lowly birth, conspicuous for her devoutness even in a land where it is everyone's birthright, and on their marriage, which was a singularly happy one, they settled down in London, going little into society, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, and devoting themselves to each other and to their two children. Of these Thomas was the elder, and as the twig was early bent so did the tree incline. From his earliest years he was noted for the modesty which those who remember his boyhood in Scotland (whither the children went to an uncle on the death of their parents) still speak of with glistening eyes. In another column will be found some interesting recollections of Mr. Sandys by his old schoolmaster, Mr. David Cathro, M.A., who testifies with natural pride to the industry and amiability of his famous pupil. 'To know him,' says Mr. Cathro, 'was to love him.'"

According to another authority T. Sandys got his early modesty from his father, who was of a very sweet disposition, and some instances of this modesty are given;

they are all things that Elspeth did, but Tommy is now represented as the person who had done them. "On the other hand his strong will, singleness of purpose, and enviable capacity for knowing what he wanted to be at were a heritage from his practical and sagacious mother." "I think he was a little proud of his strength of will," writes the R. A. who painted his portrait (now in America), "for I remember his anxiety that it should be suggested in the picture." But another acquaintance (a lady) replies, "He was not proud of his strong will but he liked to hear it spoken of, and he once told me the reason. This strength of will was not, as is generally supposed, inherited by him; he was born without it and acquired it by a tremendous effort. I believe I am the only person to whom he confided this, for he shrank from talk about himself, looking upon it as a form of that sentimentality which his soul abhorred."

He seems often to have warned ladies against this essentially womanish tendency to the sentimental. "It is an odious onion, dear lady," he would say, holding both her hands in his. If men in his presence talked sentimentally to ladies he was so irritated that he soon found a pretext for leaving the room. "Yet let it not be thought," says One Who Knew Him Well, "that because he was so sternly practical himself he was intolerant of the outpourings of the sentimental. The man, in short, reflected the views on this subject which are so admirably phrased in his books, works that seem to me to found one of their chief claims to distinction on this, that at last we have a writer who can treat intimately of human love without leaving one smear of the onion upon his pages."

On the whole, it may be noticed, comparatively few ladies contribute to the obituary reflections, "for the simple reason," says a simple man, "that he went but little into female society. He who could write so eloquently about women never seemed to know what to say to them. Ordinary tittle-tattle from them disappointed him. I should say that to him there was so much of the divine in women that he was depressed when they hid their wings." This view is supported by Clubman, who notes that Tommy would never join in the somewhat free talk about the other sex in which

many men indulge. "I remember," he says, "a man's dinner at which two of those present, both persons of eminence, started a theory that every man who is blessed or cursed with the artistic instinct has at some period of his life wanted to marry a barmaid. Mr. Sandys gave them such a look that they at once apologized. Trivial, perhaps, but significant. On another occasion I was in a club smoking-room when the talk was of a similar kind. Mr. Sandys was not present. A member said, with a laugh, "I wonder for how long men can be together without talking gamesomely of women?" Before any answer could be given Mr. Sandys strolled in, and immediately the atmosphere cleared, as if someone had opened the windows. When he had gone the member addressed turned to him who had propounded the problem and said, 'There is your answer—as long as Sandys is in the room.'"

"A fitting epitaph this for Thomas Sandys," says the paper that quotes it, "if we could not find a better. Mr. Sandys was from first to last a man of character, but why when others falter was he always so sure-footed? It is in the answer to this question that we find the key to the books and to the man who was greater than the books. He was the Perfect Lover. As he died seeking flowers for her who had the high honor to be his wife so he had always lived; he gave his affection to her, as our correspondent Miss (or Mrs.) Ailie McQueen shows, in his earliest boyhood, and from this, his one romance, he never swerved; to the moment of his death all his beautiful thoughts were flowers plucked for her, his books were bunches of them gathered to place at her feet. No harm now in reading between the lines of his books and culling what is the common knowledge of his friends in the north, that he had to serve a long apprenticeship before he won her. For long his attachment was unreciprocated, though she was ever his loyal friend, and the volume called 'Unrequited Love' belongs to the period when he thought his life must be lived alone. The circumstances of their marriage are at once too beautiful and too painful to be dwelt on here. Enough to say that, should the particulars ever be given to the world, with the simple story of his life, a finer memorial will have been

raised to him than anything in stone, such as we see a committee is already being formed to erect. We venture to propose as a title for his biography, *The Story of the Perfect Lover.*"

Yes, that memorial committee was formed, but so soon do people forget the hero of yesterday's paper that only the secretary attended the first meeting, and he never called another. But here, five and twenty years later, is the biography, with the title changed. You may wonder that I had the heart to write it. I do it, I have sometimes pretended to myself, that we may all laugh at the stripping of a rogue, but that was never my reason. Have I been too cunning, or have you seen through me all the time? Have you discovered that I was really standing up for Tommy, telling nothing about him that was not true, but doing it with unnecessary scorn in the hope that I might goad you into crying, "Come, come, you are too hard on him."

Perhaps the manner in which he went to his death deprives him of these words. Had the castle gone on fire that day while he was at tea and he perished in the flames in a splendid attempt to save the life of his enemy (a very probable thing) then you might have felt a little liking for him. Yet he would have been precisely the same person. I don't blame you, but you are a Tommy.

Grizel knew how he died. She found Lady Pippinworth's letter to him and understood who the woman was, but it was only in hopes of obtaining the lost manuscript that she went to see her. Then Lady Pippinworth told her all. Are you sorry that Grizel knew? I am not sorry, I am glad. As a child, as a girl, and as a wife the truth had been all she wanted, and she wanted it just the same when she was a widow. We have a right to know the truth, no right to ask anything else from God, but the right to ask that.

And to her latest breath she went on loving Tommy just the same. She thought everything out calmly for herself. She saw that there is no great man on this earth except the man who conquers self, and that in some the accursed thing, which is in all of us, may be so strong that to battle with it and be beaten is not altogether

to fail. It is foolish to demand complete success of those we want to love; we should rejoice when they rise for a moment above themselves and sympathize with them when they fall. In their hey-day young lovers think each other perfect, but a nobler love comes when they see the failings also, and this higher love is so much more worth attaining to that they need not cry out though it has to be beaten into them with rods. So they learn humanity's limitations, and that the accursed thing to me is not the accursed thing to you, but all have it, and from this comes pity for those who have sinned, and the desire to help each other springs, for knowledge is sympathy and sympathy is love, and to learn it the Son of God became a man.

And Grizel also thought anxiously about herself and how from the time when she was the smallest girl she had longed to be a good woman and feared that perhaps she never should. And as she looked back at the road she had travelled there came along it the little girl to judge her. She came trembling, but determined to know the truth, and she looked at Grizel until she saw into her soul and then she smiled well pleased.

Grizel lived on at Double Dykes, helping David in the old way. She was too strong and fine a nature to succumb. Even her brightness came back to her; they sometimes wondered at the serenity of her face. Some still thought her a little standoffish, for, though the pride had gone from her walk, a distinction of manner grew upon her and made her seem a finer lady than before. There was no other noticeable change except that with the years she lost her beautiful contours and became a little angular: the old maid's figure I believe it is sometimes called.

No one would have dared to smile at Grizel become an old maid before some of the young men of Thrums. They were people who would have suffered much for her, and all because she had the courage to talk to them of some things before their marriage-day came round. And for their young wives who had tidings to whisper to her about the unborn she had the pretty idea that they should live with beautiful thoughts, so that these might become part of the child.

When Gavinia told this to Corp, he gulped and said, "I wonder God could hae haen the heart."

"Life's a queerer thing," Gavinia replied, sadly enough, "than we used to think it when we was bairns in the den."

He spoke of it to Grizel. She let Corp speak of anything to her because he was so loyal to Tommy.

"You've given away a' your bonny things, Grizel," he said, "one by one, and this notion is the bonniest o' them a'. I'm thinking that when it cam' into your head you meant it for yoursel'."

Grizel smiled at him.

"I mind," Corp went on, "how when you was little you couldna see a bairn without rocking your arms in a waeft kind o' a way, and we could never thole the meaning o't. It just comes over me this minute as it meant that when you was a woman you would like terrible to hae bairns o' your ain, and you doubted you never should."

She raised her hand to stop him. "You see, I was not meant to have them, Corp," she said. "I think that when women are

too fond of other people's babies they never have any of their own."

But Corp shook his head. "I dinna understand it," he told her, "but I'm sure you was meant to hae them. Something's gane wrang."

She was still smiling at him, but her eyes were wet now, and she drew him on to talk of the days when Tommy was a boy. I mean of the days when Grizel was a girl, for Tommy was always a boy. He died of the attempt to be a man. It was sweet to Grizel to listen while Elspeth and David told her of all Tommy had done for her when she was ill, but she loved best of all to talk with Corp of the time when they were all children in the den. The days of childhood are the best.

She lived so long after Tommy that she was almost a middle-aged woman when she died.

And so the Painted Lady's daughter has found a way of making Tommy's life the story of a perfect lover after all. The little girl she had been comes stealing back into the book and rocks her arms joyfully, and we see Grizel's crooked smile for the last time.

THE END.

TITHONUS

"A blush tinged the upper sky,
And the gods shook, they knew not why."

[In the Greek past of myth and mystery
Was heard TITHONUS murmuring at his fate
Of double-natured : for Aurora's eyes—
Aurora of the Morning and the East
Of youth and beauty, won him still to live
Immortally for her, but his weak limbs
And fading cheeks, and pulses lessening ever,
Besought the eaves of the all-sheltering west
Their darkness and the reticence of death. . . .

In this thin husk was wrapped a poet's brief
'Gainst Nature's jointure in the world to come :
Not for she dragged his body as a chain
That ever lengthened, up to gates that fled—
As some interpret—no : but past the gates,
Beyond the ports of the most western West,
The gods themselves lay stalled, the popular gods,
Using like senses—if they deigned to know,

And human utterance, else forever dumb;
 And worse: being many, none might comprehend! . . .
 To their hushed courts (what time the poet's art
 Held graver audience) sad TITHONUS flung
 This fig-leaf from the effigy of Death—
 Stamped with the cipher of Supremacy,
 However tainted from the world below:]

“O, land of beauty, and O, land of shadows—
 Land of the red and black, contrition fierce,
 Whose tall volcanoes lift their sheaves of fire
 And thrash the flickering tilth to the weird fields!
 There where the crucibles at utmost heat
 Of life-solution, settling clear at last,
 Reveal the occult fertility of decay,
 I dipped to seal with the Inevitable—
 The ONE, whereof all life and death convolve
 (On death and life at once true spirit wings,
 And good and ill are factors of the Best):
 But the shrewd Hours were jealous of their score—
 The hours whose cadence is mortality—
 To beat, beat, beat upon my tired brain
 How ‘this is life! and this, and this—aye, this!’
 Still doling parts that are not of a whole—
 Forever knotting in an endless skein,
 And counting, counting in the numberless—
 That still I wake where good and ill are twain,
 To walk till day and night shall come together.

“The ONE—the ONE! Where broodeth He, the ONE!

“Lo, where the gods recline on asphodel,
 The purple-born, the inaccessible!
 Sons of the Morning they, whose diadems
 And baldrics, by divinest heraldry,
 Shall wear the constellations! Not for them
 Solicitude or awe!—no reverie
 Of senile weariness and pain and tears
 Shall flush the languor of their long repose!—
 Yet not of these the ONE, the ONE of ALL,
 Whose old effulgence burns through good and ill,
 And dark and light, and death and life the same,
 To show the world divine; these are not sure;
 These do not make their fate.

“Ye gods potential,
 Howe'er ye care not, take my wasted hand
 In grasp fraternal! 'Twas an elder hand
 That set the bar on your patrician gules,
 And left us kindred in this poor relation.
 A longer shadow hovers on my way
 Than your red hills of Heaven ever cast:
 But the dark wing shall lift; death's cycle tires!
 The Hours shall gather to eternity
 Their tale of woe, and only Life shall live—
 Self-poised, immortal, flattering death no more!”



The River Seine Flowing in a Graceful Curve.

A CAMERA AT THE FAIR

By Dwight Lathrop Elmendorf

ILLUSTRATED WITH THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS

OF all the great fairs or expositions, that at Paris in 1900 presented the most exasperating problem to the camera. While there was much that was beautiful in detail, the general effect was sadly disappointing, because of the proximity of the cheap and tawdry; and the tenement-like crowding of the great and small buildings made a confused picture to the eye and an impossibility for the photographer.

Upon entering the gates at the Trocadéro Palace (the monumental entrance was simply impossible except at night, when it could hardly be seen), one was at once besieged by the wheel-chair attendants, who were as importunate as New York cabmen, anxious to carry the sight-seer about at the rate of two francs per hour. It took a great deal of courage to

chase away these individuals, and still more to enter an *ascenseur* which decided to start to the top of the east tower of the Trocadéro Palace after the *ascenseur* man had finished his cigarette. But after an interval of about ten minutes the top was reached and the panorama before the eyes was finer than from any other point within or without the grounds. The whole Exposition lay before one, to the south. Toward the east was the river Seine flowing in a graceful curve, bordered on either side with beautiful buildings of creamy white and smaller buildings of all hues linked together by artistic bridges under which the busy little Seine boats swiftly passed, while the dense masses of trees here and there seemed to act as settings for the brilliant buildings. The gar-



Dwarfing human beings so that they looked like ants.
(Looking from the Trocadéro toward the south.)



Bordered on either side with beautiful buildings of creamy white.
(The Exposition, looking southwest from the Tower of the Trocadéro.)



Picturesque Old Paris, from the Pont de l'Alma.



The Street of the Swiss Village.



The Eiffel Tower from the East Tower of the Trocadéro.

dens of the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the towers of Notre Dame formed a background which vanished in the smoke of the busy city beyond.

Directly in front, the graceful Eiffel Tower rose three hundred metres above the Champ de Mars, dwarfing human beings so that they looked like ants as they strolled about on the broad and tiresome gravel walks, which were evidently constructed either by the committee in charge of the wheel-chairs, or by the company which owned the thousands of uncomfortable iron chairs in evidence everywhere, offering the weary sightseer a seat at the rate of ten centimes, or fifteen if the chair happened to be possessed of a couple of wires which masqueraded as arms at the sides.

Directly behind the Eiffel Tower were the great buildings of the Champ de Mars section, which formed, with the Château

d'Eau, a kind of quadrangle. This was in no way comparable with the Court of Honor at the World's Fair at Chicago, although the Château d'Eau was quite effective when illuminated for a few minutes a week—generally on Friday nights, when five tickets of admission were demanded. The fountains did not run in the daytime, except once or twice on special occasions. Aside from the fountains themselves, the details of the ornamentation of the Château d'Eau were exquisite, and the illuminated star surmounting the centre arch was very effective when the search-light from the Eiffel Tower made it visible.

The general effect of the Champ de Mars was not heightened by the innumerable signs of "Bock" and "Bière" everywhere apparent, while the great side corridors were actually obstructed by the tables and chairs of the various cafés and



The Eiffel Tower at Night.

venders of drinks, who seemed to own this part of the Exposition. Indeed, it was like an exposition of cafés and restaurants, with a few artistic decorations and exhibits as side-shows.

Just across the street from the southwest corner of the Champ de Mars section, but connected with it by a rustic bridge, was the Swiss village. Upon entering the village, one soon discovered that the street was not the only thing that separated it from the rest of the Exposition. A different atmosphere pervaded the whole enclosure. Purer air seemed to descend from the rocky heights, which were dotted here and there with miniature Swiss chalets, while little streams of water came dancing down, turning mill-wheels on their way, and afforded drink to the gentle cows that came down the green valley, wending their way homeward, keeping time to the tinkling of the bells.

Classes of school-children performing their exercises in concert on a little elevated platform were quite a contrast to the so-called dances seen in many other places in the Exposition, while the pretty maids in Swiss costumes were quite irresistible as saleswomen behind their tables loaded with souvenirs. On the north side of the village was a reproduction of Tell's chapel, with precipitous rocks behind it high enough to shut out the rest of the world. High up on the rocks the mountain pinks and the edelweiss were growing, while down below a little brook flowed into a miniature lake, which offered but a sorry retreat for a few poor gulls with clipped wings.

The Exposition authorities attempted to introduce some French dances, but the Swiss villagers turned out *en masse* and hissed and whistled so vigorously that they were spared the infliction; and more than



The Palais Lumineux.



The Palais Lumineux at Night

one visitor felt thankful that the little village remained truly Swiss.

The Eiffel Tower, beautiful as it was during the day, seemed to crown the whole Exposition at night, when it was illuminated; nothing could be seen but its graceful outlines sharply cut against the dark sky. It was especially beautiful when the full moon rose and added her light to the countless electric lamps which sparkled from the top to the bottom, while all the adjacent buildings added their share to the brilliancy of the scene.

A few paces to the east of the tower



The Château d'Eau.

was the Palais Lumineux, a very Frenchy building, surrounded by clever landscape work which was reflected in a calm little artificial lake that almost surrounded it. This was especially fine when illuminated at night, for the building was constructed of glass of various colors which added beauty and softness to the general effect.

North of the Seine and below the Trocadéro Palace were the buildings of the various

provinces or colonies of France and of other nations, while to the eastward, upon a narrow strip of land behind the Horticultural buildings, was a row of cafés



The Château d'Eau Illuminated.



The Grand Palais des Beaux Arts and the Alexander III. Bridge.



The Amphitheatre of the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts
(St. Gaudens's statue of General Sherman in the centre.)

chantants and low Bowery shows, which repelled rather than attracted, not only by the vulgarity of their posters, but also by the discordant sounds which came from their motley brass bands. Fortunately there was only a limited space for these shows.

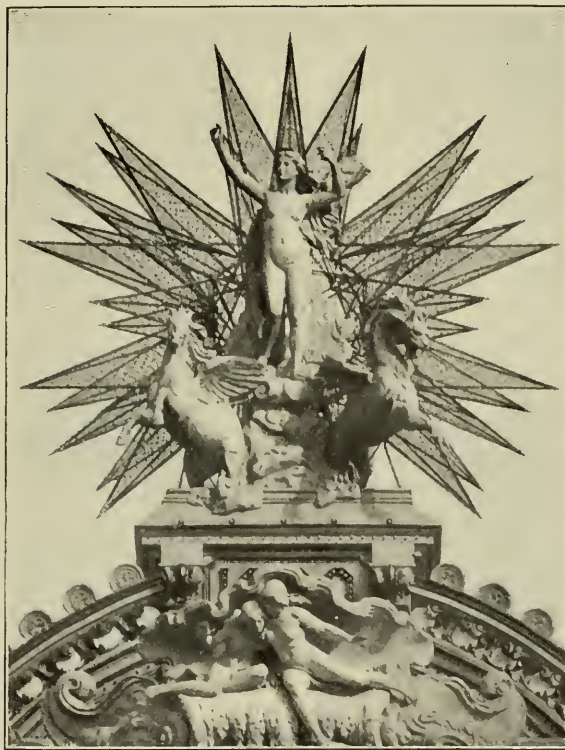
A little farther to the eastward, on the north bank of the Seine, was Old Paris, to which distance lent its chief enchantment. As seen from the Pont de l'Alma it was very picturesque, and one regretted that he had not been satisfied with that distant view.

On the opposite or south side of the river, between Pont de l'Alma and the Alexandre III. bridge, was a long series of saloons and cafés which served as founda-

tions for the various national buildings. These latter were placed so near together that the various styles of architecture clashed disagreeably, and it was difficult to study one building at a time.

That part of the Exposition which left nothing to be desired was, after all, the Beaux Arts section, connected with the Invalides section by the beautiful Alexander III. bridge. There was room enough about the buildings to permit suitable landscape setting, and the delicate color of the buildings themselves contrasted well with the flowers and palms skilfully arranged. One was

often glad to get away from the congested portions of the fair, but the Beaux Arts section was never left without regret.



The Star Surmounting the Centre Arch of the Château d'Eau.



A Group of Americans on Their Way to the Exposition.



The Château d'Eau as Seen from Under the Eiffel Tower.

THE LANDSCAPE FEATURES OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

By Samuel Parsons, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY D. L. ELMENDORF AND OTHERS

THE Exposition at Paris in the year 1900 is, beyond any other world's fair that has preceded it, a gathering together of the works of the earth in a systematic and effective manner. Paris being the centre of arts and manufactures of the finest quality if not the greatest quantity, can readily undertake to present a more comprehensive and characteristic exhibit of remarkable things of all climes than it is possible to gather together at any other point of the earth's surface. And then, fortunately, the genius of the French nation is happily disposed to the festive character that one naturally associates with fairs of all kinds. We should hardly expect classic art to keep control of the design in a place like the Paris Exposition, where it is the supreme desire of the management to attract every kind of people. The authorities of Paris who undertook the design of the buildings and grounds of the

Exposition, for they cannot be separated in the consideration of this subject, evidently felt the necessity of recognizing this festal and evanescent character, and have therefore accepted a gay and lively theory of treatment which, while it does not adhere very closely to classic models and is, somewhat rococo, yet seeks to secure grace of line and harmony of proportion, and, above all, color in its most light, charming, and brilliant combinations. We may criticise some of the details, as the French themselves do more than anyone else, but we must concede that probably never has such a glorious panorama of artistic life presented itself as in the *ensemble* at Paris in 1900.

The writer has thus endeavored to recognize at the outset the fundamental underlying idea of the composition of the Exposition, because he wishes to present the scheme of landscape gardening em-

ployed as an Exposition theory of arrangement, and not, as in any sense, a piece of park work that would be expected to remain for a generation very much as it is at present.

There are undoubtedly one or two portions of the Exposition which will remain for many years approximately in the same condition as they are at present, but here we shall see that a different quality has been given to both the design and execution ; less brilliance possibly, but certainly more dignity and perfection of beauty. The harmonies will be found perhaps less gay, but the charm of the effect will be more perfect and lasting, as becomes a more permanent creation.

The subject of the landscape gardening of the Exposition, naturally divides itself into two parts, one, the treatment of the Champ de Mars section of the Fair up to the Trocadéro, and the other, the scheme of the permanent grounds which are to be left around the so-called Great and Little Palaces, where are found the modern collection of pictures and sculpture and the priceless historical collections of past ages. These buildings, occupying as they do the original position of the Palace of Industry abutting on the Avenue des Champs Elysées, must be considered

such an important feature of the city itself that they may be taken in a graver fashion than the rest of the Exposition ; but the sensitive genius of the French has succeeded even here in serious buildings, in imparting a certain bright and joyous charm that makes them blend satisfactorily with the other buildings more characteristic of the Fair.

As one enters the Champ de Mars, where is the main show of everything else as well as of landscape gardening, one naturally seeks the slightly higher ground adjoining the Palace of Electricity at the extreme southeast end. Here, from the borders of a fine fountain which does not somehow do all in action which we find ourselves expecting of it, the most moving panorama of the Exposition unfolds itself as the eye ranges from the Trocadéro to the north and west around the Eiffel Tower. One is at first somewhat overwhelmed by the gayety and magnificence of the scene, with its white and gold and blue of turretted castles and fantastic mediæval structures and its great green trees and bright parterres of brilliant glowing flowers. It is necessary, before one can calmly analyze one's impressions of the scene, to wander quietly about for a time and allow the details of the surroundings



A Fountain in the Lake.



The Champ de Mars, Looking toward the Château d'Eau, from the Eiffel Tower.



Looking from the Château d'Eau toward the Trocadéro.

slowly to unfold themselves until they are presented to the mind in their proper relations. It is a grand sight, but especially stimulating from the endless mingling of the old features of the city with the new and absorbing episodes of the Fair.

From the Jena bridge over the Seine one looks across a wide expanse of green to the Eiffel Tower, catching a glimpse, under the tower, of broad, bare gravel spaces beyond, and the entire effect is

gravel space might have been avoided. One more blemish may be discerned as one stands on the bridge, namely, a weak massing of great leafy trees across the angles of the terminus of the vista over against the Palace of Electricity. It would not be well to risk obscuring this building by an extended thickening of the flanking plantations; but there is certainly not enough, for nothing increases the effectiveness of a building more than properly disposed groups of trees and shrubs, which



The Lake Adjoining the Palais Lumineux.

agreeable. But when the point of view is changed and the visitor takes his position at the Palace of Electricity the space before the eye is marred by a gravel walk one hundred feet wide, that greatly injures the general harmony of a scene which should be otherwise almost unsurpassed for dignity, simplicity, and large landscape effect. It seems as if, speaking under the disadvantage of an outsider, some skilfully contrived arrangement of winding walks, screened with shrubbery, might have been devised whereby the blinding glare and naked discordance of this half mile of

largely cover the lower parts and form a base from which the higher portions of the building may rise with increased impressiveness. The general effect of the flanking plantations of grand specimens of trees extending to the Seine for three-quarters of a mile is most excellent, and their foliage adds a charm to the buildings which they could ill afford to spare.

The trouble with the entire design of the Exposition, as the most favorable critics will readily confess, is the confined area allotted for its occupation. Consider how impossible it becomes to secure the proper



A Chinese Pagoda.

landscape effect when the entire scheme, buildings and all, is restricted to two hundred and fifty acres of land (Chicago had eight hundred acres); and consider still further that of these two hundred and fifty acres of land, only about one-quarter of the area has been set apart for grass and planting of all kinds. The result has been, particularly on the Champ de Mars, that the general landscape effect is disappointing. The *ensemble* is, as already intimated, unquestionably crowded and lacking in the best kind of landscape effect, and is a little too much inclined to the rococo style of art to be entirely dignified and satisfying, in spite of the concession we may feel inclined to make to the gay and festal nature of the occasion. This lack of breadth of landscape quality and the desire to please the public with gay effects has developed a kind of gardening that is a little mixed, here distinctly French and there partaking of what is called in France the English school of elliptical curves and irregular masses; and has also brought into undue prominence a geometrical form of flower-beds that do not always arrange themselves so as to avoid injuring the proper effect of the turf and trees. The Exposition's demand for popular showy effects has evidently led to a good deal of a kind

of flower-bed that would hardly have been used in just this way in the permanent parks of Paris.

Having said so much, however, concerning defects in the design of the grass, flower, and tree effects of the Champ de Mars, and having said it with great reluctance in view of my profound respect for the wonderful gardening of the entire Exposition, I feel the more constrained to express the highest admiration for the broad views, administrative ability, and highly trained skill of Monsieur Vacherot, and to say that only those who have tried to do it, can appreciate the difficulty of thus preparing turf, arranging flowers and planting trees, and, above all, of thus skilfully grading the surface of the lawn. It is truly wonderful in its results, but let no one imagine that it has been done in a week of the past spring, or altogether in the rush of a preparation for a world's fair. Indeed, if it had not been done in accordance with scientific methods, and based on carefully prepared schemes initiated years ago, it could not, in the nature of things, have attained anything like the success it has. It is true, these trees have been in many cases planted in their places this spring in the height of the rush and hurry of the preparations for the Exposit-

tion, and all of them, with a few exceptions, were set out two years ago last spring; but it should be remembered that all these trees which have been moved have been prepared specially for the purpose by digging around them and cutting their roots, so as to induce an abundant fresh growth of new and small fibres. During the time occupied in making fresh roots until their removal, these trees have been carefully watered, cultivated, and treated with rich mellow soil. When they were finally moved, they were lifted with a care that is scarcely known in America, by means of an ingenious arrangement of wheels and pulleys in the form of a wagon or chariot, as it is called. The tree is lifted and moved with its ball of earth and roots carefully confined with bands of branches and twigs, so that scarcely a small fibre can be jarred, much less injured, in transit to its destination. In order to move trees a foot or eighteen inches in diameter of stem and thirty to forty feet high, eighteen to twenty great Percheron draught horses, specially trained for the purpose, are often

used, and the tree is in this way taken and landed in its hole as daintily and with as little jar as would accompany the setting down of any supremely precious thing. The Paris Management of Parks always keeps in its nursery—a remarkable place of many acres and ninety-two glass houses—or on the streets, large trees that have been moved within a comparatively short time and that have been treated in the way which has been briefly and imperfectly indicated. It is for this reason that such apparently magical effects can be produced by the Parisian authorities, such as repairing in a few weeks the damages of a storm, or creating, in a few months, a park in connection with a World's Fair.

The most potent factor that enables the Parisian gardener to accomplish so much is the use of *water*. He does not water every day only, but he waters all the time; for, though economical generally, he seems to be almost too lavish with water. If the trees are not being watered, the hose is pouring water in some ingenious way over the turf. The soil is doubtless prepared



The Horticultural Hall during an Exhibition.



Avenue Nicholas II.

by tilth and fertilizers in the most skilful manner, but water is applied to the trees at once after the roots have been cut or have been transplanted, and the application of water is kept up almost incessantly. For instance, it is not considered enough simply to move the carefully prepared tree in the most skilful manner, but small tile pipes, two to three inches in diameter, are often made to encircle the roots of the freshly planted tree, two and two and a half feet below the surface of the ground, and the end of the pipe, which is unglazed and porous and not jointed, is led to the surface of the ground where water in abundance is poured into it.

The trouble in America is that there is a vast deal of misdirected effort in planting trees, and people in this country are strangely moved to plant trees in great numbers without due regard to the character of the result likely to be obtained. Almost any tree is a tree to them; but such a tree as they would readily accept as quite good enough, would be either at once discarded by a French expert, or else taken as something which must be trained and brought to proper perfection by years of effort. One must acknowledge without hesitation that the Frenchman is a prince of tree growers and tree planters. He even knows enough to recognize that he is not always doing his best, for, in the desire to attain quick results, he allows his skill to undertake the removal of large trees: but he would be the first to explain that the removal of a perfect, well-formed, medium-sized tree will attain the best results in the end. The French landscape gardener, however, recognizes a certain sentiment in Paris which demands an im-

mediate and more or less dramatic result to please the people. In order to do it the French genius proves its quality chiefly in its willingness to take an infinite amount of pains. It may be said, furthermore, that the artistic sense of a Frenchman makes him delight in a highly finished piece of work, such as this tree-planting unquestionably is; but back of it all is a desire to please the public and to take infinite pains to do it.

It is not practicable to give extended details of the different remarkable features of landscape gardening effects that have been successfully developed on the Champ de Mars, but in justice to the skill displayed, attention must be drawn to some of the perfect specimens of trees and shrubs, arranged in fine groups all over the lawns. The presence of such specimens of evergreens as the atlas cedar, cedar of Lebanon, *thuiopsis borealis*, *retinosporas*, Nordman's fir, *abies concolor*, rhododendrons and azaleas, and of such deciduous trees as weeping elms, beeches, birches, hazels, lindens, and a host of other species and varieties, is very impressive, especially as these specimens are of remarkable beauty and perfection. The cedars of Lebanon and *cedrus deodora* are of great size also, being, in some cases, from twenty to thirty feet high, while lindens, planes, poplars and elms, are far larger. There have been 50,000 shrubs used besides the vast numbers placed on view by individual exhibitors. Many of these shrubs would not grow in America, although the brilliant effect they produce would be desirable, and yet, our own dogwoods and viburnums are equally beautiful, though in a different style. Deciduous shrubs bloom better and do better

in America than they do in Paris, and although a great many of them are used, they are less popular than the great shining green leaves of evergreen species, such as the *laurocerasus* which is much employed at the Exposition.

There is one especially distinguished illustration of the beautiful way in which the management has carried out the design and execution of single important features of landscape gardening. Close to the Eiffel Tower, on the northeast side, there is a small territory in front of the Palais du Costume and surrounding a small building called the Palais Lumineux. This territory was so fortunate as to have an original configuration of the ground which on its varied surface included several large specimens of willows and poplars and a small pond or lake ; and with this material and a lot of other shrubs and trees, the landscape architect has happily contrived a genuine bit of woodland scenery, one of the few bits to be seen at the Exposition, which does not naturally lend itself to such treatment on account of its confined space and the necessarily nearly complete obliteration of original conditions. But here, at the illuminated Palace, the artist has fortunately found his chance to develop a charming bit of landscape gardening. All the formality of straight lines and flat surfaces is forgotten, and the woodland note is admirably caught and sustained. The pond has apparently been lengthened and curved in and out so as to make coves and points on which stand the large original trees. Shrubs, disposed about in a natural manner, are used, and they are good specimens planted four or five feet from each other, and not thrown together in thick masses as we are apt to have them in this country. The individual shrubs are not only good, but the grass is so exquisitely managed and curved to the water's edge that one feels as if one were in a genuine dainty woodland nook where nymphs, in pride of their shrine, keep everything alive and glowing with beauty. Bits of rock fall into natural place on the shore, and groups of them allow water to fall over their edges and ferns and vines to thrive in their crevices. The rocks are imitation, to be sure, but we are inclined to forgive them for the sake of the beauty of the effect, which looks entirely unsophisticated and artless. Near

this favored nook there is a charming large thatched summer-house surrounded by the same kind of rocks and great trees which makes it another genuine bit of woodland. The French have a natural aptitude for thatching roofs, and this illustration of their skill is a good one.

As might be expected, the effects of the Exposition and of the streets of the city of Paris, as created by trees, are made with a few species and varieties, and they are principally Lombardy poplars, oriental planes, elms, horse-chestnuts and lindens, of which plane-trees and horse-chestnuts most abound everywhere ; but though the horse - chestnut is perhaps the favorite French tree, discerning tree lovers there, as elsewhere, will tell you that it loses its leaves too early in the summer to allow it to attain to entire excellence of credit as a park tree. One does not see as many maples as one would expect, and the sugar maple, moreover, does not succeed well in this dry, hot soil.

Leaving the landscape gardening which forms part of the Eiffel Tower and Trocadéro region we come to the Beaux Arts Palace grounds, the real gem of the landscape gardening of the Exposition. Fortunately it is to remain after the Exposition, as a permanent addition to the parks and public buildings of Paris. In this park, on the edge of the avenue of the Champs Elysées are placed the two great buildings devoted to the permanent exhibition of ancient and modern art, paintings and sculpture and tapestries, a priceless collection. The Grand Palais is devoted to modern art and the Petit Palais to past or historic art, and these palaces stand nearly in the same place as the Palace of Industry stood during the Exposition of 1889, including besides an area which was at that time somewhat neglected and imperfectly improved. Architecturally, the buildings are nearly all that could be desired, splendid and dignified and worthy of the age of art in which they were designed. Between these buildings there is a space of one hundred feet, which gives ample opportunity for the decoration of the buildings. When across the Alexander III. Bridge one finally finds one's self looking from the Avenue St. Nicholas at the gate on the Avenue des Champs Elysées

clear up to Napoleon's Tomb and the Hôtel des Invalides, and sees the ground between the river and the Invalides cleared in imagination of exposition buildings as it is intended to be, it will become evident in a moment that one is gazing on one of the most splendid landscape-gardening effects in the world. It may not be landscape-gardening in the strict sense of the term where the large effects of landscape are obtained, and where the influence will be to inspire thoughts and feelings kindred to those produced by noble natural scenery; but it is certainly urban gardening of a high type where infinite pains, fine taste and largeness of aim have succeeded in duly fitting the means to the end, without destroying or deadening the effect of anything of artistic value in the immediate neighborhood, as has happened in the adjustment of the buildings and the foliage in the neighborhood of the Trocadéro. The conditions of the buildings and the avenue with its vista are such as distinctly to limit the planting to a somewhat formal decorative border for the palaces, but what a grand decorative border it is; surely the world never saw a finer of its kind! No circumstances could have been more fortunate for the development of just such an effect, for all along the Avenue des Champs Elysées a great mass of horse-chestnuts forms a most effective background to the gardening scheme, while by means of trees transplanted and trees that already stood in place, the pile of the buildings is softened and partially obscured in its lower portions in just the way needed to bring out the beauties of the architectural lines most effectively.

It should be explained here that while in the Champ de Mars most of the trees and shrubs were furnished by the management of the Exposition, and few by exhibitors themselves who have their names attached to their plants by labels, it is quite different on the grounds attached to the buildings of the Beaux Arts and in the space originally occupied by the Cours la Reine, a most picturesque and diversified spot. Here nearly everything is exhibited by the nurserymen of Paris, although everything is carefully located by the management and bought by the city so as to be able to keep it permanently in the exact spot where it has been set. The perfection of

these specimens is really almost beyond belief, and it is not a case of a few, but of scores and hundreds of sago palms, rhododendrons, azaleas, hollies, atlas cedars, deodar cedars, rare silver firs, thujas and *thuïopsis dolabrata*, *sequoia gigantea* (the big California tree), evergreen magnolias, all varying from ten to forty feet high and all growing satisfactorily and not merely struggling for existence, as many specimens do just after being set out, especially if the summer be as hot as the present one. It is a mistake for Americans to delude themselves into the belief that the French climate is so much better than that of America, for although we do have as a rule severer winters than those of France, the summers there are quite as trying as those of America, for their droughts are often long protracted, and the soil is sandy or else chalky and hard. During such a terrible summer as that of 1900, with the heat close on to a hundred degrees Fahrenheit for days at a time, and rain so long absent as to have passed almost into oblivion, the advantages in climate possessed by France will be hardly apparent, and the evidence equally indubitable that only by unlimited watering and cultivating can the evils of burning droughts, peculiar to both America and France, be mitigated.

Another feature of the plantations of the Exposition is the absence, or the smallness in number, of many species and varieties of trees and shrubs which we prize highly in America, such as Japanese maples, viburnums, dogwoods, especially *C. Florida*, and the effect of the shrubs, as well as that of trees, is made by a comparatively small number of kinds, and those principally evergreen, such as *laurocerasus*, box-trees, etc.

The treatment of the grading is, as it should be, quite formal in front of the buildings, but it shades off delicately and artfully into the more natural recesses of the grounds of the horticultural exhibit contained in what used to be, before it was filled in and graded, the gravelled walks and bridle-paths of the Cours la Reine. The grading of all these lawns deserves the highest praise. One or two little pools are introduced in the happiest and most effective manner in the horticultural grounds, and a naturally un-

dulating surface sustained; but in front of the Palaces of Art everything is formal and dignified, and the perfection of the turf is something to be remembered by many who have often tried in vain to get it. There is not a weak spot apparently, and the wonder of it is that some of it was sown late last spring and has grown into a beautiful turf in a few weeks, and the secret of the magical success is the daily and almost hourly use of water.

This wonderful perfection of neatness and clean, healthy vigor is not confined, moreover, to the outdoor exhibits of plants of the management and nurserymen; for in the horticultural halls and other glass houses, beautiful specimens of palms, orchids, and leaf plants of all kinds are shown in large quantities, and the exhibition of color effects is splendid and almost overwhelming; but their beauty is greatly attributable to the healthy vigor they display. The grouping of plants and arrangement of colors displayed by the exhibitors in these houses has all the artistic skill peculiar to Parisian growers of greenhouse specimens. Light, airy convenience characterizes the houses, especially in their freedom from crowding. The plants are raised upon masses of artificial rock covered with lycopodium or some other good covering, and the effect is elegant and airy, and the arrangement open and suitable to permit the gathering of crowds; and although it may be said that there is nothing particularly new in the general style of arrangement, it is more free and harmoniously combined than is usually seen in similar exhibitions. The architectural exterior of these glass-houses is particularly pleasing, as they do not dominate the scene; for they are low, comparatively, and the glass covered with wooden shades painted a neutral color, so that you hardly think of them as greenhouses.

One of the interesting exhibits of flowers is that of the aquatics or water plants, such as lotuses and nymphæas (lilies), and the pools for their exhibition are most artistically arranged so as to combine the right amount of clear water to properly present the charms of the flowers. There are whole classes of fine nymphæas which have originated in France and are known all over the world, and come here to the Exposition of Paris represented by the most beautiful specimens. They are also found in some of the fountain basins, and they, altogether, form one of the most beautiful portions of the exhibit, for nothing, not even an orchid, can be more beautiful in color and form than one of the finer kinds of water-lilies.

There is certainly a word due to the unrivalled splendor of the river view as seen from boats on the Seine. Few flowers comparatively appear in sight, and only a few exhibits of fruit-trees and plants; but the brilliance and harmony of hue and line are indescribable, and truly form, with all the evanescent character of the scene, one of the wonders of the world.

Probably no one knows the limitations and imperfections of the Fair better than the designers themselves; yet, candidly, can anyone of competent knowledge and experience declare that there is any other nation on earth who could have done this landscape gardening better, or as well, under the conditions existing in the approved plan of the Exposition? It is a good and healthy lesson to look at our own doings in the light of other people's, not only intelligently but candidly and honestly. Everyone interested in landscape gardening should visit this nineteenth century exposition and see, by comparison, how really bad some of his own work of this kind is likely to be; and yet there is no real reason why he should be discouraged, for there are heights of landscape gardening to which even Frenchmen have not yet attained.

THE TONE OF TIME

By Henry James



WAS too pleased with what it struck me that, as an old, old friend, I had done for her, not to go to her that very afternoon with the news. I knew she worked late, as in general I also did; but I sacrificed for her sake a good hour of the February daylight. She was in her studio, as I had believed she would be, where her card ("Mary J. Treddick"—not Mary Jane, but Mary Juliana) was manfully on the door; a little tired, a little old, and a good deal spotted, but with her ugly spectacles taken off, as soon as I appeared, to greet me. She kept on, while she scraped her palette and wiped her brushes, the big stained apron that covered her from head to foot and that I had often enough before seen her retain in conditions giving the measure of her renunciation of the desire to dazzle. Every fresh reminder of this brought home to me that she had given up everything but her work, and that there had been in her history some reason. But I was as far from the reason as ever. She had given up too much. This was just why one wanted to lend her a hand. I told her, at any rate, that I had a lovely job for her.

"To copy something I do like?"

Her complaint, I knew, was that people only gave orders, if they gave them at all, for things she didn't like. But this wasn't a case of copying—not at all, at least, in the common sense. "It's for a portrait—quite in the air."

"Ah, you do portraits yourself!"

"Yes, and you know how. My trick won't serve for this. What's wanted is a pretty picture."

"Then of whom?"

"Of nobody. That is of anybody—anybody you like."

She naturally wondered. "Do you mean I'm myself to choose my sitter?"

"Well, the oddity is that there's to be no sitter."

"Whom, then, is the picture to represent?"

"Why, a handsome, distinguished,

agreeable man, of not more than forty, clean-shaven, thoroughly well-dressed, and a perfect gentleman."

She continued to stare. "I'm to find him myself?"

I laughed at the term she used. "Yes, as you 'find' the canvas, the colors, and the frame." After which I immediately explained. "I've just had the 'rummest' visit, the effect of which was to make me think of you. A lady, unknown to me and unIntroduced, turned up at my place at three o'clock. She had come straight, she let me know, without preliminaries, on account of one's high reputation—the usual thing—and of her having admired one's work. Of course I instantly saw—I mean I saw it as soon as she named her affair—that she hadn't understood my work at all. What am I good for, in the world, but just the impression of the given, the presented case? I can do but the face I see."

"And do you think I can do the face I don't?"

"No, but you see so many more. You see them in fancy and memory, and they come out, for you, from all the museums you've haunted and all the great things you've studied. I *know* you'll be able to see the one my visitor wants and to give it—what's the *crux* of the business—the tone of time."

She turned the question over. "What does she want it for?"

"Just *for* that—for the tone of time. And, except that it's to hang over her chimney, she didn't tell me. I've only my idea that it's to represent, to symbolize, as it were, her husband, who's not alive and who perhaps never was. This is exactly what will give you a free hand."

"With nothing to go by—no photographs or other portraits?"

"Nothing."

"She only proposes to describe him?"

"Not even. She wants the picture itself to do that. Her only condition is that he be a *très-bel homme*."

She had begun at last, a little thought-

fully, to remove her apron. "Is she French?"

"I don't know; I give it up. She calls herself Mrs. Bridgenorth."

Mary wondered. "*Connais pas!* I never heard of her."

"You wouldn't."

"You mean it's not her real name?"

I hesitated. "I mean that she's a very downright fact, full of the implication that she'll pay a downright price. It's clear to me that you can ask what you like; and it's therefore a chance that I can't consent to your missing." My friend gave no sign either way, and I told my story. "She's a woman of fifty, perhaps of more, who has been pretty and who still presents herself, with her gray hair a good deal powdered, as I judge, to carry it off, extraordinarily well. She was a little frightened and a little free: the latter because of the former; but she did uncommonly well, I thought, considering the oddity of her wish. This oddity she quite admits; she began indeed by insisting on it so in advance that I found myself expecting I didn't know what. She broke at moments into French, which was perfect, but no better than her English, which isn't vulgar; not more, at least, than that of everybody else. The things people *do* say, and the way they say them, to artists! She wanted immensely, I could see, not to fail of her errand, not to be treated as absurd; and she was extremely grateful to me for meeting her so far as I did. She was beautifully dressed and she came in a brougham."

My listener took it in; then, very quietly, "Is she respectable?" she inquired.

"Ah, there you are!" I laughed; "and how you always pick the point right out, even when one has endeavored to diffuse a specious glamour! She's extraordinary," I pursued after an instant; "and just what she wants of the picture, I think, is to make her a little less so."

"Who is she, then? What is she?" my companion simply went on.

It threw me straightway back on one of my hobbies. "Ah, my dear, what is so interesting as life? What is, above all, so stupendous as London? There's everything in it, everything in the world, and nothing too amazing not some day to pop

out at you. What is a woman, faded, preserved, pretty, powdered, vague, odd, dropping on one without credentials, but with a carriage and very good lace, what is such a person but a person who *may* have had adventures and have made them, in one way or another, pay? They're, however, none of one's business; it's scarcely on the cards that one should ask her. I should like, with Mrs. Bridgenorth, to see a fellow ask! She goes in for dignity. If I suspect her of being the creation of her own talents, she has clearly, on the other hand, seen a lot of life. Will you meet her?" I next demanded.

My hostess waited. "No."

"Then you won't try?"

"Need I meet her to try?" And the question made me guess that, so far as she had understood, she began to feel herself a little taken. "It seems strange," she none the less mused, "to attempt to please her on such a basis. To attempt," she presently added, "to please her at all. It's your idea that she's not married?" she, with this, a trifle inconsequently asked.

"Well," I replied, "I've only had an hour to think of it, but I somehow already see the scene. Not immediately, not the day after, or even perhaps the year after the thing she desires is set up there, but in due process of time and on convenient opportunity, the transfiguration will occur. 'Who is that awfully handsome man?' 'That? Oh, that's an old sketch of my dear dead husband.' Because I told her—insidiously sounding her—that she would want it to look old and that the tone of time is exactly what you're full of."

"I believe I am!" Mary sighed at last.

"Then put on your hat." I had proposed to her on my arrival to come out to tea with me, and it was when left alone in the studio while she went to her room that I began to feel sure of the success of my errand. The vision that had an hour before determined me grew deeper and brighter for her while I moved about and looked at her things. There were more of them there on her hands than one liked to see, but at least they sharpened my confidence, which was pleasant for me in view of that of my visitor, who had

accepted without reserve my plea for Miss Tredick. Four or five of her copies of famous portraits—ornaments of great public and private collections—were on the walls, and to see them again together was to feel at ease about my guarantee. The mellow manner of them was what I had had in my mind in saying, to excuse myself to Mrs. Bridgenorth, "Oh, my things, you know, look as if they had been painted to-morrow!" It made no difference that Mary's Vandykes and Gainsboroughs were reproductions and replicas, for I had known her more than once to amuse herself with doing the thing quite, as she called it, off her own bat. She had copied so bravely so many brave things that she had at the end of her brush an extraordinary bag of tricks. She had always replied to me that such things were mere clever humbug; but mere clever humbug was what our client happened to want. The thing was to let her have it—one could trust her for the rest. And at the same time that I mused in this way I observed to myself that there was already something more than, as the phrase is, met the eye in such response as I felt my friend had made. I had touched, without intention, more than one spring; I had set in motion more than one impulse. I found myself indeed quite certain of this after she had come back in her hat and her jacket. She was different—her idea had flowered; and she smiled at me from under her tense veil, while she drew over her fine, narrow hands a pair of fresh gloves, with a light distinctly new. "Please tell your friend that I'm greatly obliged to both of you and that I take the order."

"Good. And to give him all his good looks?"

"It's just to do *that* that I accept. I shall make him supremely beautiful—and supremely base."

"Base?" I just demurred.

"The finest gentleman you'll ever have seen, and the worst friend."

I wondered, as I was startled; but after an instant I laughed for joy. "Ah well, so long as he's not mine! I see we *shall* have him," I said as we went, for truly I had touched a spring. In fact I had touched *the* spring.

It rang, more or less, I was presently

to find, all over the place. I went, as I had promised, to report to Mrs. Bridgenorth on my mission, and, though she declared herself much gratified at the success of it, I could see she a little resented the apparent absence of any desire on Miss Tredick's part for a preliminary conference. "I only thought she might have liked just to see me, and have imagined I might like to see *her*."

But I was full of comfort. "You'll see her when it's finished. You'll see her in time to thank her."

"And to pay her, I suppose!" my hostess laughed with an asperity that was, after all, not excessive. "Will she take long?"

I thought. "She's so full of it that my impression would be that she'll do it off at a heat."

"She *is* full of it, then?" she asked; and on hearing to what tune, though I told her but half, she broke out with admiration. "You artists are the most extraordinary people!" It was almost with a bad conscience that I confessed we indeed were, and while she said that what she meant was that we seemed to understand everything, and I rejoined that this was also what I meant, she took me into another room to see the place for the picture—a proceeding of which the effect was singularly to confirm the truth in question. The place for the picture—in her own room, as she called it, a boudoir at the back, overlooking the general garden of the approved modern row, and, as she said, only just wanting that touch—proved exactly the place (the space of a large panel in the white woodwork over the mantel) that I had spoken of to my friend. She put it quite candidly: "Don't you see what it will do?" and looked at me wonderfully, as for a sign that I could sympathetically take from her what she didn't literally say. She said it, poor woman, so very nearly that I had no difficulty whatever. The portrait, tastefully enshrined there, of the finest gentleman one should ever have seen, would do even more for herself than it would do for the room.

I may as well mention at once that my observation of Mrs. Bridgenorth was not in the least of a nature to unseat me from the hobby I have already named. In the

light of the impression she made on me, life seemed quite as prodigious and London quite as amazing as I had ever contended ; and nothing could have been more in the key of that experience than the manner in which everything was vivid between us and nothing expressed. We remained on the surface with the tenacity of shipwrecked persons clinging to a plank. Our plank was our concentrated gaze at Mrs. Bridgenorth's mere present. We allowed her past to exist for us only in the form of the prettiness that she had gallantly rescued from it and to which a few scraps of its identity still adhered. She was amiable, gentle, consistently proper. She gave me more than anything else the sense, simply, of waiting. She was like a house so freshly and successfully "done up" that you were surprised it wasn't occupied. She was waiting for something to happen—for somebody to come. She was waiting, above all, for Mary Tredick's work. She clearly counted that it would help her.

I had foreseen the fact—the picture was produced at a heat ; rapidly, directly, at all events, for the sort of thing it proved to be. I let my friend alone at first, left the ferment to work, troubling her with no questions and asking her for no news ; two or three weeks passed, and I never went near her. Then at last, one afternoon as the light was failing, I looked in. She immediately knew what I wanted. "Oh, yes, I'm doing him."

"Well," I said, "I've respected your intensity, but I *have* felt curious."

I may not perhaps say that she was never so sad as when she laughed, but it's certain that she always laughed when she was sad. When, however, poor dear, for that matter, was she, secretly, not ? Her little gasps of mirth were the mark of her worst moments. But why should she have one of these just now ? "Oh, I know your curiosity !" she replied to me ; and the small chill of her amusement scarcely met it. "He's coming out, but I can't show him to you yet. I must muddle it through in my own way. It has insisted on being, after all, a 'likeness,'" she added. "But nobody will ever know."

"Nobody ?"

"Nobody that *she* sees."

"Ah, she doesn't, poor thing," I returned, "seem to see anybody !"

"So much the better. I'll risk it." On which I felt I should have to wait, though I had suddenly grown impatient. But I still hung about, and while I did so she explained. "If what I've done is really a portrait, the conditions themselves prescribed it. If I was to do the most beautiful man in the world I could do but one."

We looked at each other ; then I laughed. "It can scarcely be *me* ! But you're getting," I asked, "the great thing ?"

"The infamy ? Oh, yes, please God."

It took away my breath a little, and I even for the moment scarce felt at liberty to press. But one could always be cheerful. "What I meant is the tone of time."

"Getting it, my dear man ? Didn't I get it long ago ? Don't I *show* it, the tone of time ?" she suddenly, strangely sighed at me, with something in her face I had never yet seen. "I can't give it to him more than—for all these years—he was to have given it to *me*."

I scarce knew what smothered passion, what remembered wrong, what mixture of joy and pain my words had accidentally quickened. Such an effect of them could only become, for me, an instant pity, which, however, I brought out but indirectly. "It's the tone," I smiled, "in which you're speaking now."

This served, unfortunately, as something of a check. "I didn't mean to speak now." Then with her eyes on the picture : "I've said everything there. Come back," she added, "in three days. He'll be all right."

He was indeed when at last I saw him. She had produced an extraordinary thing—a thing wonderful, ideal, for the part it was to play. My only reserve, from the first, was that it was too fine for its part, that something much less "sincere" would equally have served Mrs. Bridgenorth's purpose, and that relegation to that lady's "own room"—whatever charm it was to work there—might only mean for it cruel obscurity. The picture is before me now, so that I could describe it if description availed. It represents a man of about five-and-thirty, seen only as to the head and shoulders, but dressed, the observer gathers, in a fashion now almost antique

and which was far from contemporaneous with the date of the work. His high, slightly narrow face, which would be perhaps too aquiline but for the beauty of the forehead and the sweetness of the mouth, has a charm that even after all these years still stirs my imagination. His type has altogether a distinction that you feel to have been firmly caught and yet not vulgarly emphasized. The eyes are just too near together, but they are, in a wonderful way, both careless and intense, while lip, cheek, and chin, smooth and clear, are admirably drawn. Youth is still, you see, in all his presence, the joy and pride of life, the perfection of a high spirit and the expectation of a great fortune, which he takes for granted with unconscious insolence. Nothing has ever happened to humiliate or disappoint him; and, if my fancy doesn't run away with me, the whole presentation of him is a guarantee that he will die without having suffered. He is so handsome, in short, that you can scarcely say what he means, and so happy that you can scarcely guess what he feels.

It is of course, I hasten to add, an appreciably feminine rendering, light, delicate, vague, imperfectly synthetic—inconsistent and evasive, above all, in the wrong places; but the composition, none the less, is beautiful and the suggestion infinite. The grandest air of the thing struck me in fact, when first I saw it, as coming from the high artistic impertinence with which it offered itself as painted about 1850. It would have been a rare flower of refinement for that dark day. The "tone"—that of such a past as it pretended to—was there almost to excess, a brown bloom into which the image seemed mysteriously to retreat. The subject of it looks at me now across more years and more knowledge, but what I felt at the moment was that he managed to be at once a telling hocus-pocus and a genuine evocation. He hushed me, I remember, with so many kinds of awe that I shouldn't have dreamt of asking who he was. All I said, after my first incoherences of wonder at my friend's practised skill, was: "And you've arrived at this truth without documents?"

"It depends on what you call documents."

"Without notes, sketches, studies?"

"I destroyed them years ago."

I thought. "Then you once had them?"

She just hung fire. "I once had everything."

It told me both more and less than I had asked; enough, at all events, to make my next question, as I uttered it, sound even to myself a little foolish. "So that it's all memory?"

From where she stood she looked once more at her work; after which she jerked away and, taking several steps, came back to me with something new—whatever it was I had already seen—in her air and answer. "It's all *hate!*" she threw at me, and then went out of the room. It was not till she had gone that I quite understood why. Extremely affected by the impression visibly made on me, she had burst into tears, but had wished me not to see them. She left me alone for some time with her wonderful subject, and I again, in her absence, made things out. He was dead—he had been dead for years; the sole humiliation, as I have called it, that he was to know, had come to him in that form. The canvas held and cherished him, at any rate, as it only holds the dead. She had suffered from him, it came to me, the worst that a woman can suffer, and the wound he had dealt her, though hidden, had never effectually healed. It had bled again while she worked. Yet when she at last reappeared there was but one thing to say. "The beauty, heaven knows, I see. But I don't see what you call the infamy."

She gave him a last look—again she turned away. "Oh, he was like that."

"Well, whatever he was like," I remember replying, "I wonder you can bear to part with him. Isn't it better to let her see the picture first here?"

As to this she doubted. "I don't think I want her to come."

I wondered. "You continue to object so to meet her?"

"What good will it do? It's quite impossible I should alter him for her."

"Oh, she won't want *that!*" I laughed. "She'll adore him as he is."

"Are you quite sure of your idea?"

"That he's to figure as Mr. Bridgenorth? Well, if I hadn't been from the

first, my dear lady, I should be now. Fancy, with the chance, her *not* jumping at him! Yes, he'll figure as Mr. Bridgenorth."

"Mr. Bridgenorth!" she echoed, making the sound, with her small cold laugh, grotesquely poor for him. He might really have been a prince, and I wondered if he hadn't been. She had, at all events, a new notion. "Do you mind my having it taken to your place and letting her come to see it there?" Which—as I immediately embraced her proposal, deferring to her reasons, whatever they were—was what was speedily arranged.

II

THE next day, therefore, I had the picture in charge, and on the following Mrs. Bridgenorth, whom I had notified, arrived. I had placed it, framed and on an easel, well in evidence, and I have never forgotten the look and the cry that, as she became aware of it, leaped into her face and from her lips. It was an extraordinary moment—all the more that it found me quite unprepared; so extraordinary that I scarce knew at first what had happened. By the time I really perceived, moreover, more things had happened than one, so that when I pulled myself together it was to face the situation as a whole. She had recognized, on the instant, the subject; that came first and was irrepressibly vivid in her. Her recognition had, for the length of a flash, lighted for her the possibility that the stroke had been directed. That came second, and she flushed with it as with a blow in the face. What came third—and it was what was really most wondrous—was the quick instinct of getting both her strange recognition and her blind suspicion well in hand. She couldn't control, however, poor woman, the strong color in her face and the quick tears in her eyes. She could only glare at the canvas, gasping, grimacing, and try to gain time. Whether in surprise or in resentment, she intensely reflected, feeling more than anything else how little she might prudently show; and I was conscious even at the moment that nothing of its kind could have been finer than her effort to swallow her shock in ten seconds.

How many seconds she took I didn't measure; enough, at any rate, for me also to profit. I gained more time than she, and the greatest oddity, doubtless, was my own private manœuvre; the quickest calculation that, acting from a mere confused instinct, I had ever made. If she had known the great gentleman represented there and yet had determined on the spot to carry herself as ignorant, all my loyalty to Mary Tredick came to the surface in a prompt counter-move. What gave me opportunity was the red in her cheek. "Why, you've known him!"

I saw her ask herself for an instant if she mightn't successfully make her startled state pass as the mere glow of pleasure, her natural greeting to her acquisition. She was pathetically, yet at the same time almost comically, divided; her line was so to cover her tracks that every avowal of a past connection was a danger; but it also concerned her safety to learn, in the light of our astounding coincidence, how far she already stood exposed. She meanwhile begged the question. She smiled through her tears. "He's too magnificent."

But I gave her, as I say, all too little time. "Who is he? Who *was* he?"

It must have been my look, still more than my words, that determined her. She wavered but an instant longer, panted, laughed, cried again, and then, dropping into the nearest seat, gave herself up so completely that I was almost ashamed. "Do you think I'd tell you his *name*?" The burden of the backward years—all the effaced and ignored—lived again, almost like an accent unlearned but freshly breaking out at a touch, in the very sound of the words. These perceptions she, however, the next thing showed me, were a game at which two could play. She had to look at me but an instant. "Why, you really *don't* know it!"

I judged best to be frank. "I don't know it."

"Then how does *she*?"

"How do you?" I laughed. "I'm a different matter."

She sat a minute turning things round, staring at the picture. "The likeness, the likeness!" It was almost too much.

"It's so true?"

"Beyond everything."

I considered. "But a resemblance to a known individual—that wasn't what you wanted."

She sprang up at this, in eager protest. "Ah, no one else would see it."

I showed again, I fear, my amusement. "No one but you and she?"

"It's her doing *him*!" She was held by her wonder. "Doesn't she, on your honor, know?"

"That his is the very head you would have liked if you had dared? Not a bit. How *should* she? She knows nothing—on my honor."

Mrs. Bridgenorth continued to marvel. "She just painted him for the kind of face——"

"That corresponds with my description of what you wished? Precisely."

"But *how*—after so long? From memory? As a friend?"

"As a reminiscence—yes. Visual memory, you see, in our uncanny race, is wonderful. As the ideal thing, simply, for your purpose. You *are* then suited?" I after an instant added.

She had again been gazing and at this turned her eyes on me: but I saw she couldn't speak, couldn't do more, at least, than sound, unutterably, "Suited!" so that I was positively not surprised when, suddenly—just as Mary had done, the power to produce this effect seeming a property of our friend—she burst into tears. I feel no harsher in relating it, however I may appear, than I did at the moment; but it is a fact that while she just wept I literally had a fresh inspiration on behalf of Miss Fredick's interests. I knew exactly, moreover, before my companion had recovered herself, what she would next ask me; and I consciously brought this appeal on in order to have it over. I explained that I had not the least idea of the identity of our artist's model, to which she had given me no clue. I had nothing but my impression that she had known him—known him well; and, from whatever material she had worked, the fact of his having also been known to Mrs. Bridgenorth was a coincidence pure and simple. It partook of the nature of prodigy, but such prodigies did occur. My visitor listened with relief, with belief, she was so far reassured. Then I saw her question come.

"Well, if she doesn't dream he was ever anything to me—or what he will be now—I'm going to ask you, as a very particular favor, never to tell her. She will want to know, of course, exactly how I've been struck. You'll naturally say that I'm delighted, but may I exact from you that you say nothing else?"

There was supplication in her face, but I had to think. "There are conditions I must put to you first, and one of them is also a question, only more frank than yours. Was this mysterious personage—frustrated by death—to have married you?"

She met it bravely. "Certainly—if he had lived."

I was only amused at an artlessness in her "certainly." "Very good. But why do you wish the coincidence——"

"Kept from her?" She knew exactly why. "Because if she suspects it she won't let me have the picture. Therefore," she added, with decision, "you must let me pay for it on the spot."

"What do you mean by on the spot?"

"I'll send you a check as soon as I get home."

"Oh," I laughed, "let us understand! Why do you consider she won't let you have the picture?"

She made me wait a little for this, but when it came it was perfectly lucid. "Because she'll then see how much more I must want it."

"How much less—wouldn't it be rather? since the bargain was, as the more convenient thing, not for a likeness."

"Oh," said Mrs. Bridgenorth with impatience, "the likeness will take care of itself. She'll put this and that together." Then she brought out her real apprehension. "She'll be jealous."

"Oh!" I laughed, but I was startled.

"She'll hate me."

I wondered. "But I don't think she liked him."

"Don't think?" She stared at me, with her echo, over all that might be in it; then seemed to find little enough. "Rubbish!"

It was almost comically the old Mrs. Bridgenorth. "But I gather from her that he was bad."

"Then what was *she*?"

I barely hesitated. "What were *you*?"

"That's my own business." And she turned again to the picture. "He was good enough for her to do *that* of him."

I took it in once more. "Artistically speaking, for the way it's done, it's one of the most curious things I've ever seen."

"It's a treat!" said poor Mrs. Bridgenorth, more simply.

It was, it *is*, really; which is exactly what made the case so interesting. "Yet I feel, somehow, that, as I say, it wasn't done with love."

It was wonderful how she understood. "It was done with rage."

"Then what have you to fear?"

She knew again perfectly. "What happened when he made *me* jealous. So much," she declared, "that if you'll give me your word for silence——"

"Well?"

"Why, I'll double the money."

"Oh," I replied, taking a turn about in the excitement of our concurrence, "that's exactly what—to do a still better stroke for her—it had just come to *me* to propose!"

"It's understood then, on your oath as a gentleman?" She was so eager that practically this settled it, though I moved to and fro a little while she watched me in suspense. It vibrated all round us that she had gone out to the thing in a stifled flare, that a whole close relation had in the few minutes revived. We know it of the truly amiable person that he will strain a point for another that he wouldn't strain for himself. The stroke to put in for Mary was positively prescribed. The work represented really much more than had been covenanted, and if the purchaser chose so to value it this was her own affair. I decided. "If it's understood also on *your* word."

We were so at one that we shook hands on it. "And when may I send?"

"Well, I shall see her this evening. Say early to-morrow."

"Early to-morrow." And I went with her to her brougham, into which, I remember, as she took leave, she expressed regret that she mightn't then and there have introduced the canvas for removal. I consoled her with remarking that she couldn't have got it in—which was not quite true.

I saw Mary Tredick before dinner, and though I was not quite ideally sure of my

present ground with her, I instantly brought out my news. "She's so delighted that I felt I must in conscience do something still better for you. She's not to have it on the original terms. I've put up the price."

Mary wondered. "But to what?"

"Well, to four hundred. If you say so, I'll try even for five."

"Oh, she'll never give that."

"I beg your pardon."

"After the agreement?" She looked grave. "I don't like such leaps and bounds."

"But, my dear child, they're yours. You contracted for a decorative trifle and you've produced a breathing masterpiece."

She thought. "Is that what she calls it?" Then, as having to think too, I hesitated. "What does she know?" she pursued.

"She knows she wants it."

"So much as that?"

At this I had to brace myself a little. "So much that she'll send me the check this afternoon, and that you'll have mine by the first post in the morning."

"Before she has even received the picture?"

"Oh, she'll send for it to-morrow." And as I was dining out and had still to dress, my time was up. Mary came with me to the door, where I repeated my assurance. "You shall receive my check by the first post." To which I added: "If it's little enough for a lady so much in need to pay for *any* husband, it isn't worth mentioning as the price of such a one as you've given her!"

I was in a hurry, but she held me. "Then you've felt your idea confirmed?"

"My idea?"

"That that's what I *have* given her?"

I suddenly fancied I had perhaps gone too far; but I had kept my cab and was already in it. "Well, put it," I called with excess of humor over the front, "that you've at any rate given *him* a wife!"

When on my return from dinner that night I let myself in, my first care, in my dusky studio, was to make light for another look at Mary's subject. I felt the impulse to bid him good-night, but, to my astonishment, he was no longer there. His place was a void—he had already disappeared. I saw, however, after my

first surprise, what had happened—saw it moreover, frankly, with some relief. As my servants were in bed I could ask no questions, but it was clear that Mrs. Bridgenorth, whose note, moreover, with its check, lay on my table, had been, after all, unable to wait. Her note, I found, mentioned nothing but her enclosure; but it had come by hand, and it was her silence that told the tale. Her messenger had been instructed to “act;” he had come with a vehicle, he had transferred to it canvas and frame. The prize was now, therefore, landed and the incident closed. I didn’t altogether, the next morning, know why, but I had slept the better for the sense of these things, and as soon as my attendant came in I asked for details. It was on this that his answer surprised me. “No, sir, there was no man, she came herself. She had only a four-wheeler, but I helped her, and we got it in. It was a squeeze, sir, but she *would* take it.”

I wondered. “She had only a four-wheeler? and not her servant?”

“Oh, no, sir. She came, as you may say, single-handed.”

“And not even in her brougham, which would have been larger.”

My man, with his habit, weighed it. “But *have* she a brougham, sir?”

“Why, the one she was here in yesterday.”

Then light broke. “Oh, *that* lady! It wasn’t her, sir. It was Miss Tredick.”

Light broke, but darkness a little followed it—a darkness that, after breakfast, guided my steps back to my friend. There, in its own first place, I met her creation; but I saw it would be a different thing meeting *her*. She immediately put down on a table, as if she had expected me, the check I had sent her overnight. “Yes, I’ve brought it away. And I can’t take the money.”

I found myself in despair. “You want to keep him?”

“I don’t understand what has happened.”

“You just back out?”

“I don’t understand,” she repeated, “what has happened.” But what I had already perceived was, on the contrary, that she very nearly, that she in fact quite remarkably did understand. It was as

if in my zeal I had given away my case, and I felt that my test was coming. She had been thinking all night with intensity, and Mrs. Bridgenorth’s generosity coupled with Mrs. Bridgenorth’s promptitude had kept her awake. Thence, for a woman nervous and critical, imaginations, visions, questions. “Why, in writing me last night, did you take for granted it was *she* who had swooped down? Why,” asked Mary Tredick, “should she swoop?”

Well, if I could drive a bargain for Mary, I felt I could *a fortiori* lie for her. “Because it’s her way. She does swoop. She’s impatient and uncontrolled. And it’s affectation for you to pretend,” I said, with diplomacy, “that you see no reason for her having fallen in love——”

“Fallen in love?” She took me straight up.

“With that gentleman. Certainly. What woman wouldn’t? What woman didn’t? I really don’t see, you know, your right to back out.”

“I won’t back out,” she presently returned, “if you’ll answer me a question. Does she know the man represented?” Then as I hung fire: “It has come to me that she must. It would account for so much. For the strange way I feel,” she went on, “and for the extraordinary sum you’ve been able to extract from her.”

It was a pity and I flushed with it, besides wincing at the word she used. But Mrs. Bridgenorth and I, between us, had clearly made the figure too high. “You think that, if she *had* guessed, I would naturally work it to ‘extract’ more?”

She turned away from me on this and, looking blank in her trouble, moved vaguely about. Then she stopped. “I see him set up there. I hear her say it. What you said she would make him pass for.”

I believe I foolishly tried—though only for an instant—to look as if I didn’t remember what I had said. “Her husband?”

“He wasn’t.”

The next minute I had risked it. “Was he yours?”

I don’t know what I had expected, but I found myself surprised at her mere pacific head-shake. “No.”

"Then why mayn't he have been——"

"Another woman's? Because he died, to my absolute knowledge, unmarried." She spoke as quietly. "He had known many women, and there was one, in particular, with whom he became—and too long remained—ruinously intimate. She tried to make him marry her, and he was very near it. Death, however, saved him. But she was the reason——"

"Yes?" I feared again from her a wave of pain, and I went on while she kept it back. "Did you know her?"

"She was one I wouldn't." Then she brought it out. "She was the reason he failed me." Her successful detachment somehow said all, reduced me to a flat, kind "Oh!" that marked my sense of her telling me, against my expectation, more than I knew what to do with. But it was just while I wondered how to turn her confidence that she repeated, in a changed voice, her challenge of a moment before. "Does she know the man represented?"

"I haven't the least idea." And having so acquitted myself I added, with what strikes me now as futility: "She certainly—yesterday—didn't name him."

"Only recognized him?"

"If she did she brilliantly concealed it."

"So that you got nothing from her?"

It was a question that offered me a certain advantage. "I thought you accused me of getting too much."

She gave me a long look, and I now saw everything in her face. "It's very nice—what you're doing for me, and you do it handsomely. It's beautiful—beautiful, and I thank you with all my heart. But I know."

"And what do you know?"

She went about now preparing her usual work. "What he must have been to her."

"You mean she was the person?"

"Well," she said, putting on her old spectacles, "she was one of them."

"And you accept so easily the astounding coincidence——"

"Of my finding myself, after years, in so extraordinary a relation with her? What do you call easily? I've passed a night of torment."

"But what put it into your head——?"

"That I had so blindly and strangely

given him back to her? You put it—yesterday."

"And how?"

"I can't tell you. You didn't in the least mean to—on the contrary. But you dropped the seed. The plant, after you had gone," she said with a business-like pull at her easel, "the plant began to grow. I *saw* them there—in your studio—face to face."

"You were jealous?" I laughed.

She gave me through her glasses another look, and they seemed, from this moment, in their queerness, to have placed her quite on the other side of the gulf of time. She was firm there; she was settled; I couldn't get at her now. "I see she told you I *would* be." I doubtless kept down too little my start at it, and she immediately pursued: "You say I accept the coincidence, which is of course prodigious. But such things happen. Why shouldn't I accept it if you do?"

"Do I?" I smiled.

She began her work in silence, but she presently exclaimed: "I'm glad I didn't meet her!"

"I don't yet see why you wouldn't."

"Neither do I. It was an instinct."

"Your instincts"—I tried to be ironic—"are prodigious!"

"They *have* to be, to meet such accidents. I must ask you kindly to tell her, when you return her gift, that, now I have done the picture, I find I must after all keep it for myself."

"Giving no reason?"

She painted away. "She'll know the reason."

Well, by this time I knew it too; I knew so many things that I fear my resistance was weak. If our wonderful client hadn't been his wife in fact, she was not to be helped to become his wife in fiction. I knew almost more than I can say, more, at any rate, than I could then betray. He had been bound in common mercy to stand by my friend, and he had basely forsaken her. This indeed brought up the obscure, into which I shyly gazed. "Why, even granting your theory, should you grudge her the portrait? It was painted in bitterness."

"Yes. Without that——!"

"It wouldn't have come? Precisely. Is it in bitterness then you'll keep it?"

She looked up from her canvas. "In what would *you* keep it?"

It made me jump. "Do you mean I *may*?" Then I had my idea. "*I'd* give you her price for it!"

Her smile, through her glasses, was beautiful. "And afterwards make it over to her? You shall have it when I die." With which she came away from her easel, and I saw that I was staying her work and should properly go. So I put out my hand to her. "It took—whatever you will!—to paint it," she said, "but I shall keep it in joy." I could answer nothing now—had to cease to pretend; the thing was in her hands. For a moment we stood there, and I had again the sense, melancholy and final, of her being, as it were, remotely glazed and fixed into what she had

done. "He's taken from me, and for all those years he's kept. Then she herself, by a miracle—!" She lost herself again in the wonder of it.

"Unwittingly gives him back?"

She fairly, for an instant, over the miracle, closed her eyes. "Gives him back."

Then it was I saw how he would be kept! But it was the end of my vision. I could only write, ruefully enough, to Mrs. Bridgenorth, whom I never met again, but of whose death—preceding by a couple of years Mary Tredick's—I happened to hear. This is an old man's tale. I have inherited the picture, in the deep beauty of which, however, darkness still lurks. No one, strange to say, has ever recognized the model, but everyone asks his name. I don't even know it.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE disappointment of some of the larger cities at their relatively small rate of increase in population the last decade, as compared with the decade 1880-90, is of course natural, so keen is inter-metropolitan rivalry. It is, however, hardly justified mathematically, when one considers how much more

A Sign of the
Census.

it means, though measured by the same per cent., for a city of 500,000 to increase to 1,000,000 than for a city of 50,000 to increase to 100,000. And the fact is the sign of a change distinctly hopeful, so far as it has significance, standing out by itself before the full census figures have been ascertained by the experts. For the fact points to a pause in the process of congestion of population, a process which has menaced rural life in spots one might almost say with extinction; speaking, for example, of the "decayed hill towns" of New England, and setting off the quality of what is taken against the quality of what is left. The fact fits in, too, with the anticipations of not a few observers who have been hopeful of a halt in the set toward the cities from the latest advance in facilities of communication. What are the differentiating marks of recent material progress? Who would now think of using the once familiar formula, calling ours

"the age of the railroad, the steamboat, and the telegraph?" These have been long outgrown, and we live in the day of the telephone, the trolley-car and the bicycle, or, to be strictly "up-to-date," the automobile.

These are obviously decentralizing instruments of social intercourse. They so increase the possibilities and conveniences of suburban living as to push the suburb farther and farther back into the country, until they suggest the probability that they may in the end redeem rural life itself, even the life of the farm, from the curse of loneliness, and arrest, to some extent, the flow of population to the great centres. The telephone, the bicycle, and above all the trolley, carry the city out into the country, bringing the more or less isolated home into touch with its neighbors and the nearer group, be it village, town, or city. This exactly reverses the initial influence of the railroads, which for years carried the country away into the city, stimulating "the spirit of unrest" by which, as Donald G. Mitchell once said, "God has peopled the West and California." This is not a theoretical inference but a literal fact. In his study of census returns, including the census of 1890, John C. Rose points out that in general those sections having the best rail-

road facilities lost the largest per cent. of population by emigration to the cities. In so far as the census of 1900 shows a relatively smaller growth in the larger cities, it indicates a return to a more general distribution of population, something for whose accomplishment the possible means have long been sought in vain.

The increase of strictly suburban life is a commonplace of statistical investigation. In his study of the census of 1890 Carroll D. Wright analyzes the figures to show that the over-crowding of the so-called tenement-house districts has probably reached a maximum, largely because of the new set toward the suburbs. Colonel Wright quotes the conclusion of Sydney J. Low, an authority on the English census, who after noting similar facts there, makes this prediction: "If the process goes on unchecked, the Englishman of the future will be of the city but not in it. He will be a suburb dweller. The majority of the people of these islands will live in the suburbs." The impossibility of delimiting or defining the suburb, as its extent becomes more and more indefinite, is due no less to the influence of trolley competition than to its direct facilities. To this competition must be largely attributed the fact, discovered by Professor Commons in his recent investigation of railway rates in Massachusetts, that while fares for long distances have fallen but little below what they were fifty years ago, commutation fares for short distances have fallen nearly fifty per cent. in ten years, that is, during the period of trolley extension. It is by no means a case merely of cheaper suburban living. For the opportunity of a country home for those whose work calls them daily to the city keeps pace with a new devotion to all that now attracts to the country, the love of sport and any interest or diversion that calls one out into the open. Suburban living has thus come to mean something far different from what it used to be thought when a suburb was merely nearness to a great city. And with every increased remove the suburban city worker is brought closer to the genuine country, while the attraction of the city life to the country worker is distinctly lessened. So far, then, as the census shows a relatively arrested rate of increase in city population it justifies a new identification of suburb with country, and is a sign of a healthy reaction which may some day reach even the now abandoned farm.

"MR. MCANDREW, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?"

Everybody remembers that, and the explosive rejoinder. But really, the saloon passenger does not seem to be so much to blame, if what he knows of the sea is no more than the summer crossing of the Atlantic, which may be assumed to be the case with the great majority of the potential readers of these remarks. A British æsthete, on his arrival in New York, now nearly a score of years ago, made bold to express his disgusted disappointment with the Atlantic as a spectacle, which moved a compatriotic journalist of his to observe that "a great calamity had befallen a considerable body of water." But the æsthete had been preceded by Lowell, and for that matter by Lucretius, although there was an admixture of malice in that outlook on the sea which the Roman poet found "suave." Lowell, on his first voyage, found out that the poetic use of the sea was to be looked at from the shore. And, indeed, the long plunge of the rollers along the coast of New England or New Jersey,

Sea Poetry
from a

Steamer Chair

the scream of a maddened beach dragged down
by the wave,

gives much more thrill than any sights or sounds of midocean the summer tourist is likely to encounter. Was it not George William Curtis who put this so happily in one of his too few essays in verse:

Oh listen to the howling sea
That beats on the remorseless shore.
Oh listen, for that sound shall be
When our wild hearts shall beat no more.

Oh listen well, and listen long,
For, sitting folded close to me,
You could not hear a sweeter song
Than the hoarse murmur of the sea.

When the "hoarse murmur" really makes itself heard, and felt, off sounding, it is apt to be with accompaniments that obstruct appreciation. That vast gray monotony of the usual summer passage has its impressiveness at first, especially if one takes the deck alone at midnight, as if he were "on board" an asteroid launched into the loneliness of the interstellar spaces. But there is no miracle that grows sooner trite. One seems to detect a trace of boredom in Virgil's

nec jam amplius ulla
Occurrit tellus, maria undique et undique cælum.

And yet how limited are the possibilities of boredom afforded by the Mediterranean to the boundless tedium of the Atlantic! The saloon passenger, with (by hypothesis) less internal resource than the Mantuan bard, and unbitten by the industrial tarantula of Trollope, looking abroad over "leagues of pitiless brine" when he looks abroad at all, and having his tedium aggravated by the beat of the screw, "the very pulse of the machine," knows well enough that the eventlessness of his trip is better for him than any eventfulness could be; that, contrary to etymology, to be "happy" would be to be mishappy or unhappy. But this does not prevent him from being bored with a boredom the more acute as it becomes chronic. Thrown upon his own intellectual resources, it is no wonder that he is reduced to finding differences among the hotels of Omaha, or to discussing the best train to take west of Chicago.

The boredom of the Atlantic is not exactly a poetical sentiment. But it has found a poetical expression in Lowell, whose prose impatience with it has already been mentioned. In his "Columbus" there are depicting lines of the ordinary incidents, or lack of incidents, of the first and most memorable "Atlantic trip."

How lonely is the sea's perpetual swing,
The melancholy wash of endless waves,
The sigh of some grim monster undescried
Shifting on his uneasy pillow of brine.

Just at present most readers would call Mr. Kipling the laureate of the sea. But he is by no means the poet of the steamer-chair. It is the sea in action that interests him, and that he knows best how to render:

Uprose the deep, by gale on gale,
To bid me change my mind again—
He broke his teeth along my rail,
And, roaring, swung behind again.

To be sure there are in the "Envoi" of the Barrack Room Ballads, some of the common experiences of passengers presented with unequalled vividness:

Oh the mutter overside, when the port fog holds us
tied,
And the sirens hoot their dread!

When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless view-
less deep
To the sob of the questing lead.

But the monotony of the summer passage is not for the strenuous singer. Instead of looking out over the gray wash of the normal summer ocean and inquiring what it wished to say, one perceives that he would be swapping tales in the smoking-room, or be down in the engine-room gathering technicalities.

Upon the whole, Clough's "Songs in Absence" remain the best poetry of the steamer-chair. The sort of ruminant meditation which the steamer-chair induces was particularly in his line, and his curiously embarrassed and obstructed talent never found more artistic expression. (It is one of these which Bagehot quotes, at the end of his essay on Clough, as the most characterizing of his friend's performances.) Whoever knows these dozen lyrics will at least agree that they deserve to be more widely known. The "Green Fields of England" is the only one that has attained much of a vogue. But the collection is especially noteworthy as furnishing, even after half a century, and from the time of the twelve-day Cunarder, the best "criticism of life" on the Atlantic ferry, and the most definite expression of a vague and not easily definable condition of mind. And he does justice to the beguilements of the tedium while conveying a sense of the tedium itself:

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

"Pleasant," even if the pleasure is wound up with a yawn. The voyager must recognize the truth of the depiction, as of this statement of the unshakable purpose, the "tenax propositi," which is the most poetical notion the modern liner can convey:

Come back, come back!
Back flies the foam, the hoisted flag streams back;
The long smoke wavers on the homeward track,
Back fly with winds things that the winds obey,
The strong ship follows its appointed way.

THE FIELD OF ART



The "Entombment."

TWO OLD MASTERS IN MEXICO

THE tourist in Mexico finds old architecture and old pictures so prominent among the objects of interest that his experiences seem in no slight degree to form an extension of European travel on this continent. Thousands of canvases are decoratively employed in the old churches and other ecclesiastical edifices of that country, but nearly all of these are products of the very interesting school of Mexican painting that was developed under Spanish influences. In the course of the three centuries of Spanish dominion not a few European masterpieces, however, found their way overseas to New Spain. Some of these are still left, adorning the walls of the San Carlos Academy of the Fine Arts in the City of Mexico, or treasured in some church or cathedral. Among all the old masters ever brought to that country it is probable that there could have been nothing of greater importance than two paintings that, up to within a comparatively few years,

had been rarely seen by non-Mexican eyes since they left Europe.

One of these must have been the last master-work sent from the Peninsula to the New Spain of the Viceroy, and the other was, perhaps, the first. The former is the "Assumption" by Murillo, that belongs to the cathedral of the large and important city of Guadalajara, where it was isolated from the world at large until the railway was built thither ten years ago. This picture is one of the twenty-seven versions of the theme that Murillo is known to have painted. It is said that it belonged to the famous collection of Virgins in the Escorial. When Napoleon invaded Spain, the chapter of the cathedral at Guadalajara, in testimony of patriotic devotion, sent to King Carlos IV. a large sum of money to aid in the defence of the country. Appreciating the sacrifice, the king selected this masterpiece to be sent to Guadalajara in grateful acknowledgment. When the French invaded Mexico and held the country for Maximilian's brief empire, they endeavored to

secure this work as a trophy, just as the two Murillo "Assumptions" in the Louvre are trophies of Napoleon's invasion of the Peninsula. But even an offer of \$40,000 did not secure a revelation of its hiding-place. It now hangs in the sacristy of the cathedral, in a position too high and a light ordinarily too dim to show it to advantage.

This Guadalajara "Assumption" is certainly a superb example of Murillo. It is hardly possible to institute just comparison between works so far apart as this and the famous painting in the Louvre. One should also make allowance for the difference in mood wrought by difference in environment: in the one case standing in the presence of a solitary masterpiece and subjected wholly to its influence; in the other surrounded by a multitude of famous works. My impression was, however, that this work was at least a peer of the Murillo in the Louvre, and its color seemed to be fuller and more satisfying. It certainly has most delicious quality; there is an unspeakable fascination in the exquisite shimmering and silvery tones of the white drapery of the Virgin, blending in infinite gradations. Unfortunately the photograph reproduced in the accompanying illustration scarcely suggests this quality. It was the only photograph obtainable, and was not made from an isochromatic plate.

A prominent Mexican critic, Señor Eduardo Gibbon, in an intimate study of the picture, has instituted some comparisons with the work in the Louvre. Though possibly too partial to the Guadalajara work, his opinions have an interest. He pronounces its inspiration better and more spiritual than that of the Louvre painting, and its drawing also superior. In color he finds it as vigorous and living, with lights and shadows more impressive; the type of the Virgin ideally inspired, while that of the Louvre he deems too Spanish in features. The group of cherubs in the foreground, while less in number, he calls equal in celestial beauty; the same figures are represented in both pictures, but different in posture—those of the Louvre absorbed in adoration and those in the Guadalajara canvas hailing the sublime mother with lilies, roses, and palms. In general tenor of composition Señor Gibbon regards the Guadalajara painting as more intricate, more allegorical, and more important than that of the Louvre.

The second of these great pictures is the

now famous "Entombment" of Tzintzúntzan, now an obscure Indian village on Lake Patzcuaro, a beautiful sheet of water among the pine-clad mountains of Michoacan. When the Spaniards explored the region they found Tzintzúntzan, a large native city, the capital of the great Tarascan nation. They made it the provincial capital for awhile, under the name of the city of Michoacan. Until the removal of the seat of the Cathedral to Pátzcuaro at the other end of the lake, in 1540, it remained a very important place. Then the population dwindled from forty thousand to a mere handful, and ever since Tzintzúntzan has been a primitive, indigenous community, where even Spanish is almost a strange tongue.

The great canvas has been there ever since the early days of Spanish occupation, but no one can tell just how or when it came. It is said to have been sent by Philip II. as a gift to Bishop Quiroga, but it seems more likely that it was presented by the emperor Charles V. The Catholic kings of Spain were accustomed to make costly gifts to the New World church, as witnessed by the treasures of art bestowed upon the cathedrals of Mexico and Puebla. Quiroga was one of the most famous of bishops, and his sovereign very naturally would have honored him with a masterpiece—possibly painted with special regard to its service as a mural decoration. But it would seem that the picture must have come to Tzintzúntzan previous to the removal of the cathedral, for it would not be likely to have been placed by the bishop in a church of a village instead of in his own cathedral at Pátzcuaro. So it must have gone there before the year 1540, a long time before Philip became king. Charles V. had a great admiration for Quiroga. It was the emperor who selected him as an eminent and sagacious lawyer to go to New Spain as a member of the second Royal Audience. And so great was his success in leading the Tarascans to accept Christianity, induced thereto by the gentlest means, that the emperor made him Bishop of Michoacan. He assumed charge of his diocese at Tzintzúntzan on August 22, 1538. What more natural than for the emperor to honor the occasion by the presentation of this picture?

Mr. Frederic E. Church, the eminent painter, discovered the work by accident in the spring of 1884. Accompanied by his wife and Mr. Howard Russell Butler, the New



The "Assumption."

York painter, they had gone to Pátzcuaro to enjoy the lake scenery, and there they chanced to hear of a remarkable painting to be seen in a village fifteen miles away by water. Making the adventurous trip in an Indian dugout, they were amazed to find such a masterly work in the heart of the wilderness. Three years later Mr. Charles Dudley Warner visited the place with Mr. Church, and through his account of the trip the picture became celebrated. Mr. Church had learned that the picture was ascribed to Titian. Very few persons, even in Mexico, had ever heard of it until its recent fame. It has been well guarded by its village obscurity.

The two figures on the extreme right are pointed to as portraits of Titian and of Philip II. The face shown in profile, indeed, recalls the celebrated portrait with a cap that Titian painted of himself. This is without a cap, and represents a very much younger man. The other figure, however, has little resemblance to Philip II.

Possibly the ascription to Titian may have arisen from a general similarity of the composition to that of the Mantuan "Entombment" in the Louvre, in which the positions here represented are reversed as in a mirror. It might not be difficult to indicate, however, decided differences in the manner of composition. One looks in vain for the intense emotionalism, the impassioned movement, that we are accustomed to find in Titian's figures. We have here a great tenderness, a lofty reverence, and a sublimation of the emotions with a realizing sense of the spiritual significance of the event, while a sort

of plastic immobility pervades the grouping. The great canvas is all the more impressive from its strange location, and the style is radically different from anything that we find in the Spanish-inspired Mexican school with which the tourist in the country grows so familiar that a different manner is at once very striking. If we were to seek a Spanish origin for the work, therefore, we would have to look in a different group from those that included the sources of the Mexican school, as well as from representatives of the dramatic naturalism that produced works like the "Entombment" of Ribera.

The painting has a length of fifteen and a half feet, and the eleven figures are of life size. In the pure, clean air of the quiet place it has remained in excellent condition. It is doubtful if it has been cleaned since it left Spain. A careful cleaning might bring out much of its quality and perhaps reveal things that could establish its identity. But, on the whole, it is fortunate that it has escaped handling. Its predominating colors are rich dark blues, reds, and browns, luminous and glowing, and it is mellow with age. Until within a few years it hung in the sacristy, with a superbly carved old frame, and the light was excellent. But the new fame of the work induced the old *cura* then in charge to give it greater prominence in the body of the church, with a most hideous new frame of white and gold—an unfortunate change that ought not to be permanent. The photograph for the accompanying illustration was made on an isochromatic plate, and is the only good one ever made of the picture.



SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII

DECEMBER, 1900

NO. 6

THE CHILD

By Bertha Gerneaux Woods

WHEN Mary sang to him, I wonder if
His baby hand stole softly to her lips,
And, smiling down, she needs must stop her song
To kiss and kiss again his finger-tips.

I wonder if, his eyelids being shut,
And Mary bending mutely over him,
She felt her eyes, as mothers do to-day,
For very depth of love grow wet and dim.

Then did a sudden presage come to her
Of bitter looks and words and thorn-strewn street?
And did she catch her breath and hide her face
And shower smothered kisses on his feet?

THE VICE-CONSORT

By Frank R. Stockton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER



HIS story is told by Mrs. Rosa Kershaw, who, although not the heroine of the tale, is so intimately concerned in so many of its happenings that it has been thought well to let her tell it in her own words and in her own way.

It may be remarked that Mrs. Kershaw is a comparatively young woman; very pretty to look at; of an animated nature, and with a mind thoroughly imbued with an anxious desire to do her duty in this world in the manner in which that duty shows itself to her. She considers her husband, Mr. Bernard Kershaw, to be not only the handsomest, but the best man in the world. But, notwithstanding this high opinion of him, she cannot refrain from believing that if he were to place a little more value upon some of her statements and opinions, he would be still better.

Before I was married I used to feel that all we have to do in this world is to grow up like grass or clover blossoms, and to perform our parts by being just as green, or as sweet-smelling, as our natures allow. But I do not think this way now. Along comes a cow and our careers are ended. Of course we cannot get out of the way of our fate, any more than grass can get out of the way of a cow, but it often happens that we can accommodate ourselves to our misfortunes. We can be content to being nibbled close; we can spring up again from the roots, or we can patiently wait until we blossom again, the next summer.

It was about a year after I was married that I began to think about such things. We were spending a fortnight at the country house of one of my old friends, Mrs. Cheston, and although Bernard was away most of the time, fishing with Mr. Cheston, we were enjoying ourselves very much. There was a village, not far away, where there were some very nice people, so that we had a good deal of pleasant social life, and it was not long before I became quite well acquainted with several of the village families.

One day Mrs. Cheston gave me a luncheon, to which she invited a party of ladies, and after they were all gone we two sat on the piazza and talked about them. Two or three of our guests I had not met before, and in the course of our talk Emily mentioned the name of Margaret Temple.

"Temple," said I; "which one was that? I do not recall her."

"You were talking to her for some time," she replied. "I think she was telling you about the mountains."

"Oh, yes," said I, "she was pointing out those passes through which people go into the next county. She sat at the other end of the table, didn't she? She was dressed in black."

"No," said Emily, "she was not dressed in black. She never wears black. I think she wore a brown dress with some sort of light trimming."

"Oh, well," said I, "I did not notice her dress, and when I do not notice people's clothes I nearly always think they dress in black. Is she nice?"

"She is very nice indeed," said Emily; "everybody thinks that."

"I wish I had seen more of her," said I.

Emily did not answer this remark, but a smile came on her face, which presently grew into a little laugh. I looked at her in surprise.

"What is there funny about Miss Temple?" I asked.

"Really there is nothing funny about her," she replied, "but I often laugh to myself when I think of her."

I suddenly became very much interested in Miss Temple. "Tell me why you do that?" I said. "I always like to know why people laugh at other people."

Emily now became very sober. "You



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

“Mrs. Kershaw,” she exclaimed, “are you going to ask me to marry your husband if you should happen to die?”
—Page 650.

must not think," she said, "that there is anything ridiculous about Margaret Temple. There is not a finer woman to be found anywhere, and I do not believe there is anybody who laughs at her, excepting myself, but you know I am very apt to see the funny side of things."

"And so am I, so am I!" I exclaimed. "Do tell me about Miss Temple. It is so seldom there is anything amusing about a really nice person."

Emily was silent for a moment and then she said, "Well, I do not know that there is any real harm in telling you what makes me laugh. A good many people know all about it, but I would not, for the world, have Margaret Temple find out that I told you."

I assured her with great earnestness that if she would tell me, I would never breathe it to any living soul—never.

"Very well," said Emily, "I will trust you. As I said, it really isn't funny, but it is just this: It is a positive fact that five married ladies—I am certain of this number and it may be more—have gone to Margaret Temple, during the past few years, and each one has asked her to become her husband's second wife, in case she should die."

I did not laugh; I exclaimed, in amazement: "Why did they all ask her? I did not notice anything particularly attractive about her."

"I think that is the point," said Emily. "I do not think a woman is likely to want her husband to take an attractive woman for his second wife. If she has a chance to choose her successor, she would like her husband to have a really nice person, good in every way, but not one with whom he would be likely to fall



I do not believe I ever before greeted him so affectionately.—Page 651.



"Aren't you glad that George is coming?"—Page 652.

violently in love. Don't you see the point of that?"

I replied that it was easy enough to see the point, but that there was another one. "You must remember," said I, "that husbands are generally very particular; if one has had a young and handsome wife, he would not be likely to be satisfied with anything less."

Emily shook her head. "I am older than you, Rosa, and have had more opportunity of noticing widowers. There are a great many things for them to think

about when they marry a second time: their children, their positions, and all that. I believe that if a man and his wife discussed the matter, which they would not be likely to do, they would be very apt to be of the same mind in regard to the sort of person who ought to come in as number two. For my part I do not wonder at all that so many women have cast their eyes on Margaret Temple as a person they would like to have take their places when they are gone. For one thing, you know, they would not be jealous of her:

this is very important. Then they would be as certain as anything can be certain in this world, that their children, if they had any, as well as their husbands, would be in most excellent hands. Often, when I have been thinking about her, I have called Margaret Temple the Vice-Consort, but I have never told anyone this. Please remember."

So far I had not seen a thing to laugh at, but I was deeply interested. "How came all this to be known?" I asked. "Has Miss Temple gone about, telling people?"

"Oh, no, indeed, she is not that sort of a person. A good many of the village ladies know it, and I am sure they have heard it from those prudent ladies who were providing for their husbands' futures. People talk about it, of course, but they are very careful that nothing they say shall reach Margaret Temple's ears."

"Tell me about some of the people," I said, "who want to secure Miss Temple as a successor. Do they all feel as though they were likely to die?"

"Not all of them," answered Emily. "There is Mrs. Hendrickson, who was obliged to go to Arizona on account of her father's property. He was very rich and died not long ago. Her husband has to stay home to attend to his business, and she could not take her little baby, and, although she is just as healthy as anybody, she knew all the dangers of railroad travelling, and of all sorts of things in that far-away place, and before she packed her trunk she went to Margaret Temple and asked her to promise that if she died out there, she, Margaret, would marry Mr. Hendrickson. This I know for certain, for she told me herself."

"Did Miss Temple promise?"

"That I did not hear," replied Emily. "Mrs. Hendrickson was in a great hurry, and perhaps she did not intend to tell me, anyway. But I do not believe Margaret absolutely refused, at least it would not have been prudent for her to do so. The Hendricksons are rich, and he is a fine man. There would be nothing in the way of such a match."

"Except the return of the wife," I remarked.

Emily smiled. "And then there was poor Mrs. Windham," she continued:

"everybody knew she asked Margaret. She left a son about eight years old, who is very delicate, but the poor woman has not been dead long enough for anything to come of that; but I do not believe anything ever will. There are people who say that Mr. Windham drinks, though I have never seen any sign of it. Then there is another one, and no matter what you may hear people say about these things, you must never mention that I told you this—Mrs. Barnes, the rector's wife, has spoken to Margaret on the subject. She looks very well, so far as I can judge, but there is consumption in her family, and she is almost bigoted in regard to the duties of a rector's wife. She tries just as hard as she can to fill the position properly, herself, and she knows Mr. Barnes would never be satisfied with anyone who did not agree with him as she does about the responsibilities of a rector's wife."

"Does Margaret Temple agree with him?" I asked.

"I do not know, for I never talked with her on the subject," replied Emily, "but she is very apt to think what is right. Besides, it is believed that Mrs. Barnes has not only spoken to Margaret, but to the rector himself, and if he had not thought the plan a good one, Mrs. Barnes would have dropped it; and, from things I have heard her say, I know she has not dropped it."

Emily looked as though she were about to rise, and I quickly exclaimed: "But that is only three. Who are the others?"

"One of them," said she, "is Mrs. Clinton. There is nothing the matter with her, physically, but she is very rich and prudent and careful about everything that belongs to her, while her husband is not a business man at all and never has anything to do with money matters of importance. There are three children, and she has reason to feel anxious about them should they and their property be left in the charge of Mr. Clinton, or to the tender mercies of some woman who would marry him for the sake of his wealth. You can see for yourself that it is no wonder she casts her eyes upon Margaret. I believe Mrs. Clinton could die happy if she could see her husband and Margaret Temple promise themselves to each other at her bedside."

"That seems to me to be horrid," said I, "but of course it would be extremely sensible. And the other one?"

"Oh, that matter does not amount to much," said Emily. "Old Mrs. Gloucester lives at the other end of the village and she does not visit much, so you have not seen her. Her husband is old enough, dear knows, but not quite so old as she is. She is very much afraid that she will die and leave him with nobody to take care of him, for they have no children. They are very well off, and I dare say she thinks it would be a good thing for Margaret as well as for the old gentleman."

"That is shameful," said I; "it would be the same thing as engaging a trained nurse."

Emily laughed. "I never heard how Margaret received this remarkable proposition," she said, "but I hope she was angry."

It is not surprising, after this conversation, that I took a great interest in Margaret Temple; and when she called, the next morning, I had a long and undisturbed talk with her, Mrs. Cheston being out. I am very fond of analyzing human character—I often do it while I am riding in the street-cars—and it was not long before I had made up my mind as to what sort of a woman Margaret Temple was. I set her down as what may be called a balanced person. In fact, I thought at the time she was a little too well balanced; if some of her characteristics had been a lit-





Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"Do you mean," I cried, "that you would make him a better wife than I do?"—Page 656.

tle more pronounced, I think she would have been more interesting. But I liked her very much and I remember I was almost as well pleased when she was talking to me as when she was listening ; and I am sure there are very few persons, men or women, of whom I can say this.

After a time I began to wish that Miss Temple lived near our home, because she would be such an admirable person for a friend and neighbor. Then, suddenly, without any warning, there flashed through me the strangest feeling I ever had in my life. I must have turned pale, for Miss Temple asked me if I did not feel ill. I soon recovered from the effects of this strange feeling and went on talking, but I was very glad when Mrs. Cheston came home and took the conversation out of my hands.

For two or three days after this my mind was very much troubled, and Bernard thought that the air of that part of the country did not agree with me and that I ought to go to the seashore ; but this I positively refused to consider. There could be no seashore for me until a good many things had been settled. It was at this time that I first began to think that we cannot grow up fresh and green, and blossom undisturbed ; and about untimely cows coming along.

To make the state of my mind clearly understood, I must say that there is a hereditary disease in my family. I had never thought anything about it, for there had been no reason why I should ; but now I did think about it, and there did seem to be reason. My grandfather had had this disease, and had died of it. To be sure he was very old, but that did not matter, he died of it, all the same. It never troubled my father, but this made no difference, so far as I was concerned ; for I have always heard that hereditary diseases were apt to skip a generation, and if this one skipped there was nobody for it to skip to but me, for I have no brothers nor sisters.

The more I thought on this subject the more troubled my mind became, and at last I believed it to be my duty to speak to Bernard, although I did not tell him all my thoughts, for I had had a good many that were not necessarily connected with hereditary diseases. I was positively

amazed at the way my husband received what I told him. I had expected that perhaps he might pooh-pooh the whole thing, but he did nothing of the kind. He became very serious, and talked to me in the most earnest way.

"Now, Rosa," said he, "I am glad you told me about this, and I want to impress it upon your mind that you must be very careful. In the first place you must totally give up hot spirits and water. You must not drink more than two glasses of wine, or three at the utmost, at any of your meals. When you get up in the morning, you must totally abstain from drinking those mixtures that are taken by some people to give an appetite for breakfast. At night, you must try to do without any sort of punch, or toddy, to make you sleep. If you will take this advice and restrict yourself to water and milk, and not over-rich food, I think you may reasonably expect to live longer than your grandfather did, although, from what I have heard of your family history, I cannot imagine why anyone should want to do that."

Of course I was angry at all this, for I saw then that he was making fun of me, and I said no more to him, as he was not in the right frame of mind to listen to me. But I did not stop thinking.

I now became very intimate with Miss Temple. I began to like her very much, and I think she liked me. I continued to study her, and I became convinced that she was a woman to whom a very fastidious man might be attracted—I do not mean that he would fall in love with her, but that he would be perfectly satisfied with her. In fact, I summed up her character by assuring myself that in every way she was perfectly satisfactory. I have known other women who were more charming, but they all had faults, and I do not see how anyone could have found fault with Miss Temple.

One day we had taken a long walk and were on our way home when I began to talk to her about my own affairs. I thought I knew her so well, in a general way, that the time had come for me to find out some things more definitely. I began, in an off hand but cautious manner, to talk about Bernard. I alluded to his love of out-door sports, and mentioned that I thought it my duty frequently to speak to

him in regard to the terrible consequences which might follow a false step when he was out fishing, and that I thought it necessary to repeat this advice very often, for it was my opinion he paid very little attention to it. I also made several other allusions to his indisposition to take care of himself, and remarked how very necessary it was for me to look after his health. I mentioned his great carelessness in regard to flannel, and told her that it was often quite late in the autumn before he would make any change in his clothing.

Then I spoke of his domestic habits, and, as I saw Miss Temple seemed much interested, I talked a good deal about them. He was the most loving husband in the world, I said, and was always anxious to know what he could do for me—more than he was already doing; but when we were in the city he did like to go out in the evenings, and I thought he went to his club too often.

"Of course," I said, "I do not speak to him about it, for I would not want him to think I desired him to deny himself the company of other gentlemen; but the habit of club attendance is one that may grow on a man, especially a young one, and there are a good many other things that may result from it, such as excessive smoking. So I thought it well to offer him additional inducements for spending his evenings at home, and I began a regular system of reading aloud. It proved very beneficial to both of us, for I chose good, standard books, and although he sometimes went to sleep, that was to be expected, for Bernard is a hard-working man. As for myself I like this reading aloud, very much, although at first it was rather tiresome, as I have never been used to it."

Then I asked her if she liked reading aloud. "It is such a good way," I said, "of giving pleasure to others at the same time that you are pleasing yourself." She smiled and said she was very fond of reading aloud.

After that I changed the subject to churches and preachers, for I did not want her to think I was saying too much about my husband, and I asked her who was the best preacher in the village. When she said it was Mr. Barnes, I asked her if she went to his church. She answered

that she did, and then I told her that I was also an Episcopalian, but that Bernard's parents were Methodists. I did not think, however, that this would make much difference, for when he began to go regularly to church I was sure he would rather go with me than to travel off somewhere by himself.

I did not suppose that Miss Temple would care so much about what I was saying, but she did seem to care, and listened attentively to every word.

"You must not think I am talking too much about my family affairs," I remarked, "but doesn't it strike you that a really good wife ought to try, just as hard as she can, to be on good terms with her husband's family, no matter how queer they may be? I mean the women in it, for they are more likely to be queer than the men. For if she does not do this," I continued, "the worst of the trouble, if there is any, will come on him; he will have to take sides, either with his wife or his sisters—and mother, too, if he happens to have one—and that would be sure to make him unhappy, if he is a good-hearted man such as Bernard is."

At this Miss Temple burst out laughing, and it was the first time I had ever heard her laugh so heartily.

"Mrs. Kershaw," she exclaimed, "are you going to ask me to marry your husband if you should happen to die?"

I must have turned as red as the most scarlet poppy, for I felt my face burn. I hesitated a little, but I was obliged to tell the truth, and so I stammered out that I had been thinking of something of the kind.

"Oh, please don't look so troubled," said she. "Several persons have spoken to me on the same subject, but I never should have dreamed that such an idea would come into your head. I think it is the funniest thing in the world." And then she laughed again.

I was greatly embarrassed and all I could say was that I hoped I had not offended her.

"Oh, not in the least," she said. "I am getting used to this sort of thing and I can bear it."

This remark helped me very much, for I resented it. "I do not see what there is to bear," I said. "Such a man as Bernard—and then I have special reasons——"

"Oh, yes," she interrupted, quickly, "each one has a special reason. But there is one general reason that is common to all. Now tell me, Mrs. Rosa Kershaw," and, as she spoke, she took both my hands, and looked steadily into my face, "were you not about to ask me to marry your husband in case of your death, because you could think of it without being jealous of me, and because you are afraid he might marry someone of whom you would probably be jealous if you knew of it?"

She looked at me in such a kind, strong way, that I was obliged to confess that this was my reason for speaking to her about Bernard. "I cannot exactly explain," I added, and my face burned again, "why I should think about you in this way, but I hope you will not suppose——"

"Oh, I shall not suppose anything that will be disagreeable to you," she said, and she looked just as good-humored as possible.

For a little while we walked in silence and I tried hard to think of what would be proper for me to say next, when suddenly she stopped.

"We are not far from the house, now," she said, "and before we get there I want to set your mind at rest by telling you that if you should die before your husband, and if nothing should happen, at any time or in any way, to interfere with such a plan, I will marry Mr. Kershaw and will take good care of him. I have never made such a promise to anyone, but I do not mind making it to you. I need not ask you not to say anything to Mr. Kershaw, need I?"

I was stunned and could barely answer, "Oh, no."

Fortunately for me Miss Temple did not stay to supper; I do not think I could have borne to see her and Bernard together. It was bad enough as it was. I felt greatly humiliated; I could not understand how I could have done such a thing. It was worse than selling a birth-right—it was giving away the dearest thing on earth!

I trembled from head to foot when Bernard came home from fishing. I do not believe I ever before greeted him so affectionately. My emotion troubled him and he asked me if I were ill, and if I had been lonely and bored while he was away.

He was just as good as good could be, and began to talk again about going to the seashore. I did not object this time, for I could not know what would be best for us to do.

In the evening, after everyone else had gone indoors, I begged him to sit longer on the piazza and to smoke another cigar. He was quite surprised because, as he said, I had never asked him to do such a thing before and had rather discouraged his smoking. But I declared I wanted to sit with him, in the moonlight, all by ourselves, and so we did until his cigar was finished.

For the first hour of that night I did not sleep a wink, my mind was so troubled. I felt as though I were not really Bernard's wife, but some sort of a guardian angel who was watching over him to see that somebody else made him happy. After having been in the depths of grief for a long while I became angry.

"She shall never have him," I said to myself. "I will make it the object of my life to live longer than he does. My grandfather lived to be much older than ordinary men, and why should not I have as long a life? Perhaps it was the things he ate and drank and his jovial disposition that gave him such longevity. If I were sure of this I would be willing to take hot drinks at night and wine at dinner. No, Bernard must not be left behind!" It was while making up my mind very firmly about this that I fell asleep.

The next morning I was possessed with an overwhelming desire to go to see Miss Temple. Why I should do so, I could not tell myself. I certainly did not want to see her; I did not wish to speak to her; I did not want her to say anything to me, but I felt that I must go, and I went. She received me very pleasantly and did not say one word about our conversation of the day before. There were a good many things I should have liked to say, but I did not know how, unless she gave me the opportunity. But she did not, and so it happened that we talked only about something she was sewing—I do not know whether it was a shirt-waist or an army blanket. In fact, I did not hear one word she said about her stupid work, whatever it was, I was so busy re-studying her face, her character, and everything about her.

I now found she was much more than satisfactory—she was really good-looking. Her eyes were not very large, but they were soft and dark; her voice was clear and sweet. I had noticed this before, but until now I had not thought of it as an objection. There were a good many other things that might be very attractive to a man, especially to one with half-healed sorrows. I acknowledged to myself that I had been mistaken in her, and I did not doubt she had deceived a good many other people in that neighborhood.

When I rose to leave she stood for a moment looking at me as though she expected me to say something on the subject which was certainly interesting to her as well as to me. But now I did not want to talk and I gave her no chance to say anything. I walked rapidly home, feeling as jealous of Margaret Temple as any woman could feel of another.

I was glad, that day, that Bernard liked to go fishing, for my mind was in such a condition that I did not think of anything that might happen to him—at least, anything but just one thing, and that was awful. Emily Cheston supposed I had a headache and I let her think so, for it gave me more time to myself. I looked at the thing that threatened to crush all my happiness, on every possible side. Early in the morning a ray of relief had come to my troubled mind, and this was that I did not believe he would have her, anyway, but no such ray shone now.

I knew, as I had not known before, what a power she might have over a man. Widowers are generally ready enough to marry again, but no matter what they think about it, they mostly wait a good while, for the sake of appearances. But this would be different; when a man knows that his wife had selected someone as her successor—and he would be sure to know this, the woman would see to that—he would not feel it necessary to wait. He would be carrying out his dead wife's wishes, and, of course, in this there should be no delay. Oh, horrible! When I thought of myself as Bernard's dead wife, and that woman living, I actually kicked the stool my feet were resting on. I vowed in my mind the thing should never be. I felt better after I had made this vow, although I had not thought of any

way by which I could carry it out. Certainly I was not going to say anything to Bernard about it, one way or another.

That evening, prompted by a sudden impulse, I went up to Bernard, and looking into his face, I declared that I would never leave him.

"What!" he exclaimed, "has anyone been asking you to leave me?"

"Of course not," said I, a little irritated—he has such queer ways of taking what I say—"I mean I am not going to die before you do. I am not going to leave you in this world to take care of yourself."

He looked at me as though he did not understand me, and I do not suppose he did, although he only said: "I am delighted to hear that, my dear girl. But how are you going to manage it? How about that hereditary disease you were talking of the other day?"

"I have nothing to say about that," I answered, "but if I live as long as my grandfather did, I do not believe that your being a little older than I am, will—I mean that you will not be left alone. Don't you understand?"

Bernard looked at me for a moment, but he did not laugh. "You are the dearest little woman in the world," he said, "and I believe you would do anything to make me happy—you would even be willing to survive me, so that I should never lose you. But don't let us talk any more about such doleful things. We are both going to live to be a great deal older than your grandfather. Now I will tell you something pleasant: I had a letter this morning, just as I was starting out. I put it in my pocket and did not have time to open it until we were eating our lunch. It is from my brother George, who is going to England next month, you know, and as he wants to see something of us before he starts, he intends to spend a few days in the village so that he can be with us. He is coming to-morrow."

A ray of hope shot into my heart, so bright that I could almost feel it burn.

"Well," said Bernard, "what have you to say to this? Aren't you glad that George is coming?"

"Glad!" I replied, "I am more than delighted."

Bernard looked at me as though he did not understand this extraordinary ecstasy, but, as he was used not to understanding me, I do not suppose he thought it worth while to bother himself about it.

George was a fine young fellow and, next to Bernard, I thought he was the best man in the world. It will be remembered that I had no brother, and George was always as kind and brotherly as he could be. I had been fond of him, even before I was married; in fact, I knew him quite well before I became acquainted with Bernard, and I was always glad to see him. But I had never been so delighted to think he was coming as I was then. My face must have shown this, for Bernard laughingly said:

"You must be awfully glad to see George."

"I am glad," I answered, and as I spoke I thought that if he knew everything he would understand why my eyes glistened, as I am sure they did.

The reason of my great joy was that a plan had suddenly come into my mind. George had once spoken to me about marrying, and he had told me just what kind of a wife he wanted, and now, as I remembered what he had said on the subject, it seemed to me he had been describing Margaret Temple. He wanted a wife who was good-looking, but not a belle, and she must be sensible and practical, a good housekeeper and a charming hostess. Besides, she must be intellectual and fond of books, and appreciate art, and all that. Moreover, he had said he would like her to be just about a year older than himself, because he thought that was a good proportion in a young couple. It was apt to make the man look up to his wife a little, which might not be the case if he were the elder. I remember that when he told me this I wished very much that I were a year older than Bernard.

Now, as I said before, all this seemed as though he had been talking of Miss Temple, and I, knowing her so well, could see other points than those he mentioned in which she would suit him as no other woman could. If George would fall in love with Miss Temple, and there was no earthly reason why he should not—

for Bernard told me he was going to make him stay a week—then everything would be all right; all my anxieties, my forebodings, and my jealousies would be gone and I should be as happy as I was before I met that dear girl, Margaret Temple.

This was not all idle fancy; my plan was founded on good, practical ideas. If George married Margaret everything would be settled in an absolutely perfect way. Even if I should die, Bernard would not need to marry anybody; in fact I did not believe that in this case he would want to. He would go to live with George and Margaret; their home would be his home and he would always have both of them to take care of him and to make him happy in every possible way in which anybody could make him happy. In my mind's eye I could see him in the best room in the house, with all sorts of comforts and luxuries about him—our present comforts and luxuries would make a great show gathered together in one room—and then I saw Margaret and George standing at the open door asking if there was anything he would like and what they could do for him. As this mental picture came before me my eyes involuntarily went around that room to see if there was a picture of me on the wall, and there it was, with no portrait of any other woman anywhere about.

In a flash the whole thing became so horrible to me that I threw myself on the bed and began to cry convulsively. Bernard heard me and came upstairs, and I was obliged to tell him I had a sudden pain. He does not like sudden pains and sat down and talked to me a good while about what I had been eating. Before long, however, I grew calm and was able to think about my plans in a common-sense, practical way. Truly there could be nothing better for my present comfort and Bernard's future happiness; Margaret and George to take care of him and my image undimmed in his heart. I felt like one who had insured his life for the benefit of a loved one, so, no matter what might happen to him, he would have, as long as he lived, the joy of knowing how he had provided for the loved one.

When George came, the next day, he was just the same splendid old George, and I do not believe anyone ever re-

ceived a warmer welcome from a sister-in-law than I gave him. Bernard made a little fun of me, as usual, and said he believed I would rather see George than him.

"Nonsense," said I, "I am always glad to see you, but I am especially glad to see George."

Bernard whistled and looked at me in the same queer way that he looked at me when he once had said laughingly that he believed if I had never met him I would have married George, and I had answered that if I had been sure he did not exist, it might have been a good thing for me to marry George.

Miss Temple did not come to the house that morning, as she so often did, but I asked Emily to send over and invite her to tea, for I did not wish to lose any time in the carrying out of my plans. It was about the middle of the afternoon when Bernard and his brother came in from a walk. I had been anxious to see George because I wanted to talk with him about Margaret before he met her. I was going to speak very guardedly, of course, but I knew it would be well to prepare his mind, and I had made up my mind exactly as to what I was going to say.

I artfully managed so that George and I walked over the lawn to a bench in the shade of a big tree where there was something or other—I entirely forget what it was—which I said I would show him. Mr. and Mrs. Cheston and Bernard were on the piazza, but I did not ask them to join us.

We sat down on the bench and, in a general sort of a way I asked him what he had been doing, meaning presently to bring up the subject of Margaret, for I did not know what time she might drop in. But George was just as anxious to talk as I was, and being a man he was a little more pushing, and he said :

"Now, little Rosa, I am so glad you came down here with me, for I have something on my mind I want to tell you, and I want to tell it myself, before anybody else interferes. It is just this—I am engaged to be married, and as soon as I get back from England I am going to——" And then he opened his eyes very wide and looked hard at me. "What is the

matter, Rosa ?" he exclaimed. "Don't you feel well ?"

In one instant all my plans and hopes and happy dreams of the future had dropped to the ground and had been crushed into atoms.

"Well ?" said I, and I think I spoke in a queer voice, "I am very well. There is nothing the matter with me. What is her name ?"

He told me, but I had never heard it before, and it was of no more importance to me than the buzzing of a bee.

"It will be very nice," I said, "and now let us go up to the house and tell the others."

I think that for a woman who had just received a blow such as had been dealt to me, I behaved very well indeed. But I was cold and, I expect, pale. I listened to the others talk, but I did not say much myself and as soon as I could make some excuse I went up to my room. There I threw myself into a great chair and gently cried myself to sleep. I did not sob loudly because I did not want Bernard to come up again. When I woke I had a dreadful headache and I made up my mind I would not go down to tea. I could do no good by going down, and, so far as I was concerned, it did not matter in the least whether Margaret was there or not. In fact, I did not care about anything. Let George marry whoever he pleased. If I should die, Margaret Temple had promised to take care of Bernard. Everything was settled and there was no sense in making any more plans, so I got ready for another nap, and when Bernard came up I told him I had a headache and did not want any tea.

That evening Bernard sat and looked at me without speaking, as was sometimes his habit, and then he said :

"Rosa, I do not understand this at all, and I want you to tell me why you were so extravagantly glad when you found my brother George was coming here, and why you were so overcome by your emotions when you heard of his engagement ?"

"Oh, Bernard !" I cried, "if it were anybody else, I might tell everything, but I cannot tell you." I am very sure I spoke truly, for how could I have told that dear man what I had said to Margaret Temple ; how jealous I had been

of her afterward ; how I had planned for her to marry George, and that after my funeral he should go to live with them ; about my picture on the wall, and all the rest of it ? It was simply impossible. And if he did not know all this, how could he understand my feelings when I heard that George was engaged ?

I could not answer him, I could only sob and repeat what I had said before, that if it were anybody else I might speak, but that I could never tell him. Soon after that he went downstairs and when it was that he came to bed I do not know.

Bernard was never cross with me—I do not believe he could be if he tried, but the next morning he was very quiet, and soon after breakfast he and Mr. Cheston and George went fishing. If the incidents of the day before had not occurred I suppose they would have done something in which Emily and I could have joined, but some sort of a change had come over things and it was plain enough that even George did not want me. So I sat alone under the tree where George had told me of his engagement, feeling very much troubled and very lonely.

I wanted to tell everything to somebody, but there was no one to tell. It would be impossible to speak to Emily—she would have had no sympathy with me ; and if I should tell her everything I had planned I knew she would laugh at me, unmercifully. I think it would have pleased me best to speak to George than to anyone else, he had always been so sympathetic and kind, but now things were changed and he would not care to interest himself in the affairs of any woman except the one to whom he was engaged. It was terrible to sit there and think that there was not a person in the world, not even my husband, to whom I could look for sympathy and comfort. If I had not been out in the open air where people could have seen me I should have cried.

Happening to look up I saw someone on the piazza. It was that horrible Margaret Temple, and as she gazed about from side to side, she saw me under the tree. I tried to take no notice of her, but she stepped down from the piazza and came walking across the lawn toward me. If I had been a man, I should have cursed my fate ; not only was I deprived of every

comfort, but here came the disturber of my peace to make me still more unhappy.

I do not remember what she said when she reached me, but I know she spoke very pleasantly ; nor do I remember what I replied, but I am sure I did not speak pleasantly. I was out of humor with the whole world and particularly with her. She brought a little chair that was near by and sat down by me. She was a very straightforward person about speaking and so she said, without any preface :

“Have you told your husband of that arrangement you made with me, if he should survive you ?”

“Of course I have not !” I exclaimed. “Do you think I would tell him a thing like that, especially when I said I would not ? The fact is,” I continued, and it was very hard for me to keep from crying as I spoke, “I am just loaded down with trouble and I cannot tell anybody.”

“I knew you were troubled,” she replied, “and that is the reason I came this morning. Why can’t you tell me what is the matter ?”

At first this made me angry and I felt like bouncing off to the house and never speaking to her again, but in the next instant I changed my mind. It would serve her right if I told her everything, and so I did. I made her feel exactly how I had felt when I had thought of her in my place, and how I had determined that it should never be. Then I went on and told her all my plans about George and herself, and how Bernard was to board with them if I died ; I made the story a good deal longer than I have made it here, and I finished by telling her of George’s engagement and how nothing had come of the whole thing except that Bernard had supposed that I thought too much of George and had gone away that morning as cold as a common acquaintance, and that I felt as though my whole life had been wrecked, and that she had done it.

It was easy to see that she was not affected as she should have been by what I said. In fact, she looked as though she wanted to laugh, but her respect for me prevented that.

“I do not see,” she said, “how I have wrecked your life.”

“That may be so,” I answered, “but

it is because you do not want to see it. I should think that even you would admit that it is enough to drive me crazy to see any woman waiting and longing for the day which would give her that which I prize more than anything else in the world. And to think what you are aspiring to! None of the old left-overs that other people have offered to you, but Bernard Kershaw, the very prince of men! I do not wonder you were so quick to promise me you would take him."

She jumped up and I thought she was going away, but she did not go and turned again toward me, and remarked, just as coolly as anybody could speak: "Well, I do not wonder, either. Mr. Kershaw is a most estimable man, and if nothing should happen in any way, or at any time, to interfere, in the case of his surviving you, I shall be happy to marry him. I think I would make him a very good wife."

At this I sprang to my feet, and I am sure my eyes and cheeks were blazing. "Do you mean," I cried, "that you would make him a better wife than I do?"

"That is a question," she said, "that is not easy to answer, and needs a good deal of consideration"—and she spoke with as much deliberation as if she were trying to decide whether it would be better to cover a floor with matting or carpet—"for one thing I do not believe I would nag him."

"Nag!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that? Do you suppose I nag him?"

"I do not know anything about it," she answered, "except what you told me yourself, and what you said was my reason for agreeing so quickly to your proposition."

"Nag!" I cried, but then I stopped. I thought it would be better to wait until I could think over what I had said to her before I pursued this subject. "But I can tell you one thing," I continued, "and that is that you need not have any hopes in the direction of Mr. Kershaw. I am going to tell him everything just as soon as he comes home, even about you and George, and I am going to make him promise that no matter what happens he will never marry you."

I think these words made some impression on her, for she answered, very quickly:

"I am not sure that it will be wise to tell him everything, but if you are determined to do so I must insist that you will tell him something more, and that is that I am engaged to be married, and have been for nearly a year."

"And you have been deceiving all these anxious wives?" I cried.

"I never made promises to anyone but to you," she answered, "and I would not have done that if I had not liked you so much."

"You have a funny way of liking," I remarked.

She merely smiled and went on: "And I should not have told you of my engagement, if I had not thought it would be safer to do so, considering the story you are going to tell your husband."

"And it is because I consider it safer that I am going to tell him that story," I replied.

That afternoon, as soon as I was alone with Bernard—I did not give him any time to show me any of his common-acquaintance coolness—I told him the whole thing, from beginning to end. He listened so earnestly that one might have thought he was in church, but when I came to the part about his boarding with George and Miss Temple he could not help laughing. He excused himself, however, and told me to go on. He looked very happy when I had told him my story, and no one would have supposed that he had ever assumed the air of mere acquaintance.

"You are such a good little wife!" he exclaimed, "and you are always trying to do things to make me happy, but you must not take so much labor and anxiety upon yourself. I want to help you in every way that I can, and in such a case you ought to let me do it."

"But how could you help me in the troubles I have been telling you about?" I asked.

"Easily enough," he answered. "Now, if you had taken me into your confidence I would have told you that I consider Miss Temple too tall a woman for my fancy."

"She is," I said. "I did not think so at first, but I can see it now, plainly."

"Then again, she is too practical-minded."

"Entirely too much so," I agreed.

"And in other respects she is not up to my standard," continued Bernard. "So I think, Rosa, that if you should ever take up such a scheme again we should act together. I am sure my opinion would be of great advantage to you in helping you to select someone who should take up the work of making me happy when——"

"You are perfectly horrid!" I exclaimed, and I stopped his mouth.

I never learned to like Margaret Temple. To be sure, I thought seriously of some things she had said, but then people can consider things people say without liking the people who say them.

I pity her husband.

TWO SONNETS

By Richard Hovey

TO MARNA

WHAT use are words to tell you of my love?
 It is my trade to make words do my will,
 To change my mood and passion like a glove
 And feign the utter scope of good and ill.
 And if truth speak out clear in every tone
 You will applaud and say it is my art;
 So have I all men's voices but my own,
 And to serve them I leave unserved my heart.
 I, who am speech for all men's hopes and fears,
 Must leave my love unspoken in its need
 Until the whim of the disdainful years
 Toss me a test to answer with a deed.
 And if that golden chance I never know
 And die unproved—then Fate will have it so.

HIS REPROACH

ARE you too tender-hearted to be true?
 True to your love, to me, and your own soul?
 Will you for pity give what is love's due
 And leave love lorn and begging for a dole?
 Then pity is a thief, that steals love's purse
 To squander in dishonest charity;
 Then love is outcast, with the exile's curse
 Who sees his varlets loot his seignury.
 Is love so hard it reck's not where I lie,
 While pity melts at aught that he endures?
 I deserve nothing, save that you ensky
 No other with those vesper lips of yours—
 I deserve nothing; but your love of me
 Deserves of you the courage to be free.



JOHNNY BEAR

By Ernest Seton-Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



JOHNNY was a queer little Bear cub that lived with Grumpy, his mother, in the Yellowstone Park. They were among the many Bears that found a desirable home in the country about the Fountain Hotel.

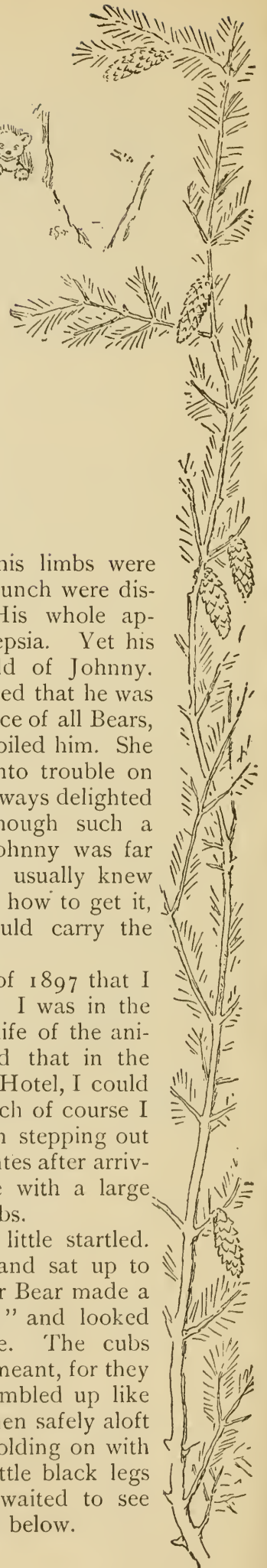
The steward of the Hotel had ordered the kitchen scrapings to be dumped in an open glade of the surrounding forest, thus proving, throughout the season, a daily feast for the Bears, and their numbers have increased each year since the law of the land has made the Park a haven of refuge where no wild thing may be harmed. They have accepted man's peace offering and many of them have become so well known to the hotel men that they have received names suggested by their looks or ways. Slim Jim was a very long-legged thin Blackbear; Snuffy was a Blackbear that looked as though he had been singed; Fatty was a very fat lazy Bear that always lay down to eat; the Twins were two half-grown, ragged specimens that always came and went together; but Grumpy and little Johnny were the best known of them all.

Grumpy was the biggest and fiercest of the Blackbears, and Johnny, apparently her only son, was a peculiarly tiresome little cub, for he seemed never to cease either grumbling or whining. This probably meant that he was sick, for a healthy little Bear does not grumble all the time. Indeed, Johnny was the most miserable looking specimen in the Park. He had only three good legs, his coat

was faded and mangy, his limbs were thin, and his ears and paunch were disproportionately large. His whole appearance suggested dyspepsia. Yet his mother thought the world of Johnny. She was evidently convinced that he was a little beauty and the Prince of all Bears, so, of course, she quite spoiled him. She was always ready to get into trouble on his account, and he was always delighted to lead her there. Although such a wretched little failure, Johnny was far from being a fool, for he usually knew just what he wanted and how to get it, if teasing his mother could carry the point.

It was in the summer of 1897 that I made their acquaintance. I was in the Park to study the home life of the animals, and had been told that in the woods, near the Fountain Hotel, I could see Bears at any time, which of course I scarcely believed. But on stepping out of the back door five minutes after arriving I came face to face with a large Blackbear and her two cubs.

I stopped short, not a little startled. The Bears also stopped and sat up to look at me. Then mother Bear made a curious short "*Koff Koff*" and looked toward a near pine-tree. The cubs seemed to know what she meant, for they ran to this tree and scrambled up like two little monkeys and when safely aloft they sat like small boys holding on with their hands, while their little black legs dangled in the air, and waited to see what was to happen down below.



Before very long a large Blackbear came quietly out of the woods to the pile, and began turning over the garbage and feeding. He was very nervous, sitting up and looking about at each slight sound, or running away a few yards when star-

Many unobservant persons think and say that all Negroes or all Chinamen, as well as all animals of a kind, look alike. But just as surely as each human being differs from the next so surely each animal is different from its fellow, otherwise



how would the old ones know their mates or the little ones their mother, as they certainly do? These feasting Bears gave a good illustration of this, for each had its individuality; no two were quite alike in appearance or in character.

This curious fact also appeared: I could hear the Woodpeckers pecking over one hundred yards away in the woods, as well as the Chickadees' chickadeeing, the Blue jays blue-jaying, and even the Squirrels scampering across the leafy forest floor, and yet I *did not hear one of these Bears come*. Their huge padded feet always went down in exactly the right spot to break no stick, to rustle no leaf, showing how perfectly they had learned the art of going in silence through the woods.

All morning the Bears came and went or wandered near my hiding-place without discovering me, and except for one or two brief quarrels there was nothing very exciting to note. But about three in the afternoon it became more lively.

There were then four large Bears feeding on the heap. In the middle was Fatty, sprawling at full length as he feasted, a picture of placid ursine content, puffing just a little at times as he strove to save himself the trouble of moving, by darting out his tongue like a long red serpent, farther and farther in quest of the tidbits just beyond claw reach.

Behind him Slim Jim was puzzling over the anatomy and attributes of an ancient lobster. It was something outside his experience, but the principle, "in case of doubt take the trick," is well known in Bearland, and it settled the difficulty.

The other two were clearing out fruit-tins with marvellous dexterity. One supple paw would hold the tin while the long tongue would dart again and again through the narrow opening, avoiding

the sharp edges, yet cleaning out the can to the last taste of its sweetness.

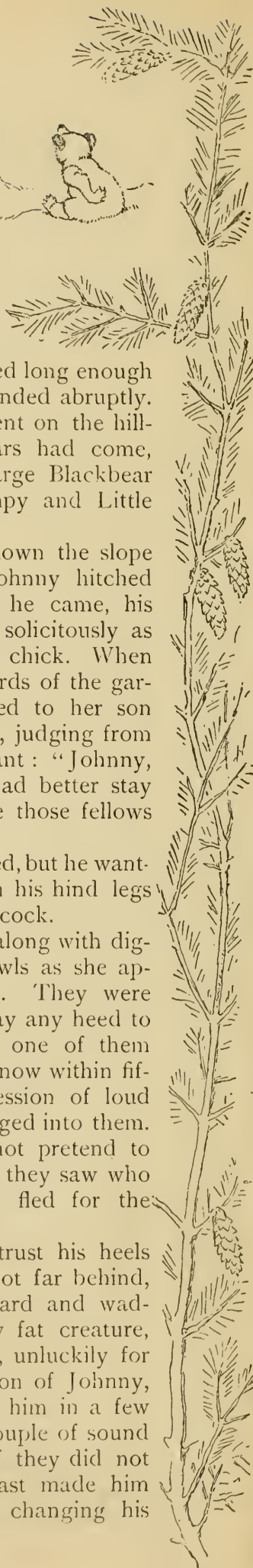
This pastoral scene lasted long enough to be sketched, but was ended abruptly. My eye caught a movement on the hill-top whence all the Bears had come, and out stalked a very large Blackbear with a tiny cub — Grumpy and Little Johnny.

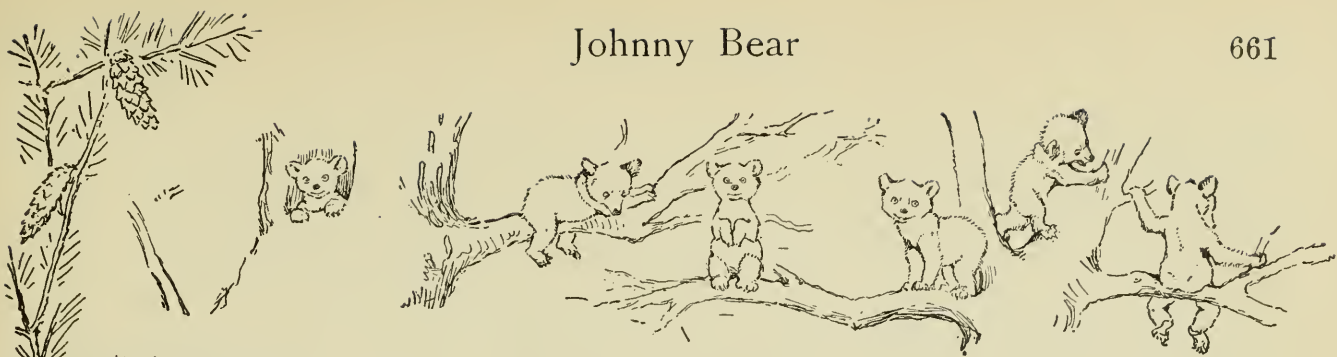
The old Bear stalked down the slope toward the feast, and Johnny hitched along-side, grumbling as he came, his mother watching him as solicitously as ever a hen did her single chick. When they were within thirty yards of the garbage-heap, Grumpy turned to her son and said something which, judging from its effect, must have meant: "Johnny, my child! I think you had better stay here while I go and chase those fellows away."

Johnny obediently waited, but he wanted to see, so he sat up on his hind legs with eyes agog and ears acock.

Grumpy came striding along with dignity, uttering warning growls as she approached the four Bears. They were too much engrossed to pay any heed to the fact that yet another one of them was coming, till Grumpy, now within fifteen feet, let out a succession of loud coughing sounds and charged into them. Strange to say they did not pretend to face her, but, as soon as they saw who it was, scattered and all fled for the woods.

Slim Jim could safely trust his heels and the other two were not far behind, but poor Fatty, puffing hard and waddling like any other very fat creature, got along but slowly, and, unluckily for him, he fled in the direction of Johnny, so that Grumpy overtook him in a few bounds and gave him a couple of sound slaps in the rear which if they did not accelerate his pace at least made him bawl and saved him by changing his





direction. Grumpy, now left alone in possession of the feast, turned toward her son and uttered the whining "*E-rrr Er-r-r Errrr.*" Johnny responded eagerly. He came "hopity-hop" on his three good legs as fast as he could and, joining her on the garbage, they began to have such a good time that even Johnny ceased grumbling.

He had evidently been there before now, for he seemed to know quite well the staple kinds of canned goods. One might almost have supposed that he had learned the brands, for a lobster-tin had no charm for him as long as he could find those that once were filled with jam. Some of the tins gave him much trouble, as he was too greedy or too clumsy to escape being scratched by the sharp edges. One large fruit-tin had a hole so large that he found he could force his head into it, and for a few minutes his joy was full as he licked into all the farthest corners. But when he tried to draw his head out, his sorrows began, for he found himself caught. He could not get out and he scratched and screamed like any other spoiled child, giving his mother no end of concern, although she seemed not to know how to help him. When at length he got the tin off his head, he revenged himself by hammering it with his paws till it was perfectly flat.

A large syrup-can made him happy for a long time. It had had a lid so that the hole was round and smooth; but it was not big enough to admit his head, and he could not touch its riches with his tongue stretched out its longest. He soon hit on a plan, however. Putting in his little black arm he churned it around, then drew out and licked it clean; and he did this again and again until the can was as clean inside as when first it had left the factory.

A broken mouse-trap seemed to puz-

zle him. He clutched it between his fore paws, their strong intumescence being fully reflected in his hind feet, and held it firmly for study. The cheesy smell about it was decidedly good, but the thing responded in such an uncanny way when he slapped it, that he kept back a cry for help only by the exercise of unusual self-control. After gravely inspecting it with his head first on this side and then on that, and his lips puckered into a little tube, he submitted it to the same punishment as that meted out to the refractory fruit-tin, and was rewarded by discovering a nice little bit of cheese in the very heart of the culprit.

Johnny had evidently never heard of ptomaine poisoning, for nothing came amiss. After the jams and fruits gave out he turned his attention to the lobster and sardine cans and was not appalled by even the army beef. His paunch grew quite balloon-like, and from much licking his arms looked thin and shiny as though he was wearing black silk gloves.

It now occurred to me that I might be in a dangerous place for the first time. For it is one thing surprising a Bear that has no family responsibilities and another stirring up a bad-tempered old mother by frightening her cub.

Supposing, I thought, that cranky little Johnny should wander over to this end of the garbage and find me in the hole, he would at once set up a squall, and his mother, of course, would think I was hurting him, and without giving me a chance to explain might forget the rules of the Park and make things very unpleasant.

Luckily all the jam-pots were at Johnny's end; he stayed by them and Grumpy stayed by him. At length he noticed that his mother had a better tin than any he could find, and as he ran whining to take it from her he chanced to glance away

up the slope. There he saw something that made him sit up and utter a curious little "*Koff Koff Koff Koff*."

His mother turned quickly and sat up to see "what the child was looking at." I followed their gaze, and there, Oh, Horrors! was an enormous Grizzly Bear. He was a monster, he looked like a fur-clad omnibus coming through the trees.

Johnny set up a whine at once and got behind his mother. She uttered a deep growl, and all her back hair stood on end. Mine did too, but I kept as still as possible.

With stately tread the Grizzly came on. His vast shoulders sliding along his sides and his silvery robe, swaying at each tread, like the trappings on an elephant, gave an impression of power that was appalling.

Johnny began to whine more loudly, and I fully sympathized with him now, though I did not join in. After a moment's hesitation Grumpy turned to her noisy cub and said something that sounded to me like two or three short coughs. "*Koff — Koff — Koff —*." But I imagine that she really said, "My child! I think you had better get up that tree, while I go and drive the brute away."

At any rate that was what Johnny did, and this what she set out to do. But Johnny had no notion of missing any fun. He wanted to *see* what was going to happen.

So he did not rest contented where he was hidden in the thick branches of the pine, but combined safety with view by climbing to the topmost branch that would bear him, and there, sharp against the sky, he squirmed about and squealed aloud in his excitement. The branch was so small that it bent under his weight swaying this way and that, as he shifted about, and every moment I expected to see it snap off. If it had been broken when swaying my way, Johnny would certainly have fallen on me, and this would probably have resulted in bad feelings between myself and his mother; but the limb was tougher than it looked, or perhaps Johnny had had plenty of experience, for he neither lost his hold nor broke the branch.

Meanwhile, Grumpy stalked out to meet the Grizzly. She stood as high as she could and set all her bristles on end; then growling and chopping her teeth she faced him.



His whole appearance suggested dyspepsia.



The Grizzly, so far as I could see, took no notice of her. He came striding toward the feast as though alone. But when Grumpy got within twelve feet of him she uttered a succession of short coughy roars and, charging, gave him a tremendous blow on the ear. The Grizzly was surprised; but he replied with a left hander that knocked her over like a sack of hay.

Nothing daunted, but doubly furious, she jumped up and rushed at him.

Then they clinched and rolled over and over, whacking and pounding, snorting and growling, and making no end of dust and rumpus. But above all their noise I could clearly hear little John-

ny, yelling at the top of his voice, and evidently encouraging his mother to go right in and finish the Grizzly at once.

Why the Grizzly did not break her in two I could not understand. After a few minutes' struggle, during which I could see nothing but dust and dim flying legs, the two separated as by mutual consent—perhaps the regulation time was up—and for awhile they stood glaring at each other; Grumpy at least much winded.

The Grizzly would have dropped the matter right there. He did not wish to fight. He had no idea of troubling himself about Johnny. All he wanted was a quiet meal. But no! The moment he took one step toward the garbage-pile, that is, as Grumpy thought toward Johnny, she went at him again. But this time the Grizzly was ready for her. With



During this pastoral scene old Grumpy stalked down the slope and Johnny hitched along-side.

one blow he knocked her off her feet and sent her crashing onto a huge upturned pine-root. She was fairly staggered this time. The force of the blow and the rude reception of the rooty antlers, seemed to take all the fight out of her. She scrambled over and tried to escape; but the Grizzly was mad now. He meant to punish her and dashed around the root. For a minute they kept up a dodging chase about it; but Grumpy was quicker of foot and somehow always managed to keep the root between herself and her foe, while Johnny, safe in the tree, continued to take an intense and uproarious interest.

At length, seeing he could not catch her that way, the Grizzly sat up on his haunches and while he doubtless was planning a new move, old Grumpy saw her chance, and making a dash, got away from the root and up to the top of the tree where Johnny was perched.

Johnny came down a little way to meet her, or perhaps so that the tree might

not break off with the additional weight. Having photographed this interesting group from my hiding-place, I thought I must get a closer picture at any price and for the first time in the day's proceeding I jumped out of the hole and ran under the tree. This move proved a great mistake, for here the thick lower boughs came between, and I could see nothing at all of the Bears at the top.

I was close to the trunk and was peering about and seeking for a chance to use the camera when old Grumpy began to come down, chopping her teeth and uttering her threatening cough at me. While I stood in doubt, I heard a voice far behind me calling :

"Say, Mister! You better look out, that ole bar is liable to hurt you."

I turned to see the cowboy of the Hotel on his horse. He had been riding after the cattle and chanced to pass near just as events were moving quickly.

"Do you know these Bears?" said I, as he rode up.

"Wall, I reckon I do," said he. "That there little one up top is Johnny; he's a little crank, an' the big un is Grumpy, she's a big crank. She's mighty onreliable, but she's always strictly ugly when Johnny hollers like that."

"I should much like to get her picture when she comes down," said I.

"Tell ye what I'll do, I'll stand by on the pony an' if she goes to bother you I'll reckon I can keep her off," said the man.

He accordingly stood by, as Grumpy slowly came down from branch to branch, growling and threatening. But when she neared the ground she kept on the far side of the trunk, and finally slipped down and ran into the woods without the slightest pretence of carrying out any of her dreadful threats. Thus Johnny was again left alone. He climbed up to his old perch and resumed his monotonous whining :

"Wah—Wah—Wah—etc." (Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!)

I got the camera ready and was arranging deliberately to take his picture in his favorite and peculiar attitude for threnodic song, when all at once he began craning his neck and yelling, as he had done during the fight.

I looked where his nose pointed and here was the Grizzly coming on straight toward me—not charging, but striding along, as though he meant to come the whole distance.



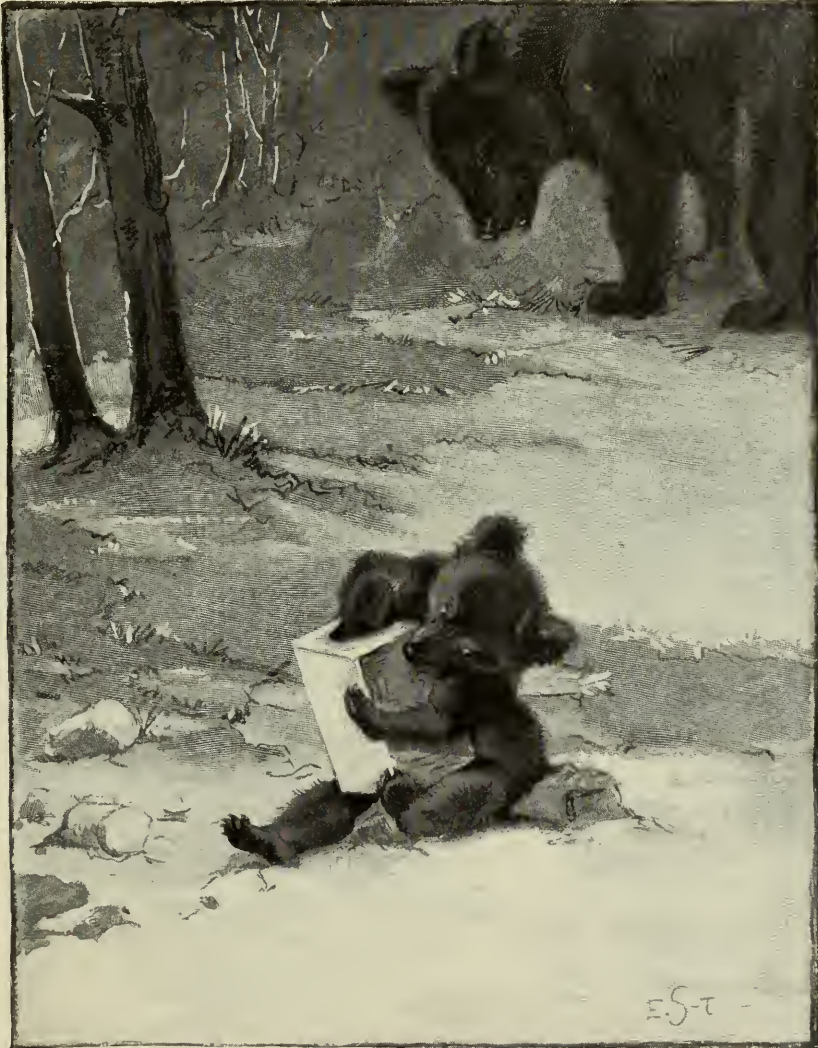
But Johnny wanted to see.

I said to my cowboy friend, "Do you know this Bear?"

He replied, "Wall! I reckon I do. That's the ole Grizzly. He's the biggest bar in the Park. He generally minds his own business, but he ain't scared o' nothin'; and to-day ye see he's been scrapping, so he's liable to be ugly."

"I would like to take his picture," said I. "And if you will help me I am willing to take some chances on it."

"All right," said he, with a grin. "I'll stand by on the horse, an' if he charges you I'll charge him and I kin knock him down once, but I can't do it twice. You better have your tree picked out."



A syrup tin kept him happy for a long time.

As there was only one tree to pick and that was the one that Johnny was in, the prospect was not alluring. I imagined myself scrambling up there next to Johnny, and then Johnny's mother coming up after me, with the Grizzly below to catch me when Grumpy should throw me down.

The Grizzly came on and I snapped him at forty yards, then again at twenty yards and still he came quietly toward me. I sat down on the garbage and made ready—eighteen yards—sixteen yards—twelve yards—eight yards and still he came—while the pitch of Johnny's protests kept rising proportionately. Finally at five yards he stopped, and swung his huge bearded head to one side, to see what was making that ag-

gravating row in the tree top, giving me a profile view, and I snapped the camera. At the click he turned on me with a thunderous

G—R—O—W—L

and I sat still and trembling, wondering if my last moment had come. For a second he glared at me and I could note the little green electric lamp in each of his eyes. Then he slowly turned and picked up a large tomato-can.

"Goodness," I thought, "is he going to throw that at me?" But he deliberately licked it out, dropped it and took another, paying thenceforth no heed whatever either to me or to Johnny, evidently considering us equally beneath his notice.

I backed slowly and respectfully out of his royal presence, leaving him in possession of the garbage, while Johnny kept on caterwauling from his safety-perch.

What became of Grumpy the rest of that day I do not know. Johnny, after bemoaning for a time, realized that there was no sympathetic hearer of his cries,

and therefore very sagaciously stopped them. Having no mother now to plan for him he began to plan for himself, and at once proved that he was better stuff than he seemed. After watching, with a look of profound cunning on his little black face, and waiting till the Grizzly was some distance away, he silently slipped down behind the trunk, and, despite his three-leggedness, ran like a hare to the next tree, never stopping to breathe till he was on its topmost bough. For he was thoroughly convinced that the only object that the Grizzly had in life was to kill him, and he seemed quite aware that his enemy could not climb a tree.

Another long and safe survey of the Grizzly, who really paid no heed to him whatever, was followed by another dash for the next tree, varied occasionally by a cunning feint to mislead the foe. So he went dashing from tree to tree and climbing each to its very top, although it might be but ten feet from the last, till he disappeared in the woods. After, perhaps, ten minutes his voice again came floating on the breeze, the querulous habitual whining which told me he had found his mother and had resumed his customary appeal to her sympathy.

It is quite a common thing for Bears to spank their cubs when they need it, and if Grumpy had disciplined Johnny this way, it would have saved them both a deal of worry.

Perhaps not a day passed that summer without Grumpy getting into trouble on Johnny's account. But of all these numerous occasions the most ignominious was during my temporary absence.

I first heard the story from three bronzed mountaineers. As they were very sensitive about having their word doubted and very good shots with the revolver, I believed every word they told me, especially when afterward fully endorsed by the Park authorities.

It seemed that of all the tinned goods on the pile the nearest to Johnny's taste were marked with a large purple plum. This conclusion he had arrived at only after most exhaustive study. The very odor of those plums was the equivalent of ecstasy in Johnny's nostrils. So when it came about one day that the cook of the Hotel baked a huge batch of plum-tarts, the tell-tale wind took the story afar into the woods where it was wafted by way of Johnny's nostrils to his very soul.



Johnny set up a whine and got behind his mother.



Of course Johnny was whimpering at the time. His mother was busy "washing his face and combing his hair," so he had double cause for whimpering. But the smell of the tarts thrilled him; he jumped up, and when his mother tried to hold him he squalled, and, I am afraid, he bit her. She should have cuffed him, but she did not. She only gave a disapproving growl and followed to see that he came to no harm.

With his little black nose in the wind Johnny led straight for the kitchen. He took the precaution, however, of climbing from time to time to the very top of a pine-tree lookout, while Grumpy stayed below.

Thus they came close to the kitchen, and there, in the last tree, Johnny's courage as a leader gave out, so he remained aloft and expressed his hankering for tarts in a woe-begone wail.

It is not likely that Grumpy knew exactly what her son was crying for. But it is sure that as soon as she showed an inclination to go back into the pines, Johnny protested in such an outrageous and heartrending screeching, that his mother simply could not leave him, and he showed no sign of coming down to be led away.

Grumpy herself was fond of plum-jam. The odor was now of course very strong and proportionately alluring; so Grumpy followed it somewhat cautiously up to the kitchen-door.



Then they clinched.

There was nothing surprising about this. The rule of "live and let live" is so strictly enforced in the Park that the Bears often come to the kitchen-door for pickings, and, on getting something, they go quietly back to the woods. Doubtless Johnny and Grumpy would each have gotten their tart but that a new factor appeared in the case.

The hotel people had brought a new Cat from the East. She was not much more than kitten, but still had a litter of her own, and at the moment that Grumpy reached the door, the Cat and her family were sunning themselves on the top step. Pussy opened her eyes to see this huge shaggy monster towering above her.

The Cat had never before seen a Bear; she did not know what a Bear was. She knew what a Dog was and here was a bigger, more awful, bobtailed, black dog than ever she had dreamed of, coming right at her. Her first thought was to fly for her life. But her next was for the kittens. She must take care of them. She

must at least cover their retreat. So like a brave little mother she braced herself on that doorstep, and spreading her back, her claws, her tail, and everything she had to spread, she screamed out at that Bear an unmistakable order to

S T O P

The language must have been "Cat," but the meaning was clear to the Bear ; for those who saw it maintain stoutly that Grumpy not only stopped, but she also conformed to the custom of the country and in token of surrender held up her hands.

However, the position she thus took made her so high that the

Cat seemed tiny in the distance below. Old Grumpy had faced a Grizzly once, and was she now to be held up by a miserable little spike-tailed skunk, no bigger than a mouthful? She was ashamed of herself, especially when a wail from Johnny smote on her ear and reminded her of her plain duty, as well as supplied his usual moral support.

So she dropped down on her front feet to proceed.

Again the Cat shrieked "S T O P."

But Grumpy ignored the command. A scared mew from a kitten nerved the Cat, and she launched her ultimatum—which ultimatum was herself. Eighteen sharp claws, a mouthful of keen teeth had Pussy, and she worked them all with a desperate will when she landed on Grumpy's bare, bald, sensitive nose, just the spot of all where the Bear

could not stand it, and then worked backward to a point outside the sweep of Grumpy's claws. After one or two vain attempts to shake the spotted fury off old Grumpy did just as most creatures would have done under the circumstances ; she turned tail and bolted out of the enemy's country into her own woods.

But Puss's fighting blood was up. She was not content with repelling the enemy, she wanted to inflict a crushing defeat, to achieve an absolute and final rout. And however fast old Grumpy might go, it did not count, for the Cat was still on top working her teeth and claws like a little demon. Grumpy, always erratic, now became panic-stricken. The trail of the pair was flecked with tufts of long black hair and there was even bloodshed (in the fiftieth degree). Honor surely was satisfied, but Pussy was not. Round and round they had gone in the mad race. Grumpy was frantic, absolutely humiliated, and ready to make any terms ; but



"Stop," shrieked the Cat.

Pussy seemed deaf to her cough-like yelps, and no one knows how far the Cat might have ridden that day had not Johnny unwittingly put a new idea into his mother's head by bawling in his best style from the top of his last tree, which tree Grumpy made for and scrambled up.

This was so clearly the enemy's country and in view of his re-inforcements that the Cat wisely decided to follow no farther. She jumped from the climbing Bear to the ground, and then mounted sentry guard below, marching around with tail in the air, daring that Bear to come down. Then the kittens came out and sat around and enjoyed it all hugely. And



Then pussy launched her ultimatum.

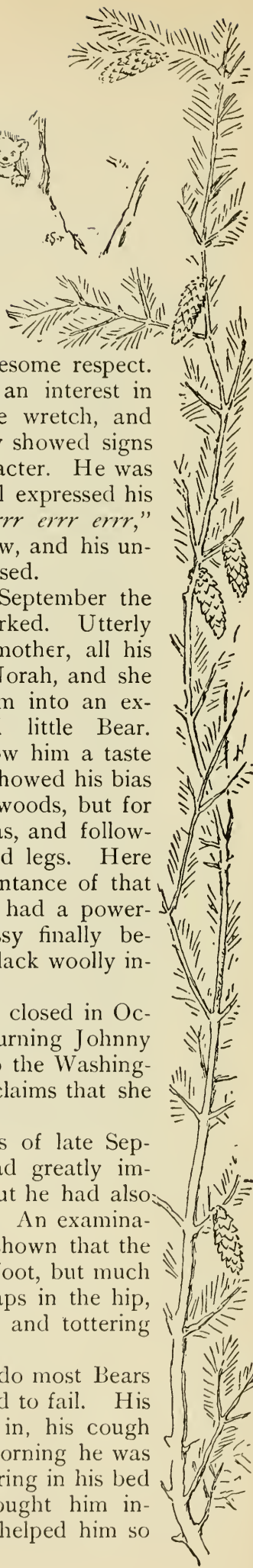
the mountaineers assured me that the Bears would have been up the tree yet, had not the cook of the Hotel come out and called off his Cat; although this statement was not among those vouched for by the officers of the Park.

The last time I saw Johnny he was in the top of a tree bewailing his unhappy lot as usual, while his mother was dashing about among the pines, "with a chip on her shoulder," seeking for someone—any one—that she could punish for Johnny's sake, provided, of course, that it was not a big Grizzly or a mother Cat.

This was early in August, but there were not lacking symptoms of change in old Grumpy. She was always reckoned

"onsartain," and her devotion to Johnny seemed subject to her characteristic. This perhaps accounted for the fact that when the end of the month was near, Johnny would sometimes spend half a day in the top of some tree, alone, miserable, and utterly unheeded.

The last chapter of his history came to pass after I had left the region. One day at gray dawn he was tagging along behind his mother as she prowled in the rear of the hotel. A newly hired Irish girl was already astir in the kitchen. On looking out she saw, as she thought, a calf where it should not be, and ran to shoo it away. That open kitchen-door still held unmeasured terrors for Grumpy, and she ran in such alarm that Johnny caught the infection, and not being able to keep up with her, he made for the nearest tree, which unfortunately turned out to be a post, and soon—too soon—he arrived at its top, some seven feet from the ground, and there poured forth his woes on the chilly morning air, while Grumpy



apparently felt justified in continuing her flight alone. When the girl came near and saw that she had treed some wild animal, she was as much frightened as her victim. But others of the kitchen staff appeared, and recognizing the voracious Johnny, they decided to make him a prisoner.

A collar and chain were brought, and after a struggle, during which several of the men got well scratched, the collar was buckled on Johnny's neck and the chain made fast to the post.

When he found that he was held, Johnny was simply too mad to scream. He bit and scratched and tore, till he was tired out. Then he lifted up his voice again to call his mother.

She did appear once or twice in the distance, but could not make up her mind to face that Cat—so disappeared, and Johnny was left to his fate.

He put in the most of that day in alternate struggling and crying. Toward evening he was worn out, and glad to accept the meal that was brought by Norah, who felt herself called on to play mother, since she had chased his own mother away.

When night came it was very cold; but Johnny nearly froze at the top of the post before he would come down and accept the warm bed provided at the bottom.

During the days that followed, Grumpy came often to the garbage-heap, but soon apparently succeeded in forgetting all about her son. He was daily tended by Norah, and received all his meals from her. He also received something else, for one day he scratched her when she brought his food, and she very properly spanked him till he squealed. For a few hours he sulked. He was not used to such treatment. But hunger subdued him, and thenceforth he held

his new guardian in wholesome respect. She, too, began to take an interest in the poor motherless little wretch, and within a fortnight Johnny showed signs of developing a new character. He was much less noisy. He still expressed his hunger in a whining "*errr errr errr*," but he rarely squealed now, and his unruly outbursts entirely ceased.

By the third week of September the change was still more marked. Utterly abandoned by his own mother, all his interest had centred in Norah, and she had fed and spanked him into an exceedingly well-behaved little Bear. Sometimes she would allow him a taste of freedom, and he then showed his bias by making, not for the woods, but for the kitchen where she was, and following her around on his hind legs. Here also he made the acquaintance of that dreadful Cat, but Johnny had a powerful friend now, and Pussy finally became reconciled to the black woolly interloper.

As the Hotel was to be closed in October, there was talk of turning Johnny loose or of sending him to the Washington Zoo, but Norah had claims that she would not forego.

When the frosty nights of late September came, Johnny had greatly improved in his manners, but he had also developed a bad cough. An examination of his lame leg had shown that the weakness was not in the foot, but much more deeply seated, perhaps in the hip, and that meant a feeble and tottering constitution.

He did not get fat, as do most Bears in fall, indeed he continued to fail. His little round belly shrank in, his cough became worse, and one morning he was found very sick and shivering in his bed by the post. Norah brought him indoors, where the warmth helped him so



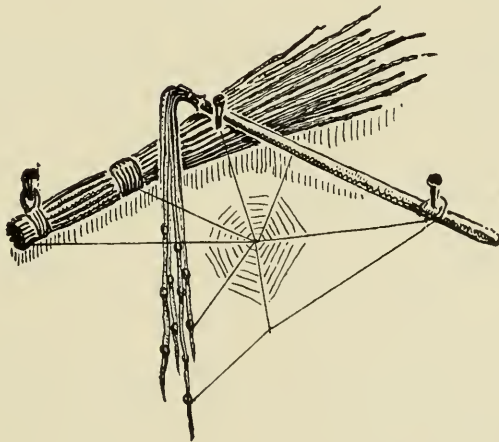
much that thenceforth he lived in the kitchen.

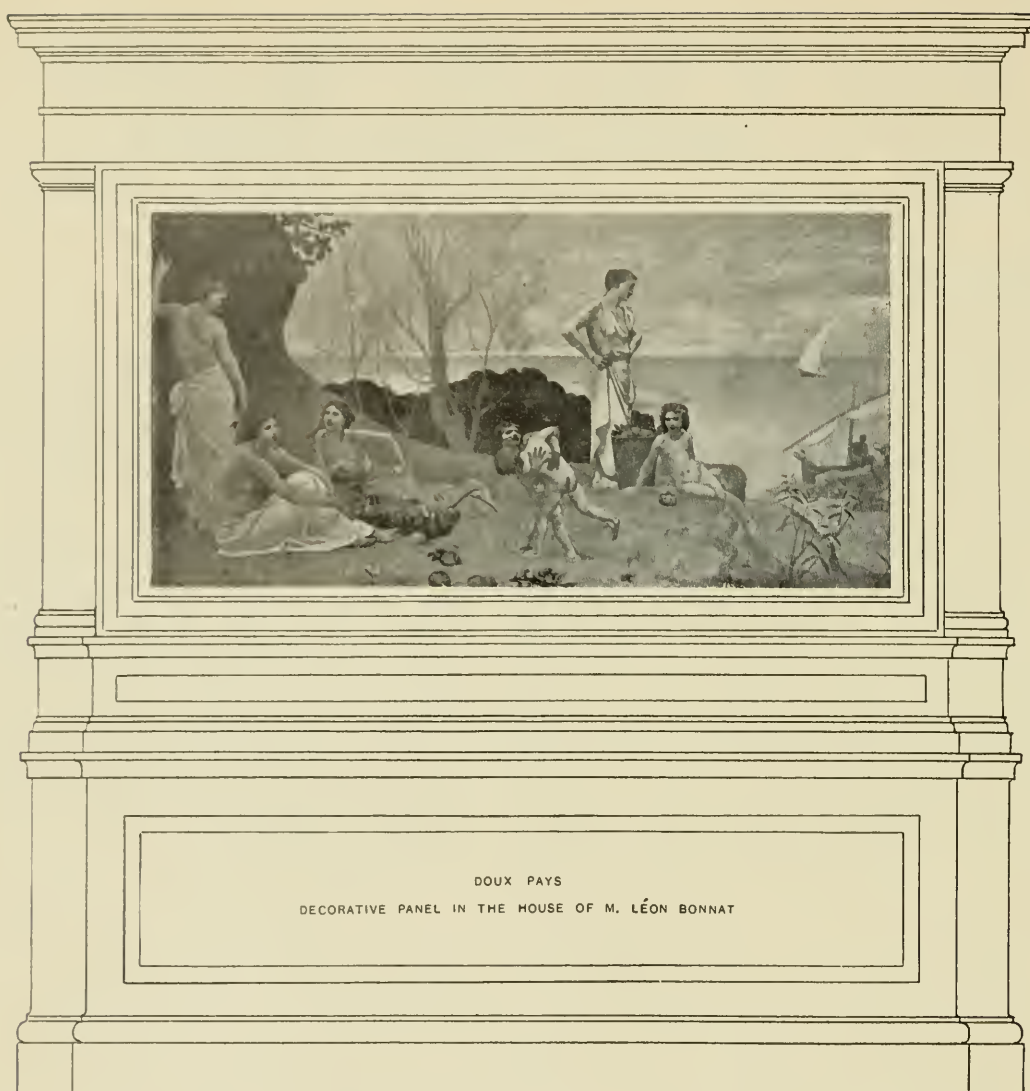
For a few days he seemed better, and his old time pleasure in *seeing things* revived. The great blazing fire in the range particularly appealed to him and made him sit up in his old attitude, when the opening of the door brought the wonder to view. After a week he lost interest even in that, and drooped more and more each day. Finally not the most exciting noises or scenes around him could stir up his old fondness for seeing what was going on.

He coughed a good deal, too, and

seemed wretched, except when in Norah's lap. Here he would cuddle up contentedly, and whine most miserably when she had to set him down again in his basket.

A few days before the closing of the Hotel, he refused his usual breakfast and whined softly till Norah took him in her lap, then he feebly snuggled up to her, and his soft "*errr errr*" grew fainter, till it ceased. Half an hour later, when she laid him down to go about her work, little Johnny had lost the last trace of his anxiety to see and know what was going on.





PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

BY JOHN LA FARGE

WITH REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOR

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES died in full possession of a fame that has reached all countries, and with the good fortune of being represented by monumental work at the greatest possible distance from the centre of his reputation. One of his very last paintings covers the wall of the Boston Library.

It seems strange, in view of the very general recognition of his importance, that for many years he was especially not recognized in his native France, except of course by that class of people who,

however slowly, determine the probable intellectual value of an artist or a writer. Those of us here in the United States, in 1861, who thought of him as we do to-day, were not aware of the objections made to his method of art, nor of the various indignities heaped upon him by the enterprising critics who found it convenient to choose him especially as an immovable object of attack. He was accused of bad drawing, weak intentions, want of clearness in his allegories. There was, for instance, no such logic in his



ideal figures as would allow a literary man to recognize at once what they were meant for ; owing to his failure to copy certain conventional attributes which are the trademarks of ideas, according to the discipline of certain schools. Nor did his allegories refer exactly to the wants of the moment. The fashion in allegory, or in meaning, might come in or go out, and the figures of Chavannes stood as much removed from these conventionalities as the Greek figures whom we are obliged to label with their names by a process of elimination. Nothing could be farther from literary ideas than his simple types of meaning. They were all rebuilt from an inner consciousness and appreciation of what is purely plastic, and an intention as general as the very words which we use to designate general ideas. In a certain sense, therefore, his allegories and representations of ideas are nearer to the representation of these ideas than the allegorical figures of most painters. They resist the wish of the critic to bring them to a definite limitation, in the same way that all general ideas have resisted the attempts at classifying them, made by thinkers from the time when man first divided his thoughts.

The very manner in which he has avoided the enclosing of a definition has probably had a great deal to do with his gradual appreciation by intelligences living outside of the practice of plastic art. The literary mind, the poet, the writer has found in Puvis de Chavannes a stimulus or an excuse for other methods of feeling. Because the writer and the literate began to like him, the artists living in technique alone, and their coadjutors, objected to him as painting literature. But it was not so—no writing, no verse, no phrase could claim to be the origin of the life of his figures. They were parallel to literary expressions which remain entirely outside the meaning of plastic art. Like nature, they read differently according to the looker-on, though they lived in an artificial nature of pure peace and serenity.

As he explains it, his intention was, "to make" of his "visions a complete transposition of natural laws, and to try to move in a direction parallel with them." Of course this definition of his intention is in reality that of all artists who lean tow-

ard the ideal ; and it is only the rank realist who would unwisely object to his meaning. But with Puvis the general intention is carried out logically. To many of us artists, with whom the illusion of appearance is a perpetual enchantment, he is too easily removed from the small matters that please the eye and help in their representation the passage from the real to the dream. He dreams, if I may so say, with a determined sequence, unwilling to wake and disturb the plausibility of the image that he has been constructing for himself. Just as children may go to bed with a firm intention of dreaming in the same way that they did before, and of continuing a secret life known to themselves, quite logical in its improbability. And Puvis de Chavannes inherits the racial tendency to logic on one side—the so-called Latin—as he inherits through his Burgundian ancestors the healthy tendency to rejoice in outside nature and its delineation. So when he worked, as he has said, he "made no studies from nature for his landscapes." He looked much ; he recorded, and then everything was a matter of logic : "When one knows the logic of a being (*la logique d'un être*), one knows how that being must behave in every way. So when one knows the nature, the habits, and the make, let us say, of a given tree—a poplar—one can never forget its pictured anatomy (*anatomie figurée*)."

And though it may be the landscape of dreamland, his landscape is perhaps the most astonishing part of his work. It is decidedly the landscape of that particular dream ; and its lines, its disposition, its color are woven into the story so as to be inseparable from the action of the people who live within it. In that way, at least in general intention, he is fully the equal of the greatest masters, and might be considered a very doctor or teacher of what landscape means.*

Compare the landscape of the "Lovely

* This necessity for a true bond between the figure and the landscape has been felt always, I think, by the greater figure painters. It may even have led some of them to a suppression of landscape, because of the sensitiveness to the inappropriate introduction of accidental form or line. Mr. François Millet, the son of the great painter, was telling me but yesterday of his father's saying on his death-bed, that he had not been enough of a landscape painter. In his words, he had "not completed his harvest ;" and the dying painter described scenes of peace and rest which he had desired to express.

Land" (Doux Pays), its spread of fairy sea and dreamy mountain and graceful foliage, to the dreary, homely background of the Sainte Geneviève, an idealization of the tame environs of Paris touched by the tragedy which has so often oppressed the capital; the stranger at the gates; misery and revolution within, and no hope but that eternal Providence which has for centuries protected the Central City—according to its prophetic device and motto: the ship at sea, and the words, *Fluctuat nec Mergitur* (it rocks yet it sinks not). The firmness of logic, the quiet persistence of will of Chavannes protected him through his representations of earth and light and space; and he avoided, as carefully as others seek them, those beauties of nature which were too great in scale to pass through his organization and become through him mere manners of expression of feeling. This is the logical, the Spartan side of this very noble mind, and seems to me infinitely touching.

These are his very words in his letters to a young friend in Italy: "The lands that you have visited are unknown to me; but from what you tell me of them, I have seen their analogies, and they have slightly oppressed me. Man must preserve the feeling of his power over creation; and to do a great deal with little is quite another enjoyment than to drag one's self in pursuit of certain beauties which are not made to the scale of man." (Written in 1877.)

"The sight of such lovely countries must give you riches of many kinds. As for me, my dear child, my part in the battle is well determined, and well limited, and I bring my supplies from nowhere else but France. I too have seen a great yellow river, but it was made of all the muds of the province of La Bresse. And yet some flowering bushes and perfumed groves were ravishing. All this is nothing but chamber-music compared to the powerful harmonies that must have struck you; but it has also its own grandeur, and its calm grace is very penetrating."

This simple view of nature, this personal, poetic art, helps to explain the control of Puvis over his representation, and shows also how reasonably adjusted to the life of his figures are his landscapes, how connected with the spirit of the native land, not with its accidents. It is, then, appar-

ent how his personages themselves, whose choice and evolution come out of a similar feeling, unite with the landscape of their creator, and bring to us ideas unlike the images of classic art, but parallel to them (though living on a lower plane), in that same intermingling with nature attained so easily by Greek and Oriental, and only rescued through great effort and enormous genius by the northern Italian and the Florentine.

Some have thought that they saw in Puvis de Chavannes a recurrence to ancient Italian tradition; but I should suppose that they are wrong, and have mistaken analogy for derivation. Of course a character so sensitive as his absorbed a great deal of what he saw. So, although he only tried Delacroix's studio (for Delacroix at that time had just given up teaching), and although he only tried occasionally the studio of Couture, yet this slight experience has left a distinct trace in his very method of painting. Some of the characters in that beautiful vision of "Peace" at Amiens are distinct reminiscences of these two men, from whom, however, he separated for most different reasons. In the same painting, the nude woman with her back turned, who is carrying fruit, has something which recalls the Venetians, as is eminently right where the back of woman is a theme of beauty. This, I maintain, is as it should be; for Puvis used these few reminiscences in an adornment of his subject at first sight original and new and unforeseen.

As I said before, something of Couture remained—some angularity, the direction toward flatness in painting; perhaps even some tricks of touch, as in the beautiful heads of the Sorbonne. But as is natural, and one might almost say unavoidable, the influence of Delacroix permeated that moment—that moment of his first development. Most of us have forgotten the very existence of a young painter who, just then a pupil of Ingres, had been converted to the general teaching of Delacroix, and bravely attempted to fuse the learning acquired under his master in the hot flame of the inspired artist. I refer to Théodore Chassériau, whose half-destroyed paintings on the walls of the Cour des Comptes are now being photographed and engraved, in view of the day of their early disappear-

ance. In these fragments may be seen perhaps a something similar to what Puvis at first developed. But as we all more or less—all artists of to-day—have been affected, whether we show it or not, whether we like it or not, by the principal minds of our time, so Puvis is in reality saturated by Delacroix.

I had felt this more or less, and rather by the analogies of preference in spacings, but one of the very last works of Chavannes, in which, as an old man, he turns back to early loves, proves the distinct filiation in a manner visible to almost any student. Look, for instance, at any reproduction of the drawing for the *Æschylus* of the Boston Library, and ask yourself whether the whole of it, as a design, is not in reality a design of Delacroix's. In the painting this may not be visible. The rich color of the earlier master is so associated with his name that the paler tones of Puvis seem to escape the relationship. But the whole landscape notion; the figure of *Æschylus* woven into the foreground, himself a spectator of the scene; the drawing of the laurel-bush at his feet, the blue spaces of sea and air beyond him, in which flutter the bird-like figures of the chorus of the *Oceanides*; the elementary rock upon which *Prometheus* lies—everything, I believe, even to the choice of the draperies, would allow this to pass for a drawing by Delacroix copied by some admirer, with a little more habit of hand, and also, it might be said, with a mind less full of complications and hesitations.

So also analogies and reminiscences have been attributed to him as derived from the early Italians and the frescoes of Tuscany; but I think that can only be, as I have explained above, because, naturally, his mind must have been touched more or less by the examples of that monumental decoration to which he devoted his later life, and because of the resemblance of his aim and intention in many cases.

In conversation with him on my own return from Italy, I was surprised at his apparent lack of information concerning the details of the work of many famous Italian painters, which, however, his eyes must have seen if not his mind. This is what he wrote in 1887, in a private letter: "Once upon a time—and it was very long ago, alas!—I passed through the princi-

pal cities of Italy and the land of Naples, but without any profit, because my mind and my eyes were yet closed to all that I have so loved since then. Hence, we shall only be able to talk of what you have seen in a general way—which, perhaps, after all, may not be the worst way. Of all the ancient painting which has moved you I only know a few fragments, but in what little I have seen I have found supreme worth (*la vertu suprême*): clearness of subject, exquisite measure in gesture, in everything *tact*. The study of these works cannot tie up originality of any kind. The clearest teaching derived from them is that they have as a basis sincerity of sentiment. They delight and they touch without troubling. They have the look of ease. They give themselves without restriction, allowing you to understand what an artistic mind, well-balanced and helped by study, can draw from the simplest of all spectacles. They make you happy and anxious to look again at Nature, who shows her treasures to those who love her, respect her, and listen to her. . . .

"You will come back with a vision cleared, saturated, fortified by the daily sight of artistic beauties of the greatest intensity; paintings that have weathered with time, landscapes of the deepest tone, etc. I wonder what you will think before my own visions."

One of the very great differences between Puvis and those Italians who knew enough of the technique of painting—namely, of drawing, of color, of tone, of perspective, to be brought near him—that is to say, eliminating the very early ones, such as the great Giotto and his fellow-painters—is that his simplification is barer than theirs. There is a voluntary choice of bareness or want of interest in certain details, which with the Italian is filled up by realisms whose intention, after all, is the same; the realism and the small details are used for these secondary points. It is in that, I think, that one feels especially the modern side and a direction of mind which to me seems too logical. But there may have been optical reasons for this direction.

Let me make my meaning plain, because this is one of the evident defects—if they may be so called—of Puvis de Chavannes:

we keep continually forgetting that a master is a man who knows how to blend his weakness and his failures with his strength. Perhaps all great work is full of defects. The Greek verses of the famous artist Parrhasius define the excellency of the great work of art :

"To those who listen to false statements I say these things, and I have said long ago that by this hand of mine the boundaries of this art have been discovered, and the limits have been fixed never to be passed—but nothing irreproachable is born begotten of mortals."

For the artists who may care for the actual text of our illustrious predecessor, I give the Greek :

Εἰ καὶ ἅπαντα κλύουσι, λέγω τάδε ; φῆμι γὰρ ἤδη
Τεχνῆς εὐρῆσθαι τέρματα τῇσδε σαφῇ
Χείρῳ ὑφ' ἡμετέρης—ἀνυπέρβλητος δὲ πέπηγεν
Οὐδὲν—ἀυῶμητον δ' οὐδὲν ἐγένετο βροτοῖς.

Those who are at all shocked by Puvis de Chavannes's defects will remember among them the baldness of certain passages in his work ; for instance, the summary representation of drapery in his later manner ; the indifferent and impersonal countenances of his secondary figures ; the paucity of their gesture, however well that gesture may emphasize the movement of the main characters.

As our eye travels naturally to the least interesting spaces, and we cannot *leave out* absolutely in painting, as we do in writing, most artists have been very careful of the more trivial and uninteresting points of their story. The Italian used portraits for a filling in ; the Venetian adorned his drapery and painted most carefully and elaborately bric-à-brac which had no other meaning than to fill in. Puvis followed another logic, the opposite manner of meeting the same difficulty, and it may be that he had not sufficient training as a painter, nor enough of virtuosity in execution to accept such an enormous addition of work, which after all was to be nothing but a perfunctory filling in.

If we take the small reproductions of some of his baldest representations, this defect disappears, because the amount of space left uncertain is to the physical eye very small. And the fact that he painted in a light key, which spreads surfaces and makes them look larger, has added to the

annoyance. In the small reproductions a sort of tone and appearance of color is given to the spaces that appear monotonous and pale in the full work. It might be that physically he saw tones in a deeper manner than the average man, and that the whole painting assumed a richer effect to him. I give this explanation for what it is worth, but the small copies printed with these lines will bear out, I think, the possibility of such a theory.

Nor can we escape from our period, which in the arts has grown indifferent to the pleasure of the eye resting on surfaces of texture and color. English painting of the last century seems like satin and velvet compared to the drab and gray linen of the French painters of to-day. And then, also, with this logical turn of mind, Puvis may have wished to recall the monotonous tones of the gray colorless buildings in which he placed his work. But for all that there is a certain delicacy of color in these pale keys that he likes, which is purely personal, and none of his imitators seem to understand. He cannot be learned from directly as a technician. His defects would be outrageous in the average man unsupported by a high feeling similar to his, and unable to rival the more poetic sides of his creations.

But of course he has helped the appreciation of what the painting on the wall should be : its clinging to the surface, and its being easily taken in with the wall in the same key. Notwithstanding this peculiar excellence, now fully appreciated—perhaps over-appreciated—it was a long time before the architects were anxious to have Puvis adorn their walls. Not only did the great architectural influences neglect him, as they have neglected what was great and monumental in French art, but only such a refined critic as Mr. Bonnat, the painter, thought of ordering from Chavannes a decoration for his private rooms. I refer to the "Lovely Land," the "Doux Pays," as painted on the walls of Mr. Bonnat's home. None of Puvis's wealthy admirers, none of the very eminent architects, seem to have thought of giving a practical expression to their admiration.

For the public works of France this neglect was more natural. The École, as they call it, the school, is entangled with



Peace. In the Musée de Picardie, Amiens.



Centre Section of the Hemicycle of the Sorbonne, Paris.

Puvis de Chavannes

Government necessities : distributions of work must be made right and left, as a manner of appeasing the commercial question. That is the bad side of the influence of the government school. The three or four greatest of French monumental painters—Delacroix, Corot, Millet—were considered to be in opposition to the second-hand teachings of the school, and the great chance of the nineteenth century in monumental art was tossed away by the people who had charge of it.

If Puvis had not been able to paint for nothing, his paintings also would not have appeared on the walls of France's public buildings. His little fortune, however, allowed him to wait patiently for further recognition, and to take what he could get at prices which seem absurd compared to the enormous amounts of money spent elsewhere on the results of the art of painting.

It is true that his paintings are really out of place in the modern architecture of France, and however well they may look, for instance, in the Pantheon, it is only necessary to consider the outrageous architectural framing to his big painting in the Sorbonne to realize how much more architectural his ideas of design were than those of the architects whose buildings he adorned.

It is, I suppose, this equilibrium of lines and spaces, this beautiful sense of external architectonics, which has gradually led to his recognition as a master. On these arrangements of lines and spaces he has brocaded his stories, and the looker-on has embroidered his own sentiments, more or less in accordance with the precise meaning of the painter and the supposed meaning of the personages of the picture ; for these were only faintly traditional, and never carried a second-hand tag of meaning.

This gradual result of acquiescence and personal interest is analogous to the effect of great architectural decorations, such as the façades or frontings of successful architectural buildings, which tell a slightly separate tale to each admirer, though, necessarily and of intention, under a given direction. With Puvis, this direction is always repose and peace.

This repose, this peace, contrasted daily more and more with the exaggerated real-

ism, the theatrical arrangements and dramatization of the art of his time, and perhaps he became more and more simplified as the art around him became more busy and complicated.

Whether others knew it or not, his work was always a relief, a breathing-space. The architecture surrounding him increased in ugliness and brokenness, as in his work the architectural laws of equilibrium, repose, and proportion were more and more affirmed. This contradiction to his surroundings—this constant appeal to the ideals of all plastic art—have been approved and admired by the rising influences of to-day, which turn perhaps, even when dumb and uncertain, to forms of idealism as a relief from the realistic and technical servitudes of yesterday.

For though technique is inseparable from the work of art, the work of Puvis is based on the greater laws of technique, and is indifferent to the lesser clevernesses which have usurped the name.

So also is the work of Puvis based on tradition, though he was opposed by the professional conservators of tradition. As he says :

"Be on your guard—distrust tradition. Tradition is only a guide. You will have to choose : there is a tradition of error as there is a tradition of truth, and man knows to his sorrow which of the two is the more active. Go not to the most brilliant, the most skilful, the most surprising enchanters, but to the sincerest, the simplest—to those who have not thought of astonishing you but of charming you. Love them and understand them. Far from taking you away from nature, they will continually bring you back to her."

Therefore Puvis is not revolutionary. He may occasionally appear so from his discarding lesser truths, so that we feel more the general intention than the actual anecdotic fact. So in this reproduction of the floating figures of the paintings in Boston, their general movement is more felt than the actual, accurate, exact movement which carries them onward. But as he said : "True art lives only by sacrifice"—sacrifice of the less important truths to the more important ones—the sacrifice of much accumulation of knowledge to the more important knowledge of the main meaning and intention. At a time when



The Child Saint Genevieve at Prayer.

From the series in the Pantheon, Paris, illustrating the life of Saint Genevieve.



Saint Genevieve Watching Over the Sleeping City.
From the series in the Pantheon.



The Muses Welcoming the Genius of Enlightenment—Boston Library.



Dramatic Poetry-- Eschylus--Boston Library.

Puvis de Chavannes

what we call a study is made as it were commercially—that is to say, without too much blame, meant for use ; Puvis writes to a young friend : “ You speak of the use of the model ; I adjure you to make studies for study only. During the nine years of my being refused at the exhibitions I did nothing else.”

The life of Puvis de Chavannes is only represented to the outside world by his painting. He lived as simply as he painted. He was not a sentimentalist, but a healthy-minded and somewhat hard-working son of Burgundian France. Never a bohemian, he was still a friendly companion, and preserved before praise or blame the same unmoved and polite exterior. It was only in the last year of his life that this calm acquiescence in things as they are was disturbed to outside view. He had married very late, and his wife died only a little time before him. It is said that only then did Puvis show the despair that carried him off. His life, even as a teacher, begins and ends with his paintings. I like to recall, when I think of such a man, the Chinese or Japanese story, as you may wish, of a famous Chinese painter who lived in Japan far back—ever so far back—and who painted there sublime religious pictures. “ But getting old, he went home to China to die, and at the end he betook himself to landscape. Everyone knew that he was so engaged, and that he was at work on a great painting—some screen perhaps—a subject representing mountain scenery, such a retreat as a man might wish to end in when he had given up the world. This was known to his pupils, but no one was allowed to see it, until at length, by some sort of command, he offered to show it to the emperor and the court. Of course it was criticised ; fault was found with the technique ; and the composition ; and the feeling ; and the reality ; and whatever else does not suit other people. The old painter listened without answering. He bowed in acknowledgment to the people present, and then, to quote the text, ‘ As he had created this work of art for his final abode,’ he stepped into the picture and disappeared within the images that he had painted. And the painting also faded from before the spectators.

“ The moral of this story, good for all

of us artists and all of us critics, is natural enough—that the art of the painter is his final abode. If it be really his, he is safe within it—safe from praise as he is safe from blame.”

All is comparative. Jean François Millet had attained a certain success, and consequently, some notice by his paintings of nude female figures. As we all know, these pictures were refined and chaste, but Millet overheard some talk about them which, to his mind, classed him as a painter of nude subjects. Thereupon, resenting this as an indignity, he gave up abruptly that doubtful path in art, and, turning away from city life, began the representation of the country and of the peasant, by which we know him. The success that seemed to Jean François a manner of degradation and unmanliness, seems to many an artist a sufficiently practical ideal. Nor do I intend to judge any such direction ; it is only that the story came back to me, with the consideration of Puvis de Chavannes and his aims.

The life of Puvis’s art—that which has kept it steady and will remain past the variations of technique—is moral character ; that good sense and that peace of mind which distinguished his person are both the basis and the effect of his work. But there was besides, and it shone for the public and for the outside world in his works, a great nobility and elevation of mind. This, of course, cannot be acquired by the practice of any technique. The last time I met him, he asked how I accounted for the great technical cleverness and capacity of the American painters. I explained to him that we are naturally inventive and fond of machinery—that is to say, of technique ; that we are a nation specially distinguished in the application of mechanical arts ; and I assured him that a moment would come when in the technique of painting we should not only equal the French but should be superior to them. But, I said ; there is one point in which we cannot promise to equal you, and one which would always carry you far beyond anything that we can do, if only your nation still can produce the moral training and the mental elevation that have belonged to Delacroix, Corot, Rousseau, and Millet. No other nation has shown this through art to modern times.



A common smile illumined the faces of the bystanders. —Page 686.

THE LION'S MOUTH

By Alice Duer and Henry Wise Miller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

I HAD begun to follow, with an interest that was rapidly approaching mental vertigo, the amazing evolutions of that latest farcical importation—"The Turkish Bath," when I heard a rustle of skirts, a murmur from the man next me that it was of no importance, and felt the heel of a lady's boot planted squarely on my toe. Looking up, I saw that for the second time in a twelvemonth, Mrs. Peter Hexham had excited the enmity of a nature whose unvarying sweetness is a matter of comment to my friends and a source of satisfaction to myself.

Either the lady's memory or her manners were at fault, for she betrayed no rec-

ollection of our first and only meeting. Perhaps I had better reason than she to remember the occasion, when, one evening at Cannes, at her instigation, I had held a table spellbound with my censure of an anonymous romance, while the fact of my *vis-à-vis* being its author was a secret in which the whole company shared—myself excepted. It was she, who, with the ostensible design of leading me to firmer ground, induced me to comment on the moral obliquities of the heroine, though it was not until coffee that Jimmie Giddings was kind enough to inform me that the whole incident of the slippers was notoriously founded on the

history of the lady whom I had had the honor of escorting down to dinner.

The fact that I had thus made a fool of myself twice in one evening could bring me to but one conclusion: I had to thank rather her malevolence than her reputed inanity. My uncharitableness may be pardoned to a lady whose faculty for entangling both herself and others in such social contretemps was only equalled by her husband's truculence in extricating her—a characteristic of Mr. Hexham which was to be brought to my attention before the evening was over.

At the end of the act I went out for a cigarette. The thrill of the warning bell, and the sound of an altercation at the other end of the lobby reached me at the same instant, and my feeling was scarcely one of surprise when I immediately recognized the tones of one of the disputants to be those of Hexham. I heard the murmur of men's voices, and the scuffle of feet on the marble flagging, and turned to see Hexham, visible head and shoulders above the rest, striking out. Immediately afterward, a young man plunged headlong into an immense gilt easel plastered with the photographs of the cast of "The Turkish Bath."

Some months since, I had witnessed a similar exhibition of Hexham's choler. The victim on that occasion had been a young attaché, who, before a delighted coffee-room, had perpetrated an imitation of an American lady who found young men on the Continent "so flighty." The culprit had protested that no one in particular had been intended, but in matters where his wife's lack of common-sense was concerned Hexham seldom allowed himself the luxury of a doubt, and he had dealt with the attaché with a carafe. The room, having been thoroughly satisfied by the burlesque, was proportionately in sympathy with the offender.

Now, however, popular opinion seemed all with Hexham. Whatever the offence of the individual whose foot was at that instant protruding from a speaking likeness of the première danseuse, in the judgment of the crowd he richly deserved his fate. I inferred that the worst was over. A common smile illumined the faces of the bystanders, and one gentleman pressed a bill into the hand of the attendant guard-

ian of the peace. I turned, throwing away my cigarette, and started again for my seat, catching a glimpse as I did so of Hexham shouldering through the swing-doors of the café, looking, I must say, singularly distinguished in his bullish way, and surrounded by a group of thirsty and admiring adherents.

The theatre was dark, and as I groped my way to my place, I heard Mrs. Hexham's voice addressing me with irritation:

"I do wish you would manage to get back in time not to upset the whole row, Peter."

"Speaking for one member of the row, let me say how far I am from reprehending this habit of your husband. In fact, may I not felicitate myself—" I stopped, for it struck me from a certain excited flurry that passed over her that, having utterly failed to recognize me, she fancied herself addressed by a total stranger. Her share in that ridiculous evening at Cannes rose hot within me, and I determined that I would do nothing to relieve the awkwardness of her position.

"Felicitate myself," I continued blandly, seating myself, and making the inevitable futile effort to insinuate my hat into the rack presumably provided for that purpose, "on being the first to assure you that your husband is no longer in any danger, either from the arm of the law, or that of his late antagonist."

"Oh, has he been fighting again!" Mrs. Hexham burst out. "Sometimes I can stop him," and she rose to her feet. I rose also, to check her evident intention of seeking her husband, and as we stood in earnest conversation, Hexham, entering from the other aisle, exclaimed at her elbow:

"I do wish you could manage not always to make yourself so conspicuous," and he sat down.

I sat down.

"I don't think you need talk about making one's self conspicuous—in the lobby of a theatre, too!" Mrs. Hexham retorted.

Hexham turned to me, and I thought he vaguely remembered Cannes.

"I noticed you saw that cad's behaviour. (Oh, do sit down!)"—this to his wife.

"I never saw a man fall quicker," I re-



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Talk to me he did, her efforts notwithstanding.--Page 688.

sponded, heartily. His eyes twinkled retrospectively, and he pulled down his cuffs.

The situation was unfolding itself to Mrs. Hexham. I watched her with interest. She found herself forced either to denounce me as impertinent—and then I held myself ready to recall our former meeting—or else to introduce me as a legitimate acquaintance, and in that case, how would the enemy be delivered into my hands!

She looked at Hexham. The light of battle still glinted in his eyes. She looked at me, and beheld me, in fancy, sharing the fate of the victim of the lobby. Perhaps a dormant taste for intrigue; perhaps an appearance of gentility on my part to which she was mistaken enough to trust; more probably a natural desire to free herself as quickly as possible from a situation which her lack of mental ballast exaggerated to itself; perhaps a mingling of all three led her finally to lean forward and say:

“Peter, I want to introduce you to Mr. —”

“Shimmelpinneck,” I murmured. (I had been quite right: she did not know me from Adam.)

“Shimmelpinneck,” she ran on, with a covert glance that impugned my choice of an alias.

She evidently supposed that by now turning her attention to the stage, the incident, as far as I was concerned, might be considered closed. Unfortunately for her, I was at once able and eager to prevent the working of this simple scheme.

I leant forward and managed to elicit from Hexham, without much difficulty, the genesis of his late adventure. He told his story with a good deal of humor, and seeing himself appreciated, warmed all the more to his recital. Before long I was able to introduce the subject of his recent ascent of a hitherto unknown mountain in the neighborhood of Sitka, a feat which had created a passing stir among the members of the Alpine Club. The topic was one in which he could scarcely fail to appear to advantage, and in which I myself was not a little interested.

During all this Mrs. Hexham had been feverishly active. She had made a series of incursions into the conversation, with

the object of wrenching it from me; but her husband made it only too evident that he had long since imparted to her as many of his views on these subjects as he thought her capable of understanding. He now wanted to talk to me, and talk to me he did, her efforts notwithstanding.

She at length relapsed into silence, a prey, one could see, to the darkest forebodings. My conduct, indeed, gave her every occasion for anxiety. The least she could think was that, having met her advances half-way, I was now insinuating myself into her husband's confidence, secure in her complicity, and this end once attained, I would turn it to uses on which her imagination shuddered to particularize. Larceny, blackmail, extortion in some form or another were, I am sure, among the lesser of her terrors.

A climax was soon reached at the very instant when she looked for release. We were standing outside under the awning, and Hexham, while he was trying to catch the eye of his footman through the crush, was still conducting me across the crevasse, when suddenly losing patience with the deliberate movements of his man, “We'll finish this at supper,” he said, and plunged into the crowd.

Mrs. Hexham turned to me.

“Mr. Shimmelpinneck,” she said, “or whatever your real name may be, you have, of course, no thought of accepting my husband's invitation.”

“I must own,” I returned, courteously, “that I had every intention of so doing, when it should be seconded by yourself.”

“Oh, if you wait for that!” said she, with something it would be ungenerous to designate a snort.

At this moment I caught sight of the approaching figure of Hexham, beckoning with his stick.

“Come along, Leila,” he shouted, “I've got the brougham at the corner.”

Mrs. Hexham had evidently taken a sudden resolution not to trust me.

“Oh, my umbrella!” she exclaimed.

“Your *what?*” cried Hexham, looking up. (The stars were out.)

“My umbrella,” she insisted, piteously, “I must have left it in the theatre.”

I allowed the crowd to separate me a moment from my companions, but the manœuvre was vain.



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Hexham was trying to catch the eye of his footman.—Page 688.

"They're trying to drive my man from his place," Hexham flung at me in explanation. "You will have to go back and get it."

A glance of the purest triumph illuminated his wife's face, and as I turned to obey I heard him grumbling something about why in thunder any one wanted to bring an umbrella on a fine night.

Within the theatre I found a belated usher covering the seats.

"Lost anything, sir?" he said, politely.

"Yes," I answered, "a purely fictitious umbrella."

"A what?" said he.

"An umbrella," said I.

"Is this it?" he asked, diving under a seat, and producing a large black petticoat with a crooked white handle, closely resembling the protection affected by 'bus-drivers. I looked at the object with pleasure, and thought of Mrs. Hexham.

"It is, indeed," I returned, without hesitation. He accepted a quarter (I never got an umbrella so cheap), and I hurried out once more.

The press was still considerable, and I saw with delight that the Hexham brougham had been driven from its coign of vantage and was again laboring in midstream.

I held my prize aloft for Mrs. Hexham's inspection. "The usher found it at your place," I said. She quailed before me, and we three regarded it in silence.

"Well, I must say, that this is the limit!" burst out Hexham, gazing at his unfortunate wife, more in contempt than in anger. "Shimmelpinneck, I feel I ought to apologize to you."

He hesitated to take it from me. At this moment his carriage plunged into the curb; a newsboy darted to open the door.

Hexham seized the umbrella. "Here, boy," he said, "have you a grandmother?" (The boy hung his head, as if loth to commit himself.) "You'll follow in a cab," he added to me.

Mrs. Hexham broke in: "I'm afraid I didn't leave any order for supper, Peter," she said.

Her husband looked at me reassuringly. "It's fortunate my memory is not so poor," he said. "I left the order myself. You must not think my wife lacking in hospitality," he went on to me, and paused.

She, poor woman, had no other course open to her. "I hope Mr. Shimmelpinneck will join us," she said, fixing me with a look that dared me to comply.

I took off my hat and held the carriage-door open. "Since you are so kind as to ask me, Mrs. Hexham," I said.

"Get in, Peter," she exclaimed, quickly. "Yes, Mr. Shimmelpinneck knows the house. All right. Simpson, drive fast."

The horses wheeled, and I saw my prey rapidly disappearing before my eyes.

She should not live to triumph thus! I stepped out among the vehicles, and succeeded in finding a cab. By this time the brougham had disappeared, and I told the man to drive to my club. Here I obtained a social directory, and, by its aid, drew up before Hexham's door not five minutes later than they themselves.

My conduct during the evening may perhaps seem extravagant, but thrice the effort would have been rewarded by the sight of Mrs. Hexham's face, when the butler, throwing open the door, announced:

"Mr. Shimmelpinneck."

She was alone in the drawing-room, but I heard a shout of welcome in the distance, and saw my host, visible through the open windows of the conservatory across the well which separated it from the main house. He signalled gayly to me with a beer-bottle, and throughout the ensuing dialogue continued to exhort us not to stand there chattering, but to come and try his rarebit.

Mrs. Hexham observed me with that mixture of fascination and horror with which traditional pigeons are supposed to regard the relentless serpent.

"O," she exclaimed, "how could you come?"

"An invitation once accepted," I responded, "is sacred. And though my memory did not deserve the trust you reposed in it, the 'Social Register' is happily within the reach of the humblest. You will forgive me if I am a trifle late."

She shuddered and her manner suddenly became abject. "Oh, it isn't merely for myself," she pleaded, "but do you consider the risk you are running. Believe me, my husband is not a man to be trifled with. He would not listen to a word—He'd drop you out of the window the



Howard Chandler Christy, 1900.

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"You will forgive me if I am a trifle late."—Page 690.



Howard Chandler Christy

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

way he did — It's twenty feet to the area——"

"Spare me the illusion that I am the first," I said, "and any risk is worth running."

"Oh, hush, you mustn't," she answered, with perhaps an imaginative glance at the situation as it might have been, "with my husband in the next room. Go, before it is too late. He's taken a fancy to you, and he's asked me so many questions about you, already—and heaven knows what I answered——"

By this time Mr. Hexham's clamor for our presence had reached such a point that we could not disregard it longer. Together we began to move toward the conservatory.

"The worst of it is," she continued, hurriedly, "he asked me about where we first met, and I had to tell him something—I said it was at Uncle Gamaliel's—of a Sunday——"

I had not been quite prepared for this, and for the first time it occurred to me that perhaps she was right in doubting my wisdom in remaining under Hexham's roof.

We paused and looked at each other blankly.

"But, good heavens," said I, "an uncle! Why an uncle? And uncle who? When? Who was there? What was the occasion?"

At this instant Hexham burst out from among the palms. "Leila," he cried, "do you mean to tell me that this is the last bottle of light beer in the house?"

"I don't know, Peter," she faltered, "I'll go and see," and she disappeared, leaving me a prey to Hexham and the mythical uncle.

Hexham led me whither the glimmer of a white tablecloth, covered with the implements for the concoction of a Welsh rarebit, was visible among the palms and india-rubber trees.

"Leila tells me," he said, with an evident desire to make himself agreeable, "that you're a pal of that rascally old uncle of hers. I wish he would come in while you're here. He's very apt to, about this time."

A close observer might have noted that he was alone in this wish. My heart sank, and I bestowed a furtively calculating glance upon that distance which Mrs.

Hexham had estimated at twenty feet, as I responded with what ease of manner I could command:

"Oh, yes, indeed. I wonder I've never met you there."

"Well, you couldn't have very well for the last three years, you know," answered Hexham.

I couldn't, couldn't I? How had the old wretch been misconducting himself. It seems I should be more careful in the choice of my hypothetical acquaintances.

"I suppose you knew him before the days of the Sibylla?" said my host.

There was an inarticulate exclamation of dismay behind us. Mrs. Hexham had entered in time to witness the final horrid climax.

"Oh, don't bring up the Sibylla, Peter," said she.

Certainly not, as far as I was concerned. I promised myself, should I survive the night, to discover whether they referred to a lady or a silver-mine.

"I'm glad to meet someone who knew him about that time," continued my host, musing. "You were a good deal at the house, Leila tells me. Was that before or after the Supreme Court gave its verdict?"

I would have given half my fortune to know whether Uncle Gamaliel's conduct had been more compromising before or after the finding of that august body. Mrs. Hexham's alarm was evident, but gave me no clew, and I cast the die, with "Oh, after," I said.

Hexham laid down his fork and observed me with interest.

"You don't say so," he exclaimed.

I nodded my head solemnly. I felt solemn.

"Then you must have been in his confidence at the time," said Peter, awestruck.

If I must, I must, and though I felt that Uncle Gamaliel's confidence was like to cost me dear, I yielded to the inevitable, and admitted that I had been. I knew by the gasp that Mrs. Hexham emitted that I was in deep water.

"Well, I won't ask you to betray him at this late date," Hexham said, "but I've always wanted to know——" He stopped short. "Why, how old are you?" he asked with a change of tone.

I recognized a crisis, but without a

guide I yielded to a mistaken impulse, and told the truth.

"Thirty-two," I answered.

Hexham raised his head and regarded me with knitted brows. "In that case in '68," he said, "you must have been two years old."

"Perhaps eighteen months," said I, for with every desire to get off the subject, I could not evade the simple cogency of his reasoning.

And it was this opportunity that was seized by Mrs. Hexham's evil genius to put the finishing touches to its evening's work.

"Not *thirty* - two, Peter," she began, feebly, "Mr. Shimmelpinneck said forty——"

"He said nothing of the sort," retorted Peter, "and even if he had, was it any more likely to happen to a lad of twelve?" He swung on his heel, took a few steps down the conservatory, and then, a thought apparently striking him, he turned on his wife again. "It occurs to me, Leila," he said, suddenly, "that your manner has been confoundedly queer all this evening."

He glared at her, and I watched her with anxiety under the strain. She must, in imagination, have seen the air darkened with my flying members, for in her extremity she decided to purchase immunity for herself by abandoning her accomplice.

Unfortunately there was no one left for me to betray. I had time to give a thought to the happy millions, whom an unnatural thirst for revenge had not lured to destruction before she began:

"Listen, Peter, listen to me—Let me explain how it began——"

The entrance of the butler cut her short.

"Mr. Gamaliel is down-stairs, sir," he said.

"Uncle Gamaliel!" ejaculated Mrs. Hexham.

"Will you see him?" inquired the butler.

"No!" screamed Mrs. Hexham.

"Show him up," said Hexham, firmly. One chance remained to me. I glanced at the clock.

"Well, Hexham," I said cheerily, "it's

been very pleasant" (I cannot say that I was met half-way) "It's been so pleasant—among many pleasant evenings——"

"Mr. Gamaliel Bates!" announced the butler.

"Ah, good-evening, Peter. Why, how do you do, Shimmelpinneck? Glad to see you."

Glad to see him. I could have kissed him. Oh, to have known half an hour earlier that I had a bowing acquaintance with Uncle Gamaliel—not since '68, but for the last dozen years.

Necessarily the situation dawned more slowly on Mrs. Hexham.

"But do you really know my uncle?" she asked.

"Leila!"

"Know him!"

Her husband and I turned on her together.

"Know him," I repeated, "my dear Mrs. Hexham, there surely hasn't been any doubt in your mind about that?"

"You might have told me that you were bound here when I saw you just now at the club," said Uncle Gamaliel, bringing us out of this chaos of ejaculation, and then, as his eye fell upon the table, he added: "I hope you were not thinking of eating a cold rarebit." He produced a match and applied it to the wick. "With your permission," he said.

Hexham shook himself. "More beer, Leila," he cried. "Shimmelpinneck, cut some more bread," murmuring, as he handed me the knife: "Well, I must say you're a good man to keep a secret."

In my character of paragon of confidants, I returned his look with one of baffling reserve.

But for Mrs. Hexham no such superficial elucidation would suffice. Having procured the beer, she sank into a chair a little apart, where the breeze from the open window seemed to refresh her. Her eyes followed me with a certain childlike wonder, and when I sought her out with a plate of the fresh rarebit, she had a question ready for me. As one who has at last found the key to the situation, she whispered:

"And what is your real name?"

"Shimmelpinneck," said I.

IRMENGARD

By Gertrude Hall

My hound, my hound, all day we have been straying
Over the moors in company.
Thou must be weary as I, that am delaying
To seek my rest from weariness.
Yet, as we linger where the pine's heart fired
Cheers us with its last flickering,
Thy wistful eyes are fixed on me, untired ;
Thy large eyes brown and beautiful.
A friend so faithful hath one never found,
My hound, my noble hound !

I rise rejoicing in my strength and sally
Forth o'er the hills ; thou followest.
I rest at noontide in some grassy valley ;
Thou liest down contentedly.
I speak ; thine eyes are fixed upon me, shining
With more than hound intelligence.
I grieve—and from my knee looks thy divining
Hound's face with its dumb sympathy,
Or in my passive palm thrust fondly lies,
Loving me with its eyes.

Thou hast a woman's eyes—yea, thou recallest
Some woman's gaze known formerly.
Is it not Irmengard's?—that palest, tallest
Of all my mother's handmaidens?
She, when I passed, would lift her dusky lashes
Slowly from her embroidery ;
Her eyes then, brown like thine, and gold in flashes.
Like thine would fix me steadily.
I never loved—nay—I have other care,
Yet was that maiden fair !

She died of some strange ailing, baffling, nameless.
I have the day in memory,
For, as I wandered forth depressed and aimless,
Dirges for her still echoing,
When I had come where I could scarce discern them,
Thou wast before me suddenly.
Thou with her brown-gold eyes, as she would turn them
Slowly from her embroidery,
When, hawk in hand, I passed my mother's door
Bound for the mount or moor.

PICHOU

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN



IT was the black patch over his left eye that made all the trouble. In reality he was of a disposition most peaceful and propitiating, a lover of order and fair dealing, strongly inclined to a domestic life, and capable of extreme devotion. He had a vivid sense of justice, it is true, and any violation of it was apt to heat his indignation to the boiling-point. When this occurred he was strong in the back, stiff in the neck, and fearless of consequences. But he was always open to friendly overtures and ready to make peace with honor.

Singularly responsive to every touch of kindness, desirous of affection, secretly hungry for caresses, he had a heart framed for love and tranquillity. But nature saw fit to put a black patch over his left eye; wherefore his days were passed in the midst of conflict and he lived the strenuous life.

How this sinister mark came to him, he never knew. Indeed it is not likely that he had any idea of the part that it played in his career. The attitude that the world took toward him from the beginning, an attitude of aggressive mistrust—the rôle that he was expected and practically forced to assume in the drama of existence, the rôle of a hero of interminable strife—must have seemed to him altogether mysterious and somewhat absurd. But his part was fixed by the black patch. It gave him an aspect so truculent and forbidding that all the elements of warfare gathered around him as hornets around a sugar barrel, and his appearance in public was like the raising of a flag for battle.

"You see that Pichou," said Macintosh, the Hudson's Bay agent at Mingan, "you see yon big black-eye deevil? The savages call him Pichou because he's ugly as a lynx—'*laid comme un pichou*.' Best sledge-dog and the gurliest tyke on the North Shore. Only two years old and he

can lead a team already. But, man, he's just daft for the fighting. Fought his mother when he was a pup and lamed her for life. Fought two of his brothers and nigh killed 'em both. Every dog in the place has a grudge at him, and hell's loose as oft as he takes a walk. I'm loath to part with him, but I'll be selling him gladly for fifty dollars to any man that wants a good sledge dog and a bit collie-shangie every week."

Pichou had heard his name, and came trotting up to the corner of the store where Macintosh was talking with old Grant the chief factor, who was on a tour of inspection along the North Shore, and Dan Scott, the agent from Seven Islands, who had brought the chief trader down in his chaloupe. Pichou did not understand what his master had been saying about him, but he thought he was called and he had a sense of duty, and besides, he was wishful to show proper courtesy to well-dressed and respectable strangers. He was a great dog, thirty inches high at the shoulder, broad-chested, with straight, sinewy legs, and covered with thick, wavy, cream-colored hair from the tips of his short ears to the end of his bushy tail—all except the left side of his face. That was black from ear to nose; coal-black; and in the centre of this storm-cloud his eye gleamed like fire.

What did Pichou know about that ominous sign? No one had ever told him. He had no looking-glass. He ran up to the porch where the men were sitting, as innocent as a Sunday-school scholar coming to the superintendent's desk to receive a prize. But when old Grant, who had grown nervous from long living on the fat of the land at Ottawa, saw the black patch and the gleaming eye, he anticipated evil; so he hitched one foot up on the porch, crying "get out!" and with the other foot he planted a kick on the side of the dog's head.

Pichou's nerve-centres had not been shaken by high living. They acted with absolute precision and without a tremor. His sense of justice was automatic, and his teeth were fixed through the leg of the chief factor's boot, just below the calf.

For two minutes there was a small chaos in the post of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company at Mingan. Grant howled bloody murder; Macintosh swore in three languages and yelled for his dog-whip; three Indians and two French-Canadians wielded sticks and fence-pickets. But order did not arrive until Dan Scott knocked the burning embers from his big pipe on the end of the dog's nose. Pichou gasped, let go his grip, shook his head, and loped back to his quarters behind the barn, bruised, blistered, and intolerably perplexed by the mystery of life.

As he lay on the sand, licking his wounds, he remembered many strange things. First of all, there was the trouble with his mother.

She was a Labrador Husky, dirty yellowish gray, with bristling neck, sharp fangs, and green eyes, like a wolf. Her name was Babette. She had a fiendish temper, but no courage. His father was supposed to be a huge black-and-white Newfoundland that came over in a schooner from Miquelon. Perhaps it was from him that the black patch was inherited. And perhaps there were other things in the inheritance, too, which came from this nobler strain of blood: Pichou's unwillingness to howl with the other dogs when they made night hideous; his silent, dignified ways; his sense of fair play; his love of the water; his longing for human society and friendship.

But all this was beyond Pichou's horizon, though it was within his nature. He remembered only that Babette had taken a hate for him, almost from the first, and had always treated him worse than his all-yellow brothers. She would have starved him if she could. Once when he was half-grown, she fell upon him for some small offence and tried to throttle him. The rest of the pack looked on snarling and slaving. He caught Babette by the fore-leg and broke the bone. She hobbled away, shrieking. What else could he do? Must a dog let himself be killed by his mother?

As for his brothers—was it fair that two of them should fall foul of him about the rabbit which he had tracked and caught and killed. He would have shared it with them, if they had asked him, for they ran behind him on the trail. But when they both set their teeth in his neck, there was nothing to do but to lay them both out, as he did. Afterward he was willing enough to make friends, but they bristled and cursed whenever he came near them.

It was the same with everybody. If he went out for a walk on the beach Vigneau's dogs or Simard's dogs regarded it as an insult, and there was a fight. Men picked up sticks, or showed him the butt-end of their dog-whips, when he made friendly approaches. With the children it was different; they seemed to like him a little; but never did he follow one of them that a mother did not call from the house-door: "Pierre! Marie! come away quick! That bad dog will bite you!" Once when he ran down to the shore to watch the boat coming in from the mail-steamer, the purser had refused to let the boat go to land, and called out, "M'sieu Macintosh, you git no malle dis trip, eef you not call away dat dam dog."

True, the Minganites seemed to take a certain kind of pride in his reputation. They had brought Chouart's big brown dog, Gripette, down from the Sheldrake to meet him; and after the meeting was over and Gripette had been revived with a bucket of water, everybody, except Chouart, appeared to be in good-humor. The purser of the steamer had gone to the trouble of introducing a famous *boule-dogge* from Quebec, on the trip after that on which he had given such a hostile opinion of Pichou. The bull-dog's intentions were unmistakable; he expressed them the moment he touched the beach; and when they carried him back to the boat on a fish-barrow many flattering words were spoken about Pichou. He was not insensible to them. But these tributes to his prowess were not what he really wanted. His secret desire was for tokens of affection. His position was honorable, but it was intolerably lonely and full of trouble. He sought peace and he found fights. While he meditated dimly on these things, patiently trying to get the ashes of Dan Scott's pipe out of his nose, his heart was cast down

and his spirit was disquieted within him. Was ever a decent dog so mishandled before? Kicked for nothing by a fat stranger, and then beaten by his own master!

In the dining-room of the Post, Grant was slowly and reluctantly allowing himself to be convinced that his injuries were not fatal. During this process considerable Scotch whiskey was consumed and there was much conversation about the viciousness of dogs. Grant insisted that Pichou was mad and had a devil. Macintosh admitted the devil, but firmly denied the madness. The question was whether the dog should be killed or not; and over this point there was like to be more bloodshed, until Dan Scott made his contribution to the argument: "If you shoot him, how can you tell whether he is mad or not? I'll give thirty dollars for him and take him home."

"If you do," said Grant, "you'll sail alone, and I'll wait for the steamer. Never a step will I go in the boat with the crazy brute that bit me."

"Suit yourself," said Dan Scott. "You kicked before he bit."

At daybreak he whistled the dog down to the *châloupe*, hoisted sail, and bore away for Seven Islands. There was a secret bond of sympathy between the two companions on that hundred-mile voyage in an open boat. Neither of them realized what it was, but still it was there.

Dan Scott knew what it meant to stand alone, to face a small hostile world, to have a surfeit of fighting. The station of Seven Islands was the hardest in all the district of the ancient *Postes du Roi*. The Indians were surly and crafty. They knew all the tricks of the fur-trade. They killed out of season and understood how to make a rusty pelt look black. The former agent had accommodated himself to his customers. He had no objection to shutting one of his eyes, so long as the other could see a chance of doing a stroke of business for himself. He also had a convenient weakness in the sense of smell, when there was an old stock of pork to work off on the savages. But all of Dan Scott's senses were strong, especially his sense of integrity, and he came into the Post resolved to play a straight game with both hands, toward the Indians and toward the Honorable H. B. Company. The immediate

result was reproofs from Ottawa and revilings from Seven Islands. Furthermore the free traders were against him because he objected to their selling rum to the savages.

It must be confessed that Dan Scott had a way with him that looked pugnacious. He was quick in his motions and carried his shoulders well thrown back. His voice was heavy. He used short words and few of them. His eyebrows were thick and they met over his nose. Then there was a broad white scar at one corner of his mouth. His appearance was not prepossessing, but at heart he was a philanthropist and a sentimentalist. He thirsted for gratitude and affection on a just basis. He had studied for eighteen months in the medical school at Montreal, and his chief delight was to practise gratuitously among the sick and wounded of the neighborhood. His ambition for Seven Islands was to make it a northern suburb of Paradise, and for himself to become a full-fledged physician. Up to this time it seemed as if he would have to break more bones than he could set; and the closest connections of Seven Islands appeared to be with Purgatory.

First, there had been a question of suzerainty between Dan Scott and the local representative of the Astor family, a big half-breed descendant of a fur-trader, who was the virtual chief of the Indians hunting on the Ste. Marguérite: settled by knock-down arguments. Then there was a controversy with Napoleon Bouchard about the right to put a fish-house on a certain part of the beach: settled with a stick, after Napoleon had drawn a knife. Then there was a running warfare with Virgile and Ovide Boulianne, the free traders, who were his rivals in dealing with the Indians for their peltry: still unsettled. After this fashion the record of his relations with his fellow-citizens at Seven Islands was made up. He had their respect, but not their affection. He was the only Protestant, the only English-speaker, the most intelligent man, as well as the hardest hitter in the place, and he was very lonely. Perhaps it was this that made him take a fancy to Pichou. Their positions in the world were not unlike. He was not the first man who has wanted sympathy and found it in a dog.

Alone together, in the same boat, they made friends with each other easily. At first the remembrance of the hot pipe left a little suspicion in Pichou's mind; but this was removed by a handsome apology in the shape of a chunk of bread and a slice of meat from Dan Scott's lunch. After this they got on together finely. It was the first time in his life that Pichou had ever spent twenty-four hours away from other dogs; it was also the first time he had ever been treated like a gentleman. All that was best in him responded to the treatment. He could not have been more quiet and steady in the boat if he had been brought up to a seafaring life. When Dan Scott called him and patted him on the head, the dog looked up in the man's face as if he had found his God. And the man, looking down into the eye that was not disfigured by the black patch, saw something that he had been seeking for a long time.

All day the wind was fair and strong from the southeast. The chaloupe ran swiftly along the coast: past the broad mouth of the River Saint-Jean, with its cluster of white cottages: past the hill-encircled bay of the River Magpie, with its big fish-houses: past the fire-swept cliffs of Rivière-au-Tonnerre, and the turbulent, rocky shores of the Sheldrake: past the silver cascade of the Rivière-aux-Graines, and the mist of the hidden fall of the Rivière Manitou: past the long, desolate ridges of Cap Cormorant, where, at sunset, the wind began to droop away, and the tide was contrary. So the chaloupe felt its way cautiously toward the corner of the coast where the little Rivière-à-la-Truite comes tumbling in among the brown rocks, and found a haven for the night in the mouth of the river.

There was only one human dwelling-place in sight. As far as the eye could sweep, range after range of uninhabitable hills covered with the skeletons of dead forests; ledge after ledge of ice-worn granite thrust out like fangs into the foaming waves of the gulf. Nature, with her teeth bare and her lips scarred: this was the landscape. And in the midst of it, on a low hill above the murmuring river, surrounded by the blanched trunks of fallen trees, and the blackened débris of wood and moss, a small, square, weather-beaten

palisade of rough-hewn spruce, and a patch of the bright green leaves and white flowers of the dwarf cornel lavishing their beauty on a lonely grave; this was the only habitation in sight—the last home of the Englishman, Jack Chisholm, whose story has yet to be told.

In the shelter of this hill Dan Scott cooked his supper and shared it with Pichou. When night was dark he rolled himself in his blanket, and slept in the stern of the boat, with the dog at his side. Their friendship was sealed.

The next morning the weather was squally and full of sudden anger. They crept out with difficulty through the long rollers that barred the tiny harbor, and beat their way along the coast. At Moisie they must run far out into the gulf to avoid the treacherous shoals, and to pass beyond the furious race of white-capped billows that poured from the great river for miles into the sea. Then they turned and made for the group of half-submerged mountains and scattered rocks that Nature, in some freak of fury, had thrown into the throat of Seven Islands Bay. That was a difficult passage. The black shores were swept by headlong tides. Tusks of granite tore the waves. Baffled and perplexed, the wind flapped and whirled among the cliffs. Through all this the little boat buffeted bravely on till she reached the point of the Gran' Boule. Then a strange thing happened.

The water was lumpy; the evening was growing thick; a swirl of the tide and a shift of the wind caught the chaloupe and swung her suddenly around. The mainsail jibed, and before he knew how it happened Dan Scott was overboard. He could swim but clumsily. The water blinded him, choked him, dragged him down. Then he felt Pichou gripping him by the shoulder, buoying him up, swimming mightily toward the chaloupe which hung trembling in the wind a few yards away. At last they reached it and the man climbed over the stern and pulled the dog after him. Dan Scott lay in the bottom of the boat, shivering, dazed, until he felt the dog's cold nose and warm breath against his cheek. He flung his arm around Pichou's neck. "They said you were mad! God, if more men were mad like you!"

II

PICHOU's work at Seven Islands was cut out for him on a generous scale. It is true that at first he had no regular canine labor to perform, for it was summer. Seven months of the year, on the North Shore, a sledge-dog's occupation is gone. He is the idlest creature in the universe.

But Pichou, being a new-comer, had to win his footing in the community; and that was no light task. With the humans it was comparatively easy. At the outset they mistrusted him on account of his looks. Virgile Boulianne asked: "Why did you buy such an ugly dog?" Ovide, who was the wit of the family, said: "I suppose M'sieu' Scott got a present for taking him."

"It's a good dog," said Dan Scott. "Treat him well and he'll treat you well. Kick him and I kick you."

Then he told what had happened off the point of Gran' Boule. The village decided to accept Pichou at his master's valuation. Moderate friendliness, with precautions, was shown toward him by everybody, except Napoleon Bouchard, whose distrust was permanent and took the form of a stick. He was a fat, fussy man; fat people seemed to have no affinity for Pichou.

But while the relations with the humans of Seven Islands were soon established on a fair footing, with the dogs Pichou had a very different affair. They were not willing to accept any recommendations as to character. They judged for themselves; and they judged by appearances; and their judgment was utterly hostile to Pichou. They decided that he was a proud dog, a fierce dog, a bad dog, a fighter. He must do one of two things: stay at home in the yard of the Honorable H. B. Company, which is a thing that no self-respecting dog would do in the summer-time, when cod-fish heads are strewn along the beach; or fight his way from one end of the village to the other, which Pichou promptly did, leaving enemies behind every fence. Huskies never forget a grudge. They are malignant to the core. Hatred is the wine of cowardly hearts. This is as true of dogs as it is of men.

Then Pichou, having settled his foreign

relations, turned his attention to matters at home. There were four other dogs in Dan Scott's team. They did not want Pichou for a leader, and he knew it. They were bitter with jealousy. The black patch was loathsome to them. They treated him disrespectfully, insultingly, grossly. Affairs came to a head when Pécan, a rusty gray dog who had great ambitions and little sense, disputed Pichou's tenure of a certain ham-bone. Dan Scott looked on placidly while the dispute was terminated. Then he washed the blood and sand from the gashes on Pécan's shoulder, and patted Pichou on the head. "Good dog," he said, "you're the boss."

There was no further question about Pichou's leadership of the team. But the obedience of his followers was unwilling and sullen. There was no love in it. Imagine an English captain, with a Boer company, campaigning in the Ashantee country, and you will have a fair idea of Pichou's position at Seven Islands.

He did not shrink from its responsibilities. There were certain reforms in the community which seemed to him of vital importance, and he put them through. First of all, he made up his mind that there ought to be peace and order on the village street. In the yards of the houses that were strung along it there should be home rule, and every dog should deal with trespassers as he saw fit. Also on the beach, and around the fish-shanties, and under the racks where the cod were drying, the right of the strong jaw should prevail, and differences of opinion should be adjusted in the old-fashioned way. But on the sandy road, bordered with a broken board-walk, which ran between the houses and the beach, courtesy and propriety must be observed. Visitors walked there. Children played there. It was the general promenade. It must be kept peaceful and decent. This was the first Law of the Dogs of Seven Islands: If two dogs quarrel on the street they must go elsewhere to settle it. It was highly unpopular, but Pichou enforced it with his teeth.

The second Law was equally unpopular: No stealing from the Honorable H. B. Company. If a man bought bacon or corned-beef or any other delicacy, and stored it in an insecure place, or if he left fish on the beach over night, his dogs might

CHARLES S. CHAPMAN
1900



“You see that Pichou,” said Macintosh.—Page 696.

act according to their inclination. Though Pichou did not understand how honest dogs could steal from their own master, he was willing to admit that this was their affair. His affair was that nobody should steal anything from the Post. It cost him many night watches, and some large battles to carry it out, but he did it. In the

VOL. XXVIII.—76

course of time it came to pass that the other dogs kept away from the Post altogether, to avoid temptations ; and his own team spent most of their free time wandering about, *en garouage*, to escape discipline.

The third Law was this : Strange dogs must be decently treated as long as they behave decently. This was contrary to



The bull-dog's intentions were unmistakable. — Page 697.

all tradition, but Pichou insisted upon it. If a strange dog wanted to fight he should be accommodated with an antagonist of his own size. If he did not want to fight he should be politely smelled and allowed to pass through. This Law originated on a day when a miserable long-legged black cur, a cross between a greyhound and a water-spaniel, strayed into Seven Islands from heaven knows where—worn, desolate, and bedraggled. All the dogs in the place attacked the homeless beggar. There was a howling fracas on the beach; and when Pichou arrived the trembling cur was standing up to the neck in the water, facing a semi-circle of snarling, snapping bullies who dared not venture out any farther. Pichou had no fear of the water. He swam out to the stranger, paid the smelling salute as well as possible under the circumstances, encouraged the poor creature to come ashore, warned off the other dogs, and trotted by the wanderer's side for miles down the beach until they disappeared around the point. What reward Pichou got for this polite escort, I do not know. But I saw him do the gallant deed; and I suppose this was the origin of the well-known and much-resisted Law of Strangers' Rights in Seven Islands.

The most recalcitrant subjects with

whom Pichou had to deal in all these matters were the team of Ovide Boulianne. There were five of them, and up to this time they had been the best team in the village. They had one virtue: under the whip they could whirl a sledge over the snow farther and faster than a horse could trot in a day. But they had innumerable vices. Their leader, Carcajou, had a fleece like a merino ram. But under this coat of innocence he carried a heart so black that he would bite while he was wagging his tail. This smooth devil, and his four followers like unto himself, had sworn relentless hatred to Pichou, and they made his life difficult.

But his great and sufficient consolation for all toils and troubles was the friendship with his master. In the long summer evenings, when Dan Scott was making up his accounts in the store, or studying his pocket cyclopædia of medicine in the living-room of the Post, with its low beams and mysterious green-painted cupboards, Pichou would lie contentedly at his feet. In the frosty autumnal mornings, when the brant were flocking in the marshes at the head of the bay, they would go out hunting together in a skiff. And who could lie so still as Pichou when the game was approaching? Or

who could spring so quickly and joyously to retrieve a wounded bird? But best of all were the long walks on Sunday afternoons, on the yellow beach that stretched away toward the Moisie, or through the fir-forest behind the Pointe des Chasseurs. Then master and dog had fellowship together in silence. To the dumb companion it was like walking with God in the garden in the cool of the day.

When winter came, and snow fell, and waters froze, Pichou's serious duties began. The long, slim *cométique*, with its curving prow, and its runners of whale-bone, was put in order. The harness of caribou-hide was repaired and strengthened. The dogs, even the most vicious of them, rejoiced at the prospect of doing the one thing that they could do best. Each one strained at his trace as if he would drag the sledge alone. Then the long tandem was straightened out, Dan Scott took his place on the low seat, cracked his whip, shouted "*Pouïtte ! Pouïtte !*" and the equipage darted along the snowy track like a fifty-foot arrow.

Pichou was in the lead, and he showed his metal from the start. No need of the terrible *fouet* to lash him forward or to guide his course. A word was enough. "*Hoc ! Hoc ! Hoc !*" and he swung to the right, avoiding an air-hole. "*Re-re ! Re-re !*" and he veered to the left, dodg-

ing a heap of broken ice. Past the mouth of the Ste. Marguérite, twelve miles; past Les Jambons, twelve miles more; past the River of Rocks and La Pentecôte, fifteen miles more; into the little hamlet of Dead Men's Point, behind the Isle of the Wise Virgin, whither the amateur doctor had been summoned by telegraph to attend a patient with a broken arm—forty-three miles for the first day's run! Not bad. Then the dogs got their food for the day, one dried fish apiece; and at noon the next day, reckless of bleeding feet, they flew back over the same track, and broke their fast at Seven Islands before eight o'clock. The ration was the same, a single fish; always the same, except when it was varied by a cube of ancient, evil-smelling, potent whale's flesh, which a dog can swallow at a single gulp. Yet the dogs of the North Shore are never so full of vigor, courage, and joy of life as when the sledges are running. It is in summer, when food is plenty and work slack, that they sicken and die.

Pichou's leadership of his team became famous. Under his discipline the other dogs developed speed and steadiness. One day they made the distance to the Godbout in a single journey, a wonderful run of over eighty miles. But they loved their leader no better, though they followed him faster. And as for the other





Then master and dog had fellowship together in silence. —Page 703.

teams, especially Carcajou's, they were still firm in their deadly hatred for the dog with the black patch.

III

It was in the second winter after Pichou's coming to Seven Islands that the great trial of his courage arrived. Late in February an Indian runner on snowshoes staggered into the village. He brought news from the hunting-parties that were wintering far up on the Ste. Marguérite—good news and bad. First, they had already made a *bonne chasse*: for the *pelletrie*, that is to say. They had killed many otter, some fisher and beaver, and four silver foxes—a marvel of fortune.

But then, for the food, the chase was bad, very bad—no caribou, no hare, no ptarmigan, nothing for many days. Provisions were very low. There were six families together. Then *la Grippe* had taken hold of them. They were sick, starving. They would probably die, at least most of the women and children. It was a bad job.

Dan Scott had peculiar ideas of his duty toward the savages. He was not romantic, but he liked to do the square thing. Besides, he had been reading up on *la Grippe*, and he had some new medicine for it, capsules from Montreal, very powerful—quinine, phenacetine, and morphine. He was as eager to try this new medicine as a boy is to fire off a new gun. He

loaded the *cométique* with provisions and the medicine-chest with capsules, harnessed his team, and started up the river. Thermometer thirty degrees below zero ; air like crystal ; snow six feet deep on the level.

The first day's journey was slow, for the going was soft, and the track, at places, had to be broken out with snow-shoes. Camp was made at the foot of the big fall—a hole in snow, a bed of boughs, a hot fire and a blanket stretched on a couple of sticks to reflect the heat, the dogs on the other side of the fire and Pichou close to his master.

In the morning there was the steep hill beside the fall to climb ; alternately soft and slippery, now a slope of glass and now

a treacherous drift of yielding feathers ; it was a road set on end. But Pichou flattened his back and strained his loins and dug his toes into the snow and would not give back an inch when the rest of the team balked. The long whip slashed across their backs and recalled them to their duty. At last their leader topped the ridge, and the others struggled after him. Before them stretched the great deadwater of the river, a straight white path to no-man's-land. The snow was smooth and level, and the crust was hard enough to bear. Pichou settled down to his work at a glorious pace. He seemed to know that he must do his best, and that something important depended on the quickness of his legs. On through the glittering soli-



Camp was made at the foot of the big fall.



Drakon by Charles S. Chapman.

"*Non, merci!* . . . I go to make trade also."—Page 707.

tude, on through the death-like silence, sped the *cométique*, between the interminable walls of the forest, past the mouths of nameless rivers, under the shadow of grim mountains. At noon Dan Scott boiled the kettle, and ate his bread and bacon. But there was nothing for the dogs, not even for Pichou; for discipline is discipline, and the best of sledge-dogs will not run well after he has been fed.

Then forward again, along the lifeless road; slowly over rapids, where the ice was rough and broken; swiftly over still waters, where the way was level; until they came to the foot of the last lake, and camped for the night. The Indians were but a few miles away, at the head of the lake, and it would be easy to reach them in the morning.

But there was another camp on the Ste. Marguérite that night, and it was nearer to Dan Scott than the Indians were. Ovide Boulianne had followed him up the river, close on his track, which made the going easier.

"Does that *sacré bourgeois* suppose that I allow him all that *pelletrie* to himself and the *Compagnie*? Four silver fox, besides otter and beaver? *Non, merci!* I take some provision, and some whiskey. I go to make trade also." Thus spoke the shrewd Ovide, proving that commerce is no less daring, no less resolute, than philanthropy. The only difference is in the motive, and that is not always visible. Ovide camped the second night at a bend of the river, a mile below the foot of the lake. Between him and Dan Scott there was a hill covered with a dense thicket of spruce.

By what magic did Carcajou know that Pichou, his old enemy, was so near him in that vast wilderness of white death? By what mysterious language did he communicate his knowledge to his companions and stir the sleeping hatred in their hearts and mature the conspiracy of revenge?

Pichou, sleeping by the fire, was awakened by the fall of a lump of snow from the branch of a shaken evergreen. That was nothing. But there were other sounds in the forest, faint, stealthy, inaudible to an ear less keen than his. He crept out of the shelter and looked into the wood. He could see shadowy forms, stealing among the trees, gliding down the hill. Five of them. Wolves, doubtless! He

must guard the provisions. By this time the rest of his team were awake. Their eyes glittered. They stirred uneasily. But they did not move from the dying fire. It was no concern of theirs what their leader chose to do out of hours. In the traces they would follow him, but there was no loyalty in their hearts. Pichou stood alone by the sledge, waiting for the wolves.

But these were no wolves. They were assassins. Like a company of soldiers, they lined up together and rushed silently down the slope. Like lightning they leaped upon the solitary dog and struck him down. In an instant, before Dan Scott could throw off his blanket and seize the loaded butt of his whip, Pichou's throat and breast were torn to rags, his life-blood poured upon the snow, and his murderers were slinking away, slaving and howling through the forest.

Dan Scott knelt beside his best friend. At a glance he saw that the injury was fatal. "Well done, Pichou!" he murmured, "you fought a good fight."

And the dog, by a brave effort, lifted the head with the black patch on it, for the last time, licked his master's hand, and then dropped back upon the snow, contented, happy, dead.

There is but one drawback to a dog's friendship. It does not last long enough.

End of the story? Well, if you care for the other people in it, you shall hear what became of them. Dan Scott went on to the head of the lake and found the Indians, and fed them and gave them his medicine, and all of them got well except two, and they continued to hunt along the Ste. Marguérite every winter and trade with the Honorable H. B. Company. Not with Dan Scott, however, for before that year was ended he resigned his post, and went to Montreal to finish his course in medicine, and now he is a respected physician in Ontario. Married; three children; useful; prosperous. But before he left Seven Islands he went up the Ste. Marguérite in the summer, by canoe, and made a grave for Pichou's bones, under a blossoming ash-tree, among the ferns and wild flowers. He put a cross over it.

"Being French," said he, "I suppose he was a Catholic. But I'll swear he was a Christian."



AN UNTOLD STORY

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

THE night was heavy with the scents of flowers distilled in the dampness ; a band was playing under a pavilion on the farther side of the garden ; among the foliage hung hundreds of colored lights. The moon had risen, and in open spaces the overleaning sprays and branches were stamped in black on the asphalt walks, which, diverging right and left, led to fountains and cafés and secluded nooks. Here, after the heat of the day, the beauty and fashion of Budapest assemble for an hour or two to lounge, and eat ices, and get a breath of cool air. In the gay season, nearly every nation on earth contributes a costume or a singularity to the picturesque throng.

Within a dozen paces of the little iron table where I was seated, the Danube swept by almost flush with the stone coping. At this point the current is very strong, running at a speed of not less than five or six miles an hour. The spring floods, fed by the snows and rains of the Blocksberg, must, at times, I thought, test the strength of the buttresses of the airy bridges whose far-stretched threads of light

were now repeating themselves in the water.

A sultry summer night, with scarcely wind enough to stir a leaf on the topmost bough, and only now and then a hasty breath, like a sigh, from the river. The crowds of promenaders were gathered about the music-stand, and I was virtually alone as I sat listening to the Strauss waltz and repeopling the height of the opposite shore with the hordes of turbaned Turks who stormed and took the place in 1526. Etched against the sky was a dilapidated citadel—no longer solicitous of the straggling gray town that had crept up to it for protection : a sentinel fallen asleep ages and ages ago. From time to time a small boat glided across the broad strip of moonlight lying on the water, and vanished.

Suddenly a figure, the slender figure of a girl, rushed past me, so closely that I felt the wind of the flying drapery. An instant afterward she had thrown herself into the Danube. A dark shape, which the velocity of the current pressed against the masonry, was carried twenty or thirty yards

down the stream almost before I could spring to my feet. As I did so, a policeman, who seemed to rise out of the ground in the shadow of an acacia-tree, leaned over the low curbing and clutched at the outspread skirt, which had not yet lost its buoyancy. A moment later two other guardians reached the spot, and the girl was lifted from the river, insensible, and lay glittering on the greensward.

She was not more than eighteen or nineteen, a very beautiful girl with the full, delicate lines which distinguish the Slav women of even the peasant class. Her black hair clung in strands about the throat and face, the pallor of which was further intensified by the deep fringe of her eyelashes. On one half-bared shoulder, where it had probably grazed the sea-wall, was a bruise. She wore a robe of some soft white material, plainly made, but in the fashion of the hour. A narrow scarlet ribbon, the bow of which had slipped under the ear, encircled her neck; a ring, set with a single stone, sparkled on the forefinger of the right hand. There were no other attempts at personal adornment. The simplicity of the girl's dress, with its certain negative evidences of refinement, left her grade in life indeterminate. She might have been a lady's maid—or a duchess. Beauty knows no distinction.

The color had gone from the lips. They were slightly parted, as though she were smiling in her trance—if it was a trance. Could it be death? That seemed hardly probable under the circumstances; though so complex and delicate is the mechanism of the heart that a lighter shock than she had sustained may stop it. She had floated face downward, and there was some delay in lifting the body from the water; but not five minutes had elapsed between the desperate act and the rescue.

By this time a number of persons had collected, and there were many gesticulations and much chattering in French and Hungarian, the import of which I could not catch, beyond an inference that the girl had been identified by one of the bystanders—a nondescript elderly person, with glasses, who seemed in no especial manner afflicted by what had occurred, but was appreciative of his own accidental importance. Subsequently I received the impression that the man found himself

mistaken, and had relapsed into nobody again.

The lookers-on increased momentarily, drawn to the spot by some inscrutable instinct of sight-seeing. One of the undreamed-of penalties of the suicide is to become spectacular.

At the approach of a new-comer, a physician, the crowd drew respectfully aside, making place for him. His examination was of necessity superficial and preliminary. When it was ended he rose from his knee, and without speaking spread a handkerchief over the face, until then uncovered. The thin tissue adhered to the damp features and straightway moulded itself into a startling mask. The doctor briefly interrogated the three guards, made a few memoranda on his tablets, and departed. A little distance off—their curiosity partly overcoming their fear—stood a group of children in an attitude of hesitation, ready for instant flight, like a flock of timid sparrows.

The physician's departure was the signal for renewed chattering and gesticulation, in which a helmeted sergent de ville now joined, taking rapid notes, and occasionally pausing to wave the book over his head—an energetic sergent de ville. Then an interval of poignant silence ensued. Everybody waited. Presently four men appeared with a litter, and the girl was laid upon it, looking like a marble statue carved on some mediæval tomb, and so was borne away.

The cortege had hardly disappeared down the main avenue when a gentleman, evidently a person of consequence, came hurriedly from an opposite direction, a footman in livery following closely at his heels. On learning which path the bearers had taken the pair hastened after them.

The crowd dispersed as quickly as it had gathered, and I went back to my seat under the trees. The river flowed on in the moonlight; strains of music from the orchestra, and sounds of happy voices, softened by distance, drifted through the shrubbery. The cafés were emptying, and richly decked women and men in evening dress sauntered idly past. Nothing was changed in the *mise-en-scène* of half an hour before; all the fairy-like stage-properties were the same. The effacement of the tragedy was so complete that the swift,

dark interlude had scarcely left a sense of its incongruity. It was like a dream that one recalls confusedly on awaking. Did I imagine this thing, awhile ago, as I sat drowsing in my chair with the untasted ice beside me? One tangible detail remained—the trampled greensward, yonder, where the body had lain, and the parapet splashed with water.

The next morning I searched the papers, such at least as were printed in French, for some item touching the occurrence, but found none. There was a kind of relief in knowing nothing more than I had witnessed. Perhaps the vague drama that pieced itself loosely together in my imagination was better than the reality would have been. A gloss of grim fact might have spoiled the finer text. Nevertheless the pathos and the mystery of it all haunted me, and followed me across the sea.

In the months that succeeded, the incident gradually faded out of my mind, and probably would never have detached itself from the blur of half-forgotten things if chance had not again brought me to the Hungarian capital. As the Orient Express was nearing Budapest, the recollection of the girl who threw herself into the river two years before came abruptly into my thought, and insisted on staying there.

After dinner, that evening, I joined the promenaders in the garden. The little iron table, with its green-painted chair under the linden, was in the same place, and had quite the air of having kept itself unoccupied for me all this while. The military band was playing the old interminable waltz, and the same waiter took my order for an ice—it might have been the untasted ice of two years ago, re-frozen. The thing that had happened seemed weirdly on the point of happening over again. Sitting there I half expected a slender girlish figure to rush past me.

My halt at Budapest was of the briefest—a break in a long eastward journey, to be resumed the following afternoon.

As I was driving to the station, the next day, a block in the crowded street brought my conveyance to a stand. Facing me on my right, and some eight or ten yards distant, was a landau wedged in a mass of carriages. The gold braid of the coachman and footman first caught my eye;

then I glanced at the occupants of the carriage, a lady and a gentleman—and on them my gaze rested spellbound. It was the girl I had helped to drag from the river! The gentleman at her side and the footman on the box were the two men who had hurried into the garden that night just after the removal of the body. Excepting for them I might have discredited my eyes. I could not be mistaken in all three.

It was she—pale, as I remember her, but now with an aureole of distinction which she had not seemed to wear in her forlorn state. I had seen only her Slavonic beauty. She was simply robed, as then, but now more richly, with a flash of diamonds at the wrist as she lifted one hand in an imperious gesture to the driver of a vehicle behind her. There was, I fancied, something characteristic in that gesture.

I had only a moment for observation. The impeded stream of traffic flowed again, and the landau swept by, leaving a new mystery on my hands.

Here was a more complex drama than I had sketched in my imagination two years previously. Then I had been content with the commonplace plot of some poor girl deserted by her lover. But now? The play was not so simple as that. It involved subtler motive and action, and a different setting. There were new elements in the tragedy, and sharper contrasts to be considered.

These two persons were evidently persons of rank. On the panels of the landau was an heraldic blazon—a clew, if it had been possible for me to follow it. Who were they? Father and daughter, or husband and wife, or mistress and lover? What was their strange story? I was not to know. I had caught a glimpse of one lurid page in the book of those two lives; then the volume had been closed, and, so far as I was concerned, sealed forever.

That shut book! It stands darkling on a shelf by itself in my library, unread, and never to be opened. What a fascination it exerts! In certain frequent moods I find myself tantalized beyond reason by its conjectural romance. I have read many a famous novel which has not had for me one-half the charm that lies in that untold story.

GEORGE ELIOT

By W. C. Brownell



HOW long is it since George Eliot's name has been the subject of even a literary allusion? What has become of a vogue that only yesterday, it seems, was so great? Of course, every day has its own fiction—even ours, such as it is. But this does not exclude popular interest in august survival—Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, Reade, Trollope, Charlotte Brontë, everyone but Bulwer and George Eliot, I should say. As to Bulwer, perhaps, speculation would be surplusage. The neglect, however, into which so little negligible a writer as George Eliot has indubitably fallen is one of the most curious of current literary phenomena, and an interesting one to consider, since considering it involves also a consideration at the same time of the remarkable genius that is the subject of it. It is probably largely due to the fact that from a purely intellectual point of view people in books or out of them are both less interesting and less idiosyncratic than we were wont to suppose when George Eliot's fame was at its height.

The novelty of psychological fiction was a powerful source of attraction, in the first place. For any such fiction as hers, which keeps one actively thinking not only some but all of the time, the stimulus of novelty is requisite, because only under such stimulus does the mind experience the zest that alone sustains the needed alertness of appreciation. In the second place its *ex vi termini* superiority—surely no stuff of fiction could have the dignity and the significance of the human mind!—gave it an irrefutable claim on our esteem. The novelty has disappeared. We have had a surfeit of psychological fiction since George Eliot's day. Psychology, too, has entered as an element into almost every other variety of fiction. And the glamour of novelty gone, we have been able to discern the defects, once obscured by the qualities, of the purely intellectual element of fiction when it wholly overshadows all others. We now recognize that science had invaded the domain of literature—

dona ferens and undistrusted. The current reaction, started perhaps, exemplified certainly, by Stevenson—the significance of whose work is purely “literary”—is so great as to have sacrificed seriousness along with science. But it is not necessary to exalt the puerile in order to establish the insufficiency of the pedantic. And to pedantry, however obscurely felt or unconsciously manifested, disproportionate preoccupation with the intellectual element in fiction is apt, popularly, to be ascribed.

II

GEORGE ELIOT certainly stands at the head of psychological novelists, and though within far narrower limits she has here and there been equalled—by Mr. Hardy, for example; and in highly differentiated types, in the subtleties and *nuances* of the *genre* by Mr. Henry James—it is probable that the *genre* itself will decay before any of its practitioners will, either in depth or range, surpass its master spirit. As George Eliot herself remarks, “Of all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous,” but we may conjecture that the psychological novel, in its present explicit sense, will disappear before her own pre-eminence in the writing of it is successfully challenged. She is, thus, and is likely to remain, a unique figure. More than any other writer's her characters have—and for the serious readers of the future will continue to have—the specifically intellectual interest. This interest, indeed, is so marked in them that one is tempted to call it the only one they possess. What goes on in their minds is almost the sole concern of their creator. Our attention is so concentrated on what they think that we hardly know how they feel, or whether—in many cases, at least, where we nevertheless have a complete inventory of their mental furniture—they feel at all. They are themselves also prodigiously interested in their mental processes.

They do a tremendous lot of thinking. In any emergency or crisis their minds fairly buzz, like a wound clock with the pendulum removed. We assist at the spectacle of a cogitation that seems to be pursued by the thinkers themselves with disinterested devotion. At all events the stars of the company not only practise but enjoy mental exercise to an extent not elsewhere to be met with. I have heard it remarked in qualification of the legitimate interest of Thackeray's characters that they "never seem to have any fun with their minds," and it is certainly true that in the concert of powers of which the nature of Thackeray's personages is composed, the mind does not hold a notable hegemony. The personages themselves are rarely either introspective or mentally energetic for pure love of the exercise. But the drama itself of George Eliot's world is largely an intellectual affair. The soul, the temperament, the heart—in the scriptural sense—the whole nature plays a subordinate part. The plot turns on what the characters think. The characters are individualized by their mental complexions; their evolution is a mental one; they change, develop, deteriorate in consequence of seeing things differently. Their troubles are largely mental perplexities; in her agony of soul Romola goes to Savonarola and Gwendolen to Deronda for light, not heat. The prescriptions they receive are also terribly explicit—addressed quite exclusively to the reason and wholly unlike that obtained by Nicodemus "by night." The courtship of Esther and Felix Holt is mainly an interchange of "views." There are exceptions—notably Maggie Tulliver and Dorothea, the two characters which have been called, with ample reason, one may guess, autobiographic. But the exceptions accentuate the rule. As a rule the atmosphere of each novel is saturated with thought. Certainly nowhere else in fiction is there any such apotheosis of intellect both express and implied.

Yet it is the temperament, not the thinking of men and women, that is permanently and rewardingly interesting in that field of literature which fiction constitutes. Sociology rather than psychology is its auxiliary science—because, no doubt, sociology is hardly to be called a science at all.

Thought is a universal and automatic process compared with feeling, than which it is far less idiosyncratic and particular. It is comparatively impersonal. It does not distinguish individuals with any very salient sharpness. Other things being equal—which, perhaps, they rarely are, but that is nothing—people think very much alike. It has been remarked of the insufficiency of argument that a legislative vote was never changed by a speech. The mind is far less recondite than is generally imagined, except in so far as it is complicated by feeling. Turgenieff legitimately complains of Zola that he tells us how Gervaise Coupeau feels, but never what she thinks. But the converse exclusiveness is a greater defect. Surely the characters of Turgenieff himself that remain in our memory are those whose feelings he has described rather than those whose minds he has exhibited to us. Who knows what Gemma, or the Russian Dido in "Spring Floods" thinks? Or, rather, we know what they *must* think without being told—their thinking being clearly a mere corollary of their feeling, which is admirably set forth. Why is Maggie Tulliver such a definite entity to us, beside Felix Holt, for example? Because she feels more and is shown to us from this point of view. Felix, even, would have had very much the same and no more interest for us if his creator had furnished him with an entirely different stock of the notions in which he is so rich. Why is Tom Tulliver not so interesting a character but, being profoundly uninteresting rather from any but a curious standpoint, so characteristic a masterpiece of George Eliot's genius? Because he is differentiated mentally, almost exclusively, with the result of nearly complete colorlessness—so wholly is color in character a matter of temperament—and because George Eliot's intellectual preoccupation is here, therefore, an advantage and not a limitation in the work of characterization. She has not made Tom interesting, but she has made his lack of interest real, and so vividly real as to be profoundly suggestive, and therefore the point of departure for interesting speculation in the reflective mind. Where the lack of temperament is not, however, the point of the character to be illustrated, her practice is less productive. Her

major premise, that all people are mentally interesting, is seen to be at fault when she deals with personages the discrimination of whose intellectual peculiarities certainly needs to be supplemented by a consideration of that side of them which says, "I myself am heaven and hell." The soul is always interesting—in its traits, its potentialities, its mystery—whatever its incarnation. It is permitted us to believe—but even if theretofore the statement had been a supercilious supposition, George Eliot would have demonstrated its soundness—that there are many of our fellow-creatures whose minds hardly repay study. How many pages of "Middlemarch"—that encyclopædic panorama of the provincial human mind—are there devoted to the meeting of hospital trustees to elect a chaplain? Who remembers the outcome, even if, indeed, he remembers that the contest was between a church clergyman and a dissenting minister? But who, that remembers the incident at all, does not recall how completely the mental equipment and processes of each of the mainly insignificant members of the board are exposed and documented? And with what result? Chiefly, I think, that of leading one to inquire, "Why?"

III

ONE consequence of this intellectual preoccupation and point of view is incontestable; whatever one's predilections one cannot gainsay that it is fatal to action. In George Eliot's world nothing ever happens, one is tempted to say; certainly less, very much less, than in the world of any other writer of fiction of the first rank. Sometimes nature intervenes, as in the flood of "The Mill on the Floss." Sometimes there is a catastrophe of a human but impersonal order, as in "Romola." Nothing dramatic is evolved out of the action that is a resultant of the forces of character, for of these forces the intellectual only and not the passional have been elaborately dealt with. The infanticide in "Adam Bede" is a barely concrete excuse for the structure of moral analysis erected upon it. The intensest incident inspired by love—before George Eliot certainly a not neglected element of fiction—is the kissing of Maggie's arm by

Stephen Guest; though the tragedy of this book is too splendid to suffer from any limitation. Mr. Frederic Myers notes that the only love-letter in all the novels was written by Mr. Casaubon. There are whole chapters of mental analysis leading up to Dorothea's marriage, and the marriage itself takes place off the stage and is chronicled in a line. Nothing is more characteristic than the way in which the catastrophe of "Daniel Deronda" is treated. George Eliot leaves the telling of it entirely to Gwendolen. Anyone interested in the fate of Grandcourt (perhaps he is not quite "convincing" enough to be popular) would resent the abruptness of his drowning, his sudden disappearance from the face of the earth, his demise only to be described later as material for casuistry.

It is undoubtedly partly true that George Eliot shrank instinctively from the melodramatic. "At this stage of the world if a man wants to be taken seriously he must keep clear of melodrama," she makes Deronda observe. She certainly wanted to be taken seriously, and she certainly has been; even solemnly. But her instinctive feeling in this respect was greatly reinforced by her practice of limiting the field of her fiction as she did. The drama with which she was concerned was the interior drama, the successive mental changes whereby a person gradually attains his or her development; and to this anything like elaborateness or complication of plot, any narrative of events or record of incidents which play so important a part in fiction, even when they are merely the background that sets off the characters concerned in them, seems inapposite. Her themes are in general so high and her treatment so serious, the moral so inevitable, so like the moral of life itself—the life and reality of which any book of hers is the equivalent in literature—that even tragedy itself, where she employs it, seems a little artificial, a little contrived and arranged, a concession perhaps to precedent, an expedient at best, less *typical* at all events than the moral it enforces and decidedly inferior to it in reality, in convincing illusion. Indeed where her practice did not exclude it altogether, her tragedy itself comes very near the confines of melodrama, from which her instinctive repugnance does not save her and which she would probably have handled

better but for her predetermined consecration to the undramatic and philosophical. One need mention in illustration only "The Spanish Gypsy," in which melodrama abounds—though melodrama, it is true, of the mildest-mannered kind that ever flourished on the banks of the Guadalquivir or arrayed itself in Andalusian vesture. But there is a tincture of melodrama even in such a tragedy as the end of "Romola." Imagine even Zola, who is none too scrupulous in such a situation but who "understands himself" admirably in it, resorting to the "poetic justice" of Baldassarre's final reunion with Tito in the death grapple in the Arno. The whole Baldassarre part of the book indeed is melodrama, and the least successful of the motives of the story. The Hawthornesque incident of the secret panel in "Daniel Deronda," which when moved disclosed the dead face adumbrating the tragedy of Grandcourt's death, is melodrama, albeit of an awkwardness that shows a flagging fancy and a tired hand. In short it cannot be said that George Eliot's true theme—the constitution and development of the human mind and its effect on the conduct and character of the soul, its subject—either receives, or especially needs perhaps, the aid of action, of the dramatic element upon which nevertheless a very considerable part of the general interest in fiction depends.

IV

AN analogous but more important trait is the lack of creative imagination which is implied, as the lack of action is involved, in the scientific turn of her genius. Whatever dramatic demands upon a novelist's characters one may forego, the vivid and enduring interest of the characters themselves requires an imaginative differentiation. Otherwise they lose in concrete effect very much in proportion to their abstract interest, which in George Eliot's characters is very great. And it is the concrete effect which, in any work of art, is of fundamental value. George Eliot's world is certainly less concrete than its moral inspiration, which is often as definite as a proposition. Her characters are thus, it is true, perfectly typical—in spite of the ex-

tent to which they are psychologically individualized. And this constitutes for them a family distinction of importance. The characters of no other novelist are discriminated so nicely at the same time that they have also a clear representative value. They occupy a middle ground in this respect, one may say, between the personages of Thackeray, who is accused latterly of having no psychology, and those of Hawthorne which, as Mr. James points out, are never types. It is partly for this reason, perhaps, that they are so rarely our companions, our intimates, as the characters of even inferior novelists are, though I imagine it is mainly because they are mentally instead of temperamentally individualized, and because it is the sense, the volitions and the emotions rather than the intellect of people that in fiction as in life attach them to us and give them other than a quasi-scientific interest for us. And, besides, George Eliot's star characters, if types, are apt to be *rare* types and, from that fact also, depend largely on their speculative interest. "Yet surely," as she says herself (in "Janet's Repentance"), "the only true knowledge of our fellowman is that which enables us to feel with him, which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion." We do not, I think, sufficiently *feel* with George Eliot's personages. They have too much a speculative, and too little an imaginative, origin and suggestion.

It is for this reason, perhaps, more than any other, that one can hardly claim for her the quality of the "born novelist," in the integral, exclusive, and felicitous sense in which Thackeray was one. Nevertheless, it is as certainly true that in the creation of character her remarkable gifts were at their best. She thought about other things, to be sure, when this was the matter in hand, and did this less well in consequence. Moreover, she did other things, and did them from their own point of view. But she did these less well still than the worst of her character-construction. Whereas, for example, the fact that she wrote "The Spanish Gypsy" at all attests the incompleteness of her native call as a novelist, its marked inferiority to her novels, in spite of its sincerity, its ambitiousness and its notable excellences, gives a

certain relief to the genuineness of her true vocation. It is not perhaps to say very much to say that her characters are her own, and in a more intimate sense than that of their family likeness to which I have alluded. No one else could have created them. They have no fellows outside her world. Anyone else would have portrayed the same types, even, very differently. But this is so *eminently* true—so much truer than it is of some novelists of very high rank, of the romancers in general, very often, surely—that in itself it witnesses the harmony with which her genius expressed itself in fiction, and shows why she wrote novels better than she wrote anything else. Add to this the particular quality of her genius and its eminence, and the high rank of her fiction is deduced as the third term of a syllogism. It is indeed a body of work that not only is of the first order but that stands quite by itself.

It was doubtless in thinking mainly of George Eliot, whose aptest pupil he was, that more than a score of years ago Mr. Hardy spoke of fiction as having "taken a turn for better or worse, for analyzing rather than depicting character and emotion." It was certainly George Eliot who more than any other practitioner gave fiction this turn—a turn still followed, with whatever modifications, and illustrated in all serious examples of the art, so much so that a novel without the psychological element is almost as much of a solecism as a picture with a conventional *chiaroscuro*. Analyzing, synthetizing—the terms do not matter much; in any mental exercise of importance, both processes are involved. Nothing could be more systematically synthetic than the patient way in which, having arrived, deductively, no doubt, from the suggestions of observation, at the idea of a character, and then analytically induced the traits which belong to it, George Eliot puts these together in orderly demonstration of the validity of her original theorem. This, to be sure, relates to the mental process of the artist rather than to the technic, which is certainly analytic enough in the case of George Eliot. But it is worth while, perhaps, in accepting Mr. Hardy's expression as practically adequate enough to indicate to us the turn in fiction that he had in mind, neverthe-

less to remember that with George Eliot, at least, analysis has no tyrannical preponderance over other faculties of the mind, and that so far from being allowed in unchecked monopoly to unravel its material into uninteresting and unrelated shreds, it merely co-operates with these to a truly creative end. A character of George Eliot is never picked to pieces, in a word. It is perfectly coherent and original—as original and coherent as a character of Dickens, for example, which is not analyzed at all.

It is, however, not the product of the imagination. Its conception—let us say, rather, its invention—is less irresponsible and spontaneous, than if it were; itself therefore, has on the whole, less vitality—less reality, which is the vitality of a character of fiction. It is the result of the travail of the mind, the incarnation of an idea, not the image of a vision. Such a character as Gwendolen in "Daniel Deronda" is as truly a creative, as if she were not also a critical product, but it is clear that inductively conceived she is deductively delineated—one cannot avoid seeing the machinery, so to say, of the author's mind throughout the process, and applying to it the terms of logic rather than of literature. She is an essay, with illustrations, on the egoistic girl to whom her own personality is of immense, of absorbing importance, who counts wantonly on imposing it, and who "falls on dark mountains" and comes to infinite disaster, in thus following out the uncompromising law of her development, when she comes in contact and into conflict with the crushing forces of circumstances, and finds the world quite other than her pygmy and peremptory conception of it—finds it not only not ductile, but pitilessly despotic. Nothing could be finer than such an idea, nothing more interesting than the essay, with its incarnating illustration, in which it is expressed. The defect—at least the distinction—of the character, is that the idea was born before, and conditions, its embodiment. With all her characterization, therefore—the invariable light green of her costume, for example, on which her creator leans with such evident helplessness—Gwendolen is imperfectly exteriorized. Always in exteriorization George Eliot's touch shows less zest than in ex-

amination. At times it is fatigued, often infelicitous, and now and then grotesque; Deronda's mother, with her orange dress and black lace and bare arms, is a caricature, a mere postulate of her profession of public singer. And not only is Gwendolen ineffectively presented; she is incompletely realized as an individual, in virtue of her creator's absorption in her typical significance. You are impressed by her interest in her own personality as a significant moral trait, but you are more interested in the trait than in the personality; the personality is more elusive, not quite varied enough; what else does she do, think, feel, say, besides explicitly exhibit egoism? one asks. Like every other character of her extraordinary creator she is thoroughly *in* character. She is conceived and exhibited with an absolutely informing consistency and with a strictness unusual even in psychological fiction. Mr. Hardy, for instance (such stress does he lay on the *ewig Weibliche*), makes two women, whom he takes pains to show as of the most disparate organizations, do the same thing—act in a way which if natural to one of them, would, for that very reason, be out of character in the other.

But consistency is not only not completeness, not fulness, not variety, not productive of special interest and pleasure; it is a decidedly inferior element in the production of illusion, the illusion that is a condition of vitality in a character of fiction. Beside unexpectedness it is, in this regard, of no merit whatever. The consistency of Bulstrode, Tito, Felix Holt, ends by boring us. You want a personage in a book as out of it to act in a way that you cannot everlastingly prefigure. To surprise but not shock expectant intelligence involves, however, the aid of the creative imagination. And we have only to turn from Gwendolen to Daniel Deronda himself to realize how much George Eliot's other faculties exceeded her imagination. She is for once unhampered by any scientific subscription to the laws of reality. She has almost with *gaîte de cœur* abandoned, in this instance, her old reliance of observation, aided by sympathetic divination. She has made Deronda out of whole cloth. She has done everything for him, and spared no pains to make

him attractive and personal. He has a "grand face," though a young man; his smile is occasional and, therefore, "the reverse of the continual smile that discredits all expression." He is just what she wants to make him—her imaginative ideal. He is no more real than Charlotte Brontë's Rochester. We owe him entirely to his author's creative imagination. The result is aptly enough implied in a letter written—obviously in Scotch—by Stevenson to a reviewer friend, when the book came out. "Did you—I forget," he says, "did you have a kick at the stern works of that melancholy puppy and humbug, Daniel Deronda himself? the Prince of Prigs; the literary abomination of desolation in the way of manhood; a type which is enough to make a man forswear the love of women, if that is how it is to be gained." The whole structure and color of the book indeed (Gwendolen and her affairs apart) may be said to be George Eliot's one explicit imaginative flight and—shall we say therefore—her one colossal failure.

The irresponsible imagination has certainly much to answer for as an element of fiction and a factor in its composition. But at the present day it is plainly superfluous to dwell on the fact. The weight of current criticism is altogether against it, whatever the practice of the hour. And not only in fiction but in plastic art the errors for which it is no doubt justly held responsible have come to wear the aspect of solecisms. The application of a realistic standard is become almost instinctive. What is imaginative seems imaginary, and beauty that is not also obviously truth has lost its intimate appeal. There are signs of reaction, and no doubt the "image-making" faculty will again receive the recognition that for the moment more or less exclusively rewards the observation which normally—and notably in most very notable works of art—has the humbler rôle of verification and correction. And the reason is that creation is inconceivable without it. The criticism that constructs in fancy an inherent antagonism between it and truth is blind to the fact that it is through the imagination that the human mind arrives at truth as well as at error. Discovery is ideally deduced; it is the guerdon of hypothesis—without which, in the field of art, at all events, the

mind rests in the suspense that has been noted as a mark of hysteria. In science, not less than in art, synthesis is an imaginative process. In a word, the truth-loving sceptic of the imagination is confuted by the inevitable procedure of the mind, and must admit the platitude that to see that a thing is so it is necessary first to see the thing. In all art worth talking about, therefore, the imagination is inevitably present. It may count as a feeble or as a powerful force. It may shine by the beauty, by the truth of the images it constructs or evokes, or be obscured by the data accumulated for its justification by diligent induction. But empirical scrutiny and sharpness of perception will never take its place. And its absence means an artistic vacuum. With George Eliot it certainly counts for proportionally less than it does in any great writer of fiction. Of course there are compensations, as I have endeavored to indicate. One need not prefer "Monte Cristo" to "Middlemarch."

Apparently in this respect of the imagination, as in others, she did not herself sufficiently recognize the genuineness of her vocation as a novelist. At all events she did not depend on it. Yet there are characters and situations, there are in fact whole novels, among her works which show that it would have triumphantly withstood any strain she might have put on it. "The Mill on the Floss," "The Scenes from Clerical Life," show what her genius left to itself could, unaided, accomplish. But she was not content to leave it to itself. She had other ambitions—ambitions which she could attain, which a woman with less intellect (there have been none with more) could not, which would attract less a man of equal genius, which the very circumstances of her sex—given her environment on the one hand and her powers on the other—teased her toward with a fatal explicitness. "See that you hold yourself fast by the intellect," said Emerson in a famous passage, the acme of his eloquence. "It is this domineering temper of the sensual world that creates the extreme need of the priests of science; and it is the office and right of the intellect to make and not take its estimate." Never was this ideal more enthusiastically followed than by George

Eliot. She illustrates it even a little literally. The result is a certain dryness, a certain mechanical effect for which unimaginative is just the epithet. She brought her mind to bear on everything and almost ceremoniously, so to say. This was clearly enough instinctive with her. There is nothing artificial in it. And this saves it from pedantry. She was intellectually very high-bred. There is not a hint, a shadow of vulgarity in any of her books. She is at home with the very best and has no inclination for anything else; she has no moments when her sense for the excellent relaxes and sags into irresponsibility. Without austerity—without much humor, too, surely, except in so far as the appreciation implies the possession of it—she is never tempted into caricature. She has no excess of high spirits thus to mislead her, but in any case her taste is a sure reliance. Her taste, indeed, is the part of her intellectual equipment which is perhaps most clearly instinctive. Æsthetically considered it is less trustworthy, but in the intellectual sphere—where taste has an important office—it shows itself a certain winnow of the worth while from the common. If at need it tolerates the commonplace, it is because the particular commonplace has its significance; and if it is a little eager in its appreciation of the significant which is also the eccentric, it is because it is easily and aristocratically at home with eccentricity itself. It is absolutely—singularly—free from display. In that sense, at all events, she was not in the least a pedant. Her pedantry, to call it so, was pedantry in the sense of literalness—and seen as such, mainly from an æsthetic view-point. Her erudite, even recondite, air, at times, is perfectly in accord with the most thorough-going simplicity. It is wholly natural. A sentence encrusted with erudition and intricate with logical involution is with her a native and unpretentious expression. Any pedantry, in other words, to be detected in her writings is apt to be a matter of form, an error from which the æsthetic sense alone (in which she was conspicuously deficient) and no amount of intellect can protect one. Even if now and then the substance is as flat as the statement is solemn, it is never tainted by that variety of mediocrity which is of the

essence of pedantry and which we know as vulgarity—there is not in all her writings a touch or a trace of it, as I have said. “All her eagerness for acquirement,” she says of Dorothea, “lay within that full current of sympathetic motive in which her ideas and impulses were habitually swept along. She did not want to deck herself with knowledge—to wear it loose from the nerves and blood that fed her action.” That is very nobly said, and it is doubtless autobiographic. But did ever such “eagerness for acquirement” as that of Dorothea’s creator characterize any other novelist of her calibre? And erudition, however triumphantly assimilated, aside, the spontaneity that vivifies its creations is of a different order from a pure exercise of the intellect, however instinctive. And this spontaneity she may be said to have so instinctively alloyed with reflection, so transmuted by thought, that often she seems to lack it altogether.

V

ONE may speak of George Eliot’s style as of the snakes in Iceland. She has no style. Her substance will be preserved for “the next ages” by its own pungency or not at all. No one will ever read her for the sensuous pleasure of the process. She is a notable contradiction of the common acceptance of Buffon’s “*le style c’est l’homme*.” Her very marked individuality expresses itself in a way which may be called a characteristic manner, but which lacks the “order and movement” that Buffon defined style to be when he was defining it instead of merely saying something about it. In itself, moreover, this is not often a felicitous manner. It is inspired by the wish to be pointed, to be complete, to give an impeccable equivalent in expression for the content of thought, to be adequately articulate. In her aim at exactness she neglects even energy. Her statements are scientific, but never even rudimentarily rhetorical, if we except the use of irony, in which she was sometimes very happy. Of modulation she never seems to have thought. Any element of periodic quality, of rhythm, of recurrence, of alternation, succession, inversion, for the sake of effect, decorating

instead of merely expressing significance, she would no doubt have eschewed had any ever occurred to her, as plainly it never did. Rhetoric of any degree, in short, probably seemed to her meretricious if—which one doubts—she ever considered it at all. She was the slave of the meaning, hypnotized apparently by the sense, and deaf to the sound, of what she wrote. Her taste was noticeably good in avoiding the pretentious, but her tact was insufficient to save her from the complicated and the awkward. Her puritan predilections should have suggested simplicity to her, but simplicity is the supreme quality which she not only wholly lacks, but never even strives for; the one salient characteristic of her style—of her manner of writing, that is to say—is its complexity.

Thus there are no “passages,” either “fine” or in any way sustained, in her works; at least I think of none, and if any exist I suspect they are put into the mouths of some personage with whom they are “in character”—in which case they would be sure to be very well done indeed. Every sentence stands by itself; by its sententious self, therefore. The “wit and wisdom” of the author are crystallized in phrases, not distilled in fluid diction. Their truth strikes us sharply, penetrates us swiftly; the mind tingles agreeably under the slight shock, instead of glowing in expansive accord and dilating with gradual conviction. Often these sentences have the force, the ring, of proverbs—of those of Solomon, too, rather than those of Sancho Panza. Some of them, on the other hand, have the air less of the Sibyl than of “saws,” and suggest the wiseacre more than the philosophic moralist. At times they have the trenchant crispness of La Rochefoucauld; at others, even in the novels, the unravelled looseness premonitory of the appalling Theophrastus Such. The manner naturally takes on the character of the substance, and we have thus this formal sententiousness—now epigrammatic, as I say, and now otiose and obscure—because of the writer’s exclusive consecration to the content which itself varies, of course, from the pithy to the commonplace. Her defective æsthetic feeling, her lack indeed of the æsthetic sense nowhere comes out more clearly than in this

absorption in the significance to the neglect of the aspect of the picture she is presenting. This picture, and even the personages who people it, seem to have for her at least a disproportionate attraction in virtue of their typical to the exclusion of their individual interest—sharply individualized as her characters are in the matter of psychology alone. She seems so impressed with their universal appeal and representative office, with the principle her facts illustrate and enforce, with the ulterior meaning and value of her “criticism of life,” as to have at all events distinctly less zest in depicting than in defining her material. For fiction this indubitably means a tame style.

Lacking in æsthetic feeling as she was, she was probably more or less conscious of this. Her attempts to circumvent it are now and then deplorable. They are invariably verbiage of one kind or another. The refuge of pedantry in its endeavor to escape dullness is apt to be sportiveness, and it is perhaps when she is playful that George Eliot comes nearer pedantry than at any other time. Even in moments when her erudition seems elaborate and essentially inapposite, we are always conscious that it does not seem so to her, and that not only is there no parade about it, but also that neither is it in the least mechanical. It is the native, however awkward, expression of a kind of tempered enthusiasm. At times, certainly, the sense of humor failed her equally with the æsthetic sense, of which in a large—or strict—sense it is, of course, a subdivision; and the artist who could objectively reproduce such humor as that of “Adam Bede,” and “The Mill on the Floss” could also, when it came to self-expression, illustrate the very acme of dullness. Her facetiousness is, at its worst, as bad as Dickens’s; and, at her worst, she writes as badly, without the mitigation of his extraordinary high spirits and infectious hilarity. Without, too, his bad taste, though with, as I said, the tactlessness which is the next thing to it. The moral element in taste involves self-respect. And in anything moral George Eliot is never deficient. Her intelligence saves her; it is too serious, it has too much poise, and it sees temptation as a kind of sophistry—temptation, I mean, to put up with the second

rate on account of its tinsel, for example. But the tact that shows one when he is hitting and when he is missing the mark, she does not infallibly possess and often when, apparently, she seems to herself to be exhibiting the light touch, she is bravely ponderous. With a little more tact, a little more humor, a little more æsthetic sense, some of her significance might have been even more striking, and certainly some of it would not have seemed so absolutely flat.

But why discuss her style at all, one asks one’s self. No one can have any doubt that, though, in general, it serves her well enough, and sometimes expresses adequately the most searching subtleties of observation and reflection, nevertheless its idiosyncrasies are defects. And of style in any large sense surely no great writer ever had so little. Her constant references in her letters to her “art” have an odd sound. Yet even here one’s last word must be a recognition of the extraordinary way in which her intellect atones for sensuous deficiencies. Could two better words be found, for a slight example, to characterize the first impression Rome makes on the stranger than “stupendous fragmentariness.” One of her characters, “like most tyrannous people, had that dastardly kind of self-restraint which enabled him to control his temper where it suited his convenience to do so.” The adverb is felicity itself. And in her letters one can see how safely her intelligence guides her through the museum maze of plastic art for which she had so little native feeling, but in which less than many an æsthetic temperament is she either imposed upon or unappreciative. In art, as in life, she has an acute sense if not a sensitive feeling for what is distinctly worth while.

VI

No one, however, as I have intimated, would infer her personality from her style—certainly not that trait of her personality which, in spite of her apotheosis of the intellect, distinguishes her from the so-called intellectual woman, and which I take to be intimately characteristic. In books or in fact, the first impression made by the so-

called intellectual woman is that of the inadequacy of the intellect. There is so much else that is worth while, one reflects in the presence of such thorough-going exclusions. The attractiveness of the susceptibility and even the will is thrown into effective relief. Intuitions seem to gain a new sanction, instinctiveness a new charm, spontaneity a new grace, irresponsibility a new excuse—qualities intimately associated with women. The limitedness of the intellect, the distant view of sympathetic relations, fancy, unexpectedness, clairvoyance, all lying without its confines, become depressingly plain. One naturally reacts under the exaggerated emphasis of importance and all-sufficiency that the intellect receives from the intellectual woman in general, whose consecration to it is so complete, so obvious, so naïvely unconscious of what exists beyond its pale. It is not so much that she is too intellectual. At times one finds that she might be even more so, even if less strictly so, with advantage. It is that she seems to be unaware that compared with character or even temperament the intellect itself is terribly concrete and communicable. And perhaps there is nothing that sets George Eliot off from the mass of her sex for whom the intellect is a universal talisman, so much as the circumstance that she does not make this impression. On the contrary, one's impression is of the plenary power and sufficiency of the intellect unaided and unilluminated *ab extra*. So searching and fruitful are its processes as exhibited in her works; so pregnant are the discoveries of her scrutiny and reflection in the heretofore unexplored regions of human character and moral relations; so pithy are her deductions; so stimulant is her turning of her "allowance of knowledge into principles" (as she says of Dorothea), that one feels almost that other faculties are surplusage, and that the field of fiction as well as that of science belongs to the intellect, thus shown to be capable unaided of such distinguished results. Other relations, one feels, remain to be discovered, other principles to be formulated, other mysteries of thought and passion and conduct, of the real world and the correlative ideal one, to be solved by this magic divining-rod, this mighty crystallizing force. Partly this impression is pro-

duced by George Eliot's superiority. Intellect *enough* is its own sanction and imposes itself. But partly also it is due to her attitude, with which for the moment, owing to her superiority, we are perforce in accord, and which is that of the fanatical worshipper at the intellect's shrine.

How early her complete consecration to the things of the mind took place would doubtless have been difficult for herself to tell. It must, however, have been in the nature of a conversion. She was doubtless always, as she describes Dorothea, "ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent," but the break which she made with her early traditions and beliefs must have been in the nature of a transformation from a nature emotional and expansive because fundamentals are settled, into one in which scepticism stimulates inquiry and which, therefore, in proportion to its seriousness, is driven to aggrandize the intellect, which is the instrument of inquiry. This change, whether or no induced by her acquaintance with the sociologists and positivists whom she met when she first began literary work, antedates her work in fiction, which fact and the fact that it *was* a change can hardly fail to account for much in this fiction. It is, in a word, the work of a woman, of an extraordinarily intellectual woman, of a woman who had come to concentrate her interest and effort within purely intellectual lines *after* a spiritual experience in which the emotions probably played a predominant part. Its notable complexity is hardly surprising.

Her environment probably accounts for the evolution of her genius. Nothing could be less favorable to the harmonious development of the intellectual side of Mary Ann Evans, one would say, than the environment of Mrs. Lewes, even though she may have been converted from "orthodoxy" before going to London at all. Science, which spared Dorothea and never made the acquaintance of Maggie Tulliver, took possession of her. Metaphysic, philosophy, sociology, theology enthralled her "ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent" nature. Her emotional side, which one may judge not only from early accounts but from the very latest was wonderfully sensitive and refined, became forthwith subordinated instead of devel-

oped so far as regards its expression in her very objective books. She became, even in the intellectual field, almost the ideal non-conformist. Other points of view, which she appreciated wonderfully, she appreciated through comprehension rather than sympathy. She was too objective for altruism of the mind, even. Her writings are almost invariably marked by elevation, but elevation to which there is no lift. Her spirit has no wings. Her letters show her stoicism to have been severely ethical and without sentimental alloy. To do good to others, to look at the practical results of our actions and not bother about how we feel concerning them, is very much the sum of her credo. Of God, Immortality, Duty, the last only is left to us, Mr. Myers dolefully records her as asseverating. This may be true, of course, but, even so, to be preoccupied with its truth must inevitably be a handicap to a writer of imaginative fiction—God and immortality connote so much ideality. Her thinking was eclectic and shows the lack of comradeship, of harmony and accord, of those fostering influences of concert under which thought flowers in luxuriant spontaneity. "Our duty is faithful tradition where we can attain it," she makes the solemn Deronda assert. But faithful tradition is just what she did not attain—just what practically, I think, she came to have very little feeling for. She wished instead to "prove all things," for which operation she had indeed an admirable equipment, but in which she showed too exclusive a zest. Tradition at all events never dupes her. Nothing amuses her more than—in the best taste always, assuredly—to expose the insubstantiality of its pretensions on just occasion. The net result of her mature theory and practice is a noble work performed for truth, somewhat to the neglect of the beautiful and the good, except in so far as these benefit indirectly from any service done to truth. And even so far as truth itself is concerned, though we get unexpected, felicitous, and cogent glimpses of it—and what is more, a sense that its deeps are both inexhaustible and infinitely alluring—nevertheless one feels that there is an order of truth itself for which the intellect alone has not quite the test, and which is of overmastering sig-

nificance, though it can only be imaginatively perceived. "Il faut avoir la foi et ne pas croire," says Claude Bernard. All dogma quite aside; it is certain that George Eliot once possessed what we know (but do not understand) as "faith," and that when she wrote her novels she had substituted for instead of adding to it the sapient scepticism unveiling illusions which is such an integral element of her fiction. She is in consequence more nearly unique; she is more isolated; but she is also less authoritative and less complete. There is therefore an atmosphere of cause and effect, of fatalism, of insistent and predetermined gloom which pervades her books and which is hostile to the variety pertinent to a report of nature that is round and full. In this way her microcosm is a little more distorted than perhaps it need have been, but for her conversion—her whole-souled conversion—to positivism.

VII

WOULD she have done better to have followed what I take to have been her native bent? Who would wish any great writer different? Who would take the *risk*? Yet I must say I think there would be a minimum of risk in the case of George Eliot. And for this reason. Her development seems to me to have proceeded on lines increasingly inharmonious with her native endowment. Her temperament was an ardent one, yet increasingly contained instead of exercised. Her whole nature was tremulously sensitive to impressions, and it constantly steeled itself to systematic reflection. Her faculty of observation was marvellous, and she became more and more of a recluse as time went on. She absorbed altogether the best part of her material—that of which her first books and "Middlemarch" are composed—before she began to write at all; afterward her material was necessarily so extraneously attained as to be by comparison factitious. She was, if not profoundly, at least acutely religious, and she became a positivist. Intimately emotional, avidly exigent of sympathy, having that imperious need of giving one's self which assails truly independent but affectionate souls, her expression steadily grew

in impassibility and in a stoic consideration of the impersonal as the highest good; and duty to others—to the community, the world, the race indeed—became a sort of refuge for what ideality she allowed herself. When one thinks of her early years and their associations, her precocity and emotional development, and then of the immense spiritual contrast involved in her work in London, her union with Lewes, her friendship with Mr. Spencer, her emancipation, if one likes, and the subsequent seclusion which certainly had its ideal, but also inevitably its artificial side—when one follows the evolution of her genius from the earlier books through “*Romola*,” “*Middlemarch*,” and “*Daniel Deronda*” to “*Theophrastus Such*,” getting gradually farther away from her native substance and quality, and ending in comparative ineptitude, one comprehends her marriage and surcease from activity. She had re-entered regularity, had ceased to be exceptional and “attained tradition”—in the words I have already cited. It could not be that she should not rest in a kind of peace unattainable through conscious effort and intimately grateful after a life of intense mental activity further stimulated by an elevated and really ideal, but nevertheless peculiar position. Nothing is more touching than Mr. Cross’s account—of a delicacy in itself equivalent to poetry—of her last years. She had done her work. And it had been done during a sort of prolonged excursion into the realm of science, where the native temperament and genius that might otherwise have powerfully modified the product of an extraordinary intellect, had been deflected if not repressed.

For no judgment of George Eliot can be discerning which does not consider the vital fact that she was—even in a degree really typical—a woman. She belonged to the subjective sex, and is the most objective of novelists. It is the fashion at present to neglect the distinction of sex in speaking of women, and pay them the compliment, or do them the justice, of treating them severally as individuals, discriminated merely as men are discriminated. Nevertheless until their distinction in certain fields of activity is as much a matter of course as that of men—until there are no more “Women’s Buildings”

at world’s fairs, for example, and the propaganda in favor of the sex as an entity ceases to obscure the individual standard which naturally tends to get itself established if let alone—anything like the eminence of George Eliot’s powers will be singularized because of the possessor’s sex. It *is*—as yet—generally remarkable, worthy of remark, that a woman should have reached such a height of accomplishment. But that her accomplishment should have been in the field of thought rather than in that of feeling, and so splendidly successful in this field as almost to have originated a species in the domain of fiction, is specifically the notable phenomenon in George Eliot’s case. Why is she so unlike George Sand and Charlotte Brontë—one may exclude Jane Austen, in thinking of precedents, as exclusively an artist. Is it because of her different and in the main superior mental quality, and the greater subordination of feeling to thought in her original make-up? Probably not. Whatever George Eliot became there can be no doubt that Mary Ann Evans was a woman in whom the idiosyncrasies of sex were particularly developed. As to the existence of such idiosyncrasies and their native, elemental, and possibly ineradicable character George Eliot herself never had any doubts. The difference between the sexes is one of the phenomena that compose her material. Her writings are full of man considered as man, and woman as woman. She has widened the sphere of woman’s interest for us, but has not obscured its identity. The impartiality of her view, however, excludes the patronage which the as yet, perhaps, more susceptible sex is as yet quick to feel, and her caustic treatment of masculine foibles excuses her occasional dry compassion for what the author of “*Janet’s Repentance*” calls “Poor women’s hearts!”

“Poor women’s hearts!” What became of hers? in the transition from Miss Evans to George Eliot through Mrs. Lewes, one cannot help speculating. Its interests certainly grew both more limited and less concrete—more limited in the sense involved in her isolation, her concentration of feeling within the smallest of circles and her absorption in geometrically increasing ratio in the things of the

mind ; less concrete as her ethics took on more and more a humanitarian color, and the good of society in general became the main concern of her speculative meditation. One has only to imagine Mr. Casaubon more human, less a pedant, more a real scholar and minus his little-nesses, to divine that Dorothea might have developed into a philosopher of moment, losing in the process the edge of those qualities which render her so sympathetic to Lydgate, to Ladislav and to ourselves. Had she, under such circumstances, written novels, they might easily, like those of her creator, have been noteworthy objective, and have missed the personal charm of native feminine genius which is now so conspicuously characteristic of her. Had George Eliot not fallen in love with science ; had not her feeling for the world of her girlhood atrophied with the loss of faith in its standards, so that she got more and more domesticated in a foreign environment, and even predisposed to exotic themes, suggested by intellectual and acquired rather than native and sentimental interests — “*Romola*,” “*The Spanish Gypsy*,” and “*Daniel Deronda*,” for instance ; had she not given the rein to her curiosity and become absorbed in the world of books, of literature rather than its raw material, which she could nevertheless handle to such admirable ends ; had she not, as it were, made herself over into an intelligent force from being a person with idiosyncrasies, and expressly subordinated the susceptibility in which, not only as a woman, but as an individual, she was so strong, to the more purely intellectual development which she could only share with so many masters, we should have had works of undoubtedly more charm, and, such was the native force of her genius, of equal power. We should have had, in fine, more books like “*The Mill on the Floss* ;” “*Middlemarch*” would have been more condensed ; “*Felix Holt*” would have been dramatic ; we should have lost “*Romola*,” perhaps, but we should have escaped “*Daniel Deronda*.” It is not that, as is so often the case with writers who study significance rather than form, her early books are superior to the later because the sense of selection is more acute and exclusions more rigorous at the beginning of a career

than at its apogee, when everything that occurs to the author seems to him for that reason worth saying. They are superior because, unlike the later ones, they are cast within the lines of her native capacity, because they do not call for imaginative power, for artistic synthesis and dramatic vigor, but amply illustrate her sympathetic feeling, her closeness of observation, her faculty for loading with serious significance and almost ominous suggestion the most ordinary and unpretentious data of human life by drawing out their typical quality at the same time that they are psychologically differentiated in a way to make them extraordinarily individual and real. “*Depend upon it, my dear lady*,” she says in her first story, “*you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of the human soul that looks out through dull gray eyes and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones.*” *That* is George Eliot’s truest note, and it is a note struck by no one else ; we have nowadays plenty of fiction woven around dull gray eyes and voices of ordinary tones, but the experience of the human soul is not often what these express. It is a note also which is far less prominent in the writer’s later novels, the novels that help us to understand what Mr. George Moore means by saying that she “*tried to write like a man.*” One feels like replying to Mr. Moore, incidentally suggesting emulation of this effort to him, that at least she succeeded. But anyone who agrees with me in dividing her books into two groups, those written before “*Romola*” and those written afterwards, will hardly find it fanciful to see in the former a native, and in the latter an acquired, point of view and manner of treatment. When one considers the potentialities of the author of “*The Mill on the Floss*”—a work in which passion and the tumult of the soul are not objectively analyzed but sympathetically portrayed with unsurpassed vividness and elemental power, a work which is undisputably one of the great literary epitomes of the pathos and tragedy of human existence—it is hard to reconcile one’s self to the evolution in which temperament disappeared so completely in devotion to the intellect alone

as to result in the jejune artificiality of "Daniel Deronda."

It would be idle, and certainly I have no disposition, to belittle the value of the literature produced between these two books. "Romola" is unique in its way, and has hosts of admirers. There are readers to whom it introduced the Italian Renaissance, who, in its pages first read of Florence, Savonarola, the Medici. There are scholars who shared George Eliot's enthusiasm for "the City by the Arno" and "the wonderful fifteenth century," so cordially as to credit "Romola" with having successfully reproduced a moment and a milieu which they were only too grateful to have recalled. Besides, there is that masterpiece of evolution, the character of Tito Melema. "Felix Holt" contains at least the lovable Mr. Lyon, and though the wearisome wordiness of the book is a handicap from which it will always suffer, it will always remain a highly interpretative picture of a momentous epoch in English political and social history—the birth, in fact, of the modern English world engendered by the Reform Bill. "Middlemarch" anyone can praise. It is probably the "favorite novel" of most "intellectual" readers among us—at least those who are old enough to remember its serial appearance. It is, indeed, a half dozen novels in one. Its scale is cyclopædic, as I said, and it is the microcosm of a community rather than a story concerned with a unified plot and set of characters. And it is perhaps the writer's fullest expression of her philosophy of life.

VIII

It is these books and "Daniel Deronda," rather than the earlier "Scenes from Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," and "The Mill on the Floss," however, which determine her position as so much less an artist than a moralist. She is in truth a moralist, and a moralist of the first class. I do not of course mean the sense in which Fénelon, for example, or Paley is a moralist. Expressly and in form a novelist of her rank is an artist, in whose work the moral significance is either spontaneously generated or incidentally induced. But essentially and spiritually

speaking, George Eliot, whatever her superficial classification, is so far less an artist than a moralist, that it is as the latter that she is of value to us and is most likely to appeal to the future. It is as a moralist that she is a real contributor to literature, that she is at her best, that she is of the first class and that among novelists, at least, she is if not unrivalled, at all events unsurpassed. No such explicit "criticism of life" as hers exists in fiction. Thackeray, for example, is a moralist, too. He was very fond of his office of "week-day preacher." But he is a moralist not only because his picture of life is so true and vital, but in virtue of moralizing, of commenting on his story and his characters, drawing out their natural suggestions, weaving around them a web of artistic embroidery, eliciting and enforcing the lesson they contain. With George Eliot the story and characters themselves are conceived as examples and illustrations of the moral she has in mind to begin with, and a part of its systematic setting forth. The moral is her first concern. Her characters are concrete—remarkably concrete—expressions of pure abstractions, not images. Arthur Pendennis is the result of an attempt to depict the average man of his day and station. Tito Melema incarnates the idea that shrinking from the unpleasant is subtly and tragically demoralizing. There can be no doubt as to which is the creation of the more specific and unalloyed moralist. George Eliot's "moralizing" is always a sort of logical coda or corollary of the moral idea or truth which her character or incident happens to be illustrating, and is never the artistic moral suggestion of the subject. This is probably why it is tolerably dull, so often. It is apt but inferred, sound but not spontaneous. At any rate it is not in her *obiter* that her success as a moralist lies, it is in the very essence, subject, and attributes of her work.

This world was not to her the pure spectacle it is to the pure artist, nor even the profoundly moving and significant spectacle it is to the reflective and philosophic artist. Its phenomena were not *dissecta membra* to be impressionistically reproduced or combined in agreeable and interesting syntheses. They were data of an inexorable moral concatenation of

which it interested her to divine the secret. What chiefly she sought in them was the law of cause and effect, the law of moral fatality informing and connecting them. Since the time of the Greek drama this law has never been brought out more eloquently, more cogently, more inexorably or—may one not say, thinking of Shakespeare?—more baldly. But at the same time she makes human responsibility perfectly plain. No attentive reader can hope for an acquittal at her hands in virtue of being the plaything of destiny. She is more than mindful, also, of the futilities as well as the tragedies of existence and, indeed, gives them a tragic aspect. "Middlemarch," for example, read in the light—the sombre light—of its preface, is a striking showing of her penetration into the recesses of the commonplace, and of the else undiscovered deeps which there reward her subtlety; with the result, too, of causing the reader to reflect on infinity, as he does after a look through the telescope or microscope—an effect only to be produced by a master. But neither in the tragic nor the trifling does she engage the freedom of the individual, and if she shows the victim in the toils of fate, she shows also with relentless clearness how optionally he got there. Her central thought is the tremendous obligation of duty. Duty is in a very special way to her "the law of human life." The impossibility of avoiding it, the idleness of juggling with it, the levity of expecting with impunity to neglect it, are so many facets of her persistent preoccupation. The fatality here involved she states and enforces on every occasion. "Tito was experiencing," she flashes at us, "that inexorable law of human souls that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that determines character." Transome's illusion, she says, lay in his "trusting in his own skill to shape the success of his own morrows, ignorant of what many yesterdays had determined for him beforehand." The "note" appears again and again. It is a diapason whose slow and truly solemn vibrations, communicated to their own meditations, all of her thoughtful readers must recall.

Her books are apt to close in gloom, but they leave you with courage. They contain the tonic of stoicism; and no one

can be ungrateful to stoicism who has experienced the *soundness* of its solace in dark hours. At the same time, whatever one's personal predilections in such a matter, one must admit that stoicism itself has experienced the vicissitude of evolution, and the modern stoic has, ancestrally at least, passed through the phase of Christianity. It would be the part of wisdom not to forget the fact, one would say—just as it is to yield the geocentric conception of the solar system, without too much recalcitrant argumentation. "The sentences of Epictetus are fortifying to the character; the sentences of Marcus Aurelius find their way to the soul," says Arnold. George Eliot is a modern Epictetus—Epictetus plus, of course, the modern *Weltschmerz*. One would compare her with Marcus Aurelius only in thinking of Arnold's further words about him: "The effusion of Christianity, its relieving tears, its happy self-sacrifice, were the very element, one feels, for which his soul longed; they were near him, they brushed him, he touched them, he passed them by." She, too, passed them by. Was it because her girlhood was so precocious that she could not see the forest for the trees of ignoble controversy which in post Reform Bill times had such luxuriant growth, and for which she had such sharp eyes—times she herself deplores as "days when opinion has got far ahead of feeling," when Dissent had a "theoretic basis," and polemical discussion abounded? Was it because she was converted by Comte and satisfied with Mr. Spencer's famous "system"—having largeness, enough, by the way, to harmonize the two? At all events it is certain that her mature philosophy does not take account of the miracle of grace. As a moralist this is her great defect, or rather deficiency. That subtle dynamic impulse of the will which the psychologists leave the theologians to describe as "the new birth," and which, as a matter of fact, fills a tremendous rôle in the drama of cause and effect, she makes little of. It lay natively within the folds of her sympathetic mind in earlier years, as "Janet's Repentance," for example, sufficiently witnesses, and it is certainly one of the most familiar of phenomena. We may know nothing of it, empirically, ourselves, but it is certainly as common as any other moral

agency, if not indeed more common than all others. Moreover, not only are its energy and its effects to be observed in others, and in all ranks of the intellectual scale, from Philip's eunuch to Saul of Tarsus, from a crowd of Moody and Sankey penitents to the last French realistic *raf-finé*, but every modern consciousness which looks deeply into itself discerns therein the potentiality of it—a potentiality definite enough to be at least a demonstration of its existence elsewhere. The miracle of grace, in a word, is a common enough and prominent enough factor in the universal moral problem to reward if not exact the attention of the artist who is also a moralist, and in excluding it the modern stoic exhibits a real limitation.

Its exclusion from the consideration of so eminent a moralist as George Eliot is undoubtedly due to the lack of imagination and the predominance of intellect already noted in her genius and her practice. It is itself closely allied with mysticism, no doubt ; it belongs, perhaps, in the domain of mysticism. And to deal with the mystic, or even to entertain an inclination to deal with it, necessitates the possession of the imaginative faculty and its cordial, unembarrassed, spontaneous activity, undeterred by fear of error and unrestrained by backward or side glances at the quite otherwise seductive data of ascertained truth. There is no shade of mysticism in George Eliot's moral philosophy, whose tenets and whose logic proceed from the processes of the mind and have little relation with "the vision" without which, says the wise man, "the people perish." Everything is taken on the side of it that appeals to the intelligence. Gwendolen comes to grief because she does not realize that domination is impracticable—because, in a word, of intellectual blindness. Grandcourt's baseness is an intellectual perversion, not a sensuous one. The story

of Tito's mere repugnance to what is unpleasant becoming at last readiness for any crime is the story of a moral decline exhibited in a succession of mental phases. Even error is a kind of alienation and sin essentially a mistake. The notion of "dying to" it nowhere appears—I do not mean *pro forma*, in which shape perhaps it belongs less to literature than to dogma, but by implication. We are still in the penumbra, one would say, of the Old Testament. The *natural* results of error, the natural and integral sanctions of morality are convincingly, refreshingly, and stimulatingly considered to the exclusion of the preternatural ; but the natural content of religion is quite neglected. Here, as elsewhere, she takes the scientific, the intellectual view of the phenomena which compose her material, and with her the mind in this field excludes the soul as in the field of art it does the imagination.

But with whatever limitations, her position as a classic is doubtless assured. There are types of human character of which she has fixed the image in striking individual incarnation for all time ; and her philosophy is of an ethical cogency and stimulant veracity that make her fiction one of the notablest contributions ever made to the criticism of life. It is none the less true, to be sure, that her survival will mean the surmounting of such obstacles to enduring fame as a limited imaginative faculty, a defective sense of art, and an inordinate aggrandizement of the purely intellectual element in human character, which implies an imperfect sense of the completeness of human nature and the comprehensiveness of human life. But no other novelist gives one such a poignant, sometimes such an insupportable, sense that life is immensely serious, and no other, in consequence, is surer of being read, and read indefinitely, by serious readers.

GLOUCESTER MOORS

By William Vaughn Moody

A MILE behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
The marching sun, the talking sea,
And the racing wind take hands with me,
And we all take hands with June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple-blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the white moths sup
Or where the choke-cherry lifteth up
Its bowls of shy carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late ;
By copse and cliff the swallows rove,
Each calling to his mate.
Never a gull to show,
But the land-birds all are here :
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon ;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes, is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip ;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel,
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her mast-head light,
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on doth the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Doth she know her port,
 Though she goes so far about?
 Or blind astray, does she make her sport
 To brazen and chance it out?
 I watched when her captains passed:
 She were better captainless.
 Men in the cabin, before the mast,
 But some were reckless and some aghast,
 And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
 Sounds from the noisome hold,
 Cursing and sighing of souls distraught,
 And cries too sad to be told.
 Then I strove to go down and see,
 But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
 I turned to those on the deck with me
 And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be!
 Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple-blue,
 Blue is the quaker-maid,
 The alder clump where the brook comes through
 Breeds cresses in its shade.
 To be out of the moiling street
 With its swelter and its sin!
 Who has given to me this sweet
 And given my brother dust to eat?
 And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
 Yellow and white and brown,
 Boats and boats from the fishing banks
 Come home to Gloucester town.
 There is cash to purse and spend,
 There are wives to be embraced,
 Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend
 And hearts to take and keep to the end—
 O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
 What harbor town for thee?
 What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
 Shall crowd the banks to see?
 Shall all the happy shipmates then
 Stand singing brotherly?
 Or shall a haggard ruthless few
 Warp her over and bring her to,
 While the many broken souls of men
 Fester down in the slaver's pen,
 And nothing to say or do?



THE WOMAN THAT UNDERSTOOD

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY HUTT

ALL day the rain had beaten against the car-windows ; all day the dismal Arkansas landscape had grown steadily more dreary, with widening pools of water in the ditches each side of the road, more hopeless swamps where the forest had been under drier skies, more depressing little villages with the houses on stilts in the high places above the water ; and water swashing the door-steps in the lower places. The engine had wheezed and panted over the swaying, water-soaked roadbed. At intervals there would be a stop not down on the time-card, whereupon the porter would go cheerily through the Pullman coach, remarking : "Jest a little wash-out ahead ; but they all got the construction cyar there ; and we won't have to wait more'n haff an hour."

There were only three women for him to cheer. There were a lady in the state-room, and her maid, outside ; and there was a lady in No. 7.

The lady in the state-room was very handsome and very bored. Her maid had tipped him ; but, perhaps forgetful of this interesting fact, the lady herself had just given him a dollar. Nevertheless, he liked the lady in No. 7, who had only given him fifty cents, the better. "She got an awful pretty smile on her," he thought ; and he went to her first with the news as the small interruptions to journeying occurred. To her he went, at this moment, with a less cheerful air.

"Well, 'm, I guess we are up to it now," he began, as the train stopped.

"Another wash-out ? Or isn't this a town ?" said the lady.

"It's a town fast enough ; and a wash-out, too ; whole bridge gone, now ; and don't know how soon they can fix it—saying by ten, to-night ; but they say 'hope to,' and that ain't promising."

"Then we can't possibly get to Hot Springs this evening ?" exclaimed the lady, in dismay. "We're six hours late, as it is."

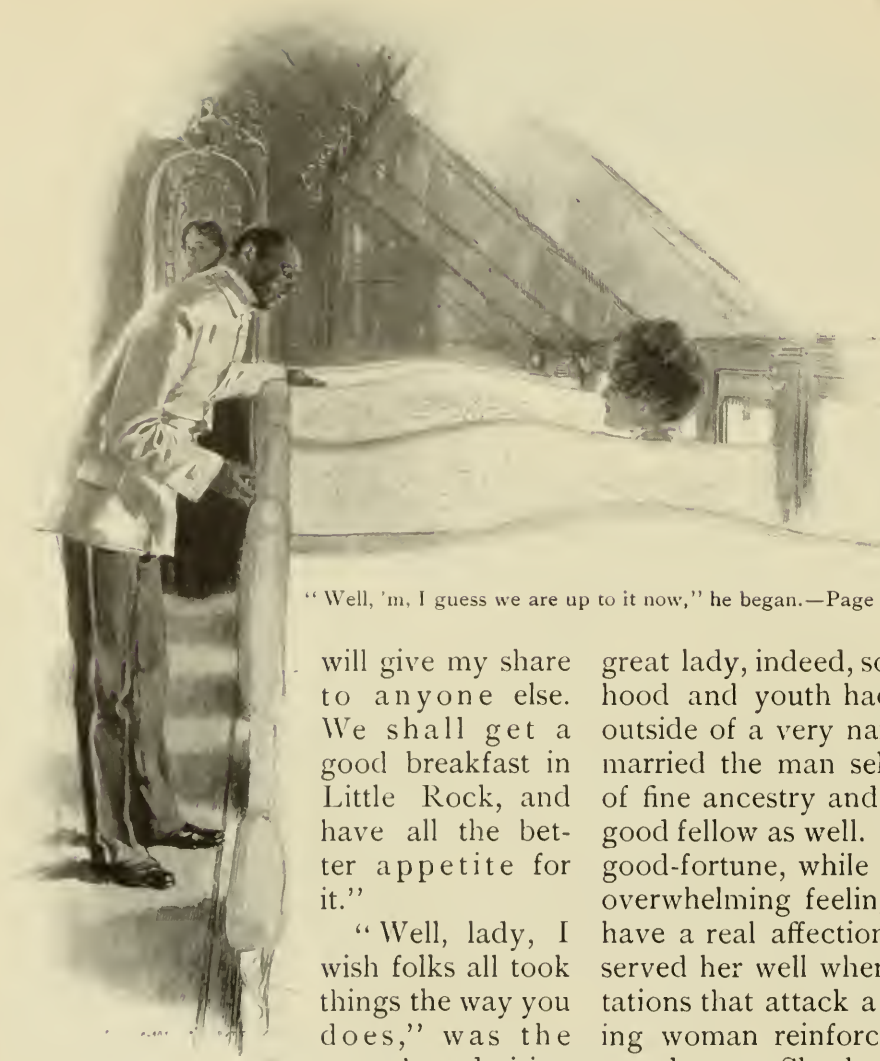
"No, 'm, eight ; and we can't git to Little Rock till morning, nohow ; and that ain't the worst ; we stocked up light, got off in a hurry, expecting to stock up again at Little Rock ; and there has been a awful lot of eating in the other Pullmans and the day coaches—there's a lot of hunters on board ; and fact is, we're pretty much cleaned out."

The lady looked at him with the pretty smile that had won him. She was not handsome like the lady in the state-room ; but she had very bright, liquid, dark eyes with curling lashes, and a musical voice that had a little uplift and sparkle in its sweetness.

"Does that mean nothing at all to eat ?" said she.

"Well, 'm, there's the chicken alay Marengo, and there's three beat biscuit."

"I tried some chicken *à la Marengo*, once," said the lady, musingly ; "I think I



"Well, 'm, I guess we are up to it now," he began.—Page 729.

will give my share to anyone else. We shall get a good breakfast in Little Rock, and have all the better appetite for it."

"Well, lady, I wish folks all took things the way you does," was the porter's admiring comment, as he

went his way to spread his news of gloom.

The maid in No. 10 had heard every word. So had the lady in the state-room. The latter half turned; and the maid came forward, smiling.

"You thought in time, didn't you, Élise?" said the lady, in French.

"I have been over this country before," the maid responded, with a respectful quiver of the shoulders that was not a shrug. Mlle. Élise's manners were equal to her admirable discretion—indeed, the lady had said to an intimate friend, "Élise is so perfect, she gets on my nerves—" "Madame would suffer from starvation if dependent on the buffet, and at the hotel there was a respectable menu."

"I am sorry for that lady."

"There is ample supply, Madame."

"You haven't counted the eggs, then, as you did at first; and you don't mourn over a boiled egg left over and wail,

'What extravagance!' as you did?"

"Alas! Madame, extravagance is a habit easily acquired; and it is always Madame's wish to provide the porter with a collation."

The lady smiled and said she could tell her later what she wanted; and Élise retired. Then the lady mused, with a flicker of interest.

She was a very

great lady, indeed, so great that her childhood and youth had hardly touched life outside of a very narrow circle. She had married the man selected for her, a man of fine ancestry and good fortune, and a good fellow as well. It had been her great good-fortune, while she had no vivid and overwhelming feeling for her husband, to have a real affection for him which had served her well when she found the temptations that attack a beautiful and charming woman reinforced by the foe in her own heart. She had been happy on the whole with him; and if, when he died, she did not mourn him with the passionate grief that she had felt over the death of their only child, she did grieve for him with sincerity and for a long time. Of late years—she was no longer a young woman—she had felt a sense of the weariness of emotion; as she said herself, she had lost her interest. More than once she caught herself wondering why, with all the accepted claims on happiness, she had not been happy. She was conscious of a subtle lack, there was no seasoning in her fare. Had she missed something that was in the common lot? she took to wondering. Her very servants seemed to know keener emotions than she, joys and pains, alike; and there were moments when she envied them. Most of the time she merely felt cold. Now, in a kind of flash, she perceived an opportunity to be one of the people. Why not speak to this agreeable and well-bred woman who did not know

her, and for a few hours see how nice people not in her own narrow circle looked at the world? This whole journey was a dash of enterprise; she did not care for Texas nor, indeed, was she ill enough to need the soft climate that she sought, but she wanted a change, something not so monotonous as the old European round, she was tired of everything, most of all tired of her flatterers; so she had run

away; and of a sudden it occurred to her that she was beginning to have a little fun.

The impulse was strong enough to send her over to No. 7. The lady in No. 7 looked up in welcome at her approach.

"I overheard the news," said she, "and I wondered if you would not be willing to share my reserve stores, since the buffet does not even seem to have its





Phyllis redeemed her word by holding the arm and shutting her eyes.—Page 735.

usual supply. And, really, I have quantities. Between them the porter and Élise can manage a very decent meal."

Before she was done she was actively hoping the other would not refuse, and thinking what a pretty face she had. Yet, in fact, the lady in No. 7 was not pretty. She hesitated.

"Pray take pity on my loneliness," said

the lady in the state-room (she was really amazed at herself), "you know how you would feel——"

"I know I should offer to share what I had with you," returned the lady in No. 7, "and I should be sorry if you refused. I won't refuse, then. Thank you very much."

As she spoke she made room on the

seat beside her, and the lady in the state-room almost sat down on "Elizabeth in a German Garden."

"That is delightful," said she, "isn't it?"

"It is adorable, and most amusing; although the humor is a bit cruel, don't you think?"

"I haven't read it; I have meant to, but one is so busy!"

"Oh, will you let me leave it with you, then? *Please!*"

There was the touch of an eager child in her manner and her sweet voice and her bright eyes. The other's first impulse had been toward a courteous refusal; but something withheld her. Were they not meeting on an equal and absolutely neutral ground of class, could she expect her favors to be taken and refuse to take favors in return? She was turning over the leaves of the book, catching a sentence here and there; and her roving glance halted a second at the writing on the fly-leaf—"Patience Van Renslaer Gates, New York, March 1, 18—."

"I am sure it will amuse me immensely. Thank you so much, Mrs. Gates."

"Miss Gates," corrected the other, with her charming smile. "I am not married."

A sudden impulse changed the words on the lady's lips; why give a name which any New Yorker would recognize? Probably she would never meet this pleasant stranger again; why not divest herself for once of the glamour of the family millions and her husband's ancestral pomp? "My name is Smith," said she, "Phyllis Smith." She added the Christian name out of a dim notion that it was democratic and "simplifying."

"Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, I am a widow. Was there ever such a dreary little hamlet! Look at that mite chopping wood, with his hand bandaged, too."

Just opposite the car-window a tiny wooden house reared itself out of the ooze. On the sagging piazza, that almost dipped into the water, a woman rocked lazily, while the boy hacked at a log on the higher ground. The village street ran crookedly to the right until the forest received it; to the left, a shed of a mill was panting behind piles of lumber, the white steam vollying against the blue sky. The houses and stores looked dingy and mean, the honeysuckle vines that were trained over the omnipresent piazzas, had brown splashes amid their green, the trees were gaunt and bare; and the black mud of the road was no blacker than the water in every hollow. Phyllis shuddered. "How miserable they must be! Don't you suppose that woman is thinking of suicide, this very moment?"

"Oh, dear, no," laughed Miss Gates.





She sent her carriage round to take the invalid driving.
—Page 739.

"she is more likely thinking of her spring dress. I see a sewing-machine in the window; but I think I must have a look at that little fellow's hand." She lifted a long narrow bag from the neat heap of luggage on the seat—very neat luggage, Phyllis noted, but also worn, as by long use. "You see I am a doctor," said she.

"How interesting!" said Phyllis, politely; "I never knew a woman doctor well; I always wanted to know one well enough to ask if she liked the profession. But of course you like it, or you wouldn't have chosen it."

"I didn't exactly choose it," said Miss Gates, "but I have grown to love it."

"You didn't choose it—why did you take it then?" said Phyllis, who had the serene bluntness of a great lady. "Did your people make you?"

"Not exactly. My father was a coun-

try doctor—in Georgia. I am a Southerner, too. My eldest brother—my twin brother he was—and I were studying in New York; he was to be a doctor, and I was studying to be an artist. But an epidemic of diphtheria broke out in our town, and my little sister sickened and then all the others. We came home to help. It was before anti-toxine, of course. When it began, my father had my mother and six children; two months later, he had only me."

"How perfectly horrible! How did you live?"

"I *had* to live; I couldn't leave my father. So I studied medicine with him to be with him and help him. That is how I became a doctor. It did comfort him, and I grew interested; although, at first, I never saw an art-journal or the name of New York without a wrench at the heart."

"You must have suffered so!" said Phyllis, gently.

"Yes," said Miss Gates, "but there was my poor father who had lost even more. I had to help him. I couldn't help him unless I seemed to be cheerful; one can always be cheerful whether one is happy or not. Besides, there is a kind of anæsthetic quality about a really crushing sorrow; it is like a very bad burn; a little burn hurts; but the worst burns destroy the nerves. I don't know now how I lived; but I did, and made jokes when the patients were funny. It was that or dying; and I had no right to die. Not while my father lived, and when he died I had Aunt Rebecca to comfort me."

"Your father is dead, too?" asked Phyllis. She felt a sense of awe at such a magnitude of misfortune; she could not summon any words for its comfort.

"He died five years ago; and then I went to New York to be with my Aunt

Rebecca. I wish you could see my aunt. She is my mother's sister. She is a widow, and she never had any children; but in spite of her sorrows, she is the most cheerful person I know. I don't know why I say 'in spite,' for my experience is that people who have had sorrow are very likely to cultivate cheerfulness as their only hope. But my aunt has what is more nagging than sorrow—she is an invalid, a cripple from inflammatory rheumatism. She is at Hot Springs now, and I am going to join her." She laughed, involuntarily. "I am quite sure Aunt Rebecca will have at least half a dozen funny stories for me. She is the most diligent collector of funny stories. I find them useful with my convalescents. And, talking of patients, don't you think we might go out and see that boy?"

Phyllis assented. As they walked along, she brought back the conversation to Miss Gates's aunt, and watched the delicate face kindle as she talked. "I feel I am a doting niece," she apologized, "but if you could only *see* Aunt Rebecca; she is such a pretty little old lady, with such a great spirit. I never saw such pluck, and a doctor sees a great deal, as well as the other thing. But what is most winning about her is that she understands so. She is the woman who understands. And, after all, don't you think that is what we crave most? Pity is odious; even sympathy sometimes knocks over something in our hearts by mistake, groping around in the dark; but no one lives who isn't grateful for comprehension!"

Her face was bright with a delicate and fugitive beauty. Looking at her Phyllis was touched to a finer admiration than she had ever known. "Dear me!" she thought, "she is the woman who understands; and how hardened and worldly and bargain-worn, morally, she makes me feel!"

"Only," Miss Gates mused, with a whimsical little smile, "I'm afraid our notion of comprehension is people seeing us as we see ourselves, not as God sees us!"

"Oh, of course we want our friends to butter us up a little," said Phyllis; "how should we know they did comprehend us, if they saw us as we *don't* see ourselves, whether the Lord sees us that way or not?"

Miss Gates's eyes shone; she had turned around to look at her companion who stood in the purple shadow of the trees that fringed the town, with the red glow of the sunset on her light figure and her exquisite face.

"You must have so many friends!" she cried, impulsively, and blushed like a girl, the next second, before she hurried on: "Here is the house. Maybe you would rather wait——"

"No, maybe I can help you," said Phyllis, and again she wondered at herself. She stood by while Miss Gates (as Phyllis always called her) engaged the woman in a general conversation about the way about town and the weather, which imperceptibly diverged of itself to the boy and his hand. The hand had been "mashed" by an axe. He made no objections to having it dressed without charge ("Maw ben 'lowing to git doctor to fix it soon's she got 'nuff money from the eggs," he said); the mother listlessly lent a hand and a basin of hot water; and Phyllis redeemed her word by holding the arm and shutting her eyes.

"There, it will do quite well now," said Miss Gates, "and you are a brave little fellow!"

Phyllis slipped a dollar into his uninjured hand. He grinned silently; but the mother said she was much obliged. "I'm right glad you come," said she; "I wisht I could do something for you all. I reckon you kinder glad to stop for a spell to res'; that jogglin' keepin' up all the time must be plum crazing. I went fifty mile once, on the local, and looked like I'd fly 'fore we stopped. But I like to see the cyars go by. I always did live on a railroad, and I don't think I could stan' it off in the country, it's so lonesome; now here, there's always a right smart goin' on. Say, they're grinding to-day at the mill, if you'd like to see it. And say, wouldn't you all like some fresh eggs, jess laid? I'll go gether some, if you would."





"Yes," said Phyllis, "I came too late."—Page 742.

Miss Gates would like them very much ; so she brought in a basketful of eggs. She would not take money, and they parted on the self-respecting basis of mutual obligation.

They waded to the mill to see the Saturday grinding. By this time they were arrived at a friendly enjoyment of each other's society and were giggling like school-girls over their efforts to outwit the miry roads. But when they returned to the train, they came on a spectacle of wrath and woe. The car was empty, but in the tiny kitchen beyond they found the porter and the conductor vainly trying to pacify Élise, who was wailing over a plate

of butter and a sugar-bowl, the remains of "a repast most perfect." At the sight of Phyllis, she put some guard on her frenzy, and explained that brigands or Indians, through the negligence of the imbecile of a black, who had deserted his trust and left the door unbolted, had swarmed into the car and robbed her of every crumb ; no doubt, but for the conductor's approach and her screams, they would have taken her watch or her life also.

"It was some hunters and some folks on the coaches," the conductor added ; "the French lady, I guess, couldn't make 'em understand ; and they hadn't

been able to get any dinner and they just stormed the buffet—they left some money, though——”

Élise, with a scream, swooped on the pile of silver ; all, she shrieked, belonged to Madame.

“Ain’t some of it mine ?” ventured the porter ; “there was three beat biscuit and a can of chicken alay Marengo ; I got to account——”

“That is easily managed : if Mrs. Smith is willing ; we will deduct the price of them——”

“But he should ’ave nozzing, nozzing ; it ees his neglajence——” Élise began in strong excitement, but choked her words at Phyllis’s gesture.

“Don’t let us go back of the returns,” said Miss Gates, “he’ll turn over his stove and whatever ground coffee he has to us ; and we shall have to live on the country.”

An irrepressible moan escaped Élise’s firmly compressed lips ; she rolled her eyes at the bleak landscape ; her mien was the mien of the irreproachable domestic who dies in silence.

“Oh, it is not so bad ; there is fresh cornmeal at the mill ; we have eggs here ; butter and sugar have been saved from the wreck, thanks to Mlle. Élise’s courage.” (Élise wiped away a tear ; she perceived that there was one soul intelligent enough to appreciate her, and admitted that she had sat down on the tin coffee-box and hidden the butter.) “I know how to get milk—I will see to the milking myself—and there is sure to be the very best, mast-fed pork for sale in the store. I am sure Mlle. Élise and I together can manage a dream of a Southern supper——” she threw a bright glance and smile around the circle—“for us all. And James will help us.”

Phyllis admired the ease with which she enlisted not only the conductor and the erring porter, but the justly angered Élise, into cheerful service.

While one of the company purchased the cornmeal at the mill and another some flour and baking-powder and pork at the store, Miss Gates and Phyllis sought their old acquaintance, and Phyllis gasped over Miss Gates while she milked the cow. She had coolly offered to milk, herself, saying she had once had a pet cow of her own.

“Well, *sir!*” sighed the woman, “don’t you guess you better let Benny ’n’ me try ? She ain’t no pet cow ; she’s got a kinder ill way on her an’ hooks ; I ben fixin’ to hev her dehorned, but I ain’t got ’roun’ to hit.”

“I didn’t tell you they gave me my cow because she had hooked four people ; now, I shall not be content unless you let me try to gentle your cow.”

“Shaw ! I reckon *you* could gentle onything !” cried the woman. She would not take any money ; but she received the *Harper’s Bazar* gratefully, saying, “I was kinder cravin’ a new way to make clo’es ; well, I certainly do wish you all well.”

Phyllis repeated the praise, when Miss Gates’s supper was served by Élise, whose deep respect toward Miss Gates was a beautiful sight.

“Madame,” said Élise, with emotion, having detailed the marvels wrought over the porter’s “lamp,” “*Madame, c’est une dame incomparable !*”

“And certainly,” agreed Phyllis, “it is a supper ‘incomparable’ ; I did not know there was such good corn-bread in the world. But don’t you think it owes something to the way I beat those eggs ? Are eggs usually beaten with so much care ?”

After the meal (and how long since Phyllis had eaten such a merry one !) they sat in the state-room together, and watched the sun slowly dip behind the darkling forest and its black and gleamy pools. Dreary as the landscape had seemed by day, it took on its own enchantment in the glow ; the forest had the quality of foliage in the massing of its leafless twigs ; and the mass held not the hue but the promise of green ; there were red smears on the distant willows, the pools of inky water took on purple tints in the shadows and burned back the fires in the west. Only a red glow remained of a marvellous pageant ; and through this glow a dazzling silver disc with a saw-like halo, sank by imperceptible gradations into the soft horizon line of trees.

It was an hour when the heart opens unconsciously. They talked late into the night. Phyllis found a strong fascination in the situation. She never had a close friend ; of her own choosing, her

friends had been either among her kindred or in the little circle which was as much a band of friends by birth, as the other. Here was a charming woman whom she had discovered for herself; who admired her for herself, and for nothing else; who had had the deepest of experiences and who lived in a world as different as possible from her own. She talked to her with a delight as novel as it was keen. There were no names in her talk; and by the simple, ostrich-like trick of avoiding the first person singular, she could be as frank of her dilemmas and experiences as her new mood demanded, saying only "a woman I know" instead of "I"—which is an old device for those that crave confidence and hate betrayal, and always deceives the teller into peace, however it may affect the listener.

Before they parted, she had written her feigned name in care of her own real name, and asked Miss Gates to write her, sometimes. "Any letters sent me there will be forwarded," she said; "she is a friend of mine, and I wish you would write me; I don't like to say good-by to-morrow and think I am *never* to see you again."

"I hope I shall see you," said Miss Gates, simply; but her eyes said more than her tongue. "Was I a fool?" thought Phyllis, left alone. "I believe I've talked to that woman about pretty much everything from second marriages to the immortality of the soul; and actually told her all about my poor Frenchman, only of course she thinks it is another woman's case. But she is right; I was only thinking of marrying him because I was so bored; I'll go to California instead."

Early in the morning Élise appeared; she was desolated to rouse Madame, but in half an hour they would enter Little Rock, the train had gone on shortly after Madame had retired; and she would bring Madame the coffee and toast and eggs which she had prepared. Where did she obtain the toast? Mlle. Gates had procured it in a small town—that is to say, the bread.

She had an impulse to ask Miss Gates to breakfast with her; but she checked it, sending her thanks instead, and hoping to see her soon. But when she came

out in the car, she found her new friend in bonnet and gloves, standing in the aisle to receive the porter's parting attentions. She explained that she must change her train at Little Rock, the hills and spires and factory chimneys of which were drifting into the car-mirrors.

Phyllis had another impulse more erratic than the first. It was no less a folly than to go to Hot Springs instead of San Antonio. She always believed that if she could have escaped the perfect Élise, she would have surrendered. But she saw Élise's skirts through the door; and she only sighed: "I think it is horrid you can't go on to Texas. Well, you have the address. I wish you would write me; and I'll let you know when I come to New York. *Must* you go? Is that your card? Thanks; and I am sure you saved my life last night. Good-by." She was holding the card which Miss Gates had handed her, silently. She wondered why the other did not speak, until she looked up and to her surprise saw that there were tears in those beautiful eyes. And then, moved by the most womanish impulse of all, she kissed her.

"Thank you," said Miss Gates; "if I don't ever see you again, won't you remember that you gave a stranger who needed it, a happy, happy time?"

There was no time for any answer; the porter beckoned; there was a parting, hurried good-by to Élise and something slipped into her hand; and then Phyllis was kissing her hand at a wistful smile on the platform, and the great, creaking wheels were moving again.

"I wonder will she write," thought Phyllis; "I wonder why I feel so ridiculously depressed; I wonder why on earth that idiot nigger doesn't get that room ready!"

Phyllis did not stay long in Texas. She decided to go to the south of France instead; and she returned by way of Hot Springs, having telegraphed to Miss Gates to meet her. She was annoyed when instead of Miss Gates at the station she received a letter. Miss Gates had been obliged to leave on the evening that she received the telegram, to go to New York for an operation. "I don't think you know how sorry I am," she wrote.

"Why didn't she put off her old operation?" thought Phyllis, peevishly, for she was not accustomed to be crossed; but she was really a reasonable creature; and she wrote to the New York address (a street that she did not recognize) how sorry she was, bade her call on her there, and gave her her French address. Then, with a careless thought of the old aunt, she sent Élise to order a box of flowers for her. "If I were Patience Van Renslaer Gates," thought she, "I doubtless should pay a visit to the old dame, but I'm not; and I'm too tired and too cross!"

The next day she left the Springs to go to New York. In New York she had many distractions, but they did not crowd her friend quite out of her mind, and she was disappointed when one afternoon she found her card with a line below, "I am so sorry."

Phyllis meant to go to see her the next day; but this was the week when the poor prince, who really was in love with her, came; and every moment was full of its own demands. Yet she held to her decision, really due as much to Patience Gates as anything else; and he had his journey across the water for nothing. The day after he sailed she sailed by another line. And as she sat on deck, she thought she saw amid the mass of faces and handkerchiefs on the dock the face of her friend. She leaned over the railing, her own listless features changing. There was no doubt; it was she; and in return to Phyllis's quick wave of her handkerchief she kissed her hand and smiled. This time, she had no tears in her eyes; and so long as Phyllis could see the dimming figure she was still smiling.

That was how their correspondence began. Phyllis wrote on shipboard, a long, long letter. In return she had a shorter letter from Miss Gates. Though it was short, it had in it enough of the charm of the writer to make Phyllis answer it, very soon.

She grew more interested rather than less in her correspondent. She had no confidant; and about this time, life grew interesting in a certain way; and there was enough to confide. She hit on what seemed to her an ingenious plan. In a way she shrank from baring her own per-

plexities to this new friend; so she told them of herself whom she drew as her friend; and she asked her counsel in this guise.

There was a piquancy in it to her; and it never occurred to her that the mask was insecurely tied. Miss Gates's delight in her letters, her curiosity, her unfailing sympathy, pleased her more and grew more indispensable to her.

After a little, she fell into the habit of polite inquiries regarding the aunt; and Miss Gates's picturings of her, her quotations from her dry speeches, her tales of her patience and generosity ("for I dare say you know, my dear, we are not rich; and it means something when Aunt Rebecca gives") inspired a kind of regard; she used to have her gardener send fruit and flowers from the country; several times, she sent her carriage round to take the invalid driving; and she found an unexpected keenness of pleasure in Miss Gates's gratitude. Once she sent something to Patience, herself, a bit of lace such as one may easily send in a letter, defying the customs; and in return Miss Gates wrote: "Won't you do me a favor, a great favor, the greatest? You have given me more pleasure, more happiness than I can tell you; won't you make me the finest kind of gift by giving me my sense of equality? I know that you have a great deal of money; you must know I have very little; but I am a gentlewoman, too; and it has been a lovely thing to me to have our friendship so equal; it does totter over toward you, I know, with all these beautiful things you do for Aunt Rebecca; but I haven't the right to say anything, there; but in my own case won't you please, please, simply give me no more than I can give you; let me feel that we are equal friends; and let me love you without humiliation?"

Phyllis's first emotion, reading this letter, was a sense of rebuff; and she was not used to rebuff; but very soon, another feeling grew in her; she tried to understand and she did understand—which was good for her, because she was not used to put herself in another's place. Besides, as she reflected, it would be great fun outwitting her proud Southerner. She wrote back: "You shall have your own way, dear, proud thing. I shall not risk losing

the one friend I have captured for myself by any nonsense. One doesn't have a chance to make real, deep friendships the way we live. You have allies, you don't have friends, in society. The trouble is, one can't get near to people. We are always on dress parade. We do polite things for each other; and scrupulously pay back, very often feeling awfully bored because we must. I think sometimes it is only poor people that have a chance to really help each other. When we are ill, we have paid nurses; when those we love die, we shut ourselves up, until we can get a chance to run off to California or Europe. We never get a chance to see each other really moved. What do I know of the real nature of the pleasant people that I see every other day in the season? But I do know something of yours; and you know no end of my poor soul, for I have pretty much emptied it out before you."

It was true; she had come to be more open with this acquaintance of a day than with the friends of her lifetime. She grew more and more interested in the letters. They told of a life so different from her imagining, so utterly outside her experience. It was the life that she had vaguely pined to understand and to know; and vicariously she did know it. By degrees she won her friend into details of her daily experience; by degrees she became the rather careless and humorous but efficient fairy godmother to the doctor's poor patients.

More than once, she thought of returning home in order to see her friend; there was no valid reason why she should go down the Nile, yet she went down the Nile; and many a night, in the tropical moonlight, she remembered how she had watched the sun sink into the burning lake behind the dark and leafless trees, on the Arkansas plains. She had sensations of actual homesickness, sometimes; she wanted to go back, to take up the life her friend sometimes planned for her, to live in her own country, to be with her own people and her own friend. "I'm tired of pleasuring," she wrote; "I want to get down into the thick of life again, and leave the spectators' seats. You have converted me; I mean to come home, to work—and you!"

In answer, she received the first letter in

which there was a note of pain or weakness. "I miss you, and I long for you," wrote Patience Gates, "God only knows how I long for you, or how happy your promise to come makes me. Oh, Phyllis, come *soon*!"

Almost by the next mail another letter came, begging pardon for the "hysterics" of the first, and written in the gay tone that Phyllis liked; but Phyllis shook her worldly wise brown head, which her hairdresser and Élise had defended from a thread of gray. "That's all very well," said she, "but I know she's in trouble. I wonder, could she be having a love-affair; I believe she *is*. I'll go home and rescue her."

Before she went home, she wrote the confession which had long been on the point of her pen: she told her real name; she confessed that the friend whose affairs and dilemmas and perplexities and offers of marriage she had detailed so freely, was herself; she begged Patience to meet her on the dock. "I can't wait to see you," she wrote, impulsively. It was as if some string were pulled in her heart, and her reserve dropped from her like a mask untied—she wrote as she might have written to her sister; she said all the silly, quaint, loving, fanciful things that she had felt it beneath her dignity to express; for the first time, she seemed to realize how her friend had changed life for her; and she told her so frankly. "You may not think me very decent," she wrote, "but I'm no end decenter than I used to be. The boys (my brothers, you know) are delighted with the way I have taken to business; they say, 'Phil has a great head!' But it is all *you*: I ought to know how my money is invested and I ought to understand about things. I did attend to those houses; I couldn't sleep until I had. And as for those people you write about—of course, I looked out for them when you let me see the state of things. You have taught me how the other half lives, you know; and I am living a far wider life, myself, thanks to you. And don't you be pernicketty about those pictures I sent your aunt. She's a dear, herself; and we are going to be awfully chummy, next month, while you and I——" Then she rambled away into reminiscences of the time when they met. "It's a letter that

will please her to the ground," she thought cheerfully, as she sealed it with her own coat-of-arms—Phyllis did not in the least underrate her own power to charm—"and now I am done with my nice, romantic, incognito friendship; and I wonder shall I like a comfortable daylight acquaintance as well. Will she be as nice as her letters?"

She read over the letters of two old friends to whom she had recommended Dr. Gates in her professional character; they being always in search of a medical novelty and a new disease for themselves that should not need dieting. She had described Patience as charming; and her conscience did not prick her in the least when she added "and she is *most* skilful and successful;" nor did the event betray her. The friends belonged to the class that believe ardently in the newest medical appeal to its imagination. They had only to be told (by Phyllis who knew them) that Dr. Gates had a wonderful magnetism, to feel it at once; and they sang Patience's praises in all quarters of their social dominions. "Maybe you won't let me give you things!" Phyllis chuckled. "I've given you a practice, and you'll have to take it."

Many a time on shipboard she took out the letters and read again the invalids' maunderings over their own sufferings and dear Dr. Gates's "wonderful help." "She is managing them just as she managed the porter and Elise—and me," Phyllis thought, with a little ironic smile. Then she would wonder and puzzle about the love-affair. She had thought about it so much that she felt quite convinced of its existence; and she was anything but pleased with the possible lover. She was alone, save for Elise, and the people on shipboard did not interest her; so that she had the more time for thought. She thought about her brothers, to whom the last year had drawn her nearer; she thought tenderly of her little nieces and the nephew, on whom the family hopes centred, and whom the new feelings fostered by Patience had insensibly led her to take further into her heart; she thought affectionately of the sister-in-law that she had always liked; and she thought more temperately and kindly of the one that she had never liked; but most of all she

thought of Patience Gates. And when she stood on deck as the great steamer slowly neared the black mass on shore, her heart was beating in a fashion the like of which she could not remember in years. But nowhere could she see the slender figure and the bright face that she had watched when she sailed away. Her older brother and the nephew had come down to the city in the heat to greet her; and their good-nature touched her. She was more appreciative than she had been once. Yet, through all the child's clamor of pleasure, and the talk of family happenings, and the intrusive roar of a great city, Phyllis was conscious of a blank disappointment. She called herself a fool, since no doctor's time is his own, and undoubtedly there would be a letter; yet the disappointment deepened and a dejection that irritated her came on its heels. She determined if there were not a letter waiting for her, that she would hunt up Patience in her own home. But there was a letter. It was not from Patience; the address was in her aunt's hand, a stiff, neat, minute, old-fashioned hand which had come to Phyllis in many notes of acknowledgment. Phyllis tore open the envelope. She sat down quite calmly; she read every word:

MY DEAR CHILD:

Do not mind me calling you that; for though Patience never would let me tell you, we found out your real name a few months ago; and Patience's grandmother, Janet Van Renslaer, who ran away and married the Massachusetts artist who went south, was *my* mother; so that through your husband I am connected with you. My dear, dear child, I want to break the news to you gently if I can; but I don't know any gentle way. Our dear Patty has left us. It was only last week, only two days ago; she pulled a child from under a horse's hoofs and was struck herself. Thank God, she did not suffer; it was instant loss of consciousness and almost instant death. The policeman said he never saw anything braver. He cried when he told me about it. I know this will be a shock and a grief to you. For I know how my dear child loved you; and no one could know her and not love *her*. I wish you could have seen the poor people at the funeral, the mothers and the children, yes, and the men, too, who lost a half day's wages to pay her that last respect. One woman said: "Aw, she was a saint from hivin; we'll niver have nobody now to make us laff!" My dear, do not mourn for her. It was better so. As I looked around the room with her coffin in the centre (I had them wheel my chair in there, and stayed with her that last night) and looked at the walls

hung with the pictures of those we loved the best, all safe in heaven, and remembered what she had suffered and what she would have had to suffer, I thanked God. My dear, I had reason. Once she told me of a letter to me which she wanted me to find and read, a letter in a certain place. You see, she knew that it would comfort me, and there was *never* anyone so thoughtful of little things as she. She didn't expect to die suddenly, she said that in the letter; it was a mercy, she said, that would be too great to happen. This is why it was a mercy, my dear: She had a mortal disease, one of the cruelest. I will tell you everything about it when I see you. How she bore the pain and discomfort, and never, never broke down, God only knows. She did bear it all, and I never saw any dimming of that bright smile of hers; and there never was a sign of the apathy which I have noticed in people living under such a dreadful doom. She never (before me or anyone) went off into those gloomy reveries. She was always a comforter. She found it out just before I went south. It hurts me to this day to remember how she stinted herself to get that trip for me, and then she made a hurried visit to me to see me once more before the operation. And she *never* told me, only there was the letter in case the operation had gone wrong. But it succeeded. She was better for a time, but the awful thing had come back again, and—oh, I thank God for the horse's hoofs! My dear, this is a foolish, rambling letter of a broken-hearted, helpless old woman who forgets what she meant to say. There was something—yes, I want you to know how much happiness your friendship brought into my poor girl's life. She had had cruel, cruel sorrows. Maybe she told you how she was engaged to be married but she would not leave her father such a broken man, my dear; and he was not, he was not everything he should have been in temper. I suppose on account of his troubles. I find sorrow so trying to the temper myself, it is one of its worst burdens; and my brother-in-law, poor soul, was a very fussy man about his meals. She would never admit he was anything but an angel. But you can see what a bleak existence she had until *you* came. She loved you so; she has told me all about you; how beautiful and how fascinating you are. Why, my dear, she would be happy for days after she got one of your letters. You know—surely your coachman and footman

know, for they have taken me so often to drive by your kind thoughtfulness—that we are on a side street, near your house; and after we found out that it was your house, and the gentleman there was your brother, Patty used to go that way when she took the cars, just to look at the house where you used to be. And I can never tell you how grateful we both were for the help you gave us. We were sure it was to you we owe the increase in her practice which made us so comfortable. We had been slightly cramped before, because years ago Patty insured her life, and the interest was a tax. But we were very comfortable; and I am provided for during the few years I have to stay waiting to join them all. I wanted you to know. Your last letter came the day she left us, and I laid it in her hand. I thank you and bless you, my dear child. When I saw in the paper you were coming I felt I must tell you. Please excuse my poor way of expressing myself; I cannot seem to think quite clearly; *she* used to think for me and help me with my letters. But it will not be long.

Your grateful old friend,
REBECCA VAN RENSLAER MARR.

The letter slipped out of Phyllis's limp fingers. She looked out of the window, but she saw nothing of the kaleidoscope of dazzling sunshine and gay equipages below; the babel of the city roared into her deaf ears; her little nephew called her, but she did not hear. She was only listening to the burden of a trivial little song that a very red and stout German used to sing on shipboard:

Too late I came, the room was dark,
That had been so warm and bright,
And never more on sea or shore
Shall I carry a heart as light!

"Yes," said Phyllis, "I came too late. She would have let me help her if I had come. I came too late."

But it was not too late for Aunt Rebecca.



THE CRANE

By Francis Churchill Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLIFFORD CARLETON



IT could lift eighty tons as easily as Barney Scott lifted his dinner-pail. But then it was some sixty feet in length and weighed about thirty tons itself, while Barney never had to bend his head when going through the five-foot-ten fence-gate of the works, and he weighed only one hundred and thirty pounds. However, as Barney often said, "'T isn't th' man who lifts th' heaviest pig" (meaning the pig that is born in the foundry) "who bosses th' shop." And so it was Barney who did the bossing in this case, and it was the big travelling crane that lifted the weights and lowered them, and ran up and down the shop, and never thought of asking why it did so. For the matter of that, Barney himself forestalled any questions his giant friend might have asked by telling it of every move it made in obedience to the turn of his wrist, or pull or push of his arm. "Now we're goin' t' pick up that ladle," he would say in a half-whisper as he got the signal from the melter at the far end of the shop. Then he would shove over a lever, and the crane would begin to purr in the contented fashion in which only well-kept electric cranes indulge. "We're coming—coming—coming—coming," it would grumble in bass tones. And Barney, seated in the steel cage which was perched on one shoulder of his friend, would repeat to himself, "Yes, we are—are—are—are." But his hand never left the lever, and he knew how to keep one eye on the drums and motors and wheels and trolleys before him, and the other on the end of the building, where a group of men waited for his fellow-worker and himself—which is something that every crane-driver who is worth his salt must be able to do without becoming cross-eyed.

And so down the shop they would go, and just at the right moment Barney's fingers would close and his arm move, and his friend's purr would grow less in volume and cease, and the big chains which hung from the wire-wound drums between the girders of the crane would gently sway.

Then Barney would give another lever a push, and the carriage carrying the drums would be "racked" across until it stopped right over the ladle that was to be moved. With a "Steady, boy! steady!" the crane-driver would give still another lever a pull, and the humming treble of the revolving drums would respond to his cautioning words for a moment, only to die away when the hands of the workmen below seized the chains, and slipped into place in the rings of the ladle the double hooks that they bore. Then once again the satisfying song of the drums and the deep purring of the wheels would reply in turn to Barney's low-spoken words, "We're goin' up th' shop. They want t' dump this ladle. 'T must be put near those moulds over there. But there's no hurry, no hurry; so take y'r time, they've got t' wait fur us."

Barney knew every plate, every reinforcement, every bolt, rivet, nut, and wheel in the body of his big friend. He knew its disposition, its likes and dislikes, its power, its tractability under persuasion, and its immovability when something went wrong with it and it decided to lay off for awhile. He understood how to humor and how to relieve it when, like all giants, it was pestered by some puny enemy and, perhaps, crippled for the time being. It would take him but an instant to creep out from his cage over the girders and locate the seat of trouble. "I know what's ailin' y', ould boy," he would say as he bent down, and his keen eyes searched for and found the sore spot. "'T's me that'll make 't all right fur y' in a cat's wink; so don't be onaisy." And his nimble fingers, wielding screw-driver, wrench, pliers, or hammer, would speedily repair the damage. Then, as he walked back to the cage, he would say, confidentially, "There now, wasn't I after tellin' y' I'd fix 't?" and he would give a lever the slightest pull, so that from his friend would come a thankful acknowledgment of his work and words.

Barney's acquaintance with the giant extended from the day when, borne on

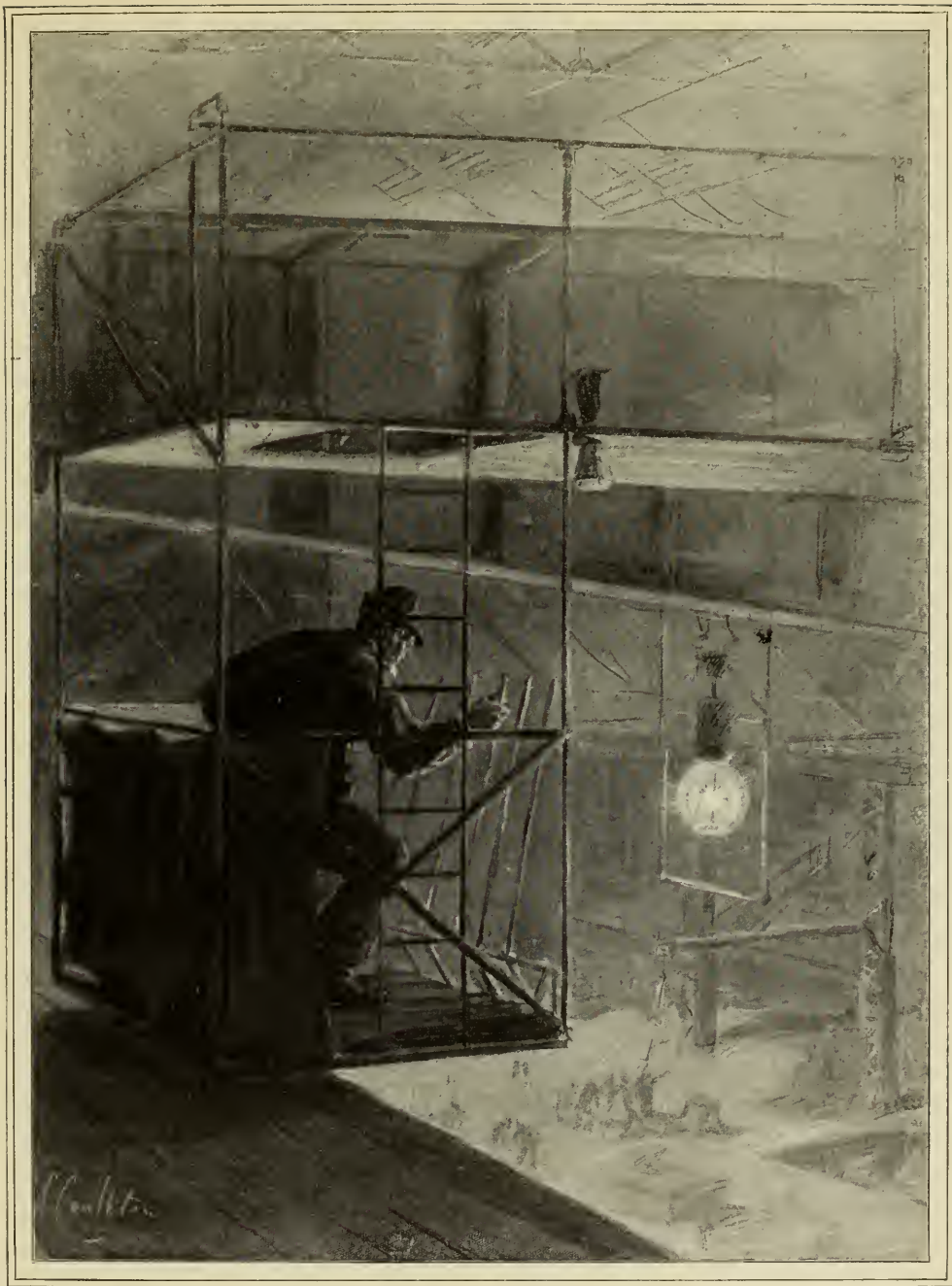
two flat cars, the latter was brought to the shop where open-hearth steel was made, and after many hours of hard work slowly lifted into position. It rested on two tracks, one of which ran for five hundred feet along the south wall of the building, the other for the same distance along beams which were supported by many steel columns about the middle of the shop. Below and between these tracks the casting floor where the ladles were filled and castings made, extended the four hundred feet of its length, littered with flasks, and castings slowly cooling, and "scrap," and a huddle of steel and iron shapes. Over all this Barney and his friend ran back and forth forty feet in the air, and Barney held the beings who toiled and sweated beneath him in a mild scorn that was born of observing how helpless they often were without him and the giant who labored at his bidding.

"Look now! Look at those hooks they're a-carryin'," he would say, as he sat in his cage at one end of the building and watched a couple of men staggering under their burden at the other end. "They're purty nearly bandy-legged with th' luggin' of them, an' two of them at 't, too, mind y'. Prisintly they'll be a-callin' fur us, an' we'll go down there an' whusk them same hooks, an' th' ladle they'll be fast to, an' ten ton or more of metal thrown in, up into th' air as aisy as y' plaze." With that, Barney would rub the grips of the levers with affectionate care, and laugh in his throat, and gaze admiringly at the vast fabric that bridged the space between his seat and the opposite wall.

At night many arc-lights threw back shadows into every corner of the building, and Barney, perched above the working world of the steel plant, would, in his idle moments, dream dreams that had their substance in the potentialities that lay passive beneath his hand. He fancied how it would astonish them all if suddenly he should come up the shop at full tilt, riding his steel monster without regard for what it might crush in its progress. How they would fly on all sides when they realized that he cared not for them; and how they would tumble over flasks, broken castings, sand-piles, and the scraps of steel! They would have to acknowledge

his kingship then. They would call to him in their terror to stop, and he would not if they were in his path; they would cry out to him in their frantic fear—Hark! was that one of them crying to him now? He straightened up, and turned his head, listening. But then he chuckled softly to himself; for it was only a foreman at one of the furnaces shouting to his gang, "Charge up!" It was a familiar sound which had startled him from his dream; it was a familiar sight which met his eyes as his glance followed the row of furnaces that extended almost the length of the building. Yet he watched the moving figures about those furnaces with no lack of appreciation. After all, these men were making ready the toy with which he and his giant friend would soon be playing. Now the figures of the men came out in detail in the hard white brilliance of the arc-lights, and now they were silhouettes as they strode into the orange and red flare from the open furnace-door, and, sluing around with their backs to the intense heat, dexterously discharged a shovelful of ferro-manganese into that yawning mouth, which seemed instantly to close on the morsel. Barney saw a foreman step forward, and, lifting the shutter which covered the furnace-door, peer through the blue glass that he held before his face. Barney speculated, as he had done a hundred times before, why it was that this particular foreman always spat twice upon the ground before looking through the glass. While he speculated he got a signal from up the shop, and he spoke a word to his friend, and together they moved away to their work.

The Sampson Steel Company was working on government orders, and was working with the handicap against it. Government contracts paid well; but there were more bidders for them than there was work to go round. So men toiled night and day, and the manager told stories of how salaries were sometimes raised when corporations prospered, and foremen found themselves reading their instructions in their sleep, and melters learned that a poorly constructed furnace-lining meant a new name on the pay-roll, and the men who wielded the shovel, or worked at furnace, hammer, or machine jumped at the word, and the keepers of near-by sa-



He fancied how it would astonish them all if suddenly he should come up the shop at full tilt.—Page 744.

loons swore that their business was going to the devil. But molten steel cares not a whit whether it mounts evenly in a mould or flows at random over the floor of a pit, where it is an offence in the eyes of the head of the department. Neither will other accidents be prevented always by the fact that a reputation is at stake. And so it was that the manager of the Sampson works referred daily, with growing anxiety, to the book in which were entered the government orders; and counted the hours intervening till a certain day on which the contract for "deck-lugs" (being the supports for heavy guns

on ship-board) expired. The Roxdale Steel Mills were close competitors in this same line of work, and already a friendly hint had come from Washington in which the name of the Roxdale Mills appeared. It was not unreasonable, then, that the manager of the Sampson works should see dwindling dividends, and consequent meetings of the Board of Directors to which he would not be invited, looming in the near future. Nor was it hardly more strange that the foremen and hands in the Sampson works should be doing some thinking on their respective accounts.

The night-shift in the open-hearth de-

partment had come on duty at half-past five o'clock of a drizzling afternoon. When the whistles blew at half-past eleven o'clock that evening it was freezing hard out of doors, and a north wind made the sweating men, as they dropped their tools and reached for the pails that held their supper, feel as though a handful of icicles had been slipped down the necks of their shirts. Barney extracted himself from the cage of the crane and swung himself down the ladder to the floor of the shop. Long Jones, who was taller and thinner than any man in the place, and wore the biggest shoes, came around the corner of a furnace, and hunched himself against an old flask, prying off the lid of his supper-pail as he took his seat. Barney joined him, and already had bitten into a sandwich of bacon and bread as thick as two of his fingers when someone halted beside him and sat down between Jones and himself. It was Bagley from the machine-shop, who was taking

his turn on the night-shift in the open-hearth department. Bagley was a new man and a handy one, and it was the cause of much secret rejoicing to the melters when he came on duty to look after such small repairs as occasional breakdowns necessitated. He put the two tin pails he carried between his knees, and, with a word of greeting, fell to on the contents of one of them.

"Blowin' up cold," he said, after a couple of bites.

Long Jones nodded. Barney's mouth was occupied at the time.

"Only twenty minutes fur grub t'-night," the new-comer asseverated.

"Thought we wouldn't get but ten,"

returned Barney. "An' be th' same token, if 't was t' kape up another night at th' prisint rate, 't's no more we would have."

"But it won't keep up," said Jones. "Th' last of those deck-lugs goes into th' flask t'-night."

"Barrin' accidents," interjected Barney.

"Barrin' accidents," agreed Jones.

"An' if it's more of them we're goin' t' have, may I be too drunk t' know m' name when th' old man hears th' tale. What with th' metal a-fillin' in of tap-holes, an' ladle linin's crackin', an' gas valves a-breakin' down, an' wires a-burnin' out, th' plant's got a dirty name, an' I hear they're a-sayin' that 'f we fall down on this contract th' guv-'rment'll be shakin' us fur good, an' Roxdale'll get all th' work next time. We've got just three weeks from t'-night t' ship th' last of those lugs, an' it'll take every hour of that t' finish th' one we'll cast t'-night."

"Guess 't could be done in less time if 't had t' be," said Bagley, confidentially.

Jones had his teeth fast in a wedge of pie at the moment, but he wrenched them from their hold to reply:

"What y'r jawin' 'bout? There isn't any plant in th' country could do it in less time. Y' machine-shop fellers think y'r awful smart, but y' don't know everything. Ain't that so, Barney?"

Barney nodded sagely, and Bagley hastened to the attack again. "Well, y' needn't get so all-fired hot 'bout 't. I'm dead sure, even 'f som'thin' happened t' that flask t'-night, that they'd make a new one, and finish th' castin', too, inside of three weeks." The speaker looked defiantly at Jones.

Long Jones was put upon his mettle.



Barney.



. . . why was it that this particular foreman always spat twice upon the ground before looking through the glass.—Page 744.

"Y'r dead sure of that, are y'?" he said. "Well, it takes jest thirty-nine days t' make an' finish a lug castin', as I happen t' know. We've got th' mould made, so that strikes off two weeks an' three days. That leaves—let's see; three weeks an' a day t' end th' job. Call it three weeks even, an' that's the time exactly we've got." Jones was a bit proud to display his knowledge, for he had worked in almost every shop in the plant, and they knew it.

"Oh, stop y'r croakin'," said Barney, good-naturedly. On Bagley's face there was a half-sneer. Jones saw it and retorted, as a clincher, "Mark y', if anything happens t' this castin' t'-night, Roxdale, or someone else, 'll get th' next guv'r'ment work we might a had."

There was silence for a moment, and Jones got on his feet, and hooked his supper-pail on his arm. "I'm goin' over for m' pipe I left over there by No. 6," he said, and walked away.

Bagley picked up one of the pails that lay between his legs and took off the lid.

"Hav' some coffee?" he said, extending the pail to Barney; "'t's been warmin' up against th' furnace."

"Guess I will. Here's lookin' at y'," replied the crane-driver, tipping the can against his lips. The coffee was strong and black, and it was grateful to the throat. He took a generous drink, then handed back the can. Bagley held it in both hands, and put it up to his mouth. Barney turned to his supper-pail, and extracted a big slab of ginger-bread which he broke in two. "Try some; 't's good," he remarked. "Th' ould woman made 't." Bagley reached for the cake and in so doing knocked over the coffee-can. Part of its contents was spilled before he could right it. But he only laughed, and said, his mouth half-full of ginger-bread, "Don't make no difference anyway; I've had all I want. Y' might as well drink th' rest y'rself if y' want 't."

Just then the whistles blew, and the men got up. Barney had the coffee-can in his hands. "'T cer'ainly goes t' th' right spot," he remarked, as he drained the vessel.

"'T does so," returned Bagley.

Five minutes later the plant was in full operation, and Barney, on his perch on the crane, waited a call to duty.

In the pit back of furnace No. 3 they had placed a big ladle capable of holding sixty thousand pounds of metal. It was a deep bowl of steel, hooped and banded, and was emptied at the bottom through an opening, or nozzle, in which worked a plug operated by a long lever. In furnace No. 3 bubbled the liquid steel from which the deck-lug was to be cast over whose making Long Jones had wagged his head. In the pit men were handling long metal rods, and on the edge of the pit, directing the movements of the gang, was a figure which Barney recognized as that of the head of the department.

"Sure, an' we knew Mister Baxter 'd be down t' see 't done, didn't we?" Barney remarked to the crane. "An' 't's no mistake we do want t' be makin' now, ould boy, with him a-watchin' us," he went on. He rubbed his horny palms over the smooth surface of the levers as he spoke, and gave each of them a gentle pull to see that everything was working right.

"Uf! uf! u-r-r-r-r-r-r! Of! of! o-r-r-r-r-r-r! Of! of! o-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

Ak! ak! a-r-r-r-r-r," replied the crane, in successive base, alto, and treble assurances that its various moving parts were ready to do their duty. A web of fine wrinkles overspread Barney's face at the sounds, as was always the case when he was well pleased. Then he turned his face again toward the furnaces, and watched the men about No. 3.

After a minute he twisted himself in his seat. "'T must be I caught a bit of a cold t'-night," he communed with himself. "Me legs 's that heavy they feel as 'f they was a-carryin' me t' have me pay docked; an' me head's in th' hammer-shop judgin' be what me ears 's tellin' 't. Faith, th' ould woman 'll be detectin' whuskey on me breath to-morro' mornin' 'if me bones kape on a-achin'."

He sat resting his chin on one hand, which was supported by the railing of the cage. But the blue rays of the electric lights seemed to be a thousand needles that were piercing his eye-balls. His head pressed more and more heavily on his hand, and at last slowly slid off sideways and struck the upright bar of the cag-netting. But just at that instant came a call from the end of the shop. Instinctively obeying the command, he pulled one of the levers, and the crane started down



Jones had his teeth fast in a wedge of pie at the moment, but he wrenched them from their hold to reply.—Page 746.



But back in the shop he knew he was.—Page 750.

the shop. Facing his duty, Barney partly straightened himself up ; but he had not travelled fifty feet when something seemed to fall over his face like a black mantle, a sense of choking almost overpowered him, and he lurched forward on his knees. He realized that something had happened to him, and he seemed to care nothing that it had. But habit was strong in him, and a faint appreciation of a dreadful thing to come if the big engine which he rode was to go on without a hand to govern it,

made him cling to the lever which controlled its forward movement and, by a desperate effort, throw it back so that the crane came to a stop. Then suddenly it was borne upon him that he had floated out of the cage, and was dropping down, down into a very black hole.

He went down a tremendous distance before that jerk came which, in an instant, checked his fall, and whisked him from the hole and darkness to the floor of the shop and the field of brilliancy caused by an



Silhouetted in the glow from the steel stood Mr. Baxter. — Page 752.

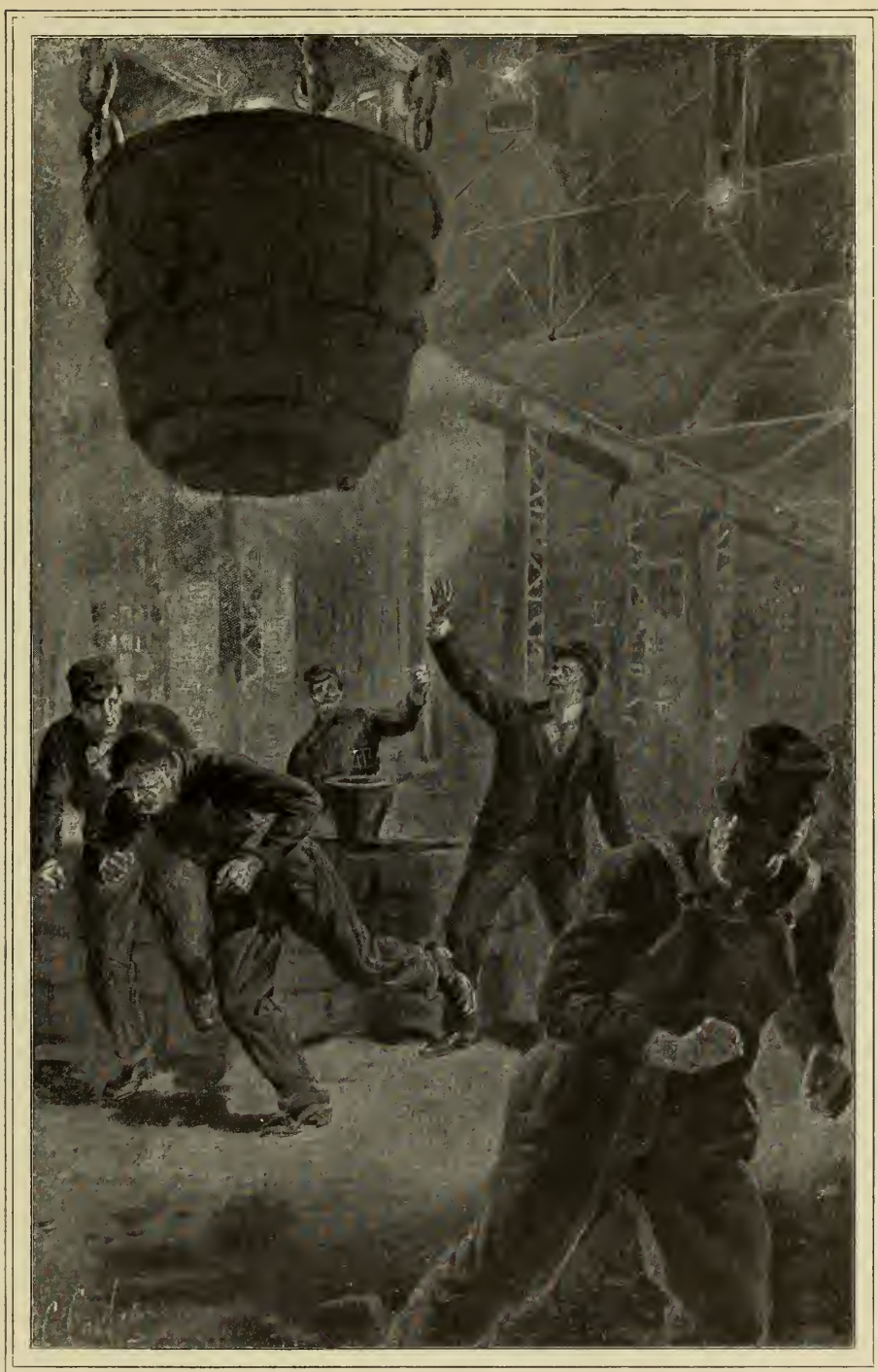
arc-light over his head. But back in the shop he knew he was, for there were a dozen men about him, and one man was opening his shirt, and a second man was holding a flask of whiskey to his lips. He tried to push away the first of these men, and sucked at what the second offered him, and never wondered at it all for a space. Then his hold on the real world grew stronger, and he heard someone speaking.

"He'll be all right now, I guess," said

the voice. "Johnson, you and McNally stay with him. The rest of you men get back to th' pit. Who can run th' crane?"

"I can, sir," answered another voice, and this one Barney recognized as belonging to Bagley. "I ran th' crane at Roxdale, an' I ran 't once here when Scott was off."

"That's so," thought Barney. "But I'm damned if y'll do 't this time," and he tried to raise himself to a sitting position, and promptly dropped back, and did some more falling down that black hole.



Everyone about the flask jumped for his life.—Page 753.

When next he was on solid earth, only McNally was beside him, and a coat was under his head, and he was staring up at the corrugations of the metal roof of the shop. His eyes at once sought the crane, and remained there, only travelling over its massive frame to make sure that all was as it should be. Yes, there the crane was, directly over the ladle which stood in the pit, balanced on its heavy trunnions. The chains of the crane were fast to the hooks that were attached to the ladle. In the

pit, men thrust the long tapping-irons into the tapping-hole which opened into the furnace directly over the ladle, breaking away the wall of sand which held in check the fluid steel within the furnace. Presently, a blow pierced the remaining shell of sand, and a gush of liquid steel leaped out into the ladle, and swelled at successive thrusts of the iron until it was a column of flowing pearl tinged with turquoise. A shower of golden sparks and shooting stars of fire were projected incessantly into

space. From the ladle, too, were struck out countless points of gold and red as the metal rose in its depths, and on the breast of the liquid steel there climbed above the ladle's rim a curving crust of dark blue which was sown with a thousand tiny lights, and spouted yellow and sapphire and violet flames.

And now the stream from the tapping-hole diminished and ceased; and from the lip of the opening hung a slobber of glazing metal. Silhouetted in the glow from the steel stood Mr. Baxter. Barney's gaze had dropped to the men at the pit; but, as Mr. Baxter raised his arm and gave a command, he looked up again at the crane, and identified the man who sat in the cage there. It was Bagley, and he was leaning sideways over the netting of the cage, looking and listening for the next

order. His hands were on the levers which controlled the movements of the chains from which was suspended the ladle, slowly rising from its bed in the pit. When that huge vessel was a few feet above the floor of the building, Barney saw him, at a word from Mr. Baxter, pull on another lever. Barney's big friend at once began to back up the shop, carrying its burden of molten metal.

Fifty feet away was a dark shape—the flask in which the deck-lug was to be cast. From its top projected funnels of iron lined with clay, down whose throats the melted steel was to pass to the mould beneath. Over the flask the ladle was slowly swung. Then it was brought to a stop directly above the largest of the openings in the flask. Mr. Baxter stepped up to the ladle, watch in hand, waiting until the right moment should come to pour off the metal. Barney lay still, his eyes burn-

ing, a faint flush on his usually pale cheeks, his jaw moving nervously, and, now and then, his fingers clenching. For there was his big friend working the will of another's mind, and obedient to a strange hand. It fairly made his heart ache to see it. And Bagley of all men! It was Bagley,

he recalled, who had given him that coffee to drink. It seemed as if the taste of it was even yet in his mouth. "Bad cess t' him," he muttered to himself. "An' may th' devil drink from his can next toime."

Then, as he heard Mr. Baxter utter a sharp command, Barney's eyes became fixed upon the ladle. He would see how close this Bagley could come to hitting the right spot with the nozzle; for it was in placing the nozzle directly over the openings in the ladle that the skill of the crane-driver had its real test.

But to Barney, now measuring with his glance the distance between ladle and flask, it seemed that the ladle was rising, not dropping. He started, and managed to lift himself to a sitting position. His vision must be deceiving him, he believed. But as he moved, a shout from Mr. Baxter told him that he had seen aright. The ladle *was* rising.

"N-o-o-o-o-o-o-o," mumbled the crane, as if in protest at the action imposed on it. Yet so swiftly was the ladle lifted that already it was a dozen feet in the air. Barney's glance flew to the cage of the crane, and he was floundering to his feet even as his eyes took in the position of the man there. Bagley was looking over the edge of the cage-railing, mingled fear and triumph in his face. As Barney staggered forward the other gave two of the levers a quick pull.

"O-h-o-o-o-o-o-o!" moaned the crane,



Over this was climbing in desperate haste a dark figure.
—Page 753.

in rising tones of horror, and the ladle, suddenly stopping its upward movement, started downward with increasing speed. A frantic yell came from the men about the pit, an angry bellow of command from Mr. Baxter, and everyone about the flask jumped for his life. They knew that the instant that ladle of liquid fire should strike the mould on which it was descending, a terrible death would fall on all who were within reach.

But Barney had no thought of death. He was crazily stumbling over cumbering piles of sand and scrap for the end of the shop, where a ladder led to the level of the crane. Somehow it seemed to him that even yet he could avert the disaster which threatened to ruin his big friend, and to break his heart. But he had not covered a dozen feet when the end came. It was the giant he loved that told him what had happened.

A crunching sound smote upon his ears, for the giant was chewing up small cog-wheels and plates of cast metal. Then came a crackling that spoke of some steel bar which had thrust itself into the giant's mouth, and interfered with the movement of its jaws. And then came a creaking which spoke of terrific energies suddenly subdued and of other terrible strains being borne by the shoulders of the giant, who complained thereat, but refused to succumb to them. Barney knew the day was saved. The ladle swung stationary, two feet above the top of the mould, and the chains which held it seemed to vibrate under the pressure put upon them.

Barney looked up. A maze of over-turned wheels and a tangle of gearing and

smashed plates and steel rods was piled up against one of the drums which supported the chains. Over this was climbing, in desperate haste, a dark figure which he knew must be Bagley. Barney's heart leaped at the sight, for somehow in an instant he saw how matters stood. It was Bagley who had given him drugged coffee that night; it was Bagley who had taken his place as crane-driver—and Bagley had once worked at Roxdale, and only a few hours earlier Long Jones had said that, if the Sampson works defaulted on the present contract, it was Roxdale that would be benefited thereby when future contracts were awarded. Once had that ladle fallen on the flask—as Bagley had planned to make it—no power on earth could have got a new flask made in time to fulfil the contract terms. A hoarse shout came from Mr. Baxter, who also had seen the flying figure on the crane and had some suspicion of evil deeds. A half-dozen of the men jumped at the word in pursuit of the fugitive.

They never caught Bagley, but they did make the casting of that last deck-lug successfully that night. And it was Barney himself who directed the movements of the crane, sitting beside the crippled machinery, and controlling its stiff movements with a long steel wrench. And when at last the flask was filled, he leaned over and laid a hand on his old friend, and patted it softly, and had his say. "Y' never went back on me, ould trusty," he whispered. "We can worruk t'gether till th' last man below drops in his tracks. But sorro th' day when other than me own hands tries t' make y' do agin y'r will."





Drawn by Jessie Wilcox Smith.

She read one of the Annuals, or gazed through the window.—Page 755.



THE EMIGRANT EAST

By Arthur Colton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISS JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

THE old book-shop in Cripple Street was walled to its dusky ceiling with books. Books were stacked on the floor, like split wood, with alleys between. The long table down the centre was piled with old magazines and the wrecks of paper-covered novels. School arithmetics and dead theologies; Annuals in faded gilt, called "Keepsake," or "Friendship's Offering;" little leathern nubbins of books from the last century, that yet seemed less antique than the annuals, which counted no more than forty years—so southern and early-passing was the youth of the Annual—; Bohn's translations, the useful and despised; gaudy, glittering prints of the poets and novelists; all were crowded together, without recognition of caste, in a common Bohemia. Finding a book sought for in that mystical chaos, seemed to establish a right to it of first discovery. The pretty girl who sat in one of the dim windows, and kept the accounts, looked oriental but not Jewish, and wore a crimson ribbon in her black hair and at her throat. She read one of the Annuals, or gazed through the window at Cripple Street. A show-case in the other window contained stamp collections, Hindoo, Chinese, and Levantine coinage.

Far back in the shop a daring explorer might come upon a third window, gray,

grimy, beyond which lay the unnamable backyards between Cripple and Academy Streets. It could not be said to "open on" them, for it was never opened, or "give a view" of them, being thick with gray dust. But if one went up to it, and looked carefully, there, in the dim corner, might be seen an old man with a long, faded black coat, rabbinical beard, dusky, transparent skin, and Buddha eyes, blue, faint, far away, self-abnegating, such as under the Bo-tree might have looked forth in meek abstraction on the infinities, and perceived the Eightfold Principle. It was always possible to find Mr. Barria, by steering for the window. So appeared the old book-shop in Cripple Street, Mr. Barria, the dealer, and his granddaughter, Janey.

Nature made Cripple Street to be calm and dull, for the hand of man, working through generations, is the hand of nature, as surely as in nature the oriole builds its nest, or the rootlets seek their proper soil. Cripple Street ran from Coronet to Main Street, and its paving was bad. There were a few tailors and bookbinders, a few silent, clapboarded houses.

But two doors from the corner, in Coronet Street, stood Station No. 4 of the Fire Brigade, and Cripple Street was the nearest way to Main Street, whither No. 4 was more likely to be called than else-

where. So that, though nature made Cripple Street to be calm and dull, No. 4, Fire Brigade, sometimes passed it, engine, ladder and hose, in the splendor of the supernatural, the stormy pageantry of the gods ; and one Tommy Durdo drove the engine.

Durdo first came into Mr. Barria's shop in search of a paper-covered novel with a title promising something wild and beligerent. It was a rainy, dismal day, and Janey sat among the dust and refuse of forgotten centuries.

"My eyes!" he thought. "She's a peach."

He lost interest in any possible beligerent novel, gazed at her with the candor of his youthfulness, and remarked, guilefully :

"I bet you've seen me before now."

"You drive the engine," said Janey, with shining eyes.

"Why, this' my pie," thought Durdo, and sat down by her on a pile of old magazines. He was lank, muscular, with a wide mouth, lean jaws, turn-up nose and joyful eyes. The magazines contained variations on the loves of Edwards, Elea-nores, and other people, well-bred, unfortunate, and possessed of sentiments. Durdo was not well-bred, he had faith in his average luck, and not a presentable sentiment was in his recollection. He went away from Mr. Barria's shop, at last, with a spot in the tough texture of his soul that felt mellow.

"J. Barria, bookdealer," he read from the sign. "J ! That's Janey, ain't it ? Hold on. She ain't the bookdealer. She ain't any ten cent novel, either. She's a Rushy bound, two dollar and a half a copy, with a dedication on the fly-leaf, which"—Tommy stopped suddenly and reflected—"which it might be dedicated to Tommy. Hey ?"

It came near to being a sentiment. The possibility of such a thing, rising from within him, seemed impressive. When a fire reaches the bottom of an elevator shaft and takes the draught, first comes a hot breeze, then a rush of flame. He walked back to No. 4, thoughtfully, and thrust himself into a fight with Hamp Sharkey, in which it was proved that Hamp was the better man. Tommy regained his ordinary reckless cheerfulness. But when a

man is in a state of mind that it needs a stand-up and knock-down fight to introduce cheerfulness, he cannot hope to conceal his state of mind.

Cripple Street drowsed in the sunshine, one August afternoon. A small boy dug bricks out of the sidewalk with a stick. It seemed to emphasize the indifferent calm, that no one took that interest in Cripple Street to come and stop him. The clangor of the fire-bells broke across the city. For a moment the silence in Cripple Street seemed more deathly than before. Then the doors of the tailors and bookbinders flew open. The Fire Company came, with leap and roar, ladder, engine and hose, rattle of wheels, and thud of steam. Passing Mr. Barria's, Durdo turned his head, saw Janey in the door and beamed on her.

"Hooray," he shouted.

"It's Tommy's girl," thundered Hamp Sharkey, from the top of his jingling ladders. Fire Brigade No. 4 cheered, waved its helmet, wherever it had a hand free, and in a moment was gone, leaving the drift of its smoke in the air, the tremble of its passing, and Janey flushed and thrilled. Hook and ladder and all had hailed her with honor, as Tommy's girl. A battalion of cavalry, with her lover at the head, dashing up to salute, say, her battlemented or rose-embowered window—both terms occur in the *Annuals*—and galloping away to the wars, might have been better theoretically, but Janey was satisfied. She had no defence against such battery. Power, daring, and danger were personified in Tommy. He had brought them all to her feet. This it was to live, and be a woman. She turned back into the dim shop, her eyes shining. The backs of the dusty books seemed to quiver and glow, even those containing arithmetic, dead philosophies, and other cool abstractions, as if they forgot their figures and rounded periods, and thought of the men who wrote them, how these once were young.

Durdo found it possible, by spending his off hours in Mr. Barria's shop, to keep cheerful, without fighting Hamp Sharkey. A row now and then, with a smaller man than Hamp, was enough to satisfy the growing mellowness of his soul. His off hours began at four. He passed them among the *Annuals* and old magazines, in a state of puzzled and flattered bliss. He

fell so far from nature as to read the *Annals* where Janey directed, to conclude that what was popularly called "fun" was vanity and dust in the mouth; that from now on he would be decent, and that any corner or hole in the ground, which contained Janey and Tommy, would suit him forever. No doubt he was wrong there.

Mr. Barria's memories of all that had befallen him within or without, in the journey of this life, before his entry on the Path of Quietness, and his consciousness of all external objects and occurrences since, were clear enough, but as little white clouds in the open sky are clear, whose business it is to be far away and trouble us with no insistent tempest. They never entered the inner circle of his meditation. They appeared to be distant things. He had no sense of contact with them. His abstractions had formed a series of concentric spheres about him. In some outer sphere lay a knowledge of the value of books as bought and sold, which enabled him to buy and sell them with indifferent profit, but it entered his central absorption no more than the putting on and off of his coat.

He was not absorbed in books. He did not seem to care for them, beyond the fourscore or more worn volumes that were piled about his table by the gray window, many of them in tattered paper covers, bearing German imprints, some lately rebound by a Cripple Street bookbinder. He did not care for history or geography, not even his own. He did not care where he was born, or when, where he was now, or how old.

Once—whether forty years gone, or four hundred, would have seemed to him a question of the vaguest import—he had taught Arabic and Greek in a university town, which looks off to mountains that in their turn look off to the Adriatic Sea. There had been a wife, and there was a child, a smaller Julian Barria. Somewhere, about this time and place, he began explorations in more distant Eastern



She stood among the *Annals* and old magazines.—Page 753.

languages. The date was unnoted, obscure, traditional. The interest in language soon disappeared. It was a period of wonder and searching. After the moral fierceness of the Arab and Mohammedan, the Hindoo's and Buddhist's calm negations and wide mental spaces first interested him by contrast, then absorbed him. He began to practise the discipline, the intense and quiet, centering on one point till the sense of personality should slip away, and he and that point be one. There was no conviction or conversion, for the question never seemed put to him, or to be of any value, whether one thing was true and another not true. But the interest gradually changed to a personal issue. All that he now heard and saw and spoke to, objects in rest or in motion, duties that called for his performance, became not so much vaguer in outline, as more remote in position. In comparison with his other experiences they were touched with a faint sense of unreality. The faces of other men were changed in his eyes. He sometimes noticed and wondered, passingly, that they seemed to see no change in him, or, if any change, it was one that drew them more than formerly to seek his sympathy. He observed himself listening to intimate confessions with a feeling of patient benevolence, that cost him no effort, and seemed to him something not quite belonging to him as a personal virtue, but which apparently satisfied and quieted the troubled souls that sought him.

About this later time—a reference to the histories would fix the date at 1848—a civil war swept the land, and the University was closed. The younger Julian Barria was involved in the fall of the revolutionists, and fled from the country. The late teacher of Greek and Arabic crossed the ocean with him. It was a matter of mild indifference. He gave his sympathy to all, gently and naturally, but felt no mental disturbance. Neither did the change of scene affect him. Everywhere were earth beneath and sky above, and if not, it were no matter. Everywhere were men and women and children, busy with a multitude of little things, trembling, hurrying, crying out among anxieties. It was all one, clear enough, but remote, touched with the same sense of unreality, and like

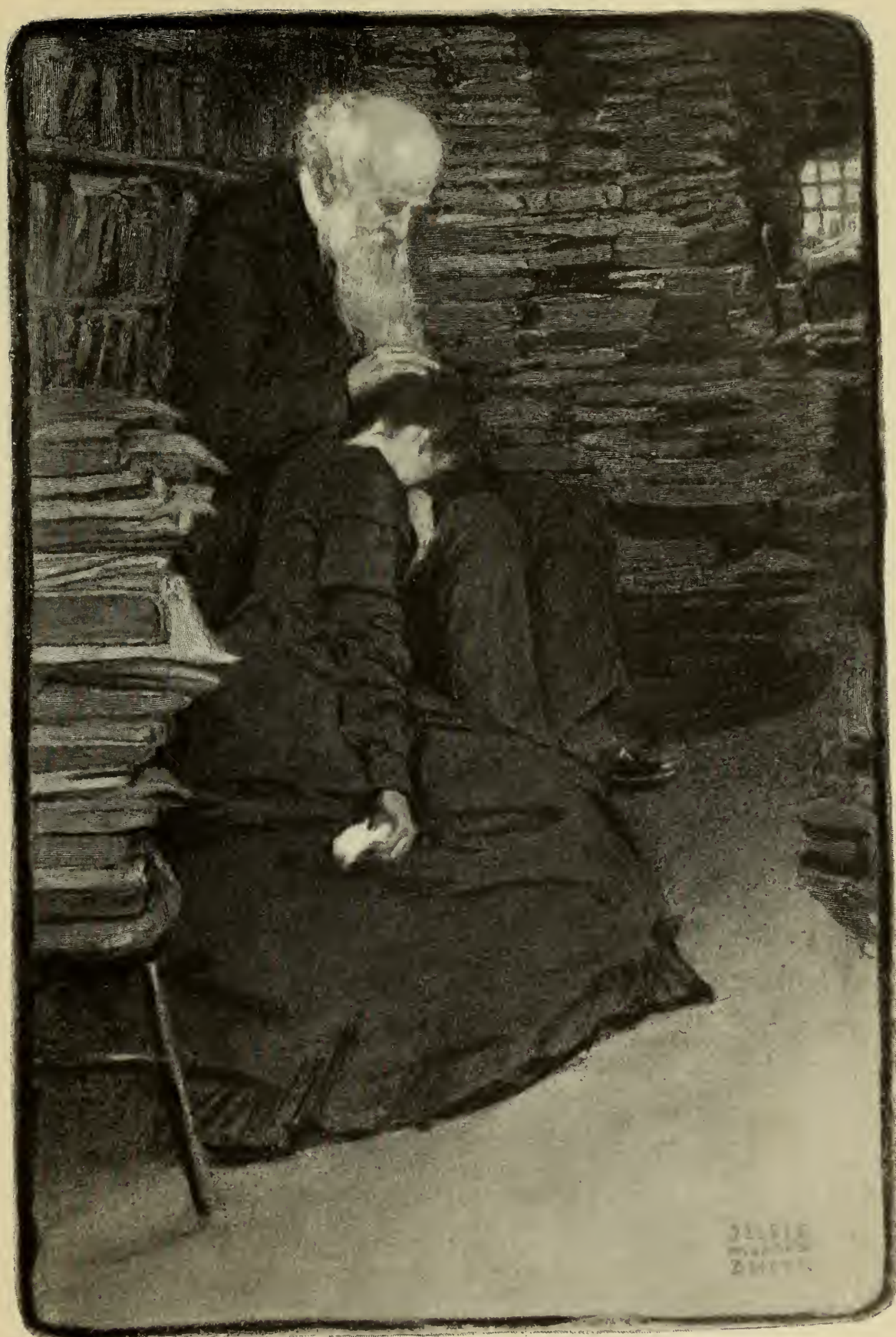
some sad old song, familiar in childhood and still lingering in the memory.

The book-shop in Cripple Street, at one time, dealt also in newspapers and cigars. They were more to the younger Barria's talent, more to his taste, the stirring talk of men who live in their own era and congregate wherever there are newspapers and tobacco. Afterward he went away into the West, seeking a larger field for his enterprise than Cripple Street, and the newspaper and cigar business declined and passed away. The show-case fell to other uses. The elder Barria sat by the square rear window, and the gray dust gathered and dimmed it. Ten years flowed like an unruffled stream; of their conventional divisions and succeeding events he seemed but superficially conscious. Letters came now and then from the West, announcing young Barria's journeys and schemes, his marriage in the course of enterprise, finally his death. The last was in a sprawling hand, and said:

"Jules missus is ded to an thars a kid. Jules sez take her to the ol man Jake when ye go est in the spring. I am Jake. He is wooly in his hed sez he but he is a good man sez he. He got a soul like Mondays washin on Tewsday mornin sez he spekin in figgers an menin you. Them was Jules last word."

The large, bony person called Jake, slouch-hatted, and rough-bearded, brought the child in time, and departed, muttering embarrassment. She stood among the Annuals and old magazines, with a silver dollar from Jake clasped in each hand, and a roll of fifty dollar bills in her tiny pocket, probably representing young Barria's estate, and the end of Jake's duties as executor. She might have been two or three years old. That was not a matter of interest to Mr. Barria, in whose conception the soul of every creature was, in a way, more ancient than the hills.

She seemed to believe in his good intentions and came to him gravely. She did not remember any mother, and for her own name it had apparently been "chicken," when her father had wanted her, and "scat" when he did not. Mr. Barria envied a mind so untrammelled with memories, and named her Jhana, which means a state of mystical meditation, of fruitful tranquillity, out of which are said to come



Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.

He touched her hair, with thin fingers gently.—Page 762.



He peered out, and saw Hamp Sharkey outlined against the window.—Page 762.

six kinds of supernatural wisdom and ten powers. The name sometimes appeared to him written Dhyana, when his meditations ran in Sanskrit, instead of Pali. Cripple Street called her Janey, and avoided the question, with a wisdom of its own. It had grown used to Mr. Barria. Scholars came from near-by universities to consult him, letters from distant countries to Herr, Monsieur, or Signor Doctor Julian Barria, but Cripple Street, if it knew of the matter, had no stated theory to explain it, and was little curious. His hair and beard grew white and prophetic, his skin more transparent. A second decade and a half, a third, glided by, and Janey and Tommy Durdo sat, hand in hand, among the Annuals.

"You must ask him, Tommy," Janey insisted, "because lovers always ask parents."

"An' the parents is horthy and they runs away hossback. Say, Janey, if his whiskers gets horthy, I'll faint. Say, Janey, you got to go'n ask my ma if you can have me."

"Would she be haughty?"

Janey always bubbled with pleasure, like a meadow spring, when Tommy "got on a string," as he called it, fell to jesting circumstantially. "You bet. She'd trun you down. An' yet she's married second time, she has," he went on, thoughtfully, "an' she didn't ask my consent, not either time. I wouldn't a' given it the first, if she had, 'cause dad was no good. I'd a'been horthy. I'd a'told her he wan't worthy to come into any family where I was comin', which he wan't."

"Oh, Tommy!"

"Yep. Dad was more nuisance'n mosquitoes."

Mr. Barria came out of the distant retreat of his meditation slowly, and looked up. It did not need all the subtle instinct of a pundit to read the meaning of the two standing hand in hand before him. Tommy looked and felt as one asking favors of a spectre, and Mr. Barria had fallen into a silent habit of understanding people.

"Little Jhana iss a woman so soon?" he said, softly. "She asks of her birth-right."

He rose and looked quietly, steadily at Tommy, who felt himself growing smaller inside, till his shoes seemed enormous, even his scalp loose and his skull empty.

"Mr.——"

"It's Tommy Durdo," said Janey.

"You will always remember to be a little kinder than seems necessary, Mr. Durdo? It iss a good rule, and very old."

"He didn't ask whether I was a burglar or a lunatic by profesh," grumbled Tommy, later. "Ain't a reasonable interest. He might a'asked which."

"Never mind," said Janey. "I'll tell that."

There were four rooms over the shop, where the three lived in great peace. Tommy never made out whether Mr. Barria thought him a burglar or a lunatic. As regards Janey, he felt more like a burglar, as regards Mr. Barria more like a lunatic. He dodged him reverentially. Only at the station, where his duties kept him for the most part, did he feel like a natural person and a fireman. He confided in Hamp Sharkey, and brought him to the shop and the little upstairs sitting-room, for the purpose of illustration. Hamp's feelings resembled Tommy's. They fell into naïve sympathy. Hamp admired Tommy for his cleverness, his limber tongue, the

reckless daring of his daily contact with Mr. Barria and Janey, two mysteries, differing, but both remote. She was not like the shop-girls on Main Street. Hamp would carry away the memory of her shining eyes lifted to Tommy's irregular, somewhat impish face, and growl secretly over his mental bewilderment. Tommy admired Hamp for his height and breadth and dull good-nature.

On an afternoon, in the early summer, the fire-bells rang call after call. Engine No. 4 went second. The freight houses by the harbor were burning, and the tall furniture factory that backed them. About dusk the north wall of the factory fell into the street with a roar and rattle of flying bricks.

The book-shop was dark in the centre. The two lamps in the front windows were lit, and Mr. Barria's lamp, in his hidden corner.

It came upon Mr. Barria, in his absorption, that there had been, a moment before, the sound of the tramping of heavy feet in the front of the shop, and a sudden cry. The tramping continued and increased. He came forward with his lamp. Men were crowding up the narrow stairs that began in the opposite corner. One of them swung a lantern overhead.

"'Twere a brick," said some one in the dark centre of the shop. "Tuk 'im over the ear. Dented 'im in like a plug hat."

"Where's some water?"

"Knocked 'er over quicker 'n the brick."

"Sh! What's that?"

"It's the ol' man."

The light of the lamp, lifted in Mr. Barria's hand, fell over his head with its flowing white hair, rabbinical beard, and spectral face. Three men, one of them a policeman, drew back to one side of the shop, looking startled and feebly embarrassed. On the other side the window lamp shone on Janey, where she lay fallen among the old *Annals*.

He lifted her head and muttered:

"Jhana, Jhana."

The three men slipped through the door; those above came down; a doctor bustled in, satchel in hand, and after him several women; Janey was carried up;

the shop was empty, except for Mr. Barria sitting by his lamp and muttering, softly:

"She could not find it, the peace that is about, and her little happiness it would not stay beside her."

Presently the doctor spoke over him:

"I think Mrs. Durdo should be taken to the hospital St. James, you know. It's not far."

"You think——"

"She is approaching confinement, and the shock, you know."

"Whatever iss desirable, Herr Doctor. There is no need, sir, of the economy in respect to—to whatever iss desirable."

"Quite right, Mr. Barria. Quite right."

This was in June. Late in the fall Janey came back from St. James's Hospital, pale, drooping, and alone.

She sat, in a black dress, by the front window and kept the accounts as before, gazed through the dim panes at Cripple Street, which was made by nature to be dull, but read the *Annals* no more, which was perhaps a pity.

Mr. Barria, from the rear of the shop, watched Janey, sitting among the *Annals* and looking out on Cripple Street. He had not entered on the Path himself as a cure for sorrow and suffering; he had come to it from another direction. Yet the first purpose of its system had been the solution of these. It was written:

"Sorrow and suffering will be overcome when this thirst for life is quenched, which makes for continuance, and that desire of separateness, and hunger after selfhood, are put aside. They will fall away, as drops from a lotus leaf."

And Janey was a type of them, as they walk abroad. The measure of her trouble was the measure of the yearning and attainment that had been hers.

"Desire, not more than of yearning or attainment, of sight or touch, of life in variety or abundance, but desire, none at all, and, turning within, the dwelling you build there dwell in it, until both desire and separateness shall in turn disappear."

He went forward and drew a chair beside her.

"Little Jhana," he said, "there was once a woman and young who brought her dead child to the wisest of men, and asked so of him, 'Do you know one medicine

that will be good for this child?' It wass the custom then for the patients or their friends to provide the herbs which the doctors require, so that when she asked what herbs he would wish, and he answered, 'Mustard-seed,' she promised with haste to bring it, for it wass a common herb. 'And it must come,' he said, 'only from some house where no child, no hussband, no wife, no parent, no friend hass died.' Then she went in great hope, carrying the dead child; but everywhere they said, 'I have lost,' and again, 'We have lost,' and one said, 'What iss this you say; the living are few, but the dead are many.' She found so no house in that place from which she might take the mustard-seed. Therefore she buried the child, and came, and she said, 'I have not found it; they tell me the living are few and the dead many.' And he showed her how that nothing endured at all, but changed, and passed into something else, and each wass but a changing part of a changing whole, and how, if one thought more of the whole, one so ceased to be troubled much of the parts, and sorrow would fade away, so quietly."

Janey stared at him, with wide, uncomprehending eyes. There was a certain comfort, always, in Mr. Barria himself, however oddly he might talk. She dropped her head on his knee and whispered:

"I don't know about all that. I want Tommy and the baby."

He touched her hair, with thin fingers gently.

"I wonder, little Jhana," he said, looking to the magazines and Annuals, "if you have found among these, one, a poet of the English, who calls it to be better to love and lose than not to love."

"I don't know. I don't remember."

He smoothed her hair again and went away.

The winter passed and the spring came, with a scatter of sunshine and little showers. Janey still sat by the window. If she had been able to generalize, to see that Tommy and the baby represented hunger after life, and that this was the root of sorrow, it would perhaps have still seemed to her that love and loss were the better choice. Perhaps not. But she could not generalize. Her thoughts were instincts, fancies, and little shining points of belief. She could not see herself in

any figure of speech; that she was one of a multitude of discordant notes in the universe, whose business it was to tune themselves to the key of a certain large music, and disappear in its harmony, where alone was constant happiness. It did not seem to mention Tommy or the baby, and if not there was no point in it.

Spring slipped away. Cripple Street was filled to the brim with bland summer. Janey went every day to the cemetery, with flowers. In September, she began to come back with flowers in her belt.

It was a rainy, dismal day in October. Mr. Barria had a remote sense of hearing Janey's laugh. It seemed to him a strange presence in the shop. He peered out, and saw Hamp Sharkey outlined against the window, large, slow-moving and calm, a man who seemed to avoid all troubles of the flesh by virtue of having enough flesh, and solid bone beneath. Janey looked up at him and laughed. Around her were the old Annuals, containing the loves of Edwards and Eleanores.

Mr. Barria leaned back in his chair. Some untraced suggestion led him to counting his years idly. He made them out to be nearly eighty. They seemed suddenly to rest on his shoulders, like a weight. If one considered them at all, they were heavy, the years. And for this human life, it was only intelligible in the abstract. Of its details there were too many.

The shop grew duskier, and the rain beat on the windows with an incessant pattering, a multitude of tiny details, sounding according as one might listen. For either it would seem a cheerful, busy sound of the kindly water, humble and precious and clean, needful in households, pleasant in the fulness of rivers, comfortable, common, familiar; or it was the low sigh of the driven rain, the melancholy iteration and murmur of water, circling like everything else its wheel of change, earth and ocean and sky, earth and ocean and sky, and weary to go back to its vague, elemental vapor, as before the worlds were shaped.

Mr. Barria turned back to his volume, bound in gray paper, with a German imprint. To his ears, the sound of the two voices talking became as abstract as the rain. Hamp Sharkey's laugh was like the lowing of a contented ox, and Janey's, as of old, the ripple of a brook in a meadow.

THE POINT OF VIEW

WHEN Ferguson sighs, and says he longs to lead a better life, I no longer suspect him of reckless or profligate practices. He has said it a good many times in my hearing, for he and I find ourselves nowadays advancing ominously in years, and increasingly attentive to the possibilities that remain for us in this life. Comfort and Happiness. At first I wondered whether it was a result of contrition over special misdeeds, or laziness, or extravagance. Then I mistook it for a sign that he thought himself insufficiently endowed with the good things of this world, and sometimes I used to answer, "Well, have you the price, Ferguson?" But I know now that even this imputation does him injustice, and that his sigh and familiar exclamation are merely the tokens of an aspiration which most of us share, and which, while its vehemence varies according to seasons and circumstances, cannot long be altogether missing from the consciousness of any growing soul. I sympathize with Ferguson. No doubt you do, too. Each of us whose spiritual state is at all healthy, harbors, doubtless, a wholesome measure of chronic dissatisfaction with his conduct and his progress in grace. We should like to get on faster, to make fewer missteps, to be saintlier, less greedy, less bothered by recurring spasms of repentance over recurring incidents of misbehavior. We don't grudge the repentances, but we would gladly eliminate the misbehaviors that necessitate them.

Most of us incline to the conviction that we could lead a better life if we had a better income and got it easier. We grudge the time and thought we have to devote to money-getting drudgeries, or to spreading rather a thin layer of funds over a large area of expenditure. If we were richer may be we should have more time to be good. If the margin between our needs and our receipts were a little wider, we could practise divers virtues of benevolence. If we could live under such reasonable conditions as we would choose, and be quit of sundry trials and annoyances that assail our tempers and strain our patience, surely we should make out better. If we had a better time we could lead a better

life—that is what most of us are prone to think, and we are apt, accordingly, to try hard to have a better time, and to enlarge our means, if possible, to that end. We are told that in these days we Americans are in the greatest haste to be rich of any people on earth. Very likely; and probably it is partly because we are such an aspiring people, and so many of us long to lead better lives. The reasoning that armies of us seem to follow is: "Be rich and you will be happy; be happy and you will be good." It is not altogether false reasoning. The old saw that used to be in all the copy-books in schools was "Be virtuous and you will be happy." Now it is a poor saw that won't cut both ways. We can't lay down "Be happy and you will be virtuous" as a sure rule, but still it is a fair corollary to the other more important propositions. Certainly, folk who are happy—truly happy—are more apt to be good, and have less excuse for not being good, than those who are wretched. Certainly, too, folk who have what they consider about enough to live on are more apt to be happy than those who have not. That you want to get rich means in these times hardly more than that you are civilized and have developed wants; and we certainly believe that we are warranted in considering that the civilized people in the world who keep wanting to grow richer are better people than the less civilized peoples who don't. The general impulse to make more money is defensible at least, especially when we consider the cases of lazy persons who seem not to be doing their best in that line.

All the same, when Ferguson longs to lead a better life it does not merely mean that he wants to be richer. Bread and such things seem indispensable, but man does not live by bread only, and it isn't the lack of bread, nor even of automobiles and steam-yachts, that you and I and Ferguson are conscious of when we have these yearnings for betterment. They mean that we are tired of being confessed and conscious sinners day in and day out, and should like to square our conduct with the higher standards. We should like

to be only about so selfish as to save prudent persons the trouble of taking care of us; only about so thrifty as to avoid having sound reasons to regret that we were not thriftier; only about so critical of our neighbors as is indispensable to the maintenance of a proper standard of righteousness; only nice enough as to our employments to secure our doing the sort of work best suited to bring out the best we have. Perpetual self-seeking, and self-coddling, and avoidance of all avoidable pains and duties ought to make us discontented, and they do. Part of our time and strength we have need to devote to labors whereof the pay comes not in cash, nor in ordinary pleasures or advantages, but in satisfactions which are spiritual and benefit our souls. We all know that theoretically, but in practice we are very apt to overlook it. When we have plenty of food and no appetite, we know that it will pay us better to work up an appetite than to seek new species of tempting food; but when the conditions under which we live are reasonably good, and we have pleasures and privileges in fair quantity and are still restless, we don't always recognize that what we need is not more enjoyments, but a better appetite for those we already command. It is conceivable that when the millennium comes everything will go right in the earth, and for a long time together there will be nothing to bother about. But meantime, while there is so much to bother about, I cannot think anyone entirely fortunate who is not bothered in reasonable proportion to his powers. To have no anxieties, to be subject to no annoyances, to have no unwelcome duties and no occasion for self-denial, is not by any means to be in a good case. Anyone finding himself in such a pre-

dicament is bound to go out and hunt up labors and troubles merely to make life worth living. Every one of us is a wheel with cogs in it, meant to fit in with other cogged wheels and turn more or less laboriously and effectively in the great human machine. Either we fit ourselves into that machine and turn with the other wheels, or we go to the scrap-heap.

There was a President of the United States who once gave out that he had made a new consecration of himself to public duties. He was an honest and an honored man, but not especially holy, and the opposition papers derided his consecration a good deal. But no doubt he had, on a somewhat larger scale, the same feeling that you and I and Ferguson have when we weigh our past efforts and review our progress, and, disparaging a little our daily course, sigh and long to lead a better life. I don't know that there is any better way for us to mark the return of Christmas than by taking out new consecrations for our own use. It is not necessary that we should do it dismally. Nothing that is dismal fits the Christmas season. We should be sincere, but in all our sincerity we may be good-humored about it. Indeed, I think it especially fit that our Christmas consecrations should include the determination to be as good-humored as possible about everything, to accept cheerfully and kindly our share of the world's labors, to practise the charity that endureth all things, and also that that thinketh no avoidable evil. To be comfortable is not the infallible way to be happy, unless the comfort is of that comprehensive sort which includes a mind that is tranquil because it is doing its best, and a soul that is at peace because it is a fountain of good-will.



THE FIELD OF ART

PORTRAIT PAINTING AND THE STATE

THERE are signs of the times which may be taken to mean that art with us is, in a measure, coming into its own. Municipal decoration, both in sculpture and painting, is beginning to receive recognition. There is still, however, an important branch of municipal and state art of peculiar significance, and for which, as yet, no adequate provision has been made: the art of portraiture. The value of this art as an adjunct to the display and ceremonial of state has not yet been duly grasped by those who could or should control it.

England, through pride of race or premonition of future greatness, encouraged the art of portraiture by foreigners, long before she possessed painters of her own. Under Henry VIII., and afterward under Charles I. and Charles II., Holbein, Sir Anthony More, Vandyke, Janssens, Sir Peter Lely, and then Sir Godfrey Kneller, knighted by William III. and raised to a baronetcy by George I., were impressed into the service of court and nobles; and the result of this instinct of self-perpetuation, so to speak, has left England rich in portrait treasures of the best period of the past. Vandyke alone painted more than two hundred of the princes and nobles of the day, while of Holbein's drawings of the chief persons of Henry's Court, eighty-nine are among the greatest treasures in the present collection of Her Majesty. Now, it is doubtless the fact that this practice of importing painters produced in England, in the eighteenth century, a group of native portraitists who for charm of color and distinction of style are generally regarded as masters of their art. The foreign artists were but the precursors of Romney, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Opie, Raeburn, and Lawrence—a galaxy of bright stars which shone with sufficient brilliancy to light up English art. Not only great men and fair women were subjects of their pencil, but ceremonials, epoch-making moments of state, pageants, marriages, baptisms, funerals, even—whatever was worthy of such commemoration,

it was their peculiar province to depict. Such works are treasures for all time, and help to make a state glorious. They are conserved in a national portrait gallery. The builders of an empire are thus imaged for posterity, an inspiration and incentive to coming youth.

It is not, however, in the mere fostering of portrait painting that the state should interest itself, but in the proper housing and maintenance of these works when once acquired. From their very portableness portraits are subject to strange and often damaging vicissitudes. This should not be permitted. When a picture of this nature is designed for a special place, the place should be waiting for it, that it may become a part of the structure itself. Do not permit the objection to be urged that the temporarily waiting panels would destroy the beauty of the hall; there are many ways in which this might be overcome, the room at all times preserving its effectiveness as a well-decorated interior.

If it were the practice of those who erect halls for municipal or state use, colleges, chambers of commerce or boards of trade to maintain certain rooms as repositories for portraits which custom and the function of the building call for, such rooms would be beautiful and dignified, and contribute much to the splendor of the building as a whole. Organizations, civic halls, State houses, and national departments possess portraits of persons whose achievements have identified them with the activities that the structure stands for. With due consideration and some architectural forethought, these canvases might be made to serve a splendid decorative purpose, and add much to the architectural beauty and significance of the halls that hold them. It is clear that they hardly do this at present.

At the present time the conditions by which these portraits are acquired by the state or the institution which owns them, are such that few could be made use of for a decorative end; and it is mainly, perhaps, because the community is the beneficiary, not the donor. Many of them are gifts of individu-

als, and may or may not be works of art. This is not surprising when sentiment instead of knowledge guides the gift. There may be a way, however, to overcome this handicap. It would be no invasion of the prerogative of sentiment if the preparation of these memorials were placed under the control of the authorities, who should care for them and house them, or of a special committee which should select the painter—a committee whose concern it would be to know the best that was being produced in the portraiture of the day. On this board of selection, then, might be one artist of reputation, chosen annually, to act with them. This could, doubtless, be arranged, and the judgment of the professional painter who should thus act would be valuable on the further question of framing and placing the picture; for this all has to do with the harmony and beauty of the hall destined for this character of decoration or ornamentation. Do not let the fact be ignored that portraits, well chosen and well placed, may serve the purpose of noble decoration. It would, perhaps, be wise of the artist who receives a commission to see, if practicable, the room in which his work is to hang, and the place or panel it is specially to fill. This creating of an art committee to select the painter might well be adopted in connection with any and every demand for a portrait, official or semi-official, which is to become a part of the embellishment of a public place. A committee, too, would possess the judgment to secure the work during the lifetime of the subject; for a contributive cause of the weakness of the present mode of acquisition is the delay incident to it. Although the demand is known to exist for the eventual portrayal of public men, a distinguished and often a great man will pass away, leaving no record of his presence other than that of some photograph in which the professional photographer, by retouching, has done his best to obliterate the lines of character which in many cases are testimonials to his peculiar eminence. Truly, this does not sound like an intelligent proceeding; but it is from such material that artists are often called upon to paint the portrait of one no longer living. This is a condition of things much to be regretted, and which it would be the province of the committee to prevent. If a fund were set apart for such expenditure, the state or corporation need not await the tardy action of family or friends; nor need it preclude

their contributing to the memorial. And it would certainly be a great gain, æsthetically, to the recipient institution were the picture painted from life. There are few finer satisfactions to an artist than the sense that the opportunity is his to interpret for posterity the form and features of a man who has impressed his personality upon the time. The painter, indeed, thus propitiously commissioned, often produces his best work. It does not seem an unbusinesslike proceeding, then, from any point of view, that great corporations should create an appropriation the interest of which would be sufficient to defray the expense of the annual demand, sometimes large, sometimes small, for memorials of this nature which are always to enrich their home. These suggestions apply equally to colleges and institutions of all kinds. Such a course would serve no selfish end—for if some college or chamber of commerce, let us say, were to establish a standard which the art of portraiture should reach in order to commend itself to their reception, and a work once their own, it should receive at their hands a consideration that its dignity as high art always deserves—such a course would be a source of emulation the country over. We are rich, and we should wish to be great. Architects also called in and consulted, the rooms would acquire an impressiveness and beauty that would stimulate and charm. In the Old World there exist rooms that are memories of serenity and fitness, their painted decoration consisting dominantly of portraits. That masterpiece of the architect, Lebrun, the Salle d'Apollon in the Louvre, here illustrated, is one of them. This portion of the Louvre was rebuilt after Lebrun's designs during the reign of Louis XIV. These panels, which practically cover the side wall between the doors, opposite a row of windows, are entirely of portraits. They represent twenty-eight celebrated French artists—painters, sculptors, and architects—Saint Louis, Louis XV., and Francis I. in Gobelin tapestry. The ceiling, although very rich in painted decoration and sculptured relief, in no way overpowers this splendid row of great men, on whom the room, as a kind of pantheon, bestows a living and breathing immortality.

Our own City Hall in New York has a collection of portraits of governors of the State, many of which are handsome objects of decoration, and doubtless vivid reminders to those who were their contemporaries, of the



Gallery of Apollo, Louvre Museum, Looking South.

men they represent ; but the rooms in which they hang are, unfortunately, inadequate in size for their proper display. In a large and finely proportioned hall some of these canvases would be stately. If a uniform size were to be exacted for pictures of this kind with the architectural intention of forming a frieze above a high wainscoting, as is sometimes done in England in guild halls, at Oxford and elsewhere, it would greatly enrich the interior design of the room ; and, when of some founder or benefactor of the institution, the picture might be empanelled in an architectural cartouche over a chimney-piece or in a centre, with rich effect. Such care given to these treasures would help to raise the quality of true portrait art, which is a much more complex matter than mere photo-

graphic resemblance. It is, in a measure, a responsibility of state to demand and to secure this higher work ; for with the demand will surely come the supply. The fact that our great institutions accept the often less than mediocre canvases offered to, and housed by them, militates against the efforts of one of the most earnest classes of workers we have among us—our serious and ambitious painters.

In England, and on the Continent, portraits have been, and still are, effective accessories to hereditary grandeur ; and with our multifarious activities, our talent for great enterprises, inventions, and affairs of state, we, too, possess the personalities, and in them we should have a wholesome pride. Would it not be well, then, if, wherever men congre-

gate and draw inspiration for a higher and better civic and social life, good portraiture, both as an embellishment and as a record, were to abound? FRANK FOWLER.

THE newly built court-house of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court stands at the eastern side of Madison Square, and properly calls much attention to itself by the silent voice of its decorations. Without, there is much sculpture, and that by artists of rank and deserved renown; within, there are broad and continuous stretches of painted frieze and, in the great court-room, still larger panels, the work of Blashfield, Cox, Simmons, Walker—men of the first rank in our hierarchy. Significant and appropriate subjects of symbolical character, but still “understood of the people,” are embodied in large wall paintings, keeping their place and giving to the large, low room, with its necessarily awkward pierced ceiling, a character as of something better and higher than a room for the transaction of that branch or modified form of “business” which needs a judge to see that it is done honestly. It is a highly adorned hall, in the completion of which painting has played the foremost part.

So we saw the room, those of us who went at once, and eagerly, to visit the newly finished paintings. When next we went, a singular addition had been made to the room. Very large portraits of legal celebrities had been brought into it, and were set up on easels in the corners. The harsh, raking lines, first, of the gilded frames set out of plumb, as was inevitable; then, of the sloping planks which make up the easels; and the hardly less annoying perspective lines of the top and bottom bars of the frames, were put just where they destroyed the proportions of the room. And here was an object-lesson in portraiture, as it is popularly imagined: for the court-room, though lined with painting, has no home, no place, no asylum for the artistic remembrance of its presiding intelligences.

Nobody's fault! And perhaps these portraits are not there to stay! But the lesson is the same, the hint: Mr. Fowler is right; the community does not know how to deal with portrait art.

To think how much better chance the portrait would have, that also, if it were certainly destined to a permanent wall-space, and to a lasting share in the adornment of a public hall! The dark canvas which, with its colorless principal figure and its not enlivening background, stands for the common idea of a portrait—fills the mind when the word is spoken—this would tend to grow more sunny and more amusing, more rich in color, and more graceful in line, if each had to take its place and keep it. There is nothing that art needs so much as being treated with respect and with ceremonious acknowledgment of its value. And this is the point Mr. Fowler would make, that, were vacant panels waiting in a certain chamber, the portraits to be placed there would be conceived with a view to their decorative fitness; and thus become, as has been said, “more sunny, more amusing, more rich in color, and more graceful in line.”

These Chambers of Commerce and Halls of Justice are permanent monuments, so to speak; and there is no reason why these painted memorials of the men whose activities have identified them, with the place should not become as much a part of the building itself as the symbolical paintings on the walls.

If this order and decency should be followed in the treatment of whatsoever stands for fine art in our town, there will be no danger of defeating the purpose of an honest effort to beautify our buildings. It is so encouraging to see this effort made that, to those who are following this advancing movement in decorative art among us, a step which seems like retrogression or lack of sensitiveness to what has been well begun, is doubly distressing.

R. S.

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